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*Happy they, O maiden Mother, who never tire
of repeating thy praises! —St. Ildephonsus.*

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EPIPHANY.
(Filippino Lippi.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Holly Near Hvidöre.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

BESIDE the gentle sea Danes call the Sound,
There grows a bush dark-green and crimson red
Against the changing sky from which have fled
The tints of Fall. Is't from a sudden wound
These glowing drops have come, that leaves
surround

Them carefully? Have they been lately shed
By one who suffered much ere he was dead,
Whose blood they guard as 'twere a treasure
found?

"Holly!"—"Yes, holy,"* spoke the Little Dane.
"So gay at Christmas-time when earth is
white!"

The stranger said. The Little Dane replied:
"We call it Christ-thorn; for when He was slain
There fell upon its leaves you see so bright
Thorns from His crown and blood drops from
His side."

Mother of God and Mother of Men.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

AMONGST the many ties of nature that bind men together in love and sympathy, it is acknowledged that the tie of blood is the closest and strongest of all. "Blood," we say, "is thicker than water." A man's own race is dearer to him than an alien people; the members of his family are more to him than the rest of his countrymen. There is another tie, not indeed of blood, though it is the

foundation of blood-relationship. I mean the tie of mutual love consummated in marriage, divinely ordained by Him who said, "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh"; that union which has been raised to the high dignity of a sacrament by Jesus Christ, who said, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It is a sad and an ominous thing when these natural ties begin to lose their force; it is a bad thing for any country when the ties of family begin to be set aside and despised; it is going against nature, and, like all violation of nature's laws, the weakening of family ties and family affection will inevitably bring evil results in its train. The Catholic Church has always recognized this, and that is why she stands out before the world to-day as the strenuous defender of the inviolable sanctity of the marriage bond, consistently and emphatically refusing to admit the lawfulness of divorce. She knows that marriage is indissoluble by the law of God; that this indissolubility is founded by the Creator Himself in the very nature of man whom He has made; and that therefore the contempt of this law must result in the ruin and corruption, first of family life, and ultimately of society itself, which is founded upon the family.

Now, of all the ties of blood and of family affection, there is one more utterly pure, more wholly unselfish, more like the love of God's own Providence than any other,—I mean the sacred relationship of motherhood. It is wholly pure, for it is

* *Hellig*—Danish, "Holy."

free from passion; it is utterly unselfish, for the true mother thinks not of herself. What love on earth is there like the love of a mother for her child? She gave him birth, she nourished him of her own substance, he lived with her very life, and she never forgets these things. Come what will, the child of her womb is ever the child of her purest, tenderest love. Whatever may happen to him—though he forget her, though he disgrace her, though he neglect or despise her in his prosperity or greatness,—he is ever the same to her; over him her mother's heart ever yearns; his happiness and well-being are her constant prayer and endeavor. In life and in death she loves him, purely, unselfishly, for his own sake, without admixture of self-love. Such is the true mother; for I do not speak of the unnatural mother, who has let her God-given maternal instinct be stifled by the modern desire for the pleasures and vanities of what is called "smart society."

A wonder has appeared in the world,—a wonder in heaven; for this sweet bond of motherhood binds a creature, a daughter of Adam, to the Almighty God. A human Mother has conceived, has nourished with her life's blood, has borne and nurtured the God of heaven and earth. God has entered into human conditions, and has ineffably consecrated the sacred ties of family life.

Jesus is that God, and Mary is His Mother. Henceforth all that we can say of the close, familiar, and inexpressibly intimate union, physical and psychical, that exists between a mother and her child, is true of Mary and her God. Though miraculously conceived by the overshadowing power of the Holy Ghost, yet is the Incarnate Son of God truly, literally, and really also the Son of Mary. God she nourished, God she bore, God she tended; and who shall tell the love that poured from the Heart of Jesus into the Heart of Mary; or the mighty mother-love, stronger than death, that went out from Mary's soul to surround, to embrace, to

cherish the Babe that lay cradled on her purest breast?

Mary, Mother of God! It is the great fact of all the world's history. By that fact God has entered into the great human family, and 'we have entered into a new relationship to God. Before, we were His creatures and servants; but now, as the Apostle said, we are 'no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, members of the family of God.' A new bond of union has arisen, binding together all mankind; a bond not indeed destroying the natural ties of family and blood, which have their place in the New Covenant of Grace, but transcending them; adding to them the nobility of the supernatural order; bringing out clearly their nature as types and images of higher love than they themselves are capable of,—the love of God for the soul, and of the soul for God; the love of Christian souls for all other souls, in God and for God; the love that sees in all "my mother and my brethren."

When we have said that Mary is God's Mother, we have said the greatest thing of her that can be truly said of any created being. When we know, as we do know, that Mary is the Mother of her Maker, we are not surprised at the language which saints and holy writers use of her. We can understand why they say that she is above all the angels and saints, above the Cherubim and Seraphim, Queen of angels and Queen of men, Regent of heaven and of earth; and we know that all they have said, all the titles they have found for her, all the praises they have given to her, can never reach—far less exceed—the just and due expression of her greatness and her glory. For her greatness and her glory are bound up with the Hypostatic Union, in the accomplishment of which she was the chosen instrument of God's Holy Spirit; and that is a mystery which our human intelligence may not fathom; nor fathom, therefore, the greatness of Mary's dignity and office.

God never calls a human being to be an instrument in His work without endowing that instrument with graces fitted to the office to which he is called. What graces He gave to the holy Apostles; to St. John the Baptist, the great Fore-runner of His Son; to St. Joseph, guardian of the Holy Family, sharer of the secrets of the Incarnation! What unspeakable graces, then, did He give to her who was to be God's own Mother, the very tabernacle and shrine of divine Majesty and Glory! "Full of grace," the Angel called her,—having the very fulness of grace possible to be possessed by any simply human soul. Full, indeed, of grace, in that the very Fount of all Grace dwelt substantially within her as her Son, and ever dwells within her by His Holy Spirit who is her divine Spouse. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee."

And this so great one—for our consolation, let us never forget it—is our Mother also. By the very fact of the Incarnation, the Mother of Jesus is the great Mother of men. Eve was called to be man's true mother in the spiritual life of grace; she failed, and so she is our mother only according to the flesh. She should have been our ancestress in the spiritual life; in co-operation with Adam, the head of the race, she should have transmitted the life of grace to her descendants; instead, she co-operated with Adam in bringing about our ruin. But a Second Adam has come to repair that ruin, and He came through Mary. Taking flesh of her, the Eternal Word entered the great human brotherhood, the family of Adam, bringing back the life of grace which Adam lost. By the adoption of grace He has brought us into God's family; for it is by Him that we are able to say "Abba"—Father; and He has put upon our lips those words of blessed consolation, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Bearing the Redeemer, the new Head

of redeemed humanity, Mary also bore spiritually to God all those whose new spiritual life was and is in the Word Incarnate, even as there was in Adam that natural life which he communicated to all his children. That is, Mary is the spiritual Mother of all for whom Christ lived and died; of all that race who in Him are regenerated and "born again." And, in God's desire and intention, that means the whole human family,—every child of Adam; since God wills all to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. For some souls, alas! this merciful intention of God is frustrated by their own perverse will. God would have them to be His children by grace as well as by creation,—would have them to be true spiritual children of Mary. Alas that they should reject that blessed sonship!

Being our Mother, Mary has for our souls all a mother's care. Over our souls she yearns, longing and praying that we should be brought to her Son, and should ever love Him who is all worthy of supreme love and devotion. It can not be otherwise. For us, her Son gave His Precious Blood; for our sakes, Mary from all eternity was decreed in the divine counsels to be God's Mother. Can she, then, forget us or be indifferent to us? It is impossible. She desires with ardent desire the salvation of every soul of man. She would not have one lost of those whom she brought forth spiritually when she gave birth to the First of the new race of the children of God,—the "First-born amongst many brethren." What a source of strength and encouragement should be the knowledge that we have such a Mother on our side,—the "Mother of Fair Love"; Mother of Him who is Love itself; Mother whose Immaculate Heart is full of love for her children!

Because she is our Mother, she desires to help us; because she is God's Mother, she is able to help us. Who more powerful in sweet and winning advocacy with

Jesus than Mary, His own dear Mother? She speaks to Him—I was about to say—with authority. He can refuse her no spiritual gift that we need for our salvation and sanctification. It is only our refusal to take the gifts offered to us that sets bounds to the generosity of Mary in asking, and of God in giving. We do not, it is true, refuse these gifts by a positive act of our will, by a deliberate rejection thereof; but our neglecting to solicit them when we are intimately convinced that they may be had for the asking is assuredly tantamount to such rejection, and is equally effective in depriving us of inestimable advantages.

To her, then, let all go in simple, child-like confidence. Sinners, go to her. You who are the prey of doubt, of fear, of anxiety, go to her. You who fear the dread wrath of God, the awful condemnation that sin deserves, go to her; for she will stay the avenging hand of Justice. Go to her, especially, weak, tempted souls, who wish to do better but often fall through frailty. She will cherish with all a mother's care that little spark of spiritual life that still flickers within you; even as a mother, with watchful anxiousness, tends her little one in times of sickness, when the issues of life or death are doubtful. And ask of her, above all things else, the supreme gift of loving Jesus well, of loving Him always and to the end. In joy and sorrow, in life and in death, go to her with that prayer she loves to hear: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death. Amen."

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

IT came, as such things generally come, with the unexpectedness of a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. One moment the train was flying swiftly and smoothly across the beautiful country, full of autumn color and the peacefulness of harvest time; and the next it was as if an Inferno of horror had opened for those within it. There came from the engine a sudden wild shriek, like a cry of mortal peril and terror; a grinding shock, as the brakes were hurriedly applied, which threw everyone, who chanced to be standing, off his or her feet; and, following immediately, a crash so tremendous that it seemed impossible for anything to withstand it. The Pullman coach trembled under the terrible impact like a living thing, and for an instant seemed about to go over; but its great weight kept it on the track, while, amid the hiss and uproar of escaping steam, the thoroughfare coaches in front tumbled upon each other, splintering like kindling wood, and imprisoning in their débris the shrieking mass of humanity which they held.

Laurence Desmond sprang to his feet as soon as movement became possible. He had been lying back in his seat, half asleep, when the crash came; but there was no doubt in his mind what it meant. As he opened his eyes he expected to look Death in the face; but when, after that sickening instant of indecision, the Pullman stood still, he knew that for those within it the danger was past; and the impulse to go to the aid of those others for whom it was not past, whose awful cries were even now filling the air, made him start hurriedly toward the door.

His movement was so rapid that, in the act of leaving his seat, he came into collision with the occupant of the oppo-

HE who would look Time in the face without illusion and without fear, should associate each year as it passes with new developments of his nature, with duties accomplished, with work performed. To fill the time allotted to us to the brim with action and with thought is the only way in which we can learn to watch its passage with equanimity.—*Lecky*.

Site section,—a young woman who, like himself, was travelling alone, and whose eager movement into the aisle coincided exactly with his own. Both recoiled, with a gasped word of apology; and then, involuntarily catching his arm, the girl exclaimed:

"You are going to help them? So am I."

He paused to stare at her. "You'd better stay where you are," he said. "There's nothing you can do, and it will be—horrible! You are quite safe here now."

"I am not thinking of safety," she answered. "And you don't understand. There may be a great deal that I can do. I'm a trained nurse."

"Oh!" He knew what this meant; and he also recognized, with the insight which comes in such moments of emergency, that there was no possibility of flinching or weakness in the face out of which the clear eyes met his own so steadily, whatever horror those eyes might be called to look upon. "In that case," he said, "you may be of much use. Come!"

He moved on hastily, and she followed him as quickly as was possible down the narrow passage, now crowded with men hurrying toward the door, while urging the hysterical women in the different sections to keep quiet. One of these women seized and detained her.

"They want us to stay here!" she cried. "But *you* are going out."

"Because I'm a trained nurse," the girl explained again. "I wouldn't go if I didn't think I could be of service. But those who are unable to help had better stay where they are."

"But can't we help?" another asked. "If some of us went with you, couldn't we be of service, too?"

"It is doubtful," the girl answered. "And it will be awful,—you don't know how awful! Better let me go alone; and if there's anything you can do, I will call for you."

Her quietness calmed them, her courage shamed hysterics, and her promise acted

as a brace and stimulant. They fell back and allowed her to go on. "Be sure and let us know if there's anything we can do," they told her; and when, with a nod, she hurried away, they looked at each other with that mingling of wonder and admiration which, while it lasts, uplifts the human spirit above the common things of life. Some faint realization came to them of the awfulness of the scene to which she was hastening, and a shudder shook even the strongest. They sank back into their seats, as if stilled by a compelling hand; and there can be little doubt that more than one prayed in her heart that the call for help might not come to her.

Meanwhile the girl found Desmond waiting for her just outside the car, where no obsequious porter with his stool was in attendance now. As he helped her to the ground, he said hesitatingly:

"Of course I know what your training has been, but I hope you are strong enough to stand this. It's—as bad as can be."

A glance told her what he was trying to prepare her for; and she felt her heart turn sick, as it had not turned since the first days of the training to which he alluded. But her voice betrayed no sign of this, as she said hastily:

"Oh, I'm strong enough! And, any way, I haven't time to think of myself. Let us get on—quick!"

Without more words, they hurried forward to the scene of disaster. The two engines, which had come together in a head-on collision, lay overturned, a great mass of distorted metal, of escaping steam and smoking fires; underneath which were buried the bodies of the engineers and firemen, for whom rescue was so clearly impossible that it could only be hoped that death had come to them with merciful swiftness. But in the frightfully piled-up wreckage of cars there were many shrieking, moaning creatures still living and crying for help; and to extricate these, men were working madly, furiously, tearing away the débris,

and bringing out the injured and the dead as fast as possible.

Already many had been placed on the ground by the side of the wreck—some, both of living and dead, no more than awful fragments of humanity,—and in a minute the young nurse was on her knees by the side of the first of these, her bag open, her quick, deft hands giving such aid as the case required, or exigence made possible. All shrinking was past. It was as she had said: she had no time for thought of herself or her own feelings; she was absorbed in her work, in relieving and sustaining the poor, fainting, suffering souls whom chance had cast on her hands.

For it soon appeared that their only hope of such relief lay with her. There was not—at least among the living—a physician on the train; and as the shattered creatures were brought out from the wreck and laid down in increasing numbers, Desmond and several other men found that they could do their best relief work in giving, under her direction, that “first aid to the injured” which was almost immediately demanded. With coolness, clearness and precision, she issued the orders, which their willing, if somewhat clumsy, hands obeyed; and as she moved from one case to another, seeing at a glance what it was necessary to do, and doing and directing this, she seemed, to those who had time to think and to observe, the incarnation of helpful energy as well as of trained skill.

Nor was this energy the cold and soulless thing which hospital training too frequently produces. There was in it a warmth of human sympathy, a compassion for suffering, which gave gentleness to every touch, and spoke in every word she uttered. Courage seemed to emanate from her; and many of the most desperately injured hushed their cries as they looked up into her face, at once so tender and so brave. It may have been this influence which made one man catch her hand, as she bent over him to examine his injuries.

“You can do nothing for me,” he said. “I’m hurt past help; I know enough to know that. All you can do is to get me a priest—for the love of God!”

When this demand is made in the face of death, not even the most ignorant ever doubts the religion of the person who utters it. The nurse looked around at her assistants.

“This man is a Catholic,” she said, “and he wants a priest. Is there any among the passengers?”

They glanced at each other, and it was Desmond who answered:

“There’s no priest, or he would be here with us. But one may come on the relief train that has been telegraphed for to Kingsford.”

“Can’t you send a message to make sure?” the injured man asked. “Unless there’s a call, they may not bring one.”

“Yes, I’ll go and send a message at once,” Desmond answered. He looked apologetically at the nurse. “I’m sorry to leave,” he said, “but this is the most urgent need of all. And meanwhile” (he leaned over the man) “you know what to do: make your act of contrition.”

“I’ve forgotten,—help me to make it,” the other said.

With only an instant’s hesitation, the young man knelt down beside him and repeated a brief act of contrition, pausing between each sentence for the halting utterance to echo his words. Then, rising, he started at a run toward the station, a mile or more distant, whence the message must be sent to the large town, twenty miles away, where the demand for help had already gone, and from which a relief train would be sent to the scene of disaster. The need to dispatch his message before that train left made him put forth all his powers; and even at this moment the men whose gaze followed him could not forbear their tribute of admiration.

“That’s sprinting for you!” exclaimed one to another. “He’s in fine form. At that rate, he’ll make a mile in best athlete’s time.”

"God reward him!" the man on the ground muttered, and fell to repeating his act of contrition again.

When Desmond returned a little later, somewhat spent and breathless, the nurse, by whose side he paused, looked up at him with the brightness of approval in her eyes.

"You've been very quick," she said. "It was good of you to make such an exertion."

"Oh, anybody would have done as much!" he replied. "To get a priest for the dying is the most imperative duty, you know."

"Is it?" she asked, a little wonderingly. "And did the message catch the relief train?"

"Yes, barely. The answer was that they were nearly ready to start, and that they would certainly bring a priest with them."

She nodded backward. "Tell that poor man. It may help to keep him alive until they get here."

He went as she suggested, and found the man evidently sinking fast, though still clear in mind.

"I hope I'll last," he said anxiously. "But I'm awfully weak, and feel as if I may go any minute. Can't you give me something to strengthen me?"

"Give him some brandy, and this hypodermic of strychnine," the nurse said, when Desmond carried the request to her. "That is all we can do. He is fatally injured, and can not last long."

Desmond looked doubtfully at the hypodermic syringe offered him.

"You'd better come and give that yourself," he said.

She came; and after she had given it, the man looked up at her gratefully.

"Keep me alive!" he entreated. "A great deal depends on it. I'm not thinking only of absolution for myself: there's a wrong I must try to right before I die. I can't face God with *that* on my soul."

The girl glanced at Desmond, and again he read wonder as well as pity in her eyes.

"If we could do anything to help you!" she suggested.

But the man shook his head. "The priest!" he said,—*"the priest!"*

The needs of others being urgent, they were forced to leave him then; and some time elapsed before a distant roar, momentarily growing louder, announced the welcome coming of the relief train. Desmond ran back to see if the man was still living, and was conscious of a thrill of relief when he met his eyes eagerly anxious.

"Yes, it's the train," he said, in answer to their unspoken question. "I'll bring the priest at once."

He was at the side of the train when it drew up, and was not surprised that the first person to spring to the ground, before it had fairly ceased movement, was a spare man wearing a Roman collar.

"This way, Father!" he exclaimed. "There's a man here desperately injured, who has been keeping himself alive just to see you."

"Show me where he is," the priest said, hurrying forward. Then, as they went, he turned a quick glance on the other. "You're a Catholic?" he inquired.

Desmond assented. He might truthfully have added, "Rather a poor one"; but he knew that his shortcomings of conduct were not in question, but only the essential point of faith.

"Then wait while I hear the poor soul's confession," the priest went on, "and you can assist me in anointing him."

Desmond would have been quite sure, at any time before this, that he had a thorough intellectual appreciation of the value of his faith, however lightly he might seem to hold it; but he knew, when he saw the light which flashed over the face of the dying man at sight of the priest, that he had never until that instant appreciated it at all. As a matter of fact, he had never until then seen what might be called the working application of the great principles which he had held as abstract truths; he had never

before realized what those marvellous channels of divine grace which we call the sacraments mean to the souls of men; and he had never come into immediate touch with the tremendous power of the Supernatural manifesting itself through the most ordinary agency in the supreme moments of mortal exigence.

It was certainly an ordinary agency, and an ordinary scene this, of a man kneeling down by another, and bending his ear to catch the broken, gasping utterances which death threatened momentarily to cut short. At length the voice ceased, and the priest raised his head, shaking it a little.

"That is enough,—don't try to tell any more," he said soothingly. "Renew your sorrow for all the sins of your past life. Now I am going to give you absolution."

The hand was lifted, the saving Sign made, the old familiar words murmured here amid all this scene of wild confusion and noise, as in the quiet of so many confessionals: "*Ego te absolvo. . .*"

The man gave a deep sigh, as of one from whom a great load was lifted, and his eyes opened once more.

"God be praised!" he said. "I've told the truth at last; and you'll tell those who should know, Father,—you'll put things right,—you won't forget the name!"

The priest bent down again. "You haven't told me the name!" he whispered urgently. "Quick,—tell it to me now!"

But the eyes had fallen shut, the spirit drifted away into the mysterious region where human speech can no longer reach.

"It's—all right!" the lips murmured. "Lord, I'm sorry—sorry—"

Desmond's hand fell on the priest's shoulder.

"He's dying, Father!" he warned. "You'll have to be in haste if you want to anoint him."

He died ten minutes later; and as the priest looked down into the dead face, he shook his head again, regretfully.

"He never told me the name," he said.

II.

No very long time was required, after the arrival of the relief train, to transfer all the injured to it, for transportation to the hospital at Kingsford; and it was natural that the doctors should have desired to retain the services of the nurse who had rendered such excellent aid before their arrival, and proved so capable in acting under their directions afterward.

"You'll come with us, of course," the chief surgeon told her. "We're rather short of nurses for ordinary demands just now; and, with this influx of patients, I hardly know what we should have done if we had not found you, Miss—er—"

"Landon,—Hester Landon," the girl supplied.

"I see that you have been well trained," the doctor went on. "You are a graduated nurse?"

"Yes, I made my course, and took my diploma at ——" (she named one of the most noted medical schools and hospitals in the country) "last year."

"Good! Have you any engagement just now?"

"None. I was on my way to Kingsford for a vacation."

"Well, instead of a vacation, Fate has sent you work you can't refuse. You've helped these poor creatures immensely already, and you'll have to keep on helping them."

"I ask nothing better," the girl said quietly.

So, when the last patient had been placed on the train, and all was in readiness for its departure, Desmond was not surprised to see the nurse also remaining on it.

"Yes, I am going with them," she said, meeting his glance. "They need me, and I am glad of the work. I prefer hospital service to the private nursing I have been doing lately."

A sudden idea flashed into Desmond's mind. He was never able to account for its occurring to him; but he said, nevertheless:

"You have been doing private nursing?"

Then perhaps, after this demand is over, you would consent to take a case?"

"Why, yes—if nothing else offered." But she looked a little surprised. "Do you know of such a case?"

"I have been summoned to Kingsford by the illness of a near relative, and it strikes me that there may be need of professional nursing. I have seen your work, and so—"

The train began to move. She nodded quickly.

"If you want me, you'll know where to find me—for a time, at least,—at the hospital in Kingsford. Ask for Miss Landon. And now you had better get off—unless you wish to add to the number of the injured."

But, instead of getting off, he leaned forward and held out his hand.

"Since we may not meet again," he said, "I can not go without telling you how much I admire all that you have done. I know that it doesn't matter a particle to you whether or not I admire it, but I couldn't help telling you. It was wonderful. Good-bye!"

"You have done a great deal yourself," she answered; "and we may both be glad that we were able to do anything. But thank you—and now *do* get off!"

The train was gathering dangerous speed when he swung himself to the ground a moment later. But he landed safely, and then stood for an instant, looking after it as it vanished in the distance with its freight of suffering, maimed humanity. He was conscious of a load lifted from his spirit in the knowledge that he had looked his last on those sufferers; but he thought of the nurse who still stood at her post—whose work, in fact, was just beginning,—and was glad that he had expressed a little of the admiration which he felt. What a charming face it was, too, with lucid gray eyes under dark lashes, which had looked at him as he spoke! And what a small hand—to be so capable—had rested for an instant in his! Something in her

manner made him think of a Sister of Charity rather than of the ordinary professional nurse, and he lifted his hat in parting salute to the vanishing train that bore her out of his life.

It was several hours later when the remaining passengers, together with the bodies of the dead, were removed from the scene of the disaster; and dusk had fallen before they finally reached Kingsford.

As their train drew up at the station, it was to find a crowd assembled, drawn chiefly by news of the accident, which made it difficult for Desmond to tell whether or not any one was there to meet him. Alighting from his car, he stood for a moment—a marked figure from his height, his well-knit proportions, his clear-cut features and bright eyes—glancing out over the throng which filled the platform. It had been years since he was in the South before—not, in fact, since his early boyhood,—but the familiar characteristics of the scene roused a thousand delightful memories. The soft air, which enveloped him like a caress, seemed in accord with the deliberation of movement, the drawling softness of speech, of the people, white and colored, who lounged around; and he was recalling with a keen sense of pleasure all the associations which these things had for him, when a touch on his arm made him turn, to meet the gaze of a wiry old man, with bronze-colored, wrinkled countenance, who was peering anxiously into his face.

"Scuse me, sah," this dignified person said, with a manner of extreme politeness; "but ain't you Mr. Laurence Desmond?"

Desmond laughed as he grasped the hand which touched him.

"Why, Uncle Hiram," he said, "are you in doubt about me? Have I changed as much as that?"

"No, sah,—no, sah," answered the old Negro, while the smile which irradiated the bronze-colored face and deepened all its wrinkles was a very wonderful illumination indeed. "Now that I looks at you, I sees you is the same little

Mass Laurie growed big. And I'm mighty glad to find you safe and well, sah. We've been tur'ble uneasy 'bout you ever sence we heered of the accident."

"I'm awfully sorry!" Desmond exclaimed with quick compunction. "I should have sent a message to say that I was safe. But I never thought of the news reaching Hillcrest. I hope my uncle didn't hear it?"

"Oh, no, sah,—nobody would a-told the Judge! An' I don't reckon the news *has* got to Hillcrest. But me an' Miss Edith was in town to meet the train, an' so we heered—"

"Miss Edith! Is she here?"

"Yes, sah,—waitin' just outside in the ca'riage. If you'll give me your checks, you can go right along to her."

Desmond handed over his checks, surrendered his suit-case, and then strode away through the loitering, soft-talking crowd, to where, outside the station, a number of waiting vehicles stood, among which he at once identified an open carriage, on the seat of which a girl sat, holding the reins of a pair of handsome and rather restive horses:

Turning her own handsome and thoroughbred head, she uttered a cry of welcome.

"Laurence! It *is* Laurence? Oh, I am glad to see you alive and—*whole!*" Then, as her outstretched hand was taken in the clasp of his: "Why didn't you let us know that you were safe? We have had the most horrible time,—Uncle Hiram and I! We dared not go home without you, and we couldn't learn whether you were alive or dead."

"I'm really most awfully sorry," Desmond said again. "I never thought of your being in town, and I hoped I would reach Hillcrest before news of the accident did. Unless matters have changed very much down here, a train more or less late is not unusual."

"Not in the least unusual, and mere delay would have caused no uneasiness. But when the demand for relief came,

then the news of the accident spread, and we knew it must be very serious. Indeed we heard the most awful things,—that the whole train was wrecked, and all the passengers injured or killed."

"It was quite true, as far as those in the thoroughfare coaches were concerned," he said gravely. "I don't think any one of them escaped injury or death. It was an awful accident,—one of the worst of its kind. Don't let us talk of it! Tell me about my uncle. Is he dangerously ill?"

"He has been, but the doctors think that, for the present at least, the danger is past. He is very anxious to see you. It will be a great relief to his mind that you have come. I—I couldn't but think during these hours of suspense what a blow it would be to *him* if you were killed."

Desmond uttered an exclamation. "It was absolutely inexcusable of me not to have relieved your anxiety," he said. "But it was not only that I never thought of your being here: it was also that I was so absorbed in helping to get the poor creatures out of the wreck, in doing what one could for them—"

"Ah! then, you are excusable," she told him quickly; "and I won't say another word about my anxiety. But here comes Uncle Hiram at last, so now we can get off."

"All right, Missy," Uncle Hiram remarked, as he mounted with surprising agility to his seat and took the reins. "Steve's got the trunk, an' he'll be comin' right along after us."

"Then do let us get on as fast as possible," the young lady answered; "for I am afraid of some word of the accident reaching Hillcrest before we get there."

"Nobody wouldn't tell the Judge, ef it did," Hiram observed again, with reassuring confidence.

Neyertheless, he obeyed the admonition to drive as fast as possible; and they whirled away from the station and its crowd, through the streets of the town—

one of the old Southern towns painfully taking on an air of newness, and parting with dignity and beauty in the effort to be modern and progressive,—and out into the open country, where the dusk was dying away over the wide fields, the rolling hills, and tinted woods. The road lay smooth as a floor before them; the horses were eager; and Desmond thought he had never felt anything sweeter than the freshness of the air, laden with aromatic scents of field and forest; particularly with the balsamic fragrance of the pines, which came to them as they drove rapidly along. He drew a deep breath, realizing how good it was to be alive, and feeling the horror and tragedy of the afternoon deepen rather than lift from his spirit by contrast of his lot with that of those who had been so suddenly swept by a terrible death into eternity, or who at this moment lay maimed and suffering in the hospital of the town.

The girl beside him heard him suddenly groan, and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"You are thinking of those dreadful things again," she said. "Don't! You did what you could for the poor people, and now you can do nothing more; so try to forget it all."

"Oh, but you don't know!" he exclaimed. "It seems positively awful that I should be here alive—so intensely alive—and *whole*, as you said, enjoying rest and comfort, and this divine air, while they—"

As his voice sank she was conscious of the shudder that shook him.

"It is awful!" she agreed. "But that is life. One suffers and another goes free, and we don't know why." Then she added fervently: "I am glad I never had to look on such horrors."

"And yet I saw a girl as young as you are face them unflinching this afternoon," he said. "It is true she was a trained nurse, but her courage was wonderful. She shrank from nothing,—and there

were things from which the strongest man shrank."

"If she was a trained nurse, that explains it, doesn't it? They seem, as a class, to have lost the power to feel for suffering."

"Not all of them, I am sure. I don't think this girl had, for she was as gentle as she was brave. I can give you no idea of how she helped some of those poor creatures. There was one woman hopelessly fastened in the wreck, whose hand she held until she died."

"Oh!" It was the turn of the listener to shudder. "Don't talk of it!" she pleaded. "It is too dreadful! Be thankful you are safe, and try to forget it all. Do you know," with a quick change of tone, "I think it rather strange that I should have recognized you so immediately, considering how long it is since I saw you last, and how young you were then? Of course I was expecting to see you, but still it was strange."

"No stranger than that I hadn't a doubt who you were," he answered. "It indicates that we made an impression on each other."

"Some rather hard impressions, if I remember correctly," she laughed. "In default of a boy, I was occasionally allowed the honor of playing ball with you, until various bruises, and finally a tooth knocked out, made mamma forbid it."

"I think," he remarked reminiscently, "that I carried the marks of some of the teeth which were *not* knocked out, on my hand for a long time after we parted."

"It served you right, then, for the way you tormented, and held me a prisoner when I was trying to get free."

"What a little tigress you were!" he said. "I shall never forget how you set your teeth in my hand. There was not much delay in freeing the prisoner after that."

They both laughed over these childish recollections, as they drove onward over the familiar road, with the friendly country lying under its soft mantle of

darkness all about them. Presently the wild, sweet odors of growing things along a water-course was followed by the splash of the horses' feet in a shallow stream, the gleam of the carriage lamps on the swirling water, a sharp pull up the opposite bank, quick trotting for a quarter of a mile through a fragrant valley; then gates were thrown open, and the road began to wind by easy gradients around a terraced hill, to where a large house, blazing with lights, stood on the levelled summit.

As the carriage drew up before the open door, through which a flood of radiance poured on the gravelled sweep before it, a lady came out and stood at the head of the stone steps of the portico.

"O Edith," she cried, "I'm glad to see you at last! What on earth has kept you so long? Hasn't Laurence come?"

"Yes, Aunt Rachel," Desmond answered for himself. "Here I am, and so sorry to have been the cause of worry to you!"

He paused only long enough to help his companion out of the carriage; and then, running up the steps, was greeted affectionately by the lady, who, taking his arm, led him into the spacious and stately hall, where she paused to look at him with a critical glance which quickly changed to one of approval.

"My dear boy," she said, "I am delighted to see you, and to find you so—so much of a Wargrave! You are amazingly like our family. See, Edith" (she glanced at several portraits hanging on the walls), "what a striking likeness to those!"

The girl, who had meanwhile come in, also glanced at the portraits and then at the tall, handsome young man. She nodded smilingly.

"He's like them," she said, "with some differences. But you had better let him go and rest a bit before dinner, mamma; for he has been in an awful railway accident—that's why we are so 'late,—and come perilously near having his good looks marred forever."

(To be continued.)

Lo, I am Seeking, Seeking!

BY A. R. WALU.

LO, I am seeking, seeking!

Where is He?

The Wisdom of Ages,

Who has writ on life's pages

The mystery of To Be.

Lo, I am seeking, seeking,

For His Star,

Now hid by the mist

Which cold doubt has kist,

As I lingered afar.

Lo, I am seeking, seeking,

For a King!

And find but a Babe sleeping.

His Mother vigil keeping,

While angels sing.

Lo, I am seeking, seeking!

Peace, my soul!

Kneel and adore;

Seek thou no more:

Here is thy goal.

Catholic England as it Looks to an American.

BY LOUISE I. GUINEY.

I.—THE ESSENCE OF PERSONAL RELIGION.

IN gathering together the following numerous but promiscuous memoranda from a mental notebook extending over eleven years, I do not make the slightest claim to neutrality. A wise critic once said that biography should never be written except by a biographer violently prepossessed in favor of his man. On the religious side, I am something of an Anglophile, and therefore qualified to prate a little. I have never met a travelled American belonging to the Fold who did not admit with enthusiasm that in England it was not only the unique privilege which it is everywhere, but an unimagined luxury as well, to be a Catholic. We should not,

perhaps, be supersensitive to the externals of the true religion; but, oh, how those among us who are so do sympathize—nay, agonize—with one another!

There was once a nervous country-woman of our own, who, having married an English but also a nervous gentleman, and, following his example, embraced the Faith, came back with him to her native city for a long visit. The unseasoned twain began to attend Mass in the nearest church. As it happened, it was a crowded, begalliered church, very gaudy, very noisy, very "smelly." The legend runs that they bore it heroically for weeks, saying nothing; but at last the explosion came. For one fine winter Sunday morning, all of a sudden, on the very top step, coming out, they fell hysterically into each other's middle-aged arms, with a wild antiphonal cry of: "I just can't, any more!"—"Neither can I!"—"Take me away to Lon . . ."—"Yes" (here an answering male sob), "to Lon-don!"—all this astonishing and maudlin display provoking, from the circumjacent plebeian mind, some tokens of natural wonder and derision. Now, the reader whose experience may cover both sides of the question can be trusted to feel a wholesale pang of sympathy with those wailing converts.

No alien can study the gracious English churches, or watch the inspiring English priests, and not turn their friend and debtor for life. Surely some one should be found nowadays to praise the superior tents of the Philistines. The "Cawtholic," so long abjured with all his works and pomps—hated, like Lamb's family of the W.'s, b-b-because we do not n-n-know him,—is the very person from whom we have almost everything to learn. We must put pride in our pockets and face facts. It is not only his accidents of civilization which are admirable, but his innermost ethical temper. He is no temporizer, no liberalist. He has a very proud innocence and a passionate freedom. The soul of public life feels every Catholic Englishman as a *Catholic*.

Is this true of us, in our millions?

Coming home after long and continuous absence, one sometimes ponders from a window on the human torrent pouring in and out of a big church during a mission; on people, chiefly youngish, abounding in energy, and under the most awakening influences. What a throng! And—is it wrong to ask?—what is its significance? *Who* are all these? How much are they to the moral life of their city and country? What is the unifying philosophy of such numbers, more or less well-informed, as our common school opportunities go? What are they doing to make supernatural ideals prevail? Did they rise like one, without a signal, when a religious issue appeared in politics? Such a muster at church doors is a grand one. Is it to be a dress parade, a dead letter, or a mobilization toward a battle ground, such as is, by comparison, spirit and life? Our more thoughtful clergy are always deploring the lack of lay leaders, the lack of interest in Catholic literature, the lack of tone in Catholic organizations, where much ado is made over social festivity and material mutual benefit, and none at all over mutual edification.

At a college that same week, now nearly three years ago, the baccalaureate sermon arraigned, in my hearing, the American professional man who is nominally a child of the Church. Why was he hardly ever seen at the altar rails? How all this sent one back in thought to an older land, where the Christian unit definitely counts; where every educated Catholic takes hold of the Faith individually and operatively; where all religious clubs, societies, and leagues, are fundamentally and ultimately and exclusively religious; where men, as constantly as women, and almost as numerous in proportion, frequent the Sacraments, keep the Church's laws, and hold their own astonishingly well against a latitudinarian society! I remember noticing, in one small town, two frequent communicants—gentlemen,—one of whom turned out to

be a physician of more than local repute, and the other an artist of more than national repute. I thought this striking enough.

Of course, life itself, the pace at which we move, is far more of a strain in the United States, far more despiritualizing. Granted. But a result such as I have just noted is against the trend of this world anywhere, and must always have its own obstacles to beat down. Will must go into it; and faith, habit, and tenacity. Consciences, in that less flippant air, have a way of plodding on and never turning back. A Catholic there, is, to the marrow, just what he professes to be.

II.—SOME MATERIAL CONTRASTS.

No two things spiritually alike could be more different otherwise than a Catholic church in the United States and a Catholic church in England. From every artistic point of view, from every strategic point of view as well, the latter is the model; there is no blinking that. To begin with, structurally and decoratively, the English buildings have life, thought, quality; if they do not always achieve full beauty, at least they have sincerity. This alone stamps them as of another breed from the vulgarian horrors, familiar to us all, which in our crowded cities seem to be considered good enough for the solemn worship of the Almighty. The English church is very commonly an *ex-voto* or a memorial, built by one founder, some man or woman of trained taste, and watched over critically until its completion; or else it is unreservedly placed by presbytery and people in the hands, not of random masons and their foreman, but of a responsible architect who has grown up, perhaps, under the shadow of one of the Edwardian fanes which are the glory of England.

Alas! our poor houses of God—which have often a nobler origin than those others, because they represent the pence of the poor—are chiefly ordered, contracted for, and put up by the unknowing,

involving a deplorable outlay on things tawdry, mongrel, and ungenuine. We spend unscientifically, and we never aim at elegant simplicity; that is the best English ideal, and it is, perhaps for that very reason, not ours. It is our corporate misfortune that a live young country can have no æsthetic precedents, no models of beautiful, ancient buildings always before the eye, to awaken and feed aspiration, and stand as a technical guide to craftsmen.

It is no great exaggeration to say that American Catholic architecture, up to this very dawn of better times, is all alike. Comparisons smell ill, as the proverb reminds us, but only because we are all quicker to wince than to learn. But is it not time to see and speak with the utmost self-unsparing plainness? Any one who has visited hundreds of churches, all over the Union, knows that (with exceptions to be counted on the fingers) they are all without proper depth of chancel and without chancel arches; all placed directly on the civic sidewalk, or within a few feet of it; all rising in cheap stone or staring brick and galvanized iron; all adorned with trivial glass, and filled with ugly and highly uncomfortable wooden pews; all without orientation, except by accident; all with valueless colored statues, these being generally without niche or canopy; all with loud-throated organs and huge organ galleries.

Which of us, in these distressing interiors, has ever come across a quiet, painted triptych for an altar-piece? Who has ever seen, outside of a monastic chapel, a rood screen? Yet a rood screen was always, up to the Reformation, the very structural hall-mark of a Christian church, whatever might be its geographical position or architectural style. Who has ever stood beneath three, five, or seven symbolic and aligned sanctuary lamps? Yet it is in just these matters that the English freedom of treatment comes in, to give a church individual being and character. This, in its own turn, breeds a strong

attachment to the churches on the part of the men, women, and children who frequent them; so that their maintenance and upkeep, to the glory of God, become a matter of far more intimate concern to the attendants than to our laity, who can hardly be blamed for feeling less pride in the fabric, and less conscience toward its preservation or enrichment.

It was the opinion of St. Teresa that it was the right policy for a Christian to get into a reasonably comfortable posture during prayer, in order that the concentration of his mind may be facilitated. In her autobiography, she dwells upon her idea of hell as a cramped place. Her advice sometimes comes to mind amid the discomforts of our American Catholic churches. The worst of these discomforts is certainly crowding; the next, defective ventilation. The good and rational system of allowing ample room for the human anatomy between chair-row and chair-row, or between pew and pew, and of having at hand a shelf for books, and a peg or two beneath it for hats or umbrellas, does not seem ever to have commended itself to the builders with whose unlovely results we are familiar. Partly was this state of things caused, no doubt, by the absence or minority of the cultivated element in the pioneer congregations; and by the less keen sensibility of the others to such incidentals as space, comparative privacy, and, above all, fresh air. But surely, in this hygienic day, even in church one may respect the physical laws.

Now, I have never in my life, not even at a great liturgical function, seen an English church which was overcrowded. Why? Because Catholics are few? Not at all, but because the moment they become many, in any given locality, it is considered that the time has come to build another church for them. No pastor in England wishes to establish a "record" Sunday attendance, and no "basements" exist to herd the subsidiary throngs. The intense respect of the English for the rights of others, and the complete

freedom, on the part of their priests, from any desire to accumulate wealth, secure churches exactly suited to the number of persons who frequent them; every one present has his space, and its decent margins as well, and can both see and hear Holy Mass. His ecclesiastical headquarters is not a vast caravansary in which he wanders, sustained only by his conviction of relationship to his Creator; but a home with which he is in fullest personal touch, in which he counts, in which he can not but take an intimate pride. This no man can do, nor have any human incentive to do, in our average Sunday congregation of five thousand.

Again, England is the land of the open window. I have never encountered foul air, and very rarely air which had become close, in our churches there, so well are they looked after and ventilated. (As a confirmed crank on this point, I may be trusted to report accurately.) There is one famous convent chapel in London where carbonic acid gas runs riot; and it will be only fair to add that the community is not English, and that its vogue will suffer if it does not mend its benighted housekeeping ways.

Many churches, even small ones, have what our people would look upon as wasted space,—*i. e.*, broad processional aisles left open, where benches are never fixed. A double line of chairs can be placed there on festal occasions, or when there may be a special preacher; but there is still room to pass. Neither nave, aisle, nor lateral chapel is ever choked up with chairs, as one sees done sometimes at home, where also it is illegal. These English thoughtfulnesses promote not only reverence and decorum, but personal safety. Not four or five churches observe them; but all, invariably, and as a matter of course.

(To be continued.)

THE world oftener rewards the appearance of merit than merit itself.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Some Recollections and a Moral.

BY T. D. G.

ONCE spent some months campaigning in a trying tropical country. The force to which I was attached was a small one, only a few thousands strong. The campaign itself was a small affair, only an incident in larger operations. Years have gone by and the world has mostly forgotten it. To those who took part in it, it seemed an important business,—especially to those who, like myself, then saw for the first time the realities of war.

The worthy stay-at-home citizen, who knows war only through the medium of histories, newspaper reports, and military novels, imagines a campaign to be all excitement, adventure, and fighting. We discovered that in this campaign of ours fighting was the least part of the business, and old soldiers told us it was always so. There were some fights, a few adventures, occasional excitement; but the average twenty-four hours was mere plodding work, with sometimes a good deal of hardship, and much need of patient endurance. When for a while sickness laid its ugly grip on the sunburned, dusty camps, there was more work, more hardship, and still more need for patience.

The most surprising thing was that no one seemed to mind hard times, exposure, rough sleeping in the bivouac, irregular meals, hard labor, and the rest of it. All pulled together splendidly. There was no shirking of work, no grumbling, but a general air of patient cheerfulness. Under the impulse of a sense of duty inspired by military discipline, men acted in what was a spirit of unhesitating self-sacrifice. From our commander down to the most obscure soldier—aye, down to the rough-looking fellows in charge of the pack-mules,—everyone was ready to risk his life and to endure hardship, and would have felt ashamed to shift a burden

onto a comrade's shoulders, or to complain because it pressed heavily on his own.

Looking back on this experience, I ask myself what was the secret of it. Perhaps you will say: "Military law, with its swift methods of sharp coercion, kept them up to the mark." This was certainly not the reason. There was an almost total absence of recourse to punishment. A few may have been influenced by the knowledge that such means of compelling obedience existed, but the vast majority never gave such things a thought. Perhaps the secret of it all was really the fact—which is a fact, though so many of us do not realize it—that if one boldly calls upon men to endure hard things bravely, to be manly and self-sacrificing, they respond to the call. The stronger draw the weaker on, a high standard is set to all, and even the laggards fear to fall below it. There must be an ideal, an object in view, to make this possible; but, given this, the rest is not difficult. Carlyle says somewhere that deep in men's nature there is the longing, not for ease, but for toil and hardship. It seems a paradox, but perhaps it is easier to concede if we remember that for a healthy man there is no delight like that of the toilsome and even dangerous sports that make him realize his manliness.

Many—very many—of those men whom I saw tramping and laboring in the tropic heat, and facing with equal cheerfulness the weapon of a savage enemy who gave no quarter, and the still deadlier onset of fever that came suddenly and killed swiftly, would no doubt have been very poor specimens of humanity under other conditions. Scattered as units of the population of one of our great cities, with the means of self-indulgence at their command, with no ideal holding them together, they would show themselves lazy, selfish, even vicious. They would easily follow the example of mischievous idleness set by others. The baser among them would set the example themselves. This, too, is human nature. If there is no

stimulus to higher things, there is a drift to the lower.

Now, recognizing this, let us imagine what, on the face of it, would be a very absurd state of affairs. Let us suppose the general, who commanded in this tropical campaign, had said to his officers: "Of course we all recognize that a soldier should be obedient, self-sacrificing, hard-working, self-restrained, uncomplaining. But, gentlemen, this is a high ideal. After all, men are men, and we must not expect all this except from a chosen few. Our men are well-meaning fellows, and I am sure they will do their best; but that best will certainly fall very far below this ideal state of things. We must not expect too much, or we shall be disappointed. We must be practical and take things as we find them. We must, of course, put the ideal before the men; but we know that most of them can not do anything like it. Well, we must not be hard on them. We must kindly explain to the weaker men that as long as there is no flagrant breach of discipline, no mutiny or open cowardice, we can overlook minor failings; for we don't expect everyone to do the same as the willing few. Some will do very badly, most will just muddle through; but there will always be some who are thoroughly in earnest, and with their help I hope we shall be able to do the business." What would be the result? There is hardly need of answering. Utter failure and hopeless defeat would be the inevitable end, and meanwhile general confusion and misery for all concerned.

No general has ever made such a silly speech; but there have been armies that have, to use a French expression, lost their *morale*. For one reason or another, the spirit of enduring, obedient self-sacrifice has disappeared, and then there has been disaster and untold suffering. It is because they have the ideal of ready, cheerful self-sacrifice of the individual, it is because great things are expected of the soldier, that an army can even exist under the strain of war.

And, strange as it may seem, under the influence of this sound military spirit, very commonplace men are ready, not merely for heroic deeds of daring, but for the cheerful acceptance of the long-enduring toil and hardship of the campaign. Even the baser sort are raised to a higher level, because the high standard is set before them, and the tradition of their regiment tells them not only that they *must* but that they *can* live up to it. There is no hopeless "Take it easy and we will make all allowances." There is for a while a stern view of life and duty, and even weaklings rise to it.

Once, when I talked over my war experiences with a good priest, and told him, not of the men's conduct in battle, but of the way they worked and suffered through the dull days of march and camp, and in the face of deadly pestilence, he said: "I wish all our Catholics had some of that spirit. Why, it needed only the supernatural motive to make all this the practice of half-a-dozen Christian virtues." Thinking over this, I have sometimes wondered if the general level amongst us might not be somewhat higher if preachers were more ready to insist on the possibilities of grace acting on the better side of human nature, and less on the allowances to be made for human weakness; in other words, if the average man were asked to set a higher standard before him. Is it not just possible that men are content to plod on without rising to a higher life of Christian self-sacrifice, because, concealed in charitable oratorical phrases, the preacher tells them that, even if they take things very easily, every allowance will be made for them?

There is the matter of almsgiving. We hear of churches, schools, institutions and organizations for helping our poor, being themselves in a state of struggling poverty. A few of our people give generously, most give a little, some not at all. Men spend money more freely on their amusements and their clubs than on help-

ing God's poor and forwarding the work of the Church. But if the duty of giving generously were generally accepted, there would be abundant means for caring for our poor and promoting God's kingdom. Now only once in a fairly long life have I heard a preacher tell his congregation that they ought to give, not some mere trifle—a few nickel pieces dropped into the collecting plate,—but that they should even deny themselves for the sake of almsgiving. "Sacrifice some pleasure, some amusement, cut down some useless expense," he said, "and then you can give; and the self-denial will double the value of your act before God." Most people, in their secret thoughts, regard the giving of a trifling alms as an act of generosity. They do not realize that giving is a plain duty; its neglect, a mark of the lack of the most elementary spirit of Christianity; and that generosity comes in only with self-denial.

Then take self-denial itself, the mark of the religion of the Cross. How often do we hear a preacher eloquently set forth its necessity, and then, as he comes down to practical details, dwell only upon the self-restraint, the avoidance of dangerous occasions, that is necessary to avoid sin! This is surely putting forward, not the high standard, but the minimum. It is tacit invitation to most people to live comfortable lives and take things easily. It was to be a mark of the disciples that they would fast, and fasting is still a law of the Church. But how far is it practised? A soldier on active service is ashamed to confess that he can not take his share of hard work like the rest,—he would think it unmanly. But how many even of our young men feel no shame in admitting that they can not endure a mitigated fast or the slight deprivation of abstinence!

A friend, who lived long in the East, once told me that one of the proud days in the life of a young Arab was that on which he was allowed to begin for the first time the fast of Ramadan; for it

meant that he was no longer a child, but could count himself a man, able to endure something with other men. I fear that with many of our own young men this manly view of fasting is strangely absent. They say that they can not stand this self-denial, because it is unpleasant,—which is just what it is meant to be, or where would the self-denial come in? They don't put it so frankly, of course. They say 'it does not agree with them.' And, having satisfied themselves that fasting is out of the question, it never occurs to them that possibly some other form of self-denial might take its place.

Again, how few there are who are ready to sacrifice their time for practical work for the poor and the Church? It is easier to hand over a few dollars, or to sign a draft on a bank, than to give time and work to some charitable association. Men say they are too busy, but they find time enough for amusement or mere objectless idling. Thus it is easier to get money than men for any Catholic work. Surely this should not be the case.

All these are instances of the absence of the higher spirit of self-sacrifice, and they might be easily multiplied. Is it not possible that the way to combat this lack of the true Catholic spirit might be not to talk so much of concessions to human weakness, and to speak more plainly of Christian ideals as in the reach of all men of good-will? The high traditional ideal brings the average soldier, in the day of trial, up to a high level of achievement and endurance. Perhaps a bolder preaching of the stern doctrine of the Cross would do the same, and more, for many of our people who are now content to practise the minimum of actual obligation instead of the happier and worthier measure of generous self-sacrifice.

A MAN that really knows he's got a soul for to save is bound by his own sins to be charitable to other folk's sins.

—Uncle Remus,

Two.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

ONE went out into the Night;
 His locks were white,
 His garments gray,
 And the clouds were gray;
 But a single star, steadfast and bright,
 Guided his lonely way.
 One came in, out of the Night;
 His eyes were clear,
 His mantle blue,
 Of velvety hue
 Like the heavens; and bright
 Beamed the smile of the glad New Year.

The Little Lad.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IT is too dark for you to see, so you can not work; it is too early for the lamps to be lit, for the evenings are too long at best; so you will, you think, have a quiet hour in which to rest and dream, when "Hello!" says a little treble voice.

"Hello!" you answer, forgetting that it was but yesterday when you forbade your pupils to use the word.

"If you'll sit along a little," goes on the voice, "I think there'll be room for both of us in your chair. I'm not very big."

Oh, no, not big, but small—wonderfully, almost pitifully small,—as you find out when you move along and a lad hops up beside you! He has blue eyes, and hair the color of corn with the sunshine on it, and each tanned cheek wears a dimple. But his toilet seems incomplete.

"You've forgotten your shoes and stockings," you remind him as gently as possible.

"Oh, I never wear any," he says gaily, "only when I dress up!"

"And your clothes are patched," you go on.

"I like them that way," he answers.

"And"—here you hesitate—"they are not quite clean."

He looks at you out of one corner of his eye. "Were you always so fastidious?" he inquires.

You do not reply. It is better not to do so. The truth might be embarrassing.

"I'm pretty particular myself about some things," he says. "For instance, I always say just what I mean. Do you?"

"Well, not always," you answer, remembering the flimsy excuse you gave for not attending the Lofty's reception.

"And I believe in being happy. Are you happy?"

What right has this juvenile interloper to ask such pointed questions?

"Perfectly happy," you answer sternly, leaning forward to put an armful of driftwood on the dying fire. When you turn your head again, the boy gives you a whimsical nod.

"You don't look like it," he says.

You are indignant. "It is not polite," you declare, "to crowd into my chair and ask me questions, and then make sport of me."

His dimples grow deeper. "What a funny old fellow you are!" he says.

"Funny"! "Old"!

"You may be old and—and funny yourself sometime," you assure him with dignity.

"Not I!" he answers with a smile.

Oh, what white little teeth he has! And you? At nine to-morrow morning the dentist will expect you.

"Do you believe in people?" he bursts out suddenly.

"Some people."

You are hedging, and he finds you out.

"You ought to believe in everybody," he says. "I do."

"But there are so few people worth believing in," you assure him.

The corner of his rosebud mouth has a bit of scorn in it. "You've no business to say that," he exclaims; "for it isn't true."

You get up out of the chair.

"You are impertinent!" you declare, in your gruffest, schoolmaster voice.

"Fiddlesticks!" says your visitor, and you sit down again. The housekeeper comes in to light the lamps, but you motion to her, and she goes out without doing it. The driftwood takes a fresh start and your guest consults his watch by its light. You have seen that watch before. You are sure that it cost half a dollar that was earned by digging clams; and the chain, mended with a fishhook, has a strangely familiar look.

"It's most time to go," announces your guest.

"Don't be in a hurry," you reply courteously. You are beginning to like him. "Have you other calls to make?"

"Not one," he says. "I never call anywhere but here. You see, nobody understands me but you."

This is encouraging.

"I was afraid you would think me inhospitable," is the remark you proffer, with a strange sense of relief; for, somehow, the good opinion of this odd little fellow has become a thing to be desired.

"Not at all," he says. "I know my questions were rather personal. But do you mind if I ask you a few more before I go?"

You begin to be uncomfortable again. Sometimes questions are so hard to answer.

"Go ahead, young chap," you then say faintly, wondering what your pupils in Hebrew would think of the expression.

Meditative little wrinkles suddenly appear upon your visitor's forehead,—such a white forehead above the hat line!

"Why didn't you get rich?"

The query is so disconcerting that you can think of nothing to answer. Then a small hand, about as big as a rose leaf, though scratched with blackberry thorns, steals into yours.

"I like you best poor," its owner says very softly, and you notice that he wears under his torn jacket a little St. Francis medal. "Are you wise?"

"Just a little," you reply humbly, and

the rose-leaf hand gives your own a fervent squeeze.

"Are you famous?"

"Not one bit," you answer. You are growing more honest with yourself—and him.

"Have you any friends?"

"Yes, thank God!" you cry, now positively enthusiastic.

"And yet you do not believe in people very much—or so you said!"

"That was a long while ago,—ages ago,—ten minutes at least. I believe in them now."

Oh, how he smiles—this little boy with the bare feet and the sun-crowned hair!

"I'll come again," he says, patting your cheek.

"But your name,—will you not leave your card?"

"I'm not grown up enough to have a card," he says, as he slips out of the chair.

"I'm just the little lad you used to be!"

Next Sunday's Mass.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Mass, the principal act of worship in the Church, as every Catholic knows, is the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, offered, under the forms of bread and wine, in remembrance of His passion and death. Apart from this, its primary signification, the word "Mass" is also used to denote the rites, ceremonies and prayers with which the Sacrifice is celebrated: we speak of Low Mass, High Mass, Pontifical Mass, etc. In the Missal, or Mass-Book, the word more particularly designates those features of the Holy Sacrifice which vary from day to day, as distinguished from those which always remain unchanged. When, for instance, we find in the Missal, under the date May 4, Feast of St. Monica, the direction "*Mass, Cognovi*," the meaning is that the varying portions of the Mass to be said on that

day are those of the particular Mass whose Introit begins with the word *Cognovi*. It is in this rubrical sense that "Mass" is employed in our general title, given above.

As the Eucharistic Sacrifice is the principal act, as well as the very centre, of Catholic worship, so is attendance at that Sacrifice the chief duty prescribed to the individual Catholic for his sanctification of the Lord's Day. Such attendance is, indeed, the only positive Sunday obligation ordained under pain of grievous sin; although it is, of course, to be borne in mind that, even when it is morally impossible to fulfil the second precept of the Church, "to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays," we are still bound to obey the third Commandment of God, "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day." While the mere fact of our devoutly hearing Mass on Sunday satisfies the obligation imposed upon us as Catholics, it is clear that the intensity of our piety and the amount of benefit we derive will depend in great measure upon the degree of our acquaintance with both the unchanging portions of the sacrificial prayers, the "Ordinary of the Mass," and those portions which do change, or vary, from Sunday to Sunday,—the "Proper of the Season." It is solely with these latter portions that this series of short articles, which we purpose to present in successive weeks, will have to do.

As frequent mention will necessarily be made of specific parts of the "Proper of the Season," it may be well to give forthwith the name and signification of each. Collectively, the varying portions of the Mass are: the Introit, the Collect, the Epistle, the Gradual, the Gospel, the Offertory, the Secret, the Communion, and the Post-Communion.

The Introit (literally, "entrance")—so called because it is the beginning of the Mass, or because at Solemn Masses the choir usually sings it as the sacred ministers approach the altar,—is composed of an antiphon, a verse of a psalm, and the *Gloria Patri*. Collects, Secrets,

and Post-Communions are merely different names given to the principal prayers, properly so-called, of the Mass. The Collect ("gathering prayer") is said between the *Gloria in Excelsis* and the Epistle; the Secret is recited secretly between the *Orate, Fratres*, and the Preface; while the Post-Communion, as its name denotes, is said after the Communion. The Epistle is the Lesson read after the Collect; and is an extract, sometimes from the Books of the Old Testament, sometimes from the Acts of the Apostles, but generally from the Epistles, more particularly those of St. Paul. The Gradual consists of one or more verses from the Psalms, and is so called because in the early ages of the Church it used to be sung from the steps (*gradus*) of the altar or pulpit. The Gospel is an excerpt from the writings of one of the Four Evangelists. The Offertory is the short antiphon recited by the priest immediately after the *Dominus vobiscum* following the Creed. The Communion, so called because it used to be chanted while the priest was giving Holy Communion, is a versicle taken from the Psalms.

Those of our readers who use the Missal for the Laity will remark, before the Mass of certain Sundays, a note that "The station is at St. Peter's," or some other church of Rome. The explanation is this. It was the custom in Rome from a very early age for the faithful to visit the churches or shrines more especially connected with the martyrs. On certain days people, clergy, and pontiff went in solemn procession to offer up prayers and Mass in these churches. Such processional visits were called "stations"; and the days and churches now marked as such in the Missal are those finally fixed by Pope St. Gregory the Great.

SURELY their penal state does not prevent the souls in Purgatory from praying for us and impetrating for us.

—Suarez.

An Imprisoned Soul.

THE wonderful story of the way in which the mind of Helen Keller was brought from darkness into light is familiar to all the civilized world; but the similar case of Marie Heurtin, a little French girl is comparatively unknown, at least on this side of the water.

Sister St. Marguerite, of the Sisters of La Sagesse, was the teacher of this child, who, when brought to the convent by her father, was, apparently, but a little animal ten years old, knowing no pleasure but that of eating, and sleeping when she could eat no more. When she awoke she would grope for her plate and spoon, and make a racket until food was brought to her again. She had an unpleasant face, and was constantly uttering strange and harsh cries and making threatening gestures. But the Sisters did not for a moment hesitate to undertake the care of this unfortunate and repulsive poor creature.

Sister St. Marguerite believed from the first that a soul was imprisoned in that unprepossessing body, and that it was her duty to liberate it. Once made, her resolution could not be shaken by any apparent failure; and, after incredible and extended efforts, she had the happiness of knowing that the first step toward success had been taken. Marie had learned that crossed hands signified a knife: and the battle was won.

But it was far more than the sign-language that good Sister St. Marguerite wished to teach; and she persevered until, instead of the stubborn and unmanageable creature who came to her, there was a gentle and pious girl, with a keen sense of right and wrong. "Now my work is done," said the Sister, smiling.

To-day Marie reads readily with the aid of the raised alphabet used by the blind, and has acquired a wide knowledge of history, the natural sciences, and general literature. She is especially fond

of travel, enjoying the sensation of swift motion, and plays many games with enthusiastic delight. But she likes work better than play, and knows no idle moment.

Her portrait shows her to be a healthy, happy young girl, and is an excellent witness of the marvels that may be accomplished by persevering effort inspired by charity.

Voltaire and the Burgomaster.

VOLTAIRE was one day dining with the King of Prussia in his castle at Cleves. During the repast, the French atheist, as was his wont, lost no opportunity of scoffing at religion and its votaries.

The guests listened at first in silence; but at last one of them, a stout burgomaster, filled with righteous indignation at hearing all he held most sacred thus turned into ridicule, could restrain himself no longer.

"As for me," Voltaire was saying, in a sneering tone, "I would sell my place in heaven for a Prussian thaler."

"Monsieur de Voltaire," observed the burgomaster, "in Prussia we never buy costly goods without feeling sure of the owner's right to them. If you can prove your right to a place in heaven, I will buy it for the sum of ten thousand thalers."

"Bravo, burgomaster!" cried Frederic the Second, who, although he shared many of Voltaire's opinions, could not help enjoying his discomfiture. For once the quick-witted atheist had no reply.

LEARN thy own strength; and if some secret sense

Of power untried pervades thy low estate,
Bend thy soul's purest, best intelligence

To seek the mastery of time and fate.
Courage and deathless hope and toil intense
Are the crown jewels of the truly great.

—Frances L. Mace.

Notes and Remarks.

Suggestions for the better organization of the funds actually contributed by the Catholics of this country for various missionary purposes are being proffered in different quarters, and some of them will doubtless be acted upon. The Paulist publication, the *Missionary*, which may claim to speak with expert knowledge, has this to say on the subject:

It is now come to be an acknowledged fact that every parish must contribute to missionary purposes. A certain part of its revenues must go to extra parochial purposes. A parish that refuses the appeal for the necessities of the Church Universal will soon fail in its home activities. If, then, it is conceded that every parish must divert a certain percentage of its revenues to missionary purposes, why not organize and develop this giving? If in every parish a missionary auxiliary were established by the pastor, whereby every family would contribute a small amount—say a dollar a year,—and this fund so administered by the diocesan authorities that each of the active missionary agencies would receive a share, the burdens would be distributed and the missionary demands would be satisfied. There are probably 3,000,000 Catholic families in the United States, and \$2,000,000 a year would be easily raised on this basis, where now hardly a quarter of that amount is realized.

It will not be invidious to add that, in view of recent developments in one so-called American Catholic financial undertaking, people are liable to look askance for some time at projects dealing with the handling of millions collected for church purposes of any kind.

Nobody who knows his Ruskin is unfamiliar with a passage in one of the Oxford lectures, in which the destruction of works of art during the so-called Reformation is denounced in the most trenchant Ruskinian manner. Not half the truth on this subject has been told. Only a short time ago, an exquisitely carved baptismal font from a pre-Reformation church was found doing duty as an outdoor flower vase in an

English gentleman's garden. The discoverer has the thanks of all the artists and antiquarians who have seen this treasure, which is now safe-guarded. Concluding an abstract of a paper "On the Wooden Monumental Effigies of England and Wales," read at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, by Dr. Alfred C. Fryer, a writer in the *Athenæum* remarks:

Although large numbers of wooden effigies have been destroyed, and many that remain have suffered from neglect, sanding, injudicious "restorations," relentless scrubblings, shrouds of whitewash, and destruction in village bonfires; yet out of this havoc has been preserved a remnant from which it is possible to study the technique of the arts employed in carving and painting these effigies in wood. We may, indeed, be thankful that the relentless hand of the modern restorer and the ravages of time have still left us some treasures which we may consider representative of a great national school of mediæval handicraft.

An English contributor to the *American Ecclesiastical Review* discusses in an interesting manner a notable contrast between the Eucharistic Congress held in London and the Pan-Anglican Congress in the same city. Apropos of the significance of the former in its absolute unity of faith in the sacred humanity of Jesus, he writes:

Very different in this connection was that of the Pan-Anglican gatherings. For while at the Pan-Anglican Congress and Conference very many subjects were discussed, the one subject that before all others cried aloud for some settlement was studiously avoided. Controversy concerning the doctrine of the Real Eucharistic Presence is, as everyone knows, the real interpretation of the troubles that for so many years have rent and distracted the Anglican communion, and necessitated the scandal of ritual suits in the law courts and examinations by royal commissions. The decennial gathering of the Pan-Anglican episcopate seemed to many, who are sighing for the peace of their Israel, a providential opportunity for some settlement of these constantly recurring disputes. They anxiously looked to the Pan-Anglican episcopate for some utterance on the subject. Their bishops were silent, however, — perhaps wisely; since they knew very well that any reference to so controverted a subject would at once introduce

into their deliberations a much-dreaded note of controversy. Disunited themselves in opinion and faith respecting the doctrine, they doubtless felt their consequent incapacity, as well as their powerlessness, to still the tempest of controversy that prevails round about them in every part of their communion. The fear of controversy amongst themselves in relation to a doctrine which unites the Catholic world in the sacramental bond of peace is precisely the significance of a silence conspicuous by contrast with the deliberations of the Eucharistic Congress.

All of which suggests that Catholics probably do not appreciate at anything like its full value the inestimable boon inherent in their possession of the true Faith—perfect freedom from agonizing religious doubts.

A prominent business man in New York city writes:

May I be permitted through the columns of THE AVE MARIA to make public return of thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes for my recovery from a dangerous illness?

When stricken I at once placed myself under her protection, and made daily use of water from the Grotto of Lourdes throughout my illness. The disease (typhoid) ran its normal course, but absolutely without complication of any kind, and my convalescence was more than normally rapid and complete.

I can not demonstrate any miracle in my case, but I have absolute faith that I owe my preservation from danger and my rapid recovery to Our Lady of Lourdes; and I wish to make public profession of this faith and of my gratitude to her.

This would seem to be one of those cures which, though worthless as a "case" in scientific eyes, are none the less as miraculous as any that are recorded by Dr. Boissarie. As Father Benson remarks in one of his recent articles on Lourdes, it does not prove that a cure is not miraculous if it might have been effected by human agency.

English Catholics are rejoicing over the death of Mr. Runciman's educational Bill. For the fourth time the present Liberal government has endeavored to settle the education question, and has failed,—failed because no question *can*

be settled permanently until it is settled right; and none of the proposed plans recognized or protected the rights of Catholics. Says the *Catholic Times* on present conditions and future prospects:

Meanwhile, whatever Nonconformists and churchmen may do—whether they call a truce, proclaim a peace, enter into further negotiations, or divide off one from the other into alliance with the political parties in which they chiefly hope, trusting that the power or wisdom of statesmen may succeed in doing what the compromising spirit of the leaders of the Church and the Free Churches has failed to do,—the position of Catholics remains unchanged. What that position is it has been and will be—Catholic schools for Catholic children, with Catholic teachers under Catholic control. That demand was first formulated in these columns. In these columns it will continue to be fought for until it is granted. And granted it must one day be,—granted, too, without financial stint or strain. As ratepayers, as taxpayers, we must have our full share of the rates and taxes we pay in common with other citizens. No settlement can ever be achieved which penalizes us religiously or financially. We are not strong enough to impose a settlement. We are quite strong enough to wreck one. Already we have wrecked four. If the fifth is as rickety as the other four were, it will be wrecked too. No settlement that is unjust will be accepted by Catholics. In every way we can we will oppose all attempts to penalize our religion, we will resist all tricks to rob us of our rates. At the polls we will make our voices heard by our votes. In Parliament we will make our cause heard through our friends.

The Catholics of England are clearly a robust minority, and their splendid fight against constructive oppression and injustice is an inspiring spectacle for their coreligionists everywhere.

Discussing the recent shooting of an assistant district attorney in San Francisco, the *Pacific Churchman* of that city gives this explanation of conditions that made the crime possible:

It is the characteristic of a vast mass, if not majority, of San Francisco men not to go to church,—that is, to absent themselves from places where worship and obedience are taught. Consequently these men who do not go to church have forgotten how to worship, and with this also have forgotten the art of

obedience, which means the art of self-control. San Francisco men rather glory in the fact that they do not go to church,—that they avoid the pretence of a worship they do not wish to render. They glory in that they are not hypocrites. But this perfectly frank neglect of worship has created an atmosphere of moral lawlessness that has made possible this attempted tragedy.

We are not of those who think our city worse than any other city. But we are living here. We have to face the problems of this city, for which in so many ways we have a just pride. The connection between this worshipless life and this shooting seems to our mind very clear. We preach no new doctrine. We only say to the men of San Francisco that the worship of God in His holy temples creates a civic character such as would render impossible such crimes as this and such travesties of justice as we are constantly seeing.

And, back of this failure of the man to attend church services, may we not legitimately place the neglect to inculcate in the schoolboy the religious principles upon which alone a worshipful and obedient life can be built?

Apropos of retreats for men, accounts of which, both in Belgium and England, our readers will remember having seen in these columns within the past few months, the *London Spectator* reproduces a descriptive narrative of one such spiritual exercise, and the editor comments:

This account of a "retreat" for Roman Catholic laymen will, we hope, suggest the organization of similar opportunities for Protestant workmen to repossess their souls. There is nothing whatever in the doctrines of the Reformation to forbid such a work. On the contrary, the cultivation of man's better nature through contemplation and prayer is essentially Protestant. One can imagine Bunyan, Baxter and John Wesley blessing such godly exercises. To give men tired in the struggle of life an interval, however short, for facing the great problems, would be a noble achievement.

Verily the inconsistency of some of our separated brethren "passes all understanding." Despite the Protestant maxim that "the age of miracles is past," we have it from reliable sources that a considerable percentage of the pilgrims to St. Winefride's Well, Holywell (Wales),

are non-Catholics; and here is what the *London Catholic Times* has to say of another quasi-inexplicable matter:

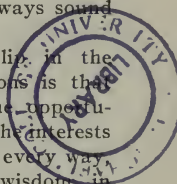
In the columns of the *Daily News*—of all papers in the world—we read the following words which were uttered by the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan on November 18, in the course of an address in connection with the London Missionary Society: "I see that Dean Robinson believes in the validity of miracles at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. That is my own belief. Undoubtedly there have been great cures at Lourdes. These are possibly resultant on spiritual forces." And whilst Dr. Campbell Morgan thus candidly avows his conviction that miracles have taken place at the shrine of St. Thomas and at Lourdes, he expresses his distrust of faith-healing operations among American Protestants. He has, he says, been studying very carefully the reports of the American Emmanuel Mission, and has come to the conclusion that many of them border on blasphemy. Testimony such as this in favor of the Church is valuable. We can not, however, but wonder that people who admit the authenticity of Catholic miracles do not feel that their proper place is within the Catholic Church.

We share the wonder of the *Times*, and can only hope that in God's own good time its cause will cease.

A due sense of proportion and perspective is not the most distinctive characteristic of the secular press of this country; but the *Cleveland Leader* displays a gratifying modicum thereof in this comment on the collapse of the Fidelity Funding Co.:

When anything goes wrong with property belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, or to any church units in that great organization, there is wide and natural surprise. If a shrewd and plausible scoundrel cheats priests or nuns, or higher authorities in the Church, and financial losses result, the sensation caused shows how rare such occurrences are. The shock is itself evidence that the business administration of Roman Catholic affairs is almost always sound and competent....

The marvel of an occasional slip in the business of the Catholic organizations is that such things happen so seldom. The opportunities for mistakes are so many, and the interests exposed to attack are so immense in every way that only remarkable care and wisdom in handling Catholic funds and institutions could



prevent many more losses through the activities of outside sharpers or the ordinary mishaps of business.

It is not the good swimmer who is most commonly drowned. The fallacy that such is the case arises from the fact that the comparative rarity of such an occurrence ensures its being heralded on all sides. It is pertinent to add that the Fidelity Funding Co. was not a Catholic concern. With the exception of Mr. P. J. Kieran, its vice-president, the staff of the Fidelity were non-Catholics.

There died recently at the House of Providence, in Vancouver, a nun who was among the Catholic pioneers of Washington and the entire Pacific Northwest. She was one of five Sisters of Charity of Providence who went from Montreal to Vancouver, by way of Panama, in 1856. The *Catholic Universe* says of her:

Sister Vincent de Paul was thirty years of age when she gave herself for the foundation at Vancouver; and throughout she retained a happy, contented disposition. She celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her religious profession September 23, 1908. She spent fifty-two years of her life in Vancouver, and had she lived until New Year's Day she would have been eighty-four years of age. While celebrating her Golden Jubilee, a Sister told her that she was to be complimented upon having spent so much of her life ministering to the wants of others. She replied that every day of her life had been a jubilee. She took special interest in the orphanage, where, when told that Sister Vincent had gone away and would never return, the little ones cried for hours.

Writing in the *Messenger*, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick has this to say on an ever-interesting subject:

Much has already been accomplished in the crusade against tuberculosis. Correct views about the disease have been promulgated. Before the world, the disease has lost its reputation as the unconquerable foe of mankind. The ray of hope in the breast of the stricken one has been blown into a flame of faith in the curability of the disease. The world has come to realize that the disease can be stamped out. The death rate has already been much reduced throughout the civilized world. The most available methods of cure and prevention

have been proved and accepted. Governments have been aroused to the importance of the work. People in every walk of life have enlisted in the cause. As the campaign now stands, the fight ought to be a short one. It can be and should be the work of this generation, and the crowning glory of the first half of the twentieth century.

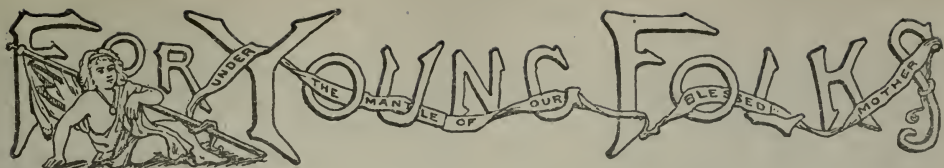
As to the specific means by which the work in question is to be accomplished, Dr. Flick thus refers to one important agency:

The value of isolation as a factor in the prevention of tuberculosis is brought out very forcibly by a comparison of the history of tuberculosis in London with a history of tuberculosis in Paris. In the middle of the nineteenth century, London and Paris had the same death rate from tuberculosis. Since then London has had isolation in growing volume up to the present time; and Paris had none until a few years ago, and even now has very little. London has had a reduction in its death rate from tuberculosis of nearly two-thirds, whilst Paris has had practically no reduction at all. The only thing in London non-existent in Paris which could account for its reduction is the hospital for contagious cases.

In our personal view, the mere knowledge that the disease is no longer considered incurable will prove the most effective possible aid to such medical treatment as may be prescribed. Optimism in the patient is worth, in many a case, pretty near, if not fully, as much as skill in the physician.

Replying to a correspondent who inquires about the matter of having Masses said for non-Catholics, Father Hull, of the *Bombay Examiner*, gives this eminently practical advice:

The simplest way, and one which avoids all difficulties on official grounds, is this. You go to the priest and ask him to offer Mass 'for your intention.' This is a usual formula, and no priest is concerned to ask what your intention is. Then you form your intention as follows: "So far as the fruits of the Mass are applicable to the living, I offer this Mass for myself, my relations, my friends [or whatever other intention you may have]; and as regards those fruits which are applicable to the departed, I wish them to benefit my deceased relations [non-Catholic] so far as this be acceptable to God." This method serves all purposes, and does not involve any subterfuge.



The New Year Spirit.

(Rondeau.)

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

ON New Year's Day each holds a key
That opens stores of Christmas glee;
For folks all wear a pleasant smile,
And some one, every little while,
Says "Happy New Year, dear!" to me.
Just why it happens I can't see,
But this is plain as plain can be:
Kind words and looks are all the style
On New Year's Day.
'Twould be quite jolly, you'll agree,
If folks were always just as free
From what my pa calls spleen and bile;
Of fun there'd surely be a pile,
If 'twouldn't end—the jubilee
On New Year's Day.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—THE LITTLE SACRISTAN.

SPRING'S first sweet touch was on St. Ursula's. The soft slopes of the hills were blue with violets; the lilacs that hedged the playground were plumed with purple and white; in the forest paths, the dog-wood was waving snowy banners; and the great rosebush that wreathed the chapel windows was rich in Maytime leaf and bud.

"They are the first to come and last to go—the convent flowers," said Sister Felicie to the little golden-haired girl who stood by the sacristy window, scraping the altar candles. "I've known the frost to blacken every garden around and leave ours all abloom. And many a year we've

had the 'Queen's Promise' roses for the Midnight Mass. But no wonder: it's God's own flower; as you know, Kitty."

Yes, Kitty and all the convent girls knew the old legend of the Queen's Promise that in a few weeks now would make the chapel wall a bower of fragrant bloom.

Long, long ago, in the old lands across the sea, there had been a proud, worldly queen who had planned her daughter's marriage to a great and powerful prince. But the young girl herself begged permission to enter the convent that stood in the valley below. "Our Lady of the Thistles" it was called, from the great prickly hedges that shielded its quiet cloisters from rude approach. And the queen-mother, on hearing her daughter's prayer, flew into a fury and swore, as royal ladies were at times heard to swear in those far-off times, that not until the thistle turned into roses should her daughter enter the convent door. She must marry the prince, in obedience to her command, the very next day.

All night long, the poor girl spent in tears before the altar; and next morning, so the legend tells, the convent garden was hedged with the fragrant bloom of a rose that none had ever seen before. The worldly queen, frightened at this touch of a hand mightier than her own, yielded her proud will to that of God; and the wonderful rose, known thereafter as the "Queen's Promise," was transplanted by slips and shoots to other convent gardens; and even brought, by the good French Sisters who had founded St. Ursula's, to this new land across the sea.

What Sister Felicie and her little assistant sacristan, Kitty Dillon, would have done without the white bloom of the Queen's Promise for the convent altar, no one could say.

"Dear, dear, I've taken down the wrong vestments! It's white and silver for to-morrow," said Sister Felicie. "But I'm keeping you too long, Kitty dear,"—as a burst of merry voices came from the playground below. "You ought to be down there with the rest."

"Oh, no, no, Sister!" replied Kitty quickly. "I would rather stay and help you. Let me rub up the censer and change the flowers in the white vases. We have so many lovely lilacs to-day!"

"As you please, then, Kitty. It's not every little girl I'd have in the sacristy, you know."

Yes, Kitty knew, and valued her privilege accordingly. It was not only that a beautiful premium prayer-book was awarded every year to Sister Felicie's little sacristan, but the office had a sweet charm all its own. The high-ceilinged room, with its panelled closets, its Gothic window, its fragrance of dying flowers and lingering incense, seemed a place apart from the noisy, busy school-life of class-room and playground. And its tender shadows were especially sweet to poor little Kitty of late; for, only thirteen though she was, her young heart was still sore with a heavy grief. Three months ago her dear father's ship had gone down in a terrible storm on the Pacific; and Captain Dillon, holding his post of duty to the last, had left his long motherless Kitty orphaned indeed in her convent home.

The Sisters had done all they could to comfort the desolate little girl, who had been with them since she was seven years old. But this brave, kind father had been the hero and idol of Kitty's life; his generous love had furnished not only all the needful things, but feasts and frolics and pocket-money unstinted; his visits had been holidays of delight unspeakable, which Kitty could not even think of now without tears.

And in those first strange, dark days, when Kitty knew that all this love had been swept away from her, when it was quite impossible to talk or laugh or play

with the other girls, the sweet, dim, old sacristy seemed a shelter like that of a pitying angel's wing.

But Time is tender to little mourners of thirteen, and Kitty was beginning to bloom and brighten again with the flowers of spring.

"The girls are going to vote for May Queen this evening, Sister."

"Ah, indeed!" said Sister Felicie, with a nod. "Then there are lively times downstairs, I know. And who is it to be, Kitty dear?"

"Oh, I can't tell yet!" answered Kitty, who was busy with the white lilacs now. "I want Jeanie Riggs. She is so sweet and pretty and would make such a lovely Queen. But Nellie Marr is trying for it hard. She treated to fudge three times last week, though she may not mean anything by that. I—I treated to fudge myself when—when—I had papa." And there was a break in the young voice that went to Sister Felicie's kind heart.

"Ah, well, well!" said the good nun, anxious to steer her little assistant clear of these sad memories. "Nellie Marr and her fudge may get the votes; but I know who should be Queen if I had my say, and that is your own little self, Kitty dear!"

"O Sister, no, no! I wouldn't do at all," answered Kitty. "The May Queen must have a beautiful new dress, all lace and ruffles, and slippers and sash, and everything lovely. I—I—can't get anything now—now that my dear papa is gone." And the tears Kitty could no longer repress burst forth in a springtime flood as she flung herself on her knees beside Sister Felicie and hid her face on the good nun's breast. "O papa,—my own dear papa!" she sobbed brokenly. "Sometimes I can't believe it, Sister. It seems like a sad dream, and I must wake up and find he is coming back. I just can't believe I shall never, never have my dear papa again."

"But you will, Kitty dear,—you will!" said Sister Felicie, her own kind eyes dim.

"Oh, in heaven, I know!" sobbed Kitty. "But that is so long—so far,—

and I am only a little girl, Sister. The Sisters are good to me, I know; but I can't stay here all my life, and there is no one to care for me in all this big wide world."

"No one, Kitty?" asked Sister Felicie, pityingly. "Haven't you uncles or aunts or anybody?"

"Only Uncle Dave, papa's brother; and he—he—doesn't count," said Kitty.

"My dear child, yes, uncles count a great deal sometimes to a little girl," was the cheering answer.

"Oh, *he* doesn't!" said Kitty, shaking her head. "I've never seen him. Papa and he quarrelled before I was born. It was not papa's fault, I know," continued Kitty, with loving loyalty. "Papa was always jolly and nice and kind to everybody. He used to laugh and say Uncle Dave was a blue-nosed bigot that couldn't see straight. It was all about papa's marrying a Catholic. Uncle Dave said horrid things about mamma; and papa loved her so, that when she died he couldn't forgive or forget."

"Ah, that was too bad,—too bad!" said Sister Felicie, dimly realizing something of the human passion and pain of such a rupture. "Poor Kitty! But yet, dear—"

"May I come in?" interrupted a pleasant voice at the sacristy door.

"My dear Mother Paula, of course!" And Sister Felicie rose hurriedly to greet the superioress.

"Don't move, Sister. You are very busy to-day, I know; and I don't want to interrupt you. It is this little sacristan of yours I am looking for. I have a letter with wonderful news for you, Kitty."

"Wonderful news!" echoed Kitty, and her cheeks flushed, her blue eyes kindled. "O Mother, about—about papa?" For the beautiful Angel Hope still fluttered sometimes across Kitty's darkened sky.

"My poor dear child, no, no!" said Mother quickly. "The letter is from your uncle, Kitty. I did not know you had one. David Dillon, he signs himself,—your father's brother."

"A letter from Uncle Dave?" repeated Kitty, in faltering tones.

"Yes, dear,—a short, rather strange letter; but kindly intended, I am sure. It came by the last mail. I will read it to you, Kitty."

And, seating herself on one of the tall carved chairs in the sacristy, Mother Paula drew Kitty to her side, that she might see the letter in her hand. It was written in very black ink, and the plain, stiff handwriting seemed fairly to bristle from the paper:

TO THE LADY PRINCIPAL OF THE URSULA FEMALE ACADEMY.

DEAR MADAM:—I understand from Messrs. Taft and Woodville, Attorneys at Law, 1408 Court Street, that my brother, the late Captain John Dillon, has left a daughter, orphaned and penniless, in your care. As the nearest of kin, I am her natural and legal guardian, and as such am prepared to accept my responsibilities. Kindly notify my niece Katherine that I will see her as soon as pressing business engagements permit. In the meantime, please make out all bills, present or in arrears, for board, clothing, tuition, and so forth, to David P. Dillon, Blackstone Ridge, Pa.

I remain, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

DAVID P. DILLON.

"There!" said Mother Paula, the note of cheer in her voice a little forced. "What do you think of that, Kitty dear?"

"Oh, I—I—don't know!" said Kitty, with a little gasp. "I don't think I like it at all."

"Oh, don't say that, Kitty!" But the kind Mother's arm about the little girl tightened its hold, as if it would keep her close in that sheltering clasp. "It may sound a little stiff and strange; and, really," Mother Paula broke into a soft little laugh, "I had to read it twice before I recognized myself as a Lady Principal. But we can't always judge by the tone of a letter. Your uncle is, no doubt, a plain business man, who writes in a plain business way. You see, my child," and Mother Paula ventured to touch upon a subject that had been tenderly kept from the little orphan's consideration, "your

dear father's business affairs were quite unsettled, and it is supposed he had most of his valuable papers, with a large sum of money, on the *Hispania* with him; and so he has left his little girl unprovided for. This good uncle is ready to take his place and give you all that you need. So we must accept his kindness in the spirit in which it is offered, and be grateful that the good God has sent you a guardian and protector in your need."

"Oh, but he didn't like my mamma! He quarrelled with papa. They had not seen or spoken to each other since I was born," sobbed Kitty. "He can't like me."

Mother Paula paused a moment, a little startled by that outburst of family history, which threw a rather ominous light on the style of Mr. David Dillon's letter. Then she went on cheerily:

"That doesn't follow at all, my child. Perhaps, for that very reason, his heart will turn to you to atone for the past. But, in any case, we must teach him to like us, you know. You are just the sweet, loving, good little girl to make a conquest of a stern, lonely, perhaps even a hardened old heart."

"But, O Mother, I don't like to be 'niece Katherine!'" cried Kitty.

"Tut, tut!" laughed Mother Paula, whose gay good sense made sunshine all about her. "How can you expect the poor man to know our pet name for you, Kitty dear! Come now, dry your eyes, and we will go into the chapel together and thank our dear Lord for all His blessings. We must take them as He sends them, though they are not always exactly what we should choose ourselves. But if we do our part bravely and faithfully, and trust to Him, we shall find, after all, that He knows best."

And, taking Kitty's hand in hers, the good Mother passed through the arched doorway that led into the convent chapel, where the sunset was streaming through the great window over the altar, filling the sweet white sanctuary with rainbow light. And, still holding the trembling

little hand, Mother Paula knelt at the altar and prayed, a fear in her mother-heart which she would not have little orphaned Kitty guess. For there had been a chill in Uncle Dave's letter that seemed to her like the bitter, biting breath from the frozen peaks of the Arctic Zone.

(To be continued.)

A Martyr's Fortitude.

When the aged Hipparchus, after being subjected to severe torture, was brought before the Emperor Maximian, that tyrant offered him a last chance to save his life by denying his Faith. But the noble old man raised his hand to his bald head, crying:

"As soon expect this head to be covered again with hair as to hope that I will conform to your base wish!"

"'Tis easy enough to give you another supply of hair," answered the cruel and enraged Emperor, ordering a fresh goat's skin to be nailed to the martyr's bare head. "Now recant!" shouted the tyrant.

"Never!" said Hipparchus, and so died, and with him six other faithful Christians of Samosata.

The Origin of New Year's Gifts.

New Year's gifts play the same rôle in France as do Christmas gifts in America, England, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. The earliest historical fact on which to base the custom is, we believe, to be had from Nonius Marcellus, who records that Tatius, King of the Sabines, was presented with some branches of trees cut from the forest sacred to the Goddess Strenia (strength), and that from this happy omen he established the custom. It afterward passed to the Romans, who called the presents *strena*, whence it got in amongst the French; and the appellation turned into *étrenne*, the present name of the French New Year's gift.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Old Irish Folk Music and Songs" is the title of a new work by Dr. Joyce, author of "Ancient Irish Music." It will contain several hundred airs never before published.

—A new addition to the English Catholic Truth Society's Scriptural Series is the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, edited, with notes, by the Very Rev. Dr. McIntyre. It is gratifying to hear that these little volumes continue to have the steady sale which they so well deserve.

—Volume V. of Benziger's Round the World Series is a compendium of useful articles on a variety of subjects, and furnishes supplementary reading for geography and history classes in the grades. Among the subjects interestingly presented are: The Catacombs, Japanese Ware, Guns for our Warships, The Procession of the Precious Blood at Bruges, etc. There are ninety-seven illustrations, which add much to the attractiveness of the book.

—All who are interested in the "Catholic Who's Who in America," now in preparation by Georgina Pell Curtis, are requested to communicate with her, as no publisher has yet been selected for this book. Short, comprehensive and accurate accounts are desired of all who are entitled to representation. No pains will be spared to produce a useful, instructive and interesting book, for which both the Catholic and general public will be sure to have a welcome. Miss Curtis' address is 2919 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

—All lovers of classical studies owe thanks to the University of Michigan for the publication and distribution of several symposia upon the value of humanistic, particularly classical, studies as a preparation (1) for the study of medicine and engineering; (2) for the study of law; (3) for the study of theology. A fourth symposium, on the value of Latin and Greek as a training for men of affairs, is promised for the coming spring. These symposia have an exceptional merit from the fact that the papers have been prepared by men actively engaged in the various professions from the point of view of the profession itself. Individually, the writers, all eminent in their calling, have strongly insisted upon the necessity of the study of the classics as a preparation for the learned professions. In view of this, it is strange, to say the least, that any intelligent person should find fault with the classics, or that there should

be a decrease in the number of students devoting themselves to the study of Latin and Greek. The present-day method of teaching the classics may explain both the objection and the defection. The highest value of these symposia consists in the material assistance they give to the revival of the classics, which of late has begun to manifest itself.

—Admirers of the Rossettis will find much of interest in "The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti." Of even more general interest is the following, addressed to her brother, Dante Gabriel, on the occasion of his mentioning, toward the close of his life, his inclination to consult a Catholic priest:

I want to assure you that, however harassed by memory or by anxiety you may be, I have (more or less) heretofore gone through the same ordeal. I have borne myself till I became unbearable by myself, and then I have found help in confession and absolution and spiritual counsel, and relief inexpressible. Twice in my life I tried to suffice myself with measures short of this, but nothing would do. . . . I ease my own heart by telling you all this, and I hope I do not weary yours. Don't think of me merely as the younger sister whose glaring faults are known to you, but as a devoted friend also.

—Time was when the words "annual report" connoted dryness, if not dulness. Now, a certain interest is attached to mere statistics, because of their manner of presentation. A model of excellence in matter and manner is the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of Parish Schools in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, for the year ending June 30, 1908. The title-page alone would win favor with a book-lover; but that is merely an introduction to a summary of sound pedagogic principles, recommendations of value to all teachers, and a list of schools with number of teachers, students, etc., in the great archdiocese. The Rev. Philip R. McDevitt is to be congratulated on the work accomplished as set forth in this report; and Catholic teachers also are to be congratulated on the privilege they enjoy in having the fruits of the experience of others thus made available for them.

—Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's "Roads to Rome," made up of "personal records" of some of the more recent converts to the Faith in England, is still in demand, as evidence of which a third edition has just been published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. It is offered to American readers by Mr. B. Herder, of St. Louis. The book presents an interesting array of human documents, an unmistakable quality of which is sincerity. Even a cursory reading of this

volume forces one to agree with the compiler in holding that the progress of the Church in England and in other parts of the English-speaking world "is due to the increasing reassertion of those fundamental needs and claims of the human heart, which no passing unchristian philosophy, or mere fragmentary form of Christian thought or belief, can ever wholly satisfy; but which the Catholic Church alone, with her perfect system of doctrine, her divine authority, the wonderful adaptability of her teaching to all the varying circumstances of life and conditions of soul, does most fully and permanently satisfy."

—We have received, "for review," the second edition of "Pro-Romanism and the Tractarian Movement," a seventy-two page pamphlet, by Charles Chapman Grafton, S. T. D., "Bishop of Fond du Lac." Our failure to give to the brochure any more elaborate notice than the present must be set down to the fact that a cursory glance at a dozen different pages has disclosed more misstatements of Catholic doctrines, and more "things that ain't so," than we could hope to treat effectively in an entire issue of our magazine. We are willing, however, to bear witness to the generosity of Bishop Grafton. He authorizes the publishers of the pamphlet to offer it "for free distribution in reasonable quantities, not exceeding one hundred copies to each"—to any of the reverend clergy and heads of religious houses.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.

"The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.

"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.

"The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.

"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.

"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.

"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.

"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. 86 cts.

"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.

"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.

"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

"The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1 25.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.

"The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Michaud, Bishop of Burlington; Rev. William Walsh, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Thomas Wallace and Rev. James Kelly, diocese of Newark; Rev. Bernard Ewers, diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Joseph Legardeur, diocese of Galveston; Rev. B. M. Mullins, diocese of Antigonish; and Rev. Maurus Helfrich, O.S.B. Sister Boniface, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. William Sloan, Mrs. Margaret Storm, Mr. J. B. Tully, Mr. W. P. Johnston, Mrs. Margaret Cronin, Mrs. Miriam Bodkin, Mr. Clarence Durr, Mr. James Brice, Mr. Louis Voice, and Mr. Henry Wernert.

Requiescant in pace!

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Asthoreen.*

BY CAHAL O'BYRNE.

OH, the hills are fair in Erin, green and gold
each towering crest,
And the laughing streamlet flashes through
the heather in its glee,
And the nursling of the waters on its ocean
mother's breast
Is cradled to the music of the sunbright sea;
And I look across the valley where the reaper
'mid the grain
To the swinging of his sickle sings a careless,
happy tune,
And I wonder if in Erin we shall ever meet again
When the throstle's note is heard among the
glancing green of June.

Asthoreen! Asthoreen!

Heed you not my sad heart's pleading?
It goes out across the green sea that forever
lies between,
And the burthen of its message that the breezes
bear unheeding:
Shall we meet again in Erin when the hills
are fair and green?

Oh, the hills are green in Erin, and the fragrant
breezes b'ow

Through the tangled briar and bracken where
the fairies vigil keep;
Gleam the ruddy quickenberries 'gainst the
azure sky aglow,

Sweet as blushes red and radiant on the cheek
of child asleep.

And my heart is filled with gladness, and the
earth with joy is teeming,

And my eager eyes look out beyond the green
sea's crystal sheen;

* *Asthoreen*—"O little treasure,"—a mother's term of endearment to her child.

For the sigh of breeze and song of bird and
sunlight softly streaming
All say we'll meet in Erin when the hills are fair
and green.

Asthoreen! Asthoreen!

Heed you not my glad heart's swelling?

It goes out across the green sea that forever
lies between,

And the burthen of its message to the breezes
I am telling:

We shall meet again in Erin when the hills
are fair and green.

A Poet and a Premier.

BY JOHN HANNON.

IN the new novel* which the French poet-convert, Adolphe Retté, has recently published, the character "Légranpan" is a close portrait-study of the author's sometime political associate and friend, M. Clémenceau, Prime Minister of France and despoiler of the Church. The present writer chanced to read "The Reign of the Beast" before he had seen M. Retté's first fine Catholic work written two years back—"From the Devil to God. The Story of a Conversion." Even so, the identity of "Légranpan" with Clémenceau stood out as clear as that of "Monsignor Catesby" with Monsignor Capel in D'Israeli's "Lothair." A subsequent reading of "Du Diable à Dieu"—in which book there is also a careful pen-picture of the French Premier by name,

* "Le Règne de la Bête." Par Adolphe Retté. Paris: Librairie Leon Vanier.

manifestly painted in many sittings and at very close quarters,—places the identification beyond cavil. M. Retté's wonderful chapters of spiritual autobiography, in fact, show his new book to be a brilliant and translucent *roman à clef*, not only in its ruthless dissection of contemporary French godlessness, but in many of the *dramatis personæ* upon whom his avenging hands are laid.

There is no question but that poets can use language when they are vexed. M. Retté is no exception to the rule. Every stroke of his whip draws blood; and the lashes are too often knotted with Parisian slang-words of the hour, impossible to unravel into British idiom. The significant thing is that he scourges Clémenceau less heavily than his backers and eggshells,—the nondescript medley of graft-hunting Jews, Huguenots, and Freemasons, whom all Europe now knows as the *Bloc*. Perhaps this is due to the fact that poet and Premier once worked together on terms of intimacy, if not of affection. Certainly one feels, throughout the strong little novel, that the dissecting knife (when Legranpan lies on the slab) is held, if by firm, yet by delicate fingers, that could thrust far deeper if they would. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

As a poet, and still more as a gentleman, M. Retté applies the axiom to dead friendships no less than dead men. He restrains his quite terrible power of invective from all in Clémenceau's life save what has long lain open, as in a morgue, to the eyes of Paris and of France, of the Church and of the civilized world. Never once is there any invasion of the privacies, which must have been tempting ground in the case of the present real ruler of France, who was shown, by the Montagnini papers he stole from the Nunciature, to have been willing to sell his sword to the Church, were the price only high enough. Garibaldi, it will be remembered, made a similar offer to Cardinal Antonelli when Pio Nono's great Minister was Nuncio at Buenos Aires, and the future "Liberator" was unsuccessfully

conducting a tallow factory there. Both men were mercenaries; and in each case the Church's statesmen recognized the fact, and demeaned themselves accordingly.

To resume. M. Retté played literary and journalistic vizir to M. Clémenceau's sultan in the poet-convert's non-Catholic and anti-clerical days; but he uses sparingly the knowledge thus accorded him. As a result, his satire gains enormously in effectiveness. Its very restraint lends it power and trenchancy, and one has the sense (rather rare in the case of invective) that a "gentleman's game" is being played,—that the combatant's heart is set

Not on the prize,
But on the goal.

In these pages we have space for only a few glimpses of M. Retté's "Georges Legranpan, Président du Conseil." These may suffice, however, to enable us to realize with what manner of creatures modern France is replacing statesmen like Marshal MacMahon, to go no farther back.

The curtain rises on "The Reign of the Beast," disclosing the Premier in his office, in the act of giving a thorough "dressing-down" to one of his bottle-holders, a prominent and rich but importunate Freemason, whose son (Charles Mandrillat, the central character of the novel) is more than suspected of having become a convinced Socialist. Mandrillat the elder is a pastmaster of his Lodge, and chairman of a rich corporation. As both, he has backed Legranpan in the past, but expects too much in the present. Cynical Legranpan has heard from the police that young Charles has been making fiery speeches at Socialist meetings. He really does not care very much, but sends for Mandrillat *père*, and frightens the old rascal almost into a fit at the disloyal goings-on of his son. Every journalist who (like the present writer) has had occasion to read the French press for years, will find in the following the voice of Clémenceau, though the name is the name of Legranpan.

"I suppose I ought to throw the Socialists overboard altogether," he says, when Mandrillat has been reduced to a pulp, and sits silently before him. "But I don't want to do that. I really need them, if only as bogies to make our worthy middle classes cling to me. That's my game. Now let me sum up. Either you plug the eloquence of Mandrillat junior, or I let go of Mandrillat senior with a crash. And there *would* be a smash, you know; for I can lay my hands on a few things that would bring you trouble."

Légranpan's previous threats have been, so to say, varnished; but this one has even the veneer stripped off. The highly respectable pastmaster of his Lodge is reduced to the form of panic schoolboys term "blue funk," which is just what Légranpan desires. Mandrillat's wealth is graft, pure and simple; and there are few indeed of his politico-financial jobs that could stand an hour's publicity. Légranpan's good-will is essential, whether openly or occultly displayed. So the old man rises from his chair and makes an ignominious exit, protesting with tears in his voice that he belongs body and soul to the great cause of Radicalism, and that never once has it entered his mind to betray its great bulwark—viz., M. Légranpan. "Of course — of course that's understood," says Légranpan through his teeth, with a sceptical smile. "I shall judge you by your deeds." The interview ends in a tactical advantage for the Premier, and the poet closes his chapter as follows:

"Left alone, the Minister shrugged his shoulders. 'And to say,' he murmured, 'that we need such bounders to knead our Radical dough!' The bitter disgust inspired in him by human nature in general, and his political coreligionists in particular, made him pull a wry face. Steadying himself, he resumed the composition of a circular letter, in which prefects were urged to adopt the severest measures toward nuns expelled from their convents who should dare to reassemble, were it

only in a cellar, for the crime of prayer in common. 'There,' he grunted, as he covered the official paper with his thin, spiky handwriting, 'we'll see now if these pious chatterboxes will finally make up their minds to give me peace, be d——d to them!'"

Like master, like man. Mandrillat has gone off in a "huff," and in the following chapter the poet-novelist most skilfully uses him as a *camera-obscura*, yielding a faithful reflex of Légranpan's career and character. The pastmaster makes little account of the purely personal insults wherewith the Premier's tongue has bespattered him. What cuts him to the quick is the sense that he is being kicked away, like the loose rung of a ladder under a skilled acrobat's foot. "What! *he*, the founder of the famous Mandrillat committee, all-powerful at the polls!—he, who was ever and always shelling out * when the party's secret-service funds ran low,—*he*, in conclusion, who had discounted Légranpan's paper at a comparatively recent period when the vilest usurers would not touch it,—was *he* to be treated like an office-seeker, a mendicant?"

Mandrillat (a masterly composite picture of *all* backers of the *Bloc*) fumes furiously as he realizes that he is being flicked aside as cavalierly as any of Légranpan's penurious camp-followers, the moment they show traces of independence. "In the vilest of tempers, he rehearsed the services he had rendered. To begin with, in 1870 he had explained to all Republicans in outlying quarters how eminent a patriot Légranpan had shown himself to be, by publicly desiring the fall of the Empire, even at the cost of victory for the German arms. He forgot that Légranpan, made mayor of Montmartre on the 4th of September, had rewarded him by procuring him an army contract to supply cardboard-soled shoes to the mobilized troops. Later on, when Légranpan was following out his destructive

* M. Retté's prose diction is apt to be slangy.

instincts in the moral and political order, he (Mandrillat) had subsidized the starving sheets in which the other distilled his acrimonious prose. He omitted to recall that, in return, Legranpan (though apparently opposed to the colonial policy of the Ferry crowd) had procured him the concession of chimerical gold mines in Tonkin,—a glittering trap in which he had caught very many fat pigeons. Then, again, had he not remained faithful in the year when so many other Radicals were hailing, as a new dawn, the blond whiskers of Boulanger? It is true that his capital was then engaged in a German company whose promoters were being scared by the General's fanfares.

"How had Legranpan recognized this loyalty? By neglecting Mandrillat; by keeping him dark on the lucrative, inside motives of his *entente cordiale* with Great Britain; by taking over, as financial tutor, a Bavarian Jew, who, at the time of the Panama smash, had dragged Legranpan's name through the mire.

"And, furthermore, when Legranpan had been strung up in the Chamber by Déroulède, abandoned by believers in his star, and even by the most servile of his hangers-on; rejected, too, at the polls by rotten boroughs pledged to Radicalism,—who had given him sympathy and comfort? Who had rescued him when, spattered with mud, and neck and heels in debt, he had been reduced to scribbling for a bare livelihood,—to the production of vague, idyllic stories for dubious journals, and 'Paris Letters' in the Austrian *Zeitung*? And who had held his shield between the great man Legranpan and the writs flung at his head by a horde of bailiffs, let loose by exasperated creditors? Who had found him a senator's seat in a constituency blindly sworn to anticlericalism? Who, finally, had lent him money—without interest—that he might hang impressionist pictures on his study walls, renew his linen, give dinners to British diplomats, and look after his liver each August at a Bohemian health-resort?

Who had done all this? *He*, Mandrillat, and no other!"

Mandrillat, as has been pointed out, is a composite portrait. No single one of the rich *Bloc* bottle-holders (so far as the writer is aware) did half the interested services for Clémenceau which M. Retté enumerates. But all of them *have* been done for the Premier of France by the individuals whom the poet fuses together, after the manner of Frankenstein, to build up Mandrillat. It is worthy of remark that the poet puts into the latter's mouth no reference to the well-known and disastrous feminine influence in the Premier's life, which would tempt any satirist actuated by other than lofty motives.

In a subsequent paragraph, M. Retté is almost tender to Clémenceau, as he takes whip in hand once more: "The pastmaster did not admit, even to himself, the true underlying reason why he clung to Legranpan with such limpet-like tenacity. It was because Legranpan had always kept by him certain compromising documents, the publication of which would have compelled even magistrates, who were judicially blind to the shortcomings of government supporters, to open their eyes in a hurry, and give Mandrillat a long rest-cure at the Republic's expense."

It is all very sordid, but not nearly so much so as the original—viz., poor submerged France, with its Premier and government, as embodied in "Legranpan," and its Judæo-Masonic devotees of graft, as typified by "Mandrillat." And this graft—this jobbery and speculation, to use older words for one of the oldest cankers that gnaw the heart of the body politic—is practised by the Legranpans and Mandrillats of France, not so much at the expense of the easy-going and well-to-do general public, but with the specific and admitted reason of impoverishing Christ's poor, *because* they are Christ's. Mandrillat, for instance (we are told), had received one of his numerous compensatory sops from Legranpan in the form of "ample authorization to

wring the necks of protesting Congregations, to pluck them, and then to unchain upon church goods the ravenous pack of official liquidators."

Let us skip wholesale, and close upon a lighter picture, of which readers may have had some glimpses in authentic cablegrams at the time. M. Retté again lays his scene in Legranpan's office at the Ministry;* but the interlocutor this time is Shiver, his secretary, a minor character who needs no introduction.

"Have you anything else to say to me?" remarks the Premier, at the close of an intimate political *causerie* one would like to quote in full.

Shiver drew a paper from his pocket. "This," he said, "is the speech made by the King of Spain when he received our new Ambassador at Madrid the day before yesterday. There is a phrase in it that will make Freemasons squeal, if it is not recast. Here it is: 'One might dare to say that Providence Itself has willed to link the destinies of France and Spain, by making our two countries undergo similar trials at one and the selfsame time.'"

"Very well," said Legranpan. "How can that ruffle the Lodges? I—I don't quite see the point."

"It is the word 'Providence,'" said Shiver. "This speech must be published in the *Officiel* [the French government gazette]. And you remember that, at the request of the Freemasons, it has been decided that the words 'God,' 'Providence,' and the like, must be avoided in all government publications."

Legranpan flung himself back in his chair. A fit of silent laughter convulsed his face. Although hating religion with a convinced and deadly hatred, and ever ready to inflict upon Catholics the most underhanded persecution—always in the name of tolerance,—he had too much humor not to deem idiotic the Freemasons' rage against words which the subtler

demon possessing himself had taught him to consider meaningless.

"What rot!" he said. "Still, we won't hurt the trowel-people's feelings. Instead of 'Providence' put 'Nature.' That doesn't mean anything; and whatever it seems to mean delights the Lodges. You know the Masonic hymn:

Our gospel is but Nature,
Our worship Virtue is.

Only, will Alfonso XIII. mind our sub-editing his speech on the lines of up-to-date lay philosophy?"

Shiver shrugged his shoulders as he made the correction in pencil. He shared the Minister's estimate of the brain-power of the Lodges.

"Oh," he said, "I'll bet anything that the King of Spain doesn't read the *Officiel*!"

"Lucky man!" sighed Legranpan. "I wish I could say as much for myself!"

It is not fair to bid good-bye to M. Retté's pages without saying that his portraiture of M. Clémenceau is almost the merest detail in a long plot which unfolds a terrific flame-picture of contemporary and godless Paris. All readers who know French should buy the book. For the poet Adolphe Retté, like so many other brave converts at home and abroad, has flung aside lucrative prospects to take up the cross and follow Christ, and fight the good fight for his Master.

THE deepest—nay, the only—theme of the world's history, to which all others are subordinate, is the conflict of Faith and Unbelief. The epochs in which Faith, in whatever form, prevails, are the marked epochs in human history, full of heart-stirring memories and of substantial gains for all after times. The epochs in which unbelief, in whatever form it may be, prevails, even when for the moment they put on the semblance of glory and success, inevitably sink into insignificance in the eyes of posterity, which will not waste its thoughts on things barren and unfruitful.—*Goethe*.

* 'Le Règne de la Bête,' p. 157.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

It was still with the pleasant sense of recalling old and delightful recollections that Desmond found himself, a little later, following a trim, chocolate-colored youth—grandson of Uncle Hiram—up the broad staircase which led in a wide circle around the hall to the gallery of the second story, on which chambers and corridors opened. Aware of the curious fashion in which things and places which seemed very imposing to the eyes of childhood undergo a shrinking process when viewed in later life, he had not expected to find Hillcrest as stately as his memory represented it; but, to his great surprise, he found that for once memory had not exaggerated. This great central hall, open to the roof of the house, was as fine in space and architectural proportion as anything of its kind that he had ever seen anywhere; and the sweep of the noble staircase, as it circled the picture-hung walls and climbed upward to a turret on the roof, was a delight to the eye. So likewise he found the spacious chamber into which he was ushered even more handsome than his recollection; for a boy of twelve could scarcely have been expected to appreciate the splendid old carved mahogany of the canopied bed and massive wardrobe.

After the servant had been dismissed, he stood for a moment looking around him, conscious of a thrill of pride as he realized, more distinctly than ever before, what a fine old house, full of the intangible essence of a wealthy and aristocratic past, this home of his mother's family was. For a century and a half the Wargraves had been planted here, owning many thousands of acres, of which the original deeds were from the Lords Proprietors, who held the Carolinas under grant of the British Crown; and, though

war had taken tithe of these wide acres and diminished their value, enough still remained to form a magnificent heritage. The house, replacing an earlier Colonial structure, had been built in the first half of the nineteenth century, before modern machinery and modern methods were in vogue; and it was, therefore, not only nobly planned—for which his descendants had to thank the Wargrave of the day, who had travelled long abroad,—but all its details of carved wood and finely executed designs in plaster showed the conscientiousness of the old workmanship and handcraft.

In the ante-bellum South, such homes, remaining in the same family from generation to generation, were not uncommon; but, under changed conditions, and the ever-encroaching inroads of democracy, their number has grown so much less that the Wargrave estate had become somewhat a matter of wonder. "How has it been held intact?" strangers asked, knowing the conditions of ordinary American life. And even the oldest inhabitants of the country could only answer, "There's some sort of a family trust which has never been violated."

As a matter of fact, it was only in the family that this trust was thoroughly understood, and held as a binding obligation, which no Wargrave had ever failed to observe. Even Desmond had but a vague idea of its conditions, which was natural enough, seeing that they seemed to concern him very little; and what he knew was drawn from sayings of his mother, who had died when he was very young. His father—a gay and gallant young Irish soldier of fortune in the Confederate service—had met the daughter of the Wargraves during the war, swept her away by his tempestuous wooing, overcome the family opposition founded upon his nationality and his religion, and, after their marriage, carried his wife abroad with him, where he had become a famous war correspondent, and was finally killed in one of the Egyptian

campaigns. Laurence, the only child of the marriage, had adopted his father's profession; and it was now in obedience to a summons from his uncle, his mother's only brother, that he found himself in the old home of her family.

What the summons, which had been of a very imperative nature, meant, he had no clear idea. It was only now that he began to consider this, and paused in the midst of his toilet to ask himself what he knew of the family situation and affairs. Really, it was very little. He knew that his uncle, Judge Wargrave, had had a son—he remembered clearly hearing his mother speak of him,—but what had become of this son he did not know, not even whether he were living or dead. He knew only that silence had wrapped the name when he had been at Hillcrest as a boy; only the old servants had now and then let drop a word about "Mass Harry." So it seemed that, for some unexplained reason, the natural Wargrave heir had ceased to be a factor in the family life. Well, then, there remained, in the second generation, only his aunt, Mrs. Creighton, herself a childless widow, and himself; for his aunt's stepdaughter—the handsome girl who had met him in Kingsford,—although she had grown up in the house, and was a great favorite of his uncle, had of course no part in the family inheritance.

He shrugged his shoulders as he took up his dinner coat.

"It looks," he said aloud, "as if the Wargraves had nearly come to an end as a family." And then a sudden shudder shook him again, as he realized once more how nearly in his own person this end had been to coming to pass that afternoon.

The musical chime of a Japanese gong sounding below, told him that dinner was ready; and, stepping out on the circular gallery, he paused for an instant, arrested by the picture-like beauty of the scene beneath. A hanging lamp threw its soft lustre down on a large Oriental rug, which covered the centre of the parquetry hall; a square mahogany table, with elaborately

carved legs and feet, was strewn with books and papers; and by its side, turning over a mass of newly arrived mail, Edith Creighton stood—a radiant, graceful figure, with her richly colored brunette head rising above the lace gown that showed her slender proportions,—while she talked to her stepmother, who sat in a deep, cushioned chair on the other side of the table. At sound of his closing door, she lifted her face and looked up.

"Yes, that meant dinner," she called out to him gaily, her voice as clear and sweet in timbre as the beautiful metal which had just been struck where it hung by the dining-room door. "Come down!"

He needed no second bidding, but, running down lightly, offered his arm, with a word of apology, to his aunt, and led her through the open door, where the same chocolate-colored youth stood at attention like a soldier, into the spacious dining-room, with its beautifully decorated ceiling in high relief, its massive, silver-laden sideboard, and its table set with old East Indian china. It was a table compressed to its smallest circular limit for the small party of three; and as dish after dish of the distinctively Southern *cuisine* was served, with wine that had mellowed for many years in the cellar below, Desmond, looking at the two charming women who were his companions, felt increasingly conscious that Fate had been very kind to him indeed. By tacit consent, all mention of the railway accident and its horrors was avoided; and the talk rippled lightly and pleasantly over old recollections, and his later experiences of flood and field, until dinner was over, when, declining to smoke, he accompanied the ladies into the library, which, as he well remembered, was the family sitting-room.

"How unchanged everything is, and how perfectly charming!" he said, as he sat down and glanced around the room, with its dwarf bookcases, above which hung priceless old line engravings; its

writing table, with double student's lamp; its deep easy-chairs, and moss-green carpet, in which the foot sank soundlessly. "I didn't know how well I remembered things until I see how familiar they all are. And what a treasure-house of objects for which a modern collector would give his eyes! Really, Aunt Rachel, I wonder how even at Hillcrest you have managed to keep them all."

Mrs. Creighton lifted her delicate brows slightly.

"My dear boy," she remonstrated, "what would have become of them? One doesn't give away one's old furniture and pictures and china."

"No, of course not," he agreed. "But very few people have so much of all these things."

"Oh, well"—and now the tone was careless enough,—"that is easily understood! The Wargraves have always, especially before the war, been able to get what they pleased, and they pleased to get the best. It was like this house, which my grandfather—your great-grandfather—built. He allowed nothing common, not even a badly made brick, to enter into it. The Wargraves have always been like that. They cared only for the best of everything."

"So it seems," observed the young man, with another comprehensive glance around. "Nevertheless, I can't but wonder a little how it has all been held together for—more than a century and a half, isn't it? It's like the old country, not at all like America."

Mrs. Creighton cleared her throat, and seemed to hesitate a moment—a moment in which Desmond was aware that Edith glanced at him curiously—before she said:

"That's just it. It *is* like the old country. You know we are descended from the younger son of an old English family; and it seems that his intention in coming over here was to found a branch of the house which should equal the elder branch in wealth and importance. The Revolution was a great blow to him—he

was then an old man, so his Royalist sentiments did not attract much attention, or he might have fared badly,—and after it was over he tried to devise some means of still accomplishing his object. It was difficult, because you know the entailing of property was forbidden by law, and without entailed property you can not have a family."

Desmond nodded. "That's just what I've been thinking," he said. "How did he manage?"

"He entailed the estate as far as he could," Mrs. Creighton answered; "and laid it as a trust, binding in honor, if not in law, on his descendants to renew the entail whenever it lapsed,—that is, in every third generation. He gave clear directions how this was to be done. The property was always to be entailed on the oldest son; or, failing a son, on the oldest son of the oldest daughter—"

"But, good heavens!" (the young man sat up in his surprise), "how were the other children to be provided for?"

"There was no trouble about that—at least before the war. The income from the estate was so immense that it was easy to make investments which secured comfortable fortunes for them. It was only Hillcrest and its fifty thousand acres which was to be kept entailed. There were other plantations bought from time to time and settled on sons and daughters."

"And did no one ever object—ever try to break the arrangement?"

"Never. To maintain the entail unbroken has been a matter of the greatest pride with every member of the family. Of one thing we can boast: no Wargrave has ever tried to break or evade the trust, and none has ever been a waster. After the war, some of the land of the original grant had to be sold; it was impossible, under changed conditions of labor, to hold it all—"

"Oh—excuse my interrupting you!—but I thought you said it was entailed and could not be sold?"

Again he was conscious of a quick, curious glance from Edith's large dark eyes, as his aunt answered:

"You haven't understood. It can only be entailed, according to law, for one generation. Then the entail lapses and must be renewed."

"Ah, I see! And it lapsed with my uncle, leaving him free?"

"Yes; and it was fortunate that it did. If at that time he had not been able to sell twenty thousand acres, and so relieve the estate of—certain burdens, I don't know what would have become of us."

"But of course since then he has renewed the entail?"

The words were spoken before Desmond thought, and it was the look on his aunt's face that enlightened him. Into her eyes, as they turned on him there flashed the same keen, curious glance that had twice shone in Edith's. Catching it, he felt himself flush as if convicted of an intolerable *bêtise*.

"No," Mrs. Creighton said, in a rather constrained tone. "He has not renewed it—yet."

Then silence fell, and Desmond was grateful to Edith when she broke it with a light laugh.

"Aren't you tired of family history?" she asked. "And yet it is just as well, considering your evident ignorance, that it has been somewhat enlightened before you see Uncle George. I am afraid he would be shocked if he learned how little you knew of the sacred Wargrave trust."

"You see I've lived so far away from it all," he said apologetically, "and—and it didn't seem to concern me at all. When do you think I shall be able to see my uncle?" he asked, turning to his aunt. "Not this evening, I suppose?"

"Yes, I fancy he will send for you presently," she answered. "He is so anxious to see you that I don't think he will wait until to-morrow. I wish he would—it is not well for him to be excited at night,—but there is no possible means of preventing his doing as he pleases."

"If he is an invalid, doesn't the doctor order what he must or mustn't do?"

Mrs. Creighton shook her head. "You don't know your uncle," she said. "He has all his life been so arbitrary that he will obey no orders, unless he wishes to do so. That makes treatment of his case very difficult."

"Rather, I should think," the young man laughed. "By the by, what is the matter with him exactly?"

"He has had an apoplectic seizure, what the doctors call a cerebral hemorrhage; and when we telegraphed for you his condition was very critical. But he has rallied in a most wonderful manner, considering his age. His mind seems now quite clear, and he has almost entirely regained the power of speech—"

"Oh! He had lost that?"

"For a few days, yes; and even yet he confuses names and words a little, but nothing to matter. It will be the greatest possible relief to him that you have come, and I am so glad that he should be relieved. Ah" (she glanced at the door), "here is a message from him now!"

A middle-aged colored man, of the same dignified type as the rest of the household, stood in the open door, and bowed slightly as he addressed her:

"The Judge says that he'd like to see Mr. Desmond now, Miss Rachel."

Desmond rose, and looked at his aunt.

"Are you coming with me?" he asked.

"Oh, no!" she answered. "Virgil will show you the way, and your uncle will wish to see you alone. I would tell you not to stay too long, only it will not depend on you—"

"Yes, it will," Desmond interposed. "I shall not allow myself to be detained very long. I suppose I shall find you here a little later? Well, then, lead on, Virgil; though I think I remember the way."

(To be continued.)

To have too much to do is for most men safer than to have too little.

—Cardinal Manning.

The Preacher.

BY JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

THE truths of God he doth declare:

He gives to vice its proper name;

He speaks to high and low the same,

And treats the praise of men as air.

Though some may praise and some may blame,

He heeds them not, nor cares to know

Their words. Like footprints on the snow,

When Summer's come it's all the same.

He suffers not the vulgar press

To blazen forth his words and deeds;

The journals, where ambition feeds,

Each year he values less and less.

His portrait people seldom see,—

He's not a "person," but a "voice."

To be forgotten is his choice;

An idol he will never be.

His hearers beat their breasts and cry;

The preacher's words pierce through and through;

They grieve and weep, but ask not who

Has brought the tear-drop to the eye.

He comes, he goes; and none demand

The preacher's history or name,

Or where he hies or whence he came,

Or where is found his native land.

Upon his words alone intent,

With grief their thoughts grow dark within;

They feel the awful power of sin,

Resolve to sorrow and repent.

He disappears. His task is done.

He seeks not self, but God alone,

And is the very first to own

All fruit on Calvary's height was won.

SOULS delivered and brought to glory by our endeavors, will amply repay our kindness by procuring divine grace for us. God Himself will be inclined by our charity to show us also mercy, and to shower down upon us His most precious favors. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"—*Alban Butler*.

Catholic England as it Looks to an American.

BY LOUISE I. GUINEY.

III.—STRUCTURES.

ONE keen pleasure which the American Catholic may always promise himself on Sundays in England is, coming unexpectedly upon lovely little churches or chapels in places of which he had never heard. Great is the gain if he stumbles upon the most complete Gothic which it was in the heart of Welby Pugin to conceive, as in St. Giles' at Cheadle, or Mr. Bentley's perfect church at Watford, or the darling authentic little basilica at Filey. Such compensations are needed in a land where the ruined abbeys stand to break the hearts of remembering recusants, and the majestic cathedrals are cold, lifeless shells. Decidedly, the most epicurean moments of this order for our traveller are those in which he first sees a few precious ancient structures fulfilling some part of their original purposes,—such as the chapels at Holywell and King's Lynn; the convents at Banbury and Mayfield; the manor chapels all over the North; and the unique London glory in Ely Place, St. Etheldreda's, injured though that certainly is by the displacement of the screen.

And again, one not only finds in obscure towns and villages the most delightful churches, but in poor interiors there are constant evidences of fine taste and thorough care. For instance, in a certain temporary iron chapel which I know, seating less than eighty countryfolk, there is a most beautiful altar, with a carved oak reredos, dorsals and riddels in dark velvet, and a richly embroidered frontal,—enough to give any non-Catholic pause, and make him wonder why men are led to spend such loving pains on what he does not know to be a throne of Sacrifice.

In another community, distant from it, and poorer, the exquisite thing is the demeanor of the acolytes; and one

can not but suspect that those clean and ample and shapely linen cottas, as "correct" as they can possibly be, were made by the St. Dunstan Society. And again, in a little Cornish fishing borough, the beginnings of the Church Catholic were lately in a disused sail-loft; and over the Tabernacle in the sail-loft is a great semicircular frescoed panel, with two snowy angels kneeling on the surface of the pictured sea, and a star rising large and bright in the mid-horizon. It suggests irresistibly, and it was meant to suggest, though it is not labelled, 'We have seen His Star in the *West*, and are come to adore Him.'

Now, I am not trying to make out that the English Catholics are an artistic people. They are, on the contrary, quite "dowdy," with all the fixed dowliness of the race which is not now what it used to be. Art has never been the keystone of English culture,—not, at least, since the Middle Ages. But their religion is so alive in them that, as of old, it tends to make their religious handiwork fair. Beauty is the natural output not half so much of knowledge as of love. I do not know one irredeemably and consistently ugly Catholic church in England. Always is there at hand, even at the lowest ebb, excellence in one quarter or another: it is a good timber roof, or good glass in a memorial window, or a low-voiced organ caught between the transept's upper piers; or open rows of chairs, with kneeling-pads, instead of bulky Protestant pews and cushions; or something as "right" as these, to use Ruskin's beloved word, to give one a shock of delight. Alas for us Papist-cum-Yankee "shockables" in our own, our dear, our native land! For shocks here are generally of another sort. So far as I know—outside of one example in, Maine, one in New Hampshire, two in Massachusetts, and several, poor but tasteful, in the South,—every Catholic church in our country districts, exclusive of the better college and convent chapels, is nothing short of an æsthetic nightmare,

IV.—DECORATION AND SITE.

Here and there, one is struck by the all-of-a-pieceness of some British-built churches. Not a few, charming within and without, are of white or gray stone throughout. The Benedictines, especially, seem to like monochromes. Certainly, the effect is not cold, but most devotional, as at Bath or at Great Malvern, where there is no touch of color even on statues. Such restraint as this eases the eye from the garishness of too many modern interiors. The Benedictines, too, as of old, are proving themselves splendid builders; the range of buildings at Fort Augustus, Downside, and Belmont are worthy of the best mediæval traditions, and are all nobly situated and spaced. One knows of nothing at home approaching them in quality. So far, we have isolated features of considerable beauty, but no great structural entities. Much of our wealth devoted to ecclesiastical and collegiate purposes has been spent in unwise efforts to adorn, correct, or supplement architecture which was itself congenitally worthless. Size first, and then glare, seem to have been the ideals from generation to generation.

It is remarkable that decoration in England, even on the major festivals, never goes our Transatlantic lengths. Simplicity rules everywhere and always. A people so traditionally fond of flowers could not fail to have their altars and shrines enriched with them. Too often we, who grow fewer flowers, and have to pay far higher for them, feel that we are driven to adopt the Belgian horrors of artificial lilies and roses. (This custom is dominant also in flower-filled Ireland.) But if an English sacristan has no real flowers, he does without them, and contentedly fills his vases with laurel and ivy before the Lord. As with flowers, so with lights. There comes to mind a fine interior of a famous New England church desecrated at every evening service by a double design of huge electric crosses, unnecessary, obtrusive, melodramatic,

spoiling the harmony of the sanctuary, and shaming unjustly the poor rubrical candlelight. There are three or four other inapposite electrical displays of the same nature in the same town; it is probably a common enough device. But such a thing is simply inconceivable in the reverent and sober island of John Bull.

These churches over sea are not only very good in themselves, for the most part, but they are often designedly placed,—placed where they will tell. It seems to be an instinct of Catholics in cathedral towns to set up the true altar under the very shadow of its ancient habitation: St. Wilfrid's, at York, is perhaps the most conspicuous instance. One wishes that it were as satisfyingly lovely inside as that far less costly church at Exeter; but such as it is—modern-Frenchy, flamboyant, undistinguished,—St. Wilfrid's is *there*, and that is the point. One university town, Cambridge, where the votive church is magnificent from porch to pinnacle and back again, has Catholicism thrust into the foreground; and at Oxford nothing is needed but the removal of a low brick block to reveal the good façade of St. Aloysius' to the thoroughfare which is not always now aware of it.

What a piece of folly for us that we can point to no one worthy witness of the sort at the doors of Harvard, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Smith, Vassar, Leland Stanford, Yale! It will take many a year to repair the results of that unintelligent abstention. Even the majority of our cathedrals, so far, though their actual outlay has been probably seven times that of their English compeers, pale, not only beside Westminster's vast Byzantine solemnity, but beside the comparatively plain charms of little Birmingham, little Plymouth, little Portsmouth, little Salford, little Nottingham; all of them with deep, beautifully appointed chancels, and an unmistakable air of sanctity and peace. The day has come at last when, at least in our West,

great prelates are rearing great minsters. Is one a cynic to be conscious of a tiny misgiving lest the national genius will yet have its way with them, and turn them out more "impressive" and "imposing" than devotional?

V.—HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

Finance is a delicate subject—in church. You have extremely little of it in England. You may go to Mass and Benediction every Sunday of the year, putting in one hundred and four attendances, and not hear money mentioned twice from the pulpit. When a reminder is necessary, the laity get it in a terse and most persuasive way. When funds begin to flow in for local repairs or improvements, or for local charities, a statement of debits and credits is posted up at the church door. English congregations know what their parish priest is doing with subscribers' money. Pew-rents cost, per quarter, about half what they are with us. In the majority of churches, in the range of my experience, there is no compulsory door-money. Strangers visiting the great London Catholic churches for the sake of the music, etc., are, of course, quite rightly taxed. But in some churches even of this class no pews are rented, and no price whatever is put upon seats. Of this, St. George's, Southwark, is a notable example, having been for many years as "free" at all services as the most endowed conventicles of Protestant worship. This generous attitude is a splendid encouragement to the spirit of voluntary giving, which naturally dies down under exactions.

But as to collections, England has no Bay-of-Fundy high tides. Unsensational conditions content it here as elsewhere. Thanks are sincerely returned, from pulpit to pews, for sums which would seem to us ridiculously small. A provincial congregation, not rich, and averaging five hundred or less at the two Masses, gives an amount equivalent to only twelve or at most fifteen dollars, quarterly, to its

own Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; and its clergy's Christmas or Easter offering never runs over eighty-five dollars. These are considered munificent and most friendly donations! So they are, when you remember the eternal simplicities of English living, and the fact that every shilling in the plate is a love-offering, and is not bullied out of the unwilling.

The parochial family, as we have seen, are used to seeing audited statements of their conjoint affairs set up in the church porch. At Ilford there has been for some time a local parliament of laymen, elected by the parish,—a full restoration, in fact, of the old churchwarden system, such as Abbot Gasquet has shown to have existed everywhere among English-speaking Catholics up to the unblessed Reformation. This has been a splendid success. Working under the priest, and with him and for him, the Ilford folk have voted, and raised, bountiful supplies. In at least a half-dozen other places, the experiment is afoot in some degree. A capital custom very generally observed is to keep a notice-board outside, next the street, where a sort of sliding calendar supplies printed and written local information, and obviates the necessity for further inquiry. This states the feasts of the week, the hours for services, baptisms, confessions, etc.; the names of forthcoming Sunday preachers, and sometimes the Sunday music. All this greets the eye of the Catholic stranger, and draws down his blessing, in return, upon the civil presbyteries which answer thus his unuttered queries.

VI.—THE PRIEST AS A FRIEND.

There is a vast difference of custom between the two countries in regard to the social relations between clergy and laity. This must strike every American. The spectre of class inequality, oddly enough, often regulates the matter with us, the Republicans; but in the monarchy, where the great majority of native priests

are well-born and well-bred, there is democracy of a high sort. In houses rich or poor within his jurisdiction, the infinitely welcome Reverend Father is always looking in at afternoon tea; he rambles into the country with the charwoman's lads, or drives with the squire and his lady. The monastic Orders, abounding everywhere, show a most open and charming hospitality. Even a Jesuit, who can not well do that (for St. Ignatius, being a modern, was driven into rigorous ideas of human intercourse by the self-consciousness of the wretched Renaissance and Reformation days),—even a Jesuit *parochus* will "festivate" with you, if you are foxy enough to give friendly suppers instead of dinner-parties. The boys of a Catholic family in the country count upon the busy priest for a game of tennis, fives, or hockey; the girls carry him down the river in a punt.

More of this association (putting in apostolic good work every moment of its play) might be worth adopting wherever practicable, especially in a society like our own, where men of all creeds mix so amicably. There is, comparatively speaking, an immense amount of it going on in England; but even there not enough, if judged by the grumblings of "Lonely Convert," etc., in the Catholic papers. One sees little reason for criticism.

Such constant intelligent fellowship, kept perfectly within bounds, is unknown on the Continent, and may have something to do with the fact that cleric and layman there do not always pull strongly together. Certainly in England it is a factor in keeping the whole body Catholic united, as they well know how to be, when a stand for some principle has to be taken. In officiating at the altar, the priests are wonderfully edifying, with that pervading touch of austerity, and that quiet of physical control, which are racial heritages. But they are most edifying, too, in ordinary life. There may be some who are unsaintly, some who are

not gentlemen. I can only say that I never met with one such in the course of a long and fairly promiscuous acquaintance with Catholic missions. It is a pride and a blessing to have made friends among them. Those thin, radiant faces are always reminding you of St. Gregory's affectionate pun of long ago: *Non Angli sed angeli*.

(To be continued.)

The Methodical Man.

BY BEN HURST.

I.

IT seemed to Susan that nothing more reprehensible than this narrow, stereotyped life had yet come under her notice. Human beings were not created to go like clockwork; nature was not meant to be stifled, impulse to be restricted at every hour of the day. She found herself watching, noting a hundred little twists unnoticed by others. Every act of his seemed to be measured, foreseen. What misery if one were forced to live with such a man! The only consolation to be found would be in remembering that if it was bad to be near him, it was worse to be himself.

"I do not see why it should irritate you so much that a man is punctual, tidy and polite," observed her aunt. "You are a model of exactitude yourself."

"I used to think so," replied Susan, fretfully; "but it has been brought in to me that I am halting, undecided, and altogether insignificant. Of course I should not wish to be small, meticulous, and absorbed in trifles, like some others."

"He is certainly not too absorbed in trifles to wage a fierce political dispute. Did you hear him the other evening?"

"Oh, but Mr. Morgan would arouse anybody with his unpatriotic notions! Even the 'man of method' is of flesh and blood. His self-control did come in useful just then, I allow."

"And self-control surely means a powerful will. That man, I am confident, governs his very thoughts."

"What I see," said Susan, "is that he rolls up his napkin instead of folding it, so that it may not crease in the ring."

"I am much obliged to him," said Aunt Mildred, laughing, "since the napkins are mine; and I wish all my boarders had the same thoughtfulness. But you will acknowledge that he acted spontaneously in accompanying you yesterday?"

"Oh, it was because he disposes freely of his time at that hour!" answered Susan. "He would not do anything that might clash with his fixed programme,—for example, leave his office half an hour earlier, or postpone his dinner hour. Do you really think he would?"

Her aunt smiled and did not answer directly.

"A lodger more indifferent to his food was never in the house," she asserted. "But your remarks astonish me, my dear Susan; for I observe from my end of the table that your conversation gets daily more animated. What are the subjects you touch on with the man you style a 'machine'?"

"Oh, everything!" replied Susan. "He is certainly well read, and I have got a store of new ideas to transmit to my classes. His rule of life must provide for ample study of modern questions; and for his discrimination of authors, I can but commend him. What I do object to, you know, dear aunt, is that absolute disposal of every minute and every move according to rigid rule. A virtue may be carried too far. The thermometer tells which overcoat he dons; he has tea and coffee on alternate days for breakfast (without insisting, but if he *can*). The very way in which he invariably sorts his post is in itself abnormal."

"Yes," said Aunt Mildred, "he removes the stamps to a little case in his breast pocket. They are for the cripples. And he hands his paper to old Mrs. Neale,

who returns it to him in the evening—"

"Oh, it is admirable, I know, this adherence to strict rule!" answered Susan. "He has trained himself so that his very hands move mechanically. The letters to be answered are put in one pocket-book, those to be destroyed in another. The envelopes and wrappers he rolls up into a neat ball that he lays on his plate. It is always the same, whatever he chats about."

"Norah and Betty would be grateful, I am sure, if others did the same," said Aunt Mildred, "instead of leaving a sorry litter to be cleared from floor and table. But how very closely you have observed him, my dear! I did not know you were such a keen student of human nature. Few others have discovered his idiosyncrasies so well."

Susan was irritated, and for the moment nonplussed.

"Heaven save us from such wondrous perfection! I can not help wishing to see him upset, in a quandary, with his system disorganized and his methods all at sea."

"An earthquake, for example?" suggested Aunt Mildred.

"Oh, no matter what!" said Susan.

And then came Nemesis swift and sharp.

II.

"Lay down the stretcher," said Aunt Mildred. "Is it a serious hurt, Mr. Kinglake?"

"Not at all! Only a contusion that will allow me to be about again to-morrow. So I thought I would trespass on you instead of going to the hospital."

The firm, melodious voice resounded through the hall, and the pale face smiled reassuringly at the group that clustered round him. Susan breathed again.

"I don't see Mrs. Burton among you, kind lady sympathizers," he went on gaily. "Now, which of you will go to her and say that Tommy is waiting for her at St. Vincent's? I took him there because his hand was hurt. You needn't

tell her yet," he went on in a lower voice, "that his arm is badly broken and he will be laid up for six weeks."

There was a hurried buzz of commentary, which Kinglake cut short in his emphatic way.

"The chauffeur was nowise to blame," he said. "You all know Tommy. He actually courted destruction, and this may be a useful lesson."

"You pulled him out?" said Susan.

"Yes, I am the hero," he answered, with mock gravity. "But I have got only a bruised leg, so I suppose I'm not going to have a medal or anything? I told Tommy he must become famous, so that I may pose hereafter as the preserver of a great man. Meanwhile, may they carry myself and leg upstairs?"

Aunt Mildred hastened before him, and the group in the hall dispersed, consulting about breaking the news to Tommy's mother, and the advisability of accompanying her to the hospital. Susan Harley remained standing, waiting for her aunt's return. Two young men were talking, with disgusted faces, near the entrance.

"The match is off," said one. "We can't stand up to them with our best batter gone."

"One of our best," corrected the other. "He has just told me he stopped on the way here to wire to Muller, and we must do as we can. If Muller fails, there's Jordan. At least that's Kinglake's idea."

They passed out dejectedly, and Susan still stood, sick at heart, ashamed of her malicious speeches and longing to atone. She had wished to study his behavior in a catastrophe of some sort, and here it was! Neither bewildered nor helpless, but absolutely prepared for all contingencies, he had come off with flying colors. Such a man was ready for any ordeal, but she hoped he would not be required to face many,—not during her stay, at all events.

The bruise was not so slight as he had hoped or pretended, according to Aunt

Mildred's report. For some days he would be obliged to keep a recumbent position. The other inmates visited him, read to him, took him flowers, but Susan held aloof. At last she joined him one day on the veranda. He sprang to his feet to greet her, but sat down again immediately in a spasm of pain. Susan hastily thrust the prop under the wounded limb.

"Oh, thanks!" he muttered, with closed eyes. "You dear, dear girl!"

Her face grew scarlet, and she affected not to overhear the strange words. Nor did he seem to know they had escaped him. They fell to chatting as usual after a moment, and soon all his verve returned. He proved to her that mathematics were necessary, even in art, and that a code ceased to be moral if it knew variation.

"You put justice before charity," she exclaimed.

"Because all charity is a form of justice," he answered.

Then, as people will do who are puzzled, she became personal.

"You can no more apply hard and fast rules to society," she said, "than to your own individual life."

"You sometimes convey to me," he said, "that you consider me a sort of automaton. I am sorry you should have that impression; for I loathe extremes, and try to steer an honest middle course."

"I think everybody who wants to lead a proper life must live according to certain rules," said Susan. "But are you not bound too inexorably to yours?"

"Daren't let myself go," he said shortly.

And she suddenly felt there was more beneath the inflexibility of the methodical man than she had suspected.

During the days that preceded her departure, he showed an indifference to her society that could be construed as even marked avoidance. Her heart was heavy, and she realized that she had never felt so lonely on leaving her aunt's house before.

Kinglake did not join them at supper, but she knew he had not gone out; for

in her last evening stroll through the garden she had seen the light shining in his window. It was positively rude that he did not say good-bye with all the others. A fierce resentment burned in her heart, because she could not forget the words of tenderness that had fallen from his lips, and his subsequent aloofness. Luckily, she need never see him again.

But in the grey of the early morning, as she stood with her aunt at the door watching her boxes being strapped on the cab, the methodical man appeared.

"Good-bye!" he said gently. "I wish you a pleasant journey. Perhaps you will come back next year?"

"I am afraid not," said Susan. "My next holidays are booked for Norway. The year after, perhaps."

She gave her aunt a last embrace, her hand to Kinglake in a smiling farewell, and was gone.

III.

Life had never seemed so dull to Susan, her pupils so dense, or her efforts so futile, as in the weeks which followed her return home. She endeavored to multiply her duties and fulfil them with a double exactitude; yet a certain savor was missing: an incentive she had not missed hitherto. She would not admit that her thoughts were oftener at Aunt Mildred's than in her immediate surroundings. And she took refuge more than ever in routine.

"I shall become a machine, like himself," she reflected at times, bitterly. "The daily round does not dispel tedium, but it helps one to bear it. What did he say? 'Fidelity to the appointed task is more than a moral obligation: it is salvation.' Ah, yes! But a good share of sport and regular visits to the theatre are in his programme, and what have I in this dreary village?"

Then one day the methodical man stood before her.

"Why, what brought you here?" she demanded, breathlessly.

"The one-horse 'bus of your only inn," he answered, smiling down at her, "If I

said 'Impulse' you would not credit it."

"You are touring in these parts?" she continued, in astonishment.

"As you see," he assented, sinking on to the other half of the bench, which overlooked a tiny stream. "Is this your favorite seat?"

"Yes, but I can take you for a stroll, and show you all the pretty sights of the place," she said, jumping up with vivacity. "Luckily, this is a half holiday."

"I knew it was before I started," he mentioned. "Could you suspect me of acting unmethodically?"

She laughed, but felt suddenly awkward.

"And could I risk shortening my class hours for your benefit?" she asked, quizzingly. "You would despise me for it."

"Now, I must have that out with you," he declared determinedly, as they walked away together through the green copse. "I want to clear myself in your eyes from being the cut-and-dried specimen of humanity you elect to consider me. But my explanation will lower me still further in your esteem. Know, then, that what you call my clockwork system is the outcome of reflection on the part of the laziest, most careless good-for-nothing on earth. I am naturally lawless and disorderly."

She turned, amazed at his vehemence.

"Why tell me this extraordinary calumny on yourself?" she exclaimed, with affected gaiety. "I can not believe it."

"You must," he said grimly. "I have come here to tell it, and then ask if you think you can have anything to do with me. Where is the use of delay? I meant to sound you this evening and learn my fate to-morrow; but there!—I have thrown discretion to the winds. It is tragic that you should recoil from the very qualities I have worked so hard to attain. Please say nothing till you have heard all. Until my twentieth year, I was the most unruly and selfish fellow in existence. I had an angel for mother,—such mothers are responsible for many of our shortcomings. We were poor, and she

worked like a slave to procure comforts for me. I never noticed. She allowed herself nothing, but I had a bicycle and a fox-terrier that my rich comrades envied. I dined daily on dainty dishes made by her own hands. Mad on sport and all sorts of amusements, I put study and whatever was irksome in the background. She was aging, wearing herself out, while I enjoyed my life—until one morning it all came in a swift revelation. I had turned back to fetch something I had forgotten; she thought herself alone, and I heard her groan as she stooped, with one hand pressed to her side, to pick up the newspapers strewn on the floor. I used to fling them down after reading, to emphasize my satisfaction at having done with them. That groan, the poor bent old figure—"

He stopped, and resumed brokenly:

"Even then, I did not realize all my villainy. It was long afterward that I resolved to come home for meals at a fixed hour. The steps to reformation were not easy; but I have tried, since then, never to throw a piece of paper on the floor. Gradually I discovered that life was made up of small things, and that discipline was not necessary in the army alone. I attempted to make amends for the past, and I began a slow reformation. Even my little part in the world, I resolved, should be played correctly."

"I know," said Susan, with emotion, "that you cherished your mother as few sons have done, and that her days were prolonged by your devotedness. Aunt Mildred told me that and more."

"Ah, Aunt Mildred!" he said, with amusement. "She did not know what went before, you see. She thinks my virtues inborn. If she saw me when I allow myself an orgy of disorder sometimes, she'd give me notice to quit next day, I think."

"What does the orgy consist in, I wonder?" asked Susan, laughing.

"Oh, in overturning the chairs, putting my feet on the table, flinging my empty

cigarette case at the pictures, throwing my boots in different corners, and lolling on the floor in luxury to survey it all! You can't think what a relief it is."

"I did suspect," said Susan, "that you were not quite genuine. I understand your longing for relaxation at times. Now, I never feel like that. Less perfect, I was puzzled by the human machine."

"You wouldn't think it worth while to take charge of the machine?" he murmured, tentatively, smilingly.

"I think it goes very well alone," she said, coquettishly, a strange disposition to light-heartedness taking possession of her.

"Oh, but it does not!" he declared. "You, and you alone, can keep it in order. Is it madness to hope that you will?"

"Madness and *you?*" laughed Susan. "Of course there would be method in *your* madness."

"Well, perhaps."

He drew a ring from his pocket and ran it over her finger.

"Oh, don't be headlong!" exclaimed Susan, blushing in sudden alarm.

"Headlong?" he repeated in fine scorn. "This has been bought six months ago, waiting for the advancement of my salary that entitles me to offer it to you. Everything else is in accordance. Will you leave it all to me?"

"I suppose I must," she faltered, in happy resignation.

"Very well, then." He kissed her hand gratefully, but held it masterfully. "This day week we'll be married; our honeymoon will be spent at the seaside in the spot you love best. We return to a little house two streets off Aunt Mildred's, that I have had in my eye for months. All is foreseen and planned to come off without hitch or delay. Trust me for that!" said the methodical man.

WHEN wit and tenderness go into partnership in the same mind, the product is humor.—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

Next Sunday's Mass.

FIRST AFTER EPIPHANY.

IN the Introit, the Church emphasizes the royalty, or kingship, of the Divine Infant. She shows us the multitude of angels adoring Him and singing, "Behold Him, the name of whose empire is 'Forever!'" and bids us all to join with them in singing "joyfully unto God."

The Collect is a petition for enlightenment as to our duties, and grace enabling us to perform them. "Let Thy divine favor, O Lord, attend the desires of Thy suppliant people; that they may both perceive that which they ought to do, and have strength to accomplish the same. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who, with Thee, liveth and reigneth, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God, world without end. Amen."

In the Epistle, St. Paul exhorts us, by the mercy of God, to lead a veritable Christian life. Since we belong wholly to God, we should, in the first place, offer our bodies a living sacrifice to Him,— "a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing to God." Elsewhere, in this same Epistle to the Romans, the Apostle assures us: "If you live according to the flesh, you shall die; but if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live" (viii, 13). In the second place, we must effect, so far as may be necessary, a thorough reformation of mind, rejecting the maxims of the world, and learning "what is the good and the acceptable and the perfect will of God." To be "conformed to the world" nowadays, not less than in St. Paul's day, is to think that material prosperity, culture, refinement, exterior conduct immune from the restraining hand of the law or from the censure of one's fellows—"respectability," in a word, constitutes the perfection of human life. To hold such views is to be "more wise than it behoveth to be wise," and not "wise unto sobriety."

The Gradual is a variant on the theme

of the Introit,—a call to bless the Lord God of Israel.

The Gospel is St. Luke's account of the twelve-year-old Jesus' visit to the Temple, His Mother's finding Him there after a three days' search, and His returning, with Mary and Joseph, to Nazareth, "where He was subject to them." The common practice of preaching on the Gospel obviates the necessity of any commentary upon it here.

Once more, in the Offertory, the jubilation congruous to Christmastide is indicated. We are exhorted to serve the Lord with gladness, and to "come in before His presence with great joy; for the [Infant] Lord Himself is God."

The Secret is brief: "May the Sacrifice which is offered to Thee, O Lord, ever quicken and defend us!"

The Communion repeats, from the Gospel, the words addressed by Our Lady to her Son, "Why hast Thou done so to us? Thy father and I have sought Thee"; and the pregnant response of the Boy Jesus, "Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?"

In the Post-Communion, the Church seems to take for granted the prevalence of a practice that our present Sovereign Pontiff desires to see become general. She prays that her children, and more particularly those who have just approached the Holy Table, may be strengthened to follow the advice given by St. Paul in the Epistle: "Grant, we humbly beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that those whom Thou refreshest with Thy Sacraments may, by a life well pleasing to Thee, worthily serve Thee. Through, etc."

WHEN people meet with empty minds—people who live only for amusement, not for anything serious,—how commonplace and how superficial is the talk! Even where there is talent, culture, knowledge, if there is not earnestness, it does not go to the root of things,—it is altogether unsatisfactory.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Good Resolutions.—Artificial Piety.

NOTHING is better calculated to cure conceit, to give one an humble opinion of oneself, than a serious examination of conscience as to the keeping of good resolutions. If they have been written down and dated, as is perhaps most generally the case, the humiliation is apt to be complete. This is a good thing, provided it does not lead to discouragement, and one is not deterred from fresh efforts at self-conquest. Such should not be the effect of our introspection. It ought to be remembered that good resolutions, no matter how badly broken, can always be put together again; and that it is far better to make good resolutions and to break them than not to make them at all. The very intention of good resolves counts for something. Certainly they were not formed with the idea of being disregarded.

Superior persons are often heard to declare that they can never forgive themselves for such and such a fault,—generally a slight one which there was no way of concealing. We are all apt to be more concerned about mere failings that become known to our friends than about serious sins of which conscience alone accuses us. Only great saints can have genuine horror of small exterior faults. Ordinary mortals would do better to cultivate a detestation for the kind of offences that have to be told in confession. The more thorough this detestation becomes, the more we shall lessen the multitude of our minor faults.

The greatest advantage of good resolutions often renewed is in the stimulus they give to higher things. Without this there is an inevitable drift to the lower. In spite of frequent unfaithfulness, the remembrance of generous resolves is calculated to encourage rather than to dishearten. One can not lose hope of ever realizing in some measure what one has seriously determined upon, provided

the success of first efforts, however slight, is not forgotten. Encouragement is what is most needed in the spiritual combat. It is a surer sign of true contrition to avoid the occasions of past sins than to shed torrents of tears over them. We are under obligation, of course, to repent of former misdeeds; but to do this we must begin by regulating our present conduct.

Even pious folk must be on their guard against allowing anything to take the place of the solid, steady, hard-working, self-denying practice of the rule of life our Blessed Lord has given us in the Gospel. The danger of artificial piety is admirably exposed in a passage of "The Divine Sequence," which will probably be new to most readers. It ought to suggest at least one good resolution to the class of persons for whose benefit the author was writing. Let us quote at length, since the book is out of print:

Our devotions too often resemble a pot of honey, with a buzz of venial sins, like clouds of flies, hovering around and utterly defiling it. Daily Mass and daily gossip; Rosaries and the spirit of personal criticism; enormous waste of time and a predilection for Benediction; a taste for Vespers and a taste for dress and luxury; a snappish temper and a love for Lenten sermons. With all this we neither evangelize ourselves nor our neighbors. It is the whited sepulchre over again; and, alas! the homes of the living are full of these tenements of dead bones. The whole is covered over with the frequenting of pious associations, and constantly renewed and lengthened conferences with our spiritual director, who is often made director of a great deal which has nothing to do with his priestly functions, and only requires that amount of common-sense which everybody is bound to possess. . . .

There is no panacea except union with God; and outward practices are valuable only as conducing to that. They are means to an end. But if the real end be not obtained by them, they can not remain without result. And that result is the awful one of a false conscience—a cloak of hypocrisy, deceiving our soul and vitiating our judgment. It is this widespread abuse of practices which almost makes us grieve at their multiplicity. The seal of the Church reassures us as regards all she has truly sanctioned. But, even so, may it not, as it were, be a poor compliment our great mother is con-

strained to pay us in these degenerate days, when she, who is ever in herself (in all her essential rites, in the exquisitely delineated laws of her rubrics, which contain a whole body of practical theology) so grand, so exact, and so full of a deep inner sense, has allowed such endless diversity in the offshoots of private devotion? . . .

We are all, or nearly all, too much in danger of making our piety artificial, and not a living part of ourselves. The exterior is regulated like the motions of a piston, while the interior works at will, living a separate life from the outward appearance. We make our very souls into the unconscious prayer-mills of the Eastern fanatic, and flutter little petitions and practices unheeding through the day, like the fragments of paper turned round by the handle of his machine. We are satisfying our itching for outward activity, and at the same time losing sight of ourselves and of God.

Emerson somewhere says that to-day is the very best day of all the year. The Christian who postpones the forming or carrying out of good resolutions to some special date, or the recurrence of some great feast, is not only wasting time but losing strength. Resolutions thus formed are generally neglected for long intervals. Of course there are times and seasons of special grace, but these are the proper occasions for renewing our resolutions which should be taken the very moment we feel inspired. It is not the forming of good resolutions, but the keeping of them, that counts; and for this, frequent renewal is indispensable. As St. Francis de Sales says, so wisely and so quaintly: "Our human nature easily falls off from its good affections, because of the frailty and of the evil inclination of our flesh, which weighs down the soul, and draws her always downward, unless she often raise herself upward by main force of resolution; as birds fall suddenly down to the ground if they do not multiply the efforts and the strokes of their wings, to keep themselves flying. For this reason, dear Philothea, you have need to renew and to repeat very often the good purposes you have made to serve God, for fear lest, neglecting this, you should fall back into your former state, or rather

into a state far worse; for spiritual falls have this property, that they always cast us down lower than the state was from which we had ascended up to devotion.

"There is no watch, be it ever so good, but must be daily wound up, and from time to time be taken in pieces to remove the rust and the dirt it has gathered, and to mend or to repair what may stand in need of it. In like manner, he that has a true care of his own dear soul ought to wind it up daily to God by the exercises heretofore set down; and should, moreover, many times take a review of his own state, to redress and rectify it; and at least once a year should take it in pieces, and examine diligently every part of it—that is to say, all its affections and passions,—to the end that all the defects that are there may be repaired. And as the watchmaker with some delicate oil anoints the wheels, the springs, and all the movements of his watch, that the motions may be more easy, and the whole less subject to rust; so the devout person, after having put in practice this review of his heart, to renew it well indeed, must anoint it with the sacraments of confession and the Holy Eucharist. This exercise will repair your forces impaired by time, will warm your heart, will give a fresh vigor to your good resolutions, and will make the virtues of your spirit flourish again."

The chapter of "Philothea" from which we quote is entitled, "That we ought every year to renew our good resolutions, etc." The meaning is not once a year, on New Year's Day, but "very often," as is plain from what follows. To those who will have it that the best time to take or to renew one's good resolutions is at the beginning of the year, the gentle Saint gives a little piece of advice, the wisdom of which will be most apparent to those who have already taken some forward steps on the road to perfection: "Don't make too many resolutions, or depend entirely upon your own strength to keep them."

Notes and Remarks.

The lesson of man's mortality, the instability of his works, and the essential transitoriness of all things terrene—a lesson naturally suggested to reflective minds by the spectacle of a dying year,—was enforced in the closing days of 1908 with a tremendous emphasis, almost, if not quite, unprecedented in the history of Christendom. The terrifying nature and the appalling extent of the disaster which has overtaken Southern Italy have sent a thrill of horror through all civilized lands, and may well have convinced the unfortunate citizens of Messina, Reggio, and neighboring towns on the seaboard, that the awful prediction of the Evangelists was at length being verified: "There shall be signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea and of the waves; men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world." The earthquake, the tidal wave, the conflagration, must have suggested earth's ultimate dissolution, the end of the world.

And, in very truth, for more than a hundred thousand souls, to adopt the lowest estimate, it *was* the end of the world. With horrifying swiftness they were swept from time to eternity. To the individual reader, this fact, of sudden death, will appear as, after all, the really pregnant circumstance in the horror-evoking cataclysm. The patent rebuke to humanity, so boastful of its subjecting nature to its sway; the brotherhood of men, evinced in the world-wide sympathy and aid proffered to the stricken people; the superiority of Christian over pagan civilization, manifested in the speedy succor given to the distracted survivors of the calamity,—these lessons have been, and will be, dwelt upon eloquently and at length; but the one consideration which this latest of the world's tragedies

should most insistently force upon our personal attention is: Am I ready to die? And coupled with that question is the statement made centuries ago by the Master of life and death: "As a man lives, so shall he die."

Missions and missionary work being prevalent topics of conversation nowadays, the following characterization of one (Protestant) missionary organization may be not inopportunately quoted:

There is a society known as the Irish Church Missions. The mere fact of its existence is a blot on the fair face of the Emerald Isle. Its very name—a misnomer, I believe—is a standing insult to the majority of the Irish people. Possibly, the reason that its mistaken (though, no doubt, well-meant) labors are not more vigorously resented than they are, is that the very people for whose benefit the work of the society is intended, in their heart of hearts pity its members for their ignorance. I use the word "ignorance" in no contemptuous manner; for, after all, we can not all know everything; and some of the best educated people in the land are very often ignorant with regard to some one question or other. Ignorance of what? Ignorance of the fact that the vast majority of the Catholics of Ireland are infinitely better taught and far more intimate with the fundamentals of "the Faith" than the very people who are trying to "convert" them.

The foregoing would be more or less platitudinous from the mouth or pen of a Catholic person; it is rather notable as coming from a non-Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Collison, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Our hope that the Church in France will soon see the storm-clouds dispersed is grounded on the fact that an increasing number of French Catholics now realize that they themselves are in some measure to blame for the evils which they deplore; and that—no less a fact—they are more than ever disposed to exert themselves to the utmost to vindicate their rights, and to repair the havoc due, in part, to their indifference or neglect. It was not until lately that a Catholic publicist

could venture to express himself quite so frankly and boldly as did M. Jacquier, a prominent and eloquent member of the Lyons Bar, in an address at the Lille Congress. He said in conclusion: "Grieve, if you will, over the ruins around us, because, after all, they are in part our work. If you had aroused public opinion, if you had stirred men's minds against the sacrileges committed all around us, these would at least have been less rapid. How many officers have broken their swords, how many judges cast aside their robes? And we have thought all was done when we presented the victims with an address, when we subscribed to give them a sword of honor or a crucifix! This done, we have gone back to our own occupations, to our pleasures, to our motor-cars, or to our speculations on 'change, leaving our rights to be downtrodden, our liberties destroyed. Let us courageously confess that the ruins are due in part to our lack of courage and to our feebleness."

Plain talk this, as gratifying to report as it must have been good to hear.

It is altogether proper and natural that official appeals to the general public for aid for Italy should recommend subscribers to make their offerings through the Red Cross Society, the State branches of which are raising large sums for the relief of the suffering survivors, and to mitigate the horrors of the situation in the calamity-stricken districts. The contributions of Catholics should be sent, directly or indirectly, to the Holy Father, who, being the almoner of Christendom, is the one to whom many of the most urgent appeals for succor will naturally be addressed.

We have been interested, amused, displeased, and gratified by a recent article on Relics in one of the leading English journals,—interested on account of its brilliancy, amused by the humorous touches, displeased at its flippancy, and

gratified by the concluding words, when at last, as we felt sure would be the case, the writer began to get serious. We quote:

The mediæval people, no doubt, were too little critical, but they loved much. They admired so fervently the masters of the better life that the bones of a mule may have eked out the coveted and all-too-few anatomies of St. Silas or St. Chad. On the whole, one would rather live and die among these unceritcal, enthusiast artists, than be condemned to live one's days with those who may be critical, and so dub themselves, but are assuredly nothing else. Creation, love, and worship, do not make life quite so arid and insipid as does mere criticism.

Well said! But what necessity could there have been for having recourse to dead animals when dead men must have been plentiful everywhere? Is this reference to the bones of a mule an indication of the decline in the national feeling for letters, which the same brilliant journal attributes to the visit to England of Mark Twain, "that delicate and exquisite flower of American culture"?

We do not hesitate to assert that if all the Italian priests in the United States were of the same stamp as Father Pietro Bandini, of Tontitown, Arkansas, there would be an end to complaints of the neglect of our immigrants from Italy. That such complaints are not altogether groundless there is no denying. In some places Italian Americans have been sadly neglected. On the other hand, discouraging efforts to better their condition on the part of zealous priests among us, go to show that the neglect began at home. But, whatever immigrants from Italy may be elsewhere, those forming the colony founded by Father Bandini, on a prairie in Western Arkansas, are among the most happy, law-abiding, thrifty and prosperous citizens of this country. The Italian Ambassador at Washington, who visited the settlement in 1905, was amazed to see what had already been accomplished, and to learn that it was the work of one devoted, energetic priest.

A writer in the January number of

Everybody's Magazine pays a glowing tribute to Father Bandini, and describes at length and in detail what he has done to solve the problem of the migration of Italians into America,—a more important problem than is generally realized either here or in Italy. One fact should be known. Of the million and more immigrants coming to this country every year, one-fourth are now from Italy. That a considerable number of them are Black Hand conspirators, members of the Mafia, and undesirable citizens, is a calumny inspired by bigotry and race-prejudice. It is triumphantly refuted by the colony of Italian-Americans on the Ozark uplands, who have at last won the admiration of those who at first opposed and persecuted them. They are no more alien to America than were the Pilgrim Fathers themselves. Such recruits, clean-lived and strong-limbed, industrious and intelligent, are needed in every State of the Union, and nowhere more than in Puritan New England.

In some passages, the article referred to is far from being pleasant reading for Americans; but it is highly important, and it deserves the widest study in Italy and America. The powers-that-be in Church and State should look to its dissemination in both countries.

The wondrous tales told of the power of the oldtime saints over the animal creation lose something of their legendary character, and take on the credibility of history, in the light of what is reported about the late night-keeper of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens. John W. Feeney, a Catholic, had filled that position for thirty years. "In all these years in the big Gardens," says the *Catholic Universe*, "he never spoke a cross word to any of the animals. Beasts that had killed keepers were most docile to him, and to the most ferocious he could safely give a friendly pat. So jealous were the animals of his kind words that if he remained too long at one cage, or failed to

put in his appearance at the usual time, a long wailing would warn him that he was missed. Every night each beast waited to welcome him in the manner of its tribe, and would walk with him to the confines of the cage."

Then, continues the report:

Feeney died Wednesday night. Sick as he was, he spent Tuesday night at the Gardens, and every animal responded to his friendly call as he halted in front of its cage. Lions, tigers and jaguars licked the hand that was placed through the bars; bears got their shaggy heads scratched, and even wolves rubbed close to the front of their dens as he inspected their lairs. When a face less familiar passed along the corridors on the next night, the animals shrunk back, some with a low growl of displeasure. When Feeney did not come the following night, there was much uneasiness among the zoölogical family, while a strange air of quiet, broken only by an occasional mournful howl, pervaded the place. In some way the animals seemed to feel that something was missing from their daily life. Keepers said that they had never known such a day at the Gardens.

Childlike innocence, gentleness, and love, are dynamic forces not always calculable by scientific apparatus; and uniform kindness is recognized by brutes as well as men.

Several years ago, the Archbishop of Quebec began the Cause of the beatification of a group of Canadian martyrs of the seventeenth century. The preliminary episcopal inquiry as to their sanctity, their martyrdom, and their miracles, had already been held in Quebec. A further step is about to be made in the prosecution of the Cause, and Mgr. Bégin publishes a pastoral letter dealing therewith. As an instance of the extreme care exercised by the Holy See in all matters connected with canonization, we reproduce two paragraphs of this epistle:

Following instructions received from the Sacred Congregation of Rites, we order, by the present letter, the collection of all the writings of Fathers Brébeuf, Lalemant, Jogues, Daniel, Garnier, Chabanel, and of René Goupil and Jean de Lalande. That is to say, not only their works or books, but also treatises, pamphlets, meditations, discourses, letters, petitions or

requests, and other writings, written by the hands of the servants of God, or dictated or ordered by them. In the case where these writings have been printed, the autographs, if they still exist, should be handed over, unless it be certain that the printed works are absolutely conformable to the original.

In virtue of this Apostolic Instruction, all the faithful of this diocese, without any exception whatever, are obliged, under pain of censure, and consequently of grave sin, not only to send us, directly or through their parish priests, all the writings of those servants of God which they may have in hand, but also to give us the names of persons who are known to have such writings in their possession. All who refuse or neglect to send us those documents, or to tell us where they may be found, before the 1st of January next, will be considered as guilty of a grave disobedience and unworthy to receive the Sacraments. Parish priests, even of parishes recently erected, should examine the archives of their parishes. Religious communities are required to look up their archives and to communicate to us, through their superiors or chaplains, the results of their researches. All the faithful must examine their libraries and their manuscripts, if they have any reason to believe there is anything of what is asked for above.

Nothing, it will be seen, is omitted that may serve to throw further light on the lives and words and thoughts of the candidates for beatification. In all such cases, Rome is nothing if not thorough.

The *Missionary* is very favorably impressed with a conversion agency adopted in England and thus advertised in the Catholic press of that country:

Any Protestant or other non-Catholic can obtain information about Catholic doctrine and practice by writing to the Correspondence Guild (conducted solely by laymen).

Commenting on the stated exclusion of the clergy from this missionary correspondence office, our American contemporary notes that English bigotry is deeper than the American variety of that quality, and that in consequence the purely lay character of the Guild may be an advantage in England. It continues:

We think that a missionary correspondence bureau in America could have a wide area of usefulness. And, different from our English brethren, we are so placed toward Protestants

that, in our opinion, the best advertisement would give the names of the bishop of the diocese, one or two priests—as, for example, the diocesan missionaries,—and several prominent laymen. Who will try it first? In our preceding number we called attention to a convert-making league recently formed of laymen in the city of Cincinnati. Might not that society enter this inviting field? Who will start the first Catholic Correspondence Bureau, or Guild, in America?

Possibly the *Missionary* is right as to the advisability of having the Guild composed of clerics and laymen; but there is at least room for doubt whether, after all, even for America, the English plan is not the better. Personally, we are of the opinion that a number of non-Catholics who might be attracted to a correspondence with laymen would be repelled in the first instance by an invitation to write to bishops or priests. When the ground is broken by the laymen, the clergy will have full scope for their activities.

Apropos of the report that a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet has been requested to accept the presidency of a great Trust company, the *Inter-Ocean* finds an occasion to emphasize the point, not infrequently made in these columns also, that not all public officials accept office merely "for what there is in it," financially, for themselves. Says the Chicago journal:

Some large institution is generally waiting to grab the men leaving the Treasury Department. The number of treasurers, assistant treasurers, comptrollers, and deputy comptrollers who have gone out to fill important places, is much larger than the public is aware of. It might be well for those who assume that the higher public service of the nation gets inferior talent because it doesn't pay as much money as many institutions, to consider these significant facts. It may not change their opinion, but it will at least give them to understand that a great many other people think differently, and are anxious to attest the sincerity of their opinion by agreeing to pay large sums of money. In the last analysis, the point we make here brings us back to the general idea we have often maintained—that many people are serving this country for the love of it and the honor of service, at a distinct financial

loss to themselves. If any one doubts this, let him compare the salaries these men get from the government and those which people are waiting to pay them elsewhere.

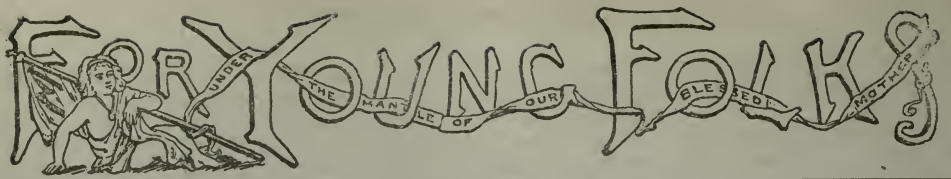
We had occasion, not long ago, to quote in a similar strain a Transatlantic publicist's views on the devotedness of our public men—or of at least many among them. It is well to remember that not all politicians are rascals, and not all officials incompetent grafters.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, and almost all the other leaders of the Church of England, share in the discomfiture of Mr. Runciman over the defeat of his education Bill. In the case of the bishops, however, it is more than discomfiture: it is disgrace. Now that the agitation is over, the most loyal of Anglicans realize and frankly admit that the course followed by their leaders was iniquitous. The bishops are openly accused of "betraying the Church," and of having been ready, at the behest of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of "New Theology" notoriety, "to sacrifice the spiritual welfare of the children committed to their care." These words we quote from the *Academy*, which seems to be much consoled by the snub administered to the Archbishop by the Representative Church Council. Poor consolation, we should say, even though the snub was "monumental."

An English jurist, Judge Willis, whom one of our British exchanges styles "probably the most earnest and influential living English Nonconformist," has written for private circulation a biography of his friend, the late Judge Day. Here is an excerpt creditable alike to the dead and the living Judge:

As he was a Catholic, and I a Baptist, we seldom discussed: we loved. Our different religious views were known to each other, and never caused the slightest friction or uneasiness. I was perfectly at home with him. I soon saw how pure he was, and that his religion had made him a pure, sanctified man. I never, in the whole seventeen years, heard anything approaching a coarse jest pass from his lips.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Bells of St. Boniface.

BY LILLIAN K. BEYNON.

The Bells of St. Boniface request the pleasure of the attention of all voyageurs on life's winding river while they tell their simple life story.



It is not a long story that we have to tell. We were born in England many years ago. England is not a bad place to be born in,—at least most people and things born there appear to think so. They would be foolish to think otherwise, but they are more foolish when they try to make other people think as they do about it. But this is a foolishness of the peoples of most nations. We bells were never so foolish, perhaps because we belong to all nations.

We early felt the call of the unknown, and the unknown in this case was the great west land of Canada. We wished to go there and remind the exiles from home of the dear bygone days; and help them not to forget, in the hard struggle for existence, the things they had been taught of another unknown land, toward which they were voyaging. And we also wished to show the heathen of that land a greater and more powerful Manitou.

Going west was not easy in those days,—it never has been easy for the pioneer; but we went. Away to the north land we sailed, through icebergs and snowstorms, down into that inland sea, Hudson Bay; and then, voyaging through river and lake in boats and canoes, we at last reached the gate of the great west land, and there we stopped. Soon we were placed in "the turrets twain," that the poet has made famous;

and, amid much self-sacrifice and rejoicing, we began our career in the untamed prairie land.

The voyageur on the river and the hunter on the plain soon learned to love us. So did the inmates of many of the lodges of the wild Assiniboines. But they did not know that we were but the vanguard of that civilization which was destined to drive them back and back, until at last, robbed of their wide territory, and broken-hearted, they would dwindle away and finally disappear. We could have told them. We knew it was going to be but a repetition of the history of the ages. But what was the use? It was inevitable.

It is true that at last they saw it. Those early possessors of the land were seized with terror, and they struggled madly against the foe that was more pestilent than any that had attacked their race before. Much blood was shed, and the pestilence was checked,—but *only* checked.

Then a great catastrophe befell the Catholic Mission. In the middle of a severe winter night, the cathedral and the bishop's palace were burned. It was clear and very cold, the thermometer registering forty below zero. At the risk of their own lives, two priests rescued a brother who had been so severely frozen on the way from St. Paul to St. Boniface that his feet had been amputated. But they were unable to save an old blind man who was in the palace. We watched him trying to feel his way out, but he made a wrong turn just before he reached the door. That false turn cost him his life.

We did not escape. We fell amid the burning ruins, and were broken. There was no way here of repairing the damage, so we were sent back to England to be made over. That is where bells have the advantage. Science can do much with

men, but it can not make them over. We were shipped back (the way we came) to the old land; and, after much worry, and tossing about, and grumbling, we were made over again, just as good as new. Then we were shipped back to St. Paul. The order was that we were to come back the way we went; but the man who made us over owned a map. He studied it, and decided that by St. Paul was the shorter route. He was a sensible man, and decided to do the sensible thing, and send us back the shorter way. The result was that it was cheaper to ship us back to England and have us reshipped by Hudson Bay, than to have us conveyed across the five hundred miles of trackless prairie between St. Paul and St. Boniface. So we were shipped back to England. We had about decided to take up navigation as a profession, before we had again crossed the ocean and been carried down the lakes and rivers of the great north land, to St. Boniface.

After five trips across the ocean, and much needless expense, we again reached St. Boniface; but there were no turrets for us to occupy, and for twenty years we lay around useless, waiting for a home. Then again a tower was built, and we called in our old tones to the boatman and the hunter. But the lodges of the Redmen were fast disappearing; in their place were the solid farm-houses, and the respectable monotony of civilization. The men and women we called to prayer were chiefly white; and the brave, fearless Redmen, wrapped in their picturesque blankets, were seldom seen. We had expected it,—we knew it was inevitable. But often, as we looked across the cultivated fields and the comfortable homes, something in our blood (if bells have blood) called for the old wild, free days, when our message startled the deer and buffalo, and was heard by few except the untamable Redmen.

At last we called too many to prayer, and the cathedral was not large enough.

Another was built, and we were again moved; and this time to larger turrets twain, from which we called together, at our inaugural service, one of the most imposing gatherings of people that have ever assembled in the west land. The procession was graced by five archbishops in their gorgeous robes followed by many other church dignitaries, and thousands of men and women who had worked for that splendid consummation of their desires. That was a proud day for us.

But we did not forget the Redmen of the past, and we looked down in that great throng, to get a glimpse of them. We could not see them. Surely, we thought, as we gave one last look around, they are not all gone so soon! Suddenly we stopped, just as we were turning away; for we caught a glimpse of a little group of people huddled on one side, looking curiously at the passing multitude. And in that lonely, isolated group we recognized the remnant of the once powerful nation that had roamed over the plains.

Just one more incident in our life story; for our tongues are growing weary with the unusual exercise, and it is nearly the hour for Vespers, when we must return to our duty, and, forgetting all personal feelings, speak only in the dingdong of the bell.

At midnight on the 17th of December, 1891, we were disturbed, and told to ring in the eighty-fourth anniversary of the natal day of the poet Whittier, who had made us famous in the poem "The Red River Voyageur." We protested that it was after the Angelus, and never in our history had we been disturbed at such an hour. But the custom was waved aside, and in our sweetest tones we rang in the new day and the new year of the poet's life. It was said that he heard us away across the continent, and he sent the following message to our Archbishop Tache:

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., 3mo 5, 1892.

TO ARCHBISHOP TACHE.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—During my illness from the prevailing epidemic, which confined me nearly the whole winter, and from which I am but slowly recovering, a letter from the U. S.

Consul at Winnipeg informed me of thy pleasant recognition of my little poem, "The Red River Voyageur" (written nearly forty years ago), by the ringing of "The Bells of St. Boniface" on the eve of my late anniversary.

I was at the time quite unable to respond; but I feel that I should be wanting in due appreciation of such a marked compliment if I did not, even at this late hour, express to thee my heartfelt thanks. I have reached an age when literary success and manifestations of popular favor have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting; but such a delicate and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it. I shall hear "The Bells of St. Boniface" sounding across the continent, and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act.

With renewed thanks, and the prayer that our Heavenly Father may continue to make thee largely instrumental in His service, I am,
Gratefully and respectfully, thy Friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

And now we have finished our story. We are keeping on ringing, and will continue to do so until life's sun for us goes down—if it ever does for bells,—and we shall hope then to hear the chimes of eternal peace.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—THE ELECTION.

Then, as the Office bell summoned Mother Paula and Sister Felicie, Kitty went down into the playground, where party spirit was running high. The election for "May Queen" was an occasion second in excitement only to Commencement Day at St. Ursula's. Little knots of voters stood about on tennis court and croquet ground, chattering volubly. Nellie Marr, a tall, handsome girl of fourteen, was surrounded by a crowd of loyal followers; and Jeanie Riggs—a shock of disappointment went through Kitty,—even Jeanie Riggs was bargaining without shame with three small voters.

"You promised me, you know, Patty; and you, too, Floy; and I'll give you the paper dolls, and cut them out besides—

and—" Jeanie stopped suddenly as she caught sight of Kitty. "Run off!" she whispered to the children. "And don't—forget now and vote for Nellie Marr!"

Jeanie, herself in evident confusion, put her arm coaxingly around Kitty's waist.

"You poor darling! You've been crying again, Kitty; and no wonder. Shut up in that gloomy old sacristy all the evening! I'd as lief stay in the confessional."

"Oh, it isn't that, Jeanie! I love the sacristy and Sister Felicie. But I've heard something—oh, just dreadful!"

"Don't tell me somebody *else* is dead!" cried Jeanie, in dismay.

"Oh, no, no! But Mother Paula has had a letter from Uncle Dave, and he is coming to see me—and—and take care of me. Oh, I don't like it at all!"

"You don't!" exclaimed Jeanie, breathlessly. "Why, Kitty Dillon, I think it is something perfectly grand! An uncle is the finest thing to have in the world. And he is coming here and going to take care of you! O Kitty darling, I am so glad; for you've had so much trouble this year, you certainly deserve something lovely to happen. And it will," said Jeanie, with a little jubilant laugh. "We are going to give you *such* a surprise."

"Not a birthday party, Jeanie!" said Kitty, in a trembling voice. "Oh, don't let the girls chip in and give me a birthday party this year! Papa always sent me money for one before; but please don't now. It—it would just break my heart."

"We won't," said Jeanie. "We're not thinking of a birthday party. But I won't say another word, or I'll let the cat out of the bag; and I'm not quite—quite sure yet. There! Sister Carmel is ringing for us to come into the study-hall to vote for the May Queen. O Kitty" (Jeanie pressed her hand to her heart excitedly), "if Nellie Marr should get it,—if she should get it, after all! She has been fairly stuffing the little ones with caramels. If she should get the vote, I'll burst right out crying, I know."

"O Jeanie, don't!" said Kitty, quite appalled at such unseemly weakness in a candidate for queenly honors. "I—I didn't think you cared so much."

"Oh, but I do,—I do!" answered Jeanie. "It will just break my heart if Nellie Marr wins. I've got all the nicest girls' votes, I know; but there is a crowd I can't quite count on,—little girls that haven't much sense. But come on, Kitty; we shall soon know the best or worst."

And they hurried in with the rest,—Kitty a little shocked, we must confess, at Jeanie's eagerness. But, then, crown and throne are prizes that have turned wiser heads than Jeanie's, as Kitty knew; so she could only hope with all her loving heart for victory.

Sister Carmel stood at her desk ready to preside at the election. As the girls filed past her, she handed each one a slip of paper and pencil. There was a breathless hush as they took their places around the great room. Nellie Marr held her black head high with studied indifference; but Jeanie's sweet face was flushed, her lips trembling with suspense she could not conceal.

"Oh, I didn't think she cared so much!" thought Kitty, in sorrowful wonder. "And if she does break down and cry before everybody, it will be dreadful."

And the fear of this public disaster for her dear Jeanie quite dulled Kitty to all interest in everything else.

"Now, dear children," Sister Carmel was saying, "you are about to vote for your May Queen, an honor which you yourselves confer upon that one of your companions whom you feel best deserves it by her gentleness, kindness, and general popularity in the school. Each girl will now write upon the slip of paper the name of her choice."

It was an exciting moment. A little murmur of whispering and tittering went around the room, as the girls scribbled away at their ballots; and some of the smaller ones, unused to election privileges, sidled up to Sister Carmel for help.

And now Sister Carmel gathered in the votes. Jeanie's name, in big, round letters, was on Kitty's paper, and awful apprehension of Jeanie's defeat in Kitty's loyal little heart.

"Silence for a few moments, children, while I count the votes," said the Sister.

And Kitty forgot all her own troubles, even Uncle Dave and his letter and his "niece Katherine," as, with dilating eyes, she watched Sister Carmel's white fingers sorting the ballots. There were three—four—five piles; but one was growing higher every moment until it stood far above the rest.

Sister Carmel dropped the last ballot, and turned to her breathless audience with a glad smile.

"A majority of twenty-three votes. I am happy to announce Kitty Dillon your Queen of the May."

And then—then Sister Carmel's conclave, as she laughingly termed it, broke loose indeed. Order was at an end.

"Kitty—Kitty—dear old Kitty!" went up a joyous chorus, as friends and classmates crowded around the Queen-elect.

"Oh, we're so glad! We wanted you so much! I voted for you!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

While Jeanie, laughing and crying indeed, but in pure delight, caught Kitty fast in her arms.

"Didn't I tell you something lovely was going to happen, Kitty? Oh, my heart has been nearly jumping out of my mouth! We got it for her; didn't we, girls?"

"Twenty-three majority! I didn't expect that much," remarked another. "But no one can say a word now. It's fair and square: two-thirds—"

"Oh, I never dreamed,—I never thought of this!" said Kitty, as soon as she could find breath and wits to speak. "I thought—I hoped it would be *you*, Jeanie."

"*I!*" laughed that little arch lobbyist, merrily. "*I! Never!* It has been you from the first."

Then blushing Kitty was borne forward by a crowd of loyal subjects to receive Sister Carmel's congratulations, and two or three of the madcap set seized the class bell and began to peal it jubilantly; while merry shouts for "Queen Kitty!" rose from porch and playground.

Thrilling days of preparation followed, with the harps and mandolins practising the "Coronation Chorus," and boxes arriving with gowns and ribbons and slippers for all the girls, and Kitty's own queenly robes demanding serious and delightful consideration.

Sister Leonie herself went to work on them, and what Sister Leonie's little French fingers could not do was really not worth doing. With its frills, its lace, its tucks, its ribbons, Kitty's gown, when completed, was dainty enough for a fairy queen. Slippers and sash were there, too; for, as Mother Paula explained, Uncle Dave wished his niece to have everything that was customary. And so under the spell of these happy days even the thought of Uncle Dave grew almost pleasant.

"He is a very wealthy man, I hear," Mother Paula said. "Father Davis has been up at Blackstone Ridge to say Mass for the hands,—your uncle employs a great many. He is able to give you everything you want, Kitty."

Kind Mother Paula did not add more. Father Davis had told her much that chilled her loving heart with fear. "Old Flint Dillon," as his "hands" called him, was as hard and stern and unyielding as the rocky ridge upon which he lived, and which flamed night and day with the fierce fire of his furnaces, where men toiled at his will, without hope or joy or rest. It was a dreary picture, and one in which Mother Paula hoped little Kitty would never have a place.

And now at last the beautiful day had come that was to see Kitty crowned and throned. Never had there been a lovelier queen, as even Nellie Marr and

her clique agreed. With all her soft golden hair loosened in her dainty, lace-trimmed gown and fluttering ribbon little Kitty, who had been in black all winter, seemed like a flower just opening to the sun.

There was first the May procession, six of the tiniest girls in the school scattering Kitty's way with flowers, while she carried the white banner of our Blessed Mother through garden and grove to the little grotto in the woods, where a crown of white violets was laid at that dearest Queen's feet; then back again to the green slopes of the lawn, where the May throne arose, a very bower of springtime bloom, arched with apple blossoms and wild laurel, and carpeted with daisy-strewn mosses; for Queen Kitty's subjects had been out claiming tribute from every field and grove within their reach. Such a pretty court as it was that stretched in white-robed ranks around the little sovereign, crown-bearer and sceptre-bearer and banner-bearer, flower girls and maids of honor; for May Day at St. Ursula's had traditions that dated back to great-grandmother days, when the first Sisters came from France.

And when at last, after all the "addresses" were properly made, and Kitty knelt before Mother Paula to receive her flower crown, the harps and mandolins burst into glad music, and through grove and garden swelled a chorus of silvery young voices in the Coronation Chorus, "Vive la Reine de Mai!"

So full and clear and sweet was the music that no one heard the jangle of Sister Jacinta's big keys as the Sister portress came hurrying to Mother Paula's side. Just as Queen Kitty, holding her lily sceptre, took her seat upon her flower throne, the kind mother-voice spoke.

"It is too bad just now, but our Queen must leave us for a few moments, my children. You are wanted in the parlor, Kitty dear. Your uncle has come and wishes to see you at once."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—In "The Man of the Mask: A Study in the Byways of History" (Smith, Elder & Co.), Monsignor Barnes propounds an ingenious theory as the solution of the mystery of "The Man of the Mask."

—The main interest of Mr. Frederic Harrison's new book, "The Philosophy of Common Sense," according to the *Athenæum*, "lies in the story of a vain but heroic attempt to maintain some sort of emotional religion while surrendering every form of definite belief."

—The Rev. Father Scheil, O. P., has been elected a member of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. He is admittedly the first Assyriologist of Europe, and is the author of a number of scholarly works having to do with various branches of his specialty.

—The addresses delivered at the Silver Jubilee celebration of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the protection of Irish immigrant girls—an account of which celebration we gave in a recent number—have been issued in neat pamphlet form, with portraits of the directors of the Mission and the orators of the Jubilee commemoration. It is a handsome souvenir of an occasion of notable interest.

—*The African Missions of the White Fathers* is a new monthly of thirty-two pages, published by the White Fathers of Quebec. For the past five years, the Quebec Fathers of the community have been publishing a French monthly in the design of interesting Canadian readers in the work of their missionary *confrères* in Africa; and this English version of the little magazine is started in response to a number of requests for English accounts of the African work and adventures of the white-clad missionaries in the Dark Continent.

—The St. Nicholas Series, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., is fulfilling the promise of its early numbers. "The Story of the English Pope" (Adrian IV.) is a stirring tale of trials indomitably met. Miss F. M. Steele has ably outlined the political and religious conditions of Christian Europe in the troubled times that marked the years of the English Pope's life, 1100 to 1159. In boyhood, there was little of comfort in Nicholas Brakespeare's life,—none of the softening influences that home memories lend to a man's career; under monastic rule, his days were not peaceful, as the records of the monks of St. Rufus show. As Cardinal

Legate to Norway, he again found himself among conflicting parties, and his efforts to bring about a settlement were all but vain. On his election to the Papal Chair, trials and difficulties multiplied, and he himself declared that "the Papal throne was a thorny seat, and that he had been between the hammer and the anvil ever since he had sat upon it." Troubles in Rome, attacks from the South on the part of William the Bad, and from the North on the part of Frederick Barbarossa, combined to call forth his utmost energy; and, though in many cases successful in combating the enemies of the Church, he died, as it were, in the thick of battle. Not for himself did he wage war, but for the sacred charge conferred upon him; and truly was his life, if not his death, a martyrdom.

—"Four-Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues," is a somewhat slender but distinctly meaty volume, containing twelve addresses to young men, by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. Clerics who have read all or any of these addresses as they originally appeared in the *Homiletic Monthly* will appreciate the author's statement in his very brief preface, that "they are written rather with an eye to scientific accuracy than to unction, eloquence and rhetoric; for surely conduct is a matter of science." It is just this scientific accuracy, manifested in a crystal-clear expository method, which differentiates this volume from most others of its general class. No reader with a taste for logic and lucidity will fail to enjoy Father Rickaby's excellent little treatise,—for treatise the work certainly deserves to be called. To give a taste of its quality, let us quote a brief extract from the chapter on Prudence:

A well-fed man perhaps may venture on a little trashy food-stuff now and again; but what becomes of him whose staple diet is trash? Ask your doctor. And if a Catholic reads promiscuously socialistic tracts, sickening love-stories, sensational murders, divorce cases, blasphemies against the Bible or against the goodness of God, but never a book of devotion or of Catholic instruction, scarce even a Catholic newspaper except for politics, will he not soon become a spiritual dyspeptic? The poison of all this bad nutriment gets into his blood; on the smallest irritation the sore breaks out, he dies to God and to His Church, and is a Catholic no longer.

A sermon-book to be cordially recommended to pastors old and young. Published by Mr. Joseph F. Wagner.

—Few people are aware as to how great an extent Milton and many other English poets of highest rank are indebted to Richard Crashaw. The author of "Paradise Lost" may have died

a good Catholic—by all accounts he needed conversion,—but the cavalier poet always lived as a good Catholic after joining the Church. A correspondent of the *Academy* writes:

On turning to Mr. Tutin's limited edition of the complete English Poems of Crashaw, it is there pointed out that the greater bard in his greatest work drew upon "Sospetto D'Herode" on no less than nine occasions for direct suggestion, if not actual phraseology. "Paradise Lost" also bears traces of the influence of Crashaw's "In the Glorious Epiphany," "The Flaming Heart," etc. The hymn "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" also quotes from "Sospetto."

Milton, however, was not alone in his indebtedness. Pope in "Eleisa to Abelard," takes more than a hint from Crashaw's "Description of a Religious House," and also from "Sospetto." The "Epitaph on Elijah Fenton" owes something to the "Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton" of our poet; while the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady" must pay large tribute to "Alexias."

Finally, Young, in his "Night Thoughts," in three instances, borrows direct from the wonderful "Sospetto"; and we have but to refer to the *Academy* of November 20, 1897, to learn how great was the same influence upon Francis Thompson.

As a return in acknowledgment of his powers, no less than six well-known writers have endeavored to paraphrase Crashaw's happy poem, "Aque in Vinum Versæ" (St. John, ii, 1-10). Of these Aaron Hill's version is perhaps the most acceptable:

When Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See," cried they, while in reddening tide it gush'd,
"The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.

"Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.

"The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.

"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.

"The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.

"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.

"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.

"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.

"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.

"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.

"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.

"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

"The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1.25.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.

"The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.

"A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.

"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

"Sermon Composition." Rev. George Hitchcock, S. J. 75 cts., net.

"The See of Peter and the Voice of Authority." Rev. Thomas Dolan. 60 cts.

"Lourdes: A History of Its Apparitions and Cures." Georges Bertrin. \$2, net.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Vols. X. and XI. \$6.25, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Chase, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. James Mee and Rev. Philip O'Hanlon, archdiocese of New York; also Rev. R. P. Drohan, C. S. B.

Sister M. Paul, of the Community of St. Joseph.

Mr. Walter Sneed, Mrs. J. H. Campbell, Mr. Patrick Coleman, Mrs. Josephine Hecker, Mr. William Winter, Mrs. John Jackson, Mrs. Ellen McDonald, Mr. Ignatius Wolf, Mr. Frank Knapp, Mrs. Julia Loftus, Mrs. Elizabeth Doyle, Mr. H. H. Chenot, Mr. Harry Foster, Mr. George T. Lamb, Mrs. Thomas Doyle, Mr. Joseph Dolanski, Mrs. A. D. McDonald, Mr. Henry Holzer, Mrs. — Genin, Mr. Christian Link, Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald, Mr. J. J. Earl, and Miss Lucy Ryan.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Mother of Our Redeemer.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

WHAT heart hath loved thy Son, O Mother blest,

And hath not felt a tender love for thee,
Who brought the Saviour to humanity,
Who held our God a babe upon thy breast
In love the strongest, purest, tenderest?

What pow'r can hush the waves' wild harmony,
Restrain the sunset splendor from the sea,
Keep back the stars from heaven's azure crest?

And who shall part the Mother and her Son
In that blest union, mightiest of all?

What sweet uplifting for the souls that fall,
This mother-love and Christ-love blent in one!
Oh, love of Bethlehem and Calvary,
The joy and promise of eternity!

What the Egyptians have Taught Us.

BY ROBERT M. SILLARD.

NOWHERE else is the old saying, "The stones speak," more truly understood and appreciated than in the land of the Pharaohs. Egypt, the land of the Pyramids, must possess an everlasting attraction. Four things especially impress the traveller with the idea of its great antiquity: the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the palm tree, and the camel; and the more we consider them, the better we can comprehend the civilization of the Egyptians. Long years before the Christian era, the sun was

adored by them as the supreme Being. Under the Second Dynasty, the worship of animals was introduced. The animals were attached to the temples of their respective gods—celestial, terrestrial, or infernal deities,—kept in places provided for them, and all their actions interpreted as ominous. It was death to slay any of the sacred animals. After death they were embalmed and deposited in tombs specially reserved for them.

The monuments of the Egyptians, which date as far back as two thousand years before the Christian era, and which reveal all the different phases of their social and political life, may be divided into three sections: first, those relating to the religion of the Egyptians, such as representations of divinities and sacred animals; second, those relating to their civil and domestic life; and third, those relating to their death and burial.

We will consider briefly the civil and domestic life of this wonderful people, and take a glance at Egyptian society as it existed in the valley of the Nile three thousand years ago. The Egyptian of old had an exact conception of the building up of society. He knew that the individual must content himself with being a stone, in the building, a wheel in the immense machine; that he was a part of the State. For this reason Egyptian society was divided into distinct classes, so that no man could rise higher than the station in which he was born.

The two privileged classes were the priests and the military; they possessed, each, one-third of the land, and numbered

the king, the princes, and men of high social standing. The king, who called himself the son of the sun—or Pharaoh, according to the Bible,—and who pretended to come directly from the gods, was worshipped as such by his subjects. His education was superintended by the priests; and, that he might be kept pure, he was given from childhood only the choicest and most virtuous companions. The only learned body of men in the country was, as can be easily understood, the priests. These were not confined to the sacred offices, but comprised in their caste all the mathematicians, scientists, lawyers, and physicians of the land.

The military class also possessed one-third of the land, each soldier's share being about eight acres. The army was well disciplined and organized, and numbered about four hundred thousand strong, well-developed men. Each soldier furnished his own equipments, and held himself in constant readiness for duty. He wore a metal coat of mail and a metal or cloth helmet, and carried a large shield of oxhide drawn over a wooden frame. The arms and weapons consisted of the bow and arrow, the battle-axe, the mace or club, and the short sword or dagger. The commander-in-chief of the army was the king, who led the troops, and was usually accompanied by a favorite lion.

The entire free population, not belonging to these two special castes, was divided into three classes, which were again subdivided, each trade or occupation having its own rank, and inhabiting a certain quarter of the town. The lower classes could hold no land or property, as all the land of Egypt was owned by the higher classes—the king, the priests, and the military. They could not, under a severe penalty, engage in any other employment than the one in which they had been brought up. Besides this restriction, they were not allowed to meddle with political affairs or to hold any civil office. Every man was obliged to have

some regular means of living, a written declaration of which was deposited periodically with a magistrate; a false account or an unlawful business was punished by death.

The origin of the ancient Egyptian language is unknown, although the hieroglyphics have been traced as far back as the Third Dynasty—about 3100 B. C. The earliest Egyptian writing was a series of object pictures. The Greeks, who thought them to be mystic religious symbols, called them hieroglyphics, or sacred sculptures. Papyrus, the early Egyptian paper, was the precursor of our modern paper. The width of the papyri was only fifteen inches, but their length sometimes extended to one hundred feet. On these papyri were written rituals, prayers, public documents, histories, poems, and all other literary works. The documents were rolled up in cylinders and placed in leather cases for safe transmission. The writing materials consisted of the palette, writing desk or inkstand, a ruler or rectangular slip of alabaster, ivory, or porcelain, about sixteen inches long, two inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick; at the upper part of this were two or more depressions or wells, to hold the red and black ink used by the scribes. Like the Chinese, they rather painted than drew their characters. The principal colors were a red and yellow ochre, and blue and green frits of oxides of copper. The vehicle was gum arabic or other gum.

Education in this remarkable country was entirely in the hands of the priests, who possessed the monopoly in letters and sciences, and who, of course, transmitted them to their children. They paid great attention to mathematics and writing, of both of which the Egyptians were especially fond. Pyramid-building and the regulation of the inundation of the Nile required a great knowledge of geometry, mensuration, and surveying. The study of law was not neglected, being founded chiefly on natural right and

justice. The Egyptian law gave to woman a position we find nowhere else. The Salic Law prevailed in Egypt until the Second Dynasty, when it was abolished, and we find women sitting upon the throne of the Pharaohs. Woman was completely *sui juris*—her own mistress; she was entirely independent of her husband. Marriage was the result of a contract, and the husband took the name of his wife instead of giving his name to her; the children were all called, not after their father, but after their mother; and as soon as they reached the age of thirteen they obtained their full majority, and could buy, sell, or transact any business during the lifetime of their father, entirely without his intervention.

On the threshold of history, we are astonished to find a nation that in very many of the arts of civilized life surpasses the advancement of our own century. Religion inspired the Egyptians to put all their talents and skill into their temples or the monuments of their departed. Stupendous size and mysterious symbolism characterized all their monuments. The typical expression of Egyptian life and character was not in literature: it was in building; and the structures of Egypt are the oldest specimens known in the world.

The most remarkable of their monuments are the pyramids, of which seventy-six have been discovered and explored. These are nothing more or less than enormous tombs, and had no meaning more than other sepulchral structures of a similar sort that are scattered all over the face of the land. Among so many, there is not a single pyramid anywhere which is not the centre of a necropolis; and though the Pyramid of Cheops may seem a gigantic envelope for one poor little mummy, it was that mummy which in its lifetime had the power to order the erection of the structure, and judged it by the measure of his own self-importance.

Both pyramids and mummies are expressions of an idea of eternal duration.

The doctrine of immortality was kept always in high esteem by the Egyptians; hence the practice of embalming, which was always accompanied with prayers for the preservation of the vital germ in the uncorrupted body, in order to enable the soul, after it had passed through its transformation for three thousand or ten thousand years, to return to the body. For this very reason we meet the symbols of the future life depicted in their tombs, upon the coffins, and the sarcophagi.*

Immediately after death, the corpses of men were delivered to the eviscerators and removed to their establishments. A line was drawn on the right side of the body, which was opened with a stone knife. The viscera were removed, and either placed in four jars dedicated to the geni of the dead, or packed in separate bags and laid with the mummy. The corpses of females were mummied at their homes. In the days of Herodotus, three modes were employed; the first, or more expensive, cost a talent (about twelve hundred dollars), in which, after the preliminary operations, the body was bathed in palm wine, filled with cassia and other drugs, then plunged in natron for seventy days, and finally wrapped in linen bandages. The second process cost about four hundred dollars.

There was a great difference in the mode of preparation. The brain was extracted, the nostrils plugged, and sometimes the eyes were removed and their places supplied by others of ivory; the hair was also often removed, and made into an oval packet, covered with linen and

* One of the most interesting objects in Soane's Museum, in London, is the alabaster sarcophagus of Seti, King of Egypt, 1370 B. C. It was found in a valley on the west bank of the Nile, near the ancient city of Thebes; and was brought to England in 1817. It is constructed of one single block of transparent alabaster, nine feet long, three feet wide, and three feet deep. It is covered within and without with hieroglyphics—scenes and texts from "The Book of the Gates." It is in a wonderful state of preservation after thirty-three hundred years.

bitumen. Silver gloves, or stalls, were placed on the fingers, to prevent the tearing off of the nails, or else they were secured with thread. The bodies were laid straight, the hands at the side or on the breast. At different periods, portions of the body were gilded, and the fingers sheathed in silver stalls. When finally prepared, the bodies were wrapped in linen bandages, principally strips of three or four inches in width, several yards in length. When bandaged, the mummies were deposited in coffins, or sarcophagi. The coffins were of wood, generally cedar and sycamore. The sarcophagi were of hard stone, and the wooden coffins were placed in them. Persons of high rank or wealth were buried in massive sarcophagi of alabaster, basalt, granite, and other materials.

The Egyptian, who took such great care of the dead, and had always before his mind the shortness of this life, nevertheless was very sociable. His home was cheerful. In the boudoir of an Egyptian lady were many elegant toilet conveniences, such as polished bronze mirrors and alabaster vases for sweet-scented ointments. Her dress was magnificent; she wore gold rings, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and earrings. At a later period false hair was worn; dyes and cosmetics were used. Among the richer classes, dress was elegant, equipages splendid, and feasts and sports consumed the greater part of the life of an Egyptian magnate.

Their amusements were various,—from the single stick and juggling, dances and bullfights, to draughts and dice. Among their many musical instruments was the triangular harp with from four to twenty-two strings, the lute, the lyre, the guitar, and the single and double flute. Cymbals were made of bronze, and castanets were of metal, bone, or wood. The national instrument was the jingling sistra, made of silver or bronze.

The early Egyptians attained great proficiency in the mechanical as well as in the fine arts, but the grandest archi-

tectural efforts were displayed in their temples. Bronze and silver statues cast from moulds were first made in Egypt. Steel was in use as early as the Fourth Dynasty, and the granites used in the colossal sculptures turn the best of our modern steel chisels. Gold and silver were worked as perfectly as now, and gold and silver wire of extreme tenuity was woven into textile fabrics. Precious gems were counterfeited in glass, and artificial emeralds were made of enormous size. The diamond was used in cutting glass.

The Egyptians were skilled musicians and painters. They had their own secrets in coloring which the best Venetian glass-makers of to-day are utterly unable to discover. Their glass mosaics were so delicately ornamented that some of the feathers of birds can be discerned only with a strong lens. Pottery was made as now; the manufacture of leather was carried to the highest perfection, and the Egyptian linen had a world-wide reputation. It was made entirely of flax, as has been seen by the sheets found in their tombs, ornamented with embroidered patterns.

I can not take leave of this land of marvels and enigmas without mentioning the Sphinx. About half a mile from the Pyramid of Cephren is a huge rock, which some Egyptian at a very remote period fashioned into the form of a lion with a human head upon its shoulders. This is the Sphinx, the most ancient monument in the world. Its expression has all the calm, immovable serenity which forms the distinctive characteristic of the Egyptian. It is an eternal apparition; and if you can imagine a ghost of stone, the Sphinx is that stone. It is a stone only to the material senses: it is a phantasm to the imagination. You might imagine that it hears and sees; that its great ears are listening to rumors from the past, and that its eyes turn toward the Orient to catch a glimpse of the future. The Arabs call it *Abou al Hal*—"The Father of Terror." It is the emblem and the personification of Ancient Egypt.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

DESMOND remembered the way so well that it was like walking in a dream of the past, when he went up the sweeping staircase, around the circular gallery, and into a corridor that opened from the last, and led to the apartments of the owner of the house. He recalled these well: the two chambers opposite to each other,—one that of his uncle; the other that of the latter's wife, still kept just as she left it, although she had been dead for twenty years,—and the sitting-room at the end of the corridor, on which both chambers opened. It was a delightful suite, in its seclusion and spaciousness, occupying the entire wing, with windows on either side overlooking the beautiful country; and it was here that Desmond always thought of his uncle, seated at his private desk, or in a deep armchair reading in the great bay-window at the end of the sitting-room.

And so, when Virgil, opening the door, stood aside to let him enter, he found the familiar figure now,—seated in the same old-fashioned, winged chair, by a table which bore a shaded lamp and several books and newspapers. At first he thought there was little change in the face turned toward him as he eagerly crossed the floor. But when he took the hand extended to meet his own, and looked more closely, he saw that years and illness had wrought great change in the handsome, stately man he remembered, with his manner of somewhat judicial severity, tempered by the exquisite courtesy and fine manners of the old social order. The white pallor of age was on the face now, the chiselled features were drawn, and the eyes, though still bright, were sunken under their overhanging brows.

About the broad brow, which showed the intellectual qualities that had made him one of the first jurists of his day, the hair lay in silken waves of silvery whiteness; and altogether it seemed to Desmond that he had never seen a presence more striking, more full of the aroma and charm of inherited culture and vanished aristocratic conditions.

"My dear uncle," he exclaimed, as he bent over the figure and clasped close the frail hand, "how glad I am to see you again,—and to see you so much better than I expected to find you!"

"Yes, I am better," his uncle replied, speaking with a certain slow precision, as if not quite sure of his power of enunciation; "and very glad to see you, my dear boy. What made you so long in coming?"

"I was out of the country when your message reached me," the young man responded, as he sat down in a chair to which the other pointed. "I had gone abroad for my paper—they wanted an account of affairs in the Balkans,—but I threw up the matter and returned by the first steamer."

"Yes, I know. It was very good of you," the slow voice answered. "But to-day—what made you so late to-day?"

"I'm sorry to say there was a bad accident to my train—a collision with a freight train about twenty miles north of Kingsford,—which delayed my arrival several hours."

"A collision!" Judge Wargrave leaned forward into the brighter circle of the lamplight, with a more shocked and startled expression on his face than the news seemed to warrant, considering the safe and sound condition of the young man who sat before him. "Was—any one injured?"

"Many were injured and several were killed. It was an awful accident."

"My God!" The old figure shook as if with palsy. "You might have been killed!"

"I might of course," Desmond said;

"only, you see, I was in the Pullman, which, as usual, withstood the shock. No one in it was hurt, but all the passengers in the thoroughfare coaches were either killed or fearfully injured. It was the old story," he observed a little bitterly. "I had money enough to pay the additional cost of transportation in a well-built car, so I escaped uninjured, while the poor creatures who had to take what the railroad company provides were hurled to horrible death in its flimsy coaches."

"Yes, it is, as you say, an old story and a shameful state of affairs," his uncle agreed. "In the suits for damages arising out of such cases, I have never failed, in my charges to the jury, to place the responsibility on the railroads—for which," he added, a faint smile curving his thin lips, "they have never failed to antagonize me in every way. But as for the safety to be bought by money—well, that is an old story, too. We can't change the conditions on which the world rests, my boy. I hope" (a little anxiously) "you haven't taken up any of the modern socialistic ideas?"

"Not a bit," Desmond answered readily. "A Catholic can't very well entertain socialistic ideas, you know, sir."

"Oh!" A shade of reserve, of something like displeasure, came into the voice now. "I had forgotten that you are a—Catholic. It seems as if you might have adopted your mother's religion."

"My mother was received into the Church before she died," Desmond reminded him.

The thin white hand waved a little impatiently.

"It was a pity that she yielded so far to your father's influence," Judge Wargrave said in his most judicial tone. "People should be loyal to the inherited beliefs of those who went before them. Well, well, we won't discuss the matter! I'm sorry that you have such a religion; but we must make the best of it. You are the only one left to carry on the

old name—I suppose," he broke off abruptly, "you know that is why I sent for you?"

"No," Desmond told him honestly, "I didn't know. I have never thought of such a thing. You see, I belong to another family."

"You are a Wargrave," his uncle returned positively,—"the only one in your generation." A quick spasm of feeling seemed to pass over the fine old face for a moment, and then he added a little wistfully: "You are very like our family in appearance. I am glad—very glad—of that."

Desmond understood now the full meaning of the words which had been his aunt's first greeting,—the significance of her outburst of gratitude that he resembled the Wargrave portraits hanging below. Clearly, it was hard to Wargrave pride that the only representative of their proud old stock should be in a certain sense an alien, the son of an Irish soldier of fortune, bearing the name of a disliked nationality. And the single solace was that the strong Wargrave type had stamped itself upon him, and that, in physical aspect at least, he was clearly a son of the house. Realizing now what this meant to his uncle, the young man smiled a little.

"I am glad, too, if it pleases you, sir," he said. "It is certainly a family of which to be proud."

"Yes," the older man agreed, "it is. We have always been proud of it—we who bear the name,—and of nothing more proud than of the standard of honor maintained since the first Wargrave set foot in the New World nearly two hundred years ago. You know—you've heard of course—of the trust which has kept the family in its high position?"

Desmond assented. "I have heard of it," he said, without mentioning how lately he had heard. "It indicates a fine spirit, that the obligation to maintain the entail has never been disregarded."

"I don't think that any one has ever

for an instant entertained an idea of disregarding it," his uncle said. "But there is a point, besides that of maintaining the entail, in the trust, of which you may not have heard; for it is not generally known." He paused for a moment, and again Desmond saw a quick spasm of repressed feeling pass over the clear-cut face, as it leaned forward in the lamplight. "Even more binding than the entail," the slow, careful utterance went on, "is an obligation not to hand the inheritance on to any one who has in any manner stained the name with dishonor."

Something in the tone more than in the words made Desmond start. An intuition came to him like a flash. *This* was what it meant, the old silence and mystery about the absent cousin, which had puzzled him in his boyhood. Whether dead or living, he, the son of the house, whose name was never spoken, had evidently in some manner forfeited his birthright. He was as sure of it now as if the man, who seemed a typical embodiment of justice unswayed by mercy, sitting there before him, had stated the fact in distinct words. He had a sense of touching tragedy, the more intense because denied expression; and his eyes were large and bright with dismay as he looked at his uncle.

"It seems," he said involuntarily, "a hard obligation."

"No." Judge Wargrave's voice rang clear and firm now in its force of denial. "It is not hard, but right and just. As a man sows, so should he reap—always. To maintain his honor, to hand on the family name unstained, has been the paramount obligation of every Wargrave. If—if one forgot it, and disgraced not only himself but those who went before and were to come after him, it was simple justice that he should be a branch cut off and disowned, and that another should take his place and inheritance."

The stern, passionless tones brought a lump into Desmond's throat. Again

he was conscious of an overpowering sense of tragedy,—an instinct, amounting to a conviction, that this room had echoed to such tones before, that they had fallen upon a human soul bare in its agony, and that he was here now to take the place of the man who had then been cut off and disowned. An intense distaste for filling such a position rose within him, and once more he was driven to remonstrance.

"You must forgive me," he said, "if it strikes me as almost terrible, an obligation which binds men to mercilessness, to denying forgiveness to error,—a chance to repair, to atone—"

The frown on the face regarding him made him pause in his speech, suddenly aware of its futility.

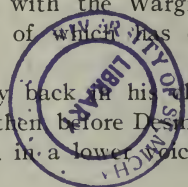
"I am sorry," said his uncle, coldly, "to see that you have the modern lax idea, which, in mercy to the individual, forgets what is due to the society or the family he has injured. All law, human and divine, is founded on what you call merciless justice,—on the wrongdoer suffering the penalty of his crime."

"Not divine, surely!" Desmond found himself protesting. "In *that* there is room for forgiveness."

The frown deepened, the face in the lamplight was austere indeed now,—the face of the judge pronouncing sentence, armed with the power and majesty of law.

"Almighty God," the firm tones said, "reads the hearts of men and knows what we can never know of their guilt or innocence. Human law can only judge outward actions, and must, for the greater good of the greater number, be merciless in exacting the penalty of wrongdoing. Let us speak no more of this. I only wish you to understand fully the trust handed down with the Wargrave inheritance, no part of which has ever been violated."

He paused and lay back in his chair, silent for a moment; then before Desmond could speak, resumed in a lower voice:



"I feel that I have been greatly to blame. I have deferred the imperative duty of fulfilling the trust, which it has fallen to me to fulfil, through a weakness—a vain hope, vainly indulged—which has come near to being most terribly punished. When I was taken ill, when I realized what had befallen me, when for days my tongue would not utter the words I wished to say, a great terror seized me: I saw myself dying without having fulfilled the trust,—I, the first Wargrave who had ever failed to do so! I can not express my agony—or my gratitude when I found speech restored to me; and I have counted the days until you came. If I had known how near you were to death, almost at the threshold of my house, this afternoon—" he lifted his hand to his eyes, as if overpowered by the thought, and again a strong shudder shook his frame. "If you had died," he went on brokenly, "my punishment would have seemed more than I could bear. But you are here safe; and my will, written long since, is there" (he pointed to his desk) "ready to be signed. I have done nothing but practise writing my signature since I began to be able to use my hand again. Perhaps you wonder why I have waited for your arrival to sign it?" (Desmond's face had expressed this surprise.) "It was because I must have your solemn promise that you will, as far as lies in your power, fulfil all the conditions of the trust—"

Involuntarily a cry forced itself from the young man's lips.

"You can't mean," he exclaimed, "that I am to carry it on—to receive the family inheritance?"

Almost sternly, the vivid eyes under the overhanging brows met his own.

"What else could I mean?" Judge Wargrave asked. "Who else is there to receive and carry on inheritance and trust? To-morrow I will explain everything to you; and then, when I have your promise, I will sign what has waited so long for signature, and be ready to

die in peace. Now I am a little tired, and we must take no risks until the will is signed. So you had better go. Thank God you are here at last! I shall sleep well in thinking of it. Good-night!"

As he echoed the salutation, while clasping again the old hand extended to him, Desmond recalled with a certain sense of amusement his confident assurance to his aunt that he would not allow himself to be detained beyond what *he* thought a proper time. He knew now that it would have been impossible for him to suggest departure or anything else in opposition to the steel-like will which the frail but indomitable personality before him breathed.

"I am glad to be here, and that my coming has brought you relief, sir," he said. Then, as he turned to go away, Judge Wargrave struck a bell which stood on the table near his hand. Before its silvery sound had died, the door swung open, and Virgil appeared, standing with the same grave dignity of bearing on the threshold, to usher him out.

When he found himself downstairs again, Desmond hesitated a little. Through the open door of the library he saw his aunt reading within; but from an adjoining room the sound of a piano, softly played, told him that Edith was there, and after a minute he entered the latter apartment.

It was a large and beautiful drawing-room, stately in its dimensions, in its pillared chimney-piece of Italian marble, and lofty, stuccoed ceiling, filled with lovely old furniture, among which a few modern articles appeared.

One of these was the handsome piano at which Edith sat; while, on the other side of the room, the small quaint ancestor of this later instrument stood on straight, slender legs in its case of delicately inlaid wood. Desmond fancied a fair ghost, in scant, high-waisted frock, seated at it, drawing from the yellow old keys thin, sweet melodies, which only the ears of the spirit heard; while

the graceful figure opposite was modulating some of the most intensely modern music. He sat down beside her and waited until she presently paused and looked at him.

"Do you like Brahms?" she asked.

"No—yes—I mean, I really don't know," he answered. Then suddenly: 'Edith, tell me what has become of my cousin, Harry Wargrave?'"

(To be continued.)

The Cardinal Walks in the Sunshine.

BY M. D. W

THE Cardinal walks in the sunshine,
By the broad square of St. Mark's,
Where the Queen of the Adriatic
Moors many-colored barks.
His name is all-honor'd, beloved,
Patriarch, bishop, and priest,
In the city whose sea-girt towers
Rise like a dream of the East.

The Cardinal walks in the sunshine;
His people throng to his feet
To look for the fatherly blessing,
The smile, never-failing, sweet;
So gentle, yet firm and all-seeing,
Not as stern ruler, apart;
But as brother and friend and father,
The man of the people's heart.

The Cardinal walks in the sunshine,
'Mid the Venetians to-day,
And his coming brightens the Riva,
As he passes on his way;
'Tis better than royal procession,
The children kissing his hand,
With words of kind cheer for the poorest
As the highest in the land.

The Cardinal walks in the sunshine,
Where snow-white pigeons soar
In the eaves of the old cathedral,
Around the mosaic door.
A moment he stands on the threshold,
Pausing to speak with some friends,
When swift, with its outspread pinions,
On his arm a dove descends.

The Cardinal stands in the sunshine,
Lifts hand of gentleness rare,
To fondle the feather'd creature
Who seeks his protecting care.
It seems like some glorious picture
Of the tender saint of old,
Who loved all God's dumb creatures
With a charity untold.

The Cardinal stands in the sunshine,
The St. Francis of to-day;
And the dove with folded pinions
In her resting-place would stay.
But here no calm peace is abiding,
Change touches every shore,
And the father below'd of Venice
Will greet his city no more.

L'ENVOI.

The Pontiff stands all in the shadow
Of a dominating Dome;
He watches the pomp of the sunset
Over massive walls of Rome.
The swallows are wheeling and circling
Around the Vatican eaves,
The rustle and whirl of their pinions
Like the sound of falling leaves.
They come to the wide palace window,
So fearlessly bold and free;
They know that serenely white figure;
They bring a breath of the sea.
Does he think of the sunlit "Riva,"
The strong sea life of his race?
But the Pope, like the dear St. Francis,
Has a smile on his tranquil face.
His world-reaching charge is a hard one,
His life is heavy with care,
But the children who know and love him
Feel that their Father is there.

THE American is apt to confuse attention to business with physical presence at his office or factory. He has yet to learn that twelve months' work may be done in ten months or even in eleven, but that it can not possibly be done in twelve. Relaxation, outdoor life, physical exercise, and change of scene, refresh and invigorate both mind and body, and thereby contribute to business efficiency.

—Nicholas Murray Butler.

Catholic England as It Looks to an American.

BY LOUISE I. GUINEY.

VII.—THE PUBLIC ATTITUDE TOWARD CATHOLICS.

AMERICAN tourists always remark upon the lack of religious bigotry in England. In reality, there is quite enough of it maintained toward the Catholic Church. But the vile "revelations" of our old acquaintance, the ex-nun, certainly do get much less credit; very few municipalities, if any, will allow a hall to be leased for her scurrilous purposes. Newspapers, too, are much more ready than ours are to publish refutations and explanations from Catholic pens. But the reason of this, no doubt, has little to do with large-mindedness, and much to do with the sense of expediency. As, unlike Brother Jonathan, John Bull is incurably interested in religion, editors risk nothing by making way for the man with a creed who has something definite to say.

Compatriots of differing sects are so extraordinarily segregated that it amounts to a miracle that prejudice does not run riot there. It may be said, roughly, that a Wesleyan's trade is with Wesleyans, and that one Low Church family of infants goes out to tea with another. Now, on our part, we intermingle incessantly, all day long and all the year long, in private as in public, from the cradle to the grave. Friendly relations between our men and women are not only beyond comparison open and invigorating, but are almost unimaginable in the other country. So with the play between religion and religion in a busy average American community,—hardly, indeed, felt as a difference, and never as a barrier; it is unlike anything in English life. The good-will and brotherliness shown among us in such a particular strikes every thoughtful European with surprise.

And yet it is Catholics in America, and not their fellows oversea, who (where they are a minority) have more of popular distrust and more of derision, expressed or implied, to face. In Great Britain, a ludicrous anti-Catholic law is still operative in two conspicuous governmental departments, and the intolerable Coronation Oath goes unrepealed. We have no grievances of this sort. Nevertheless, we get the mud flung. Why? Is not the thing based possibly and unconsciously upon the fact that Catholics in the United States, taken in the lump, have conspicuously lower social standing than they have in England, and suffer for it at the hands of the vulgar? For whereas, to the class-revering British mind, it is hardly safe to fasten "superstition," "ignorance," and such other accepted burs on dangerously adjacent "quality," on peers or scholars; on the other hand, it takes no particular courage in a cheap bigot of Republican manufacture to rail against a lately alien generation, already quite on his own material level, which has so improved its opportunities of all sorts that it threatens to wrest the first-born's national blessings from him!

VIII.—MUSIC IN CHURCH, AND POPULAR SERVICES.

Our people, I suppose, would find English preaching very tame. It has no pretensions to "oratory," and scorns the pedant touch. Quietly emphatic, earnest, deeply practical, it is, in its best exponents, amply effective. And there are flaming meteors of the pulpit who "stick fiery off indeed" against this background of English grayness,—five or six men whom it would be futile to praise, because their fame is in all the churches. The speaking voice in England, as everybody knows, is richer and sweeter than ours; enunciation and reading are far better, though these are not habitually kept up to the pitch of Anglican perfection, nor due, like that, to daily practice in the seminaries.

The Epistle and the Gospel are read

to the people in the vernacular at Low Mass on Sundays and holydays. But it takes our own strenuous country to invent and carry out the Low Mass sermon,—a thing I have never encountered in England, save at the former Church of St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond Street, London, in Father Robert Clarke's time, when Low Mass used to be celebrated at a quarter to twelve, and was considered (as is the noon Low Mass with sermon since established as customary at Westminster Cathedral) sacred to lazy Christians. Benediction is always well attended. A purely local feature (which always somewhat astonishes an American at first) is the chanting of the Litany of Loreto, after the Blessed Sacrament is placed upon the Throne. Perhaps it is mistimed; perhaps an *Ave Verum* or an *O Sacrum Convivium* were more in keeping, and would savor more of strict etiquette. But the other is popularized, and has a most spontaneous ring, as everybody sings it. It is a standing witness to the especial devotion which Catholic England used to bear, and always will bear, to the Mother of God. She is hardly ever to this day spoken of there, by the way, as "the Blessed Virgin," but as "Our Lady."

As to the demeanor of the congregation, it is superior to ours, on the whole, because so very much quieter in its coming and going, its changes of attitude, and the rest. It also practises greater punctuality in arriving at church, and far less alacrity in scampering home as soon as the priest turns toward the sacristy. I have never seen members of an English congregation speak to one another, or even nod, while filing down the aisles after service, while the organ is playing; I have never heard the slightest buzz of interchanged remarks just before or just after a sermon by some celebrated preacher. I do not believe that these minor abuses are in existence among them. Such maintained sobriety is no doubt partly due to the lack of effervescence in the national character;

but, as I admire the result, I am not going to analyze the cause.

It is obvious how much more dignity is inherent in sanctuary serving when, as often as possible, that is confided to men or to grown lads rather than to the human small boy. On the same lines, it is a fine inspiration to do away with mere acolytes as bearers of the poles of the canopy in Corpus Christi processions. In a garrison town in England, uniformed officers are ready for that service and honor; in a university town, Masters of Arts in their gowns and hoods. The sight is a most heartening one,—the very symbolism of loyalty to the hidden King.

Congregational singing has made great headway in Catholic England. They have an ideal ahead of their achievement in this matter, and evidently intend to rival Germany in musical good-will, if not, let us hope, in hymnal bawling. But to us, who sing not at all in church (except when we go to St. Paul's, New York, and are ashamed not to!), the English seem heartily vocal. Any London evening service, for instance, is a full and memorable concord of voices.

As to Gregorian, it is plain even yet that we are a people who do not love to obey. The strength of those dogged islanders is that they do love to obey. Very poor localities, as well as rich cities with endowed choirs, took up Plain Chant, under enormous difficulties, but in instant and general response to the *Motu Proprio*. Within a very brief period, many obscure places, such as Merthyr Tydvil, a little Welsh mining town, or Musselburgh, an Edinburgh suburb, had a measure of success to record which might almost be mentioned along with that of Mr. Terry's glorious choral work at Westminster. All over the country, in the most unlikely places, voluntary workers, men and boys, began to sing the Proper of the Mass from improvised chancel stalls, sometimes with processional and recessional hymns in English.

It was my own fortune to come home

to America, with these ancient rhythms clinging to the ear, two full years after the *Motu Proprio*. I landed on a Saturday, only to encounter on the morrow the same old tangled operatic strains, "performed" in a western gallery by a mixed choir, who in the evening also "performed" the Vesper Psalms to fancy tunes, with *O Salutaris* a solo, and *Tantum Ergo* a trio, not a soul in all the congregation contributing a sound! On the following Sunday, in a cathedral, I was near a large choir of men and boys who in Holy Week can sing excellently. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard them sing nothing but the responses, which, properly speaking, are the business of the congregation; no Proper, no motet at the Offertory, no hymn. All this weekly smoke for so little shot! Of course the mischief lay in having a gallery choir, too; the sanctuary choir were used to serving as the uphill horse, the slothful supernumerary. When a choir's own proper dignity and responsibility have never been brought home to them, an ordinary Sunday becomes simply a good occasion for their director to shirk his work, and for them to shirk theirs. Well, to employ a phrase which Newman has made classic, ought it not to "make us shudder"? It is also calculated to startle plain folk of "the Roman obedience" across the sea. But there is another side to the question; and one dwells with hopeful pride nowadays on the missionary work of the *Church Music* magazine, and the beginnings of a great *schola cantorum* in Cincinnati.*

As might be expected, vernacular prayers are recited in a very much more decent and measured fashion over there. Not that one never hears the poor Rosary gabbled. But it can not always be gabbled, because it is frequently chanted; and the chant is a truly devotional expedient. Moreover, children are taught in all the

schools to say prayers slowly, with a certain rhythm, and pauses between phrase and phrase.

Very interesting are the many vernacular devotions held everywhere at half-past six or, more generally, at seven on Sunday evenings; none of them, except the Stations, are known to us in America. They are all, however, more interesting than classic, and more confusing than interesting. Not the slightest attempt is made to preserve any sort of uniformity; and, in passing from church to church, you never know what service-book or what hymnal will be needed. The bishops of England are said to have a new standard hymnal almost ready; and one can but hope that the popular functions referred to will some day be, if not reduced in number, at least improved in quality. There is, however, one model vernacular "evening service" drawn up by Canon Hall, of the diocese of Portsmouth. It consists of a simple arrangement, with variations according to the Church's season, of the translated psalms, antiphons, and responses, taken from the Offices of Vespers and Compline, and pointed to be chanted antiphonally, to the proper Gregorian tones, by choir and congregation. Many a priest to-day confesses with regret that, save under exceptional conditions, the laity now either stay away from Latin Vespers or Compline, or else attend in small numbers, remaining quite mute throughout.

Again, if English Catholics come only to the Sacred Heart devotions, the *Bona Mors*, the sung Rosary or the sung Litany of the Saints, the Stations of the Cross, or the extremely scrappy service (not much like Cardinal Wiseman's Scriptural ideal) for the Conversion of England or the Spread of the Faith (the latter its less usual but preferable name), then they are indeed the losers; for they lose altogether their corporate touch with the grand old Psalter which has been the very marrow of Christian as of Hebrew devotion. Months and years pass in which

* Just as this article is finished and folded comes news of a splendid, sweeping reform in this very cathedral. *Perge, decet!*

the *Miserere*, the *Benedictus*, the *Te Deum*, even the *Magnificat*, is never once publicly said or sung.

All this is highly non-educational, to say the least; and Canon Hall's thoughtful compendium goes far to remedy it. The fact that wherever it has been learned and tried, people take to it, is a masterful argument. I have heard this service beautifully sung—by some from the sixpenny 'booklet, by others quite by heart—in such widely distant places as the Catholic churches at Abergavenny, at Stratford-on-Avon, and at Falmouth. Yet it is by no means in general use. The objection is brought again and again that it is, or at best looks like, an imitation of an imitation,—i. e., that it resembles the Evensong of the Book of Common Prayer, itself an adaptation from the Breviary. But such a charge is only another evidence of that passion for relinquishing heirlooms which we have already noted as a strange shortcoming of the Anglican-haunted Catholic mind in England. "English Vespers," as it is called, is really, save on the surface, very little like Evensong. Our Anglican friends have the richer phraseology; our boast might be that we keep step for step—as they have done only loosely since the great breach—with the Church in her annual liturgical round. This is a most precious privilege, if only those of us can be got to think so who never follow the Office in the Vulgate, and have come to prefer fanciful, nondescript devotions in the vernacular.

Of course, in all such disciplinary ecclesiastical matters, expediency (Mrs. Grundy, as it were, in a cope!) is given due leeway, and the old Church has all the elasticity of youth. This solid, conservative, genuine service of Canon Hall's might be just the thing to experiment upon, under proper sanction, in America. It may be drastic and modern, but it is our own language which does the work. It draws a congregation together to praise God at sundown; it opens their mouths,

and it satisfies their hearts; all this, too, in the immemorial, yet revived way. *Ca donne furieusement à penser* to those of us who dearly love the Latin, but love souls not less.

In the matter of other non-obligatory church attendances, notably at meetings of sodalities and confraternities, the English seem naturally less gregarious than ourselves. Their piety is far more individual than corporate. Left to their own initiative, they soon distance us in such matters as the maintenance and use of private oratories, or visits to the Blessed Sacrament in their parish church. I do not know a more outstanding contrast than that between our town and country sanctuaries—almost always quite empty, unless there is Exposition, between early morning and early evening—and their counterparts oversea, where a little stream of the faithful (and not only those of the leisured class) is all day coming and going. This speaks volumes, as we say; it is immensely significant. At any hour, in almost any English church, even in non-Catholic ones, you see young men kneeling in inconspicuous corners, intent upon "the heavenly vision," and heedless of a tourist's incredulous passing stare. Abroad, Englishmen are always unconsciously attracting attention by their perfect, single-hearted religiousness. Are not the Latin countries failing chiefly because their men have forgotten to adore?

(Conclusion next week.)

Against the Light.

(Rondolet.)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

THE year that's gone!

Ah! Mother Mary, while it fled,

The year that's gone,

How plenteously thy love-light shone

Along the path I daily tread!

Not thine the fault 'twas not well-spel'd,

The year that's gone.

A Shrine Laid Waste.

BY ALICE DEASE.

A MOTOR car had just turned in to the courtyard of the big house that belonged to the famous deputy for the Department of Haut Tarn; and as it drew up at the steps, the deputy himself got out of it and passed quickly up to the glass entrance door. A footman, warned by the bell that the porter had rung to announce the arrival of the motor at the outer gate, stood ready to receive his master in the hall, where the thickness of the Turkey carpets, the richness of the Eastern hangings, and the pictures on the walls, told alike of culture, taste, and lavish expenditure.

The deputy's study opened from this hall; and, crossing it, he entered the smaller room, where a bright wood fire burned upon the hearth. After laying the roll of papers that he carried on his writing table, he threw himself into a big armchair and stretched himself at ease, sighing as he did so, or rather drawing a deep breath of satisfaction.

He was tired, it is true; but, judging from his expression, his day had been passed in work that was worth the doing. It had indeed been a memorable day,—a day of triumph unusual even in his successful career. He had made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies that would long be remembered. For nearly three hours he had held the attention of his audience; his flow of language had never failed; his well-chosen sentences had lashed his opponents unmercifully; the sound of the applause with which his own side had greeted his mocking, cutting words still echoed in his brain; and the faces of the ministers rose before him, startled by his daring, triumphing in the work his oratory had done, yet half afraid that he might go too far and so spoil all. But this he had not done: he had not allowed himself to be carried away; and

when at length he resumed his seat, he and his party felt that their work of dechristianizing France had made material progress.

"When first we started this campaign," he murmured to himself, "it seemed as though the very earth would rise against us, so deeply did the faith of twenty centuries appear to be imprinted on men's minds. But that was twenty-five years ago; now, after that speech of mine, we Rationalists have a different tale to tell. In spite of opposition, we have persevered; and gradually but surely we are destroying the religious sense of the people. The day is drawing near when the State will be the unrivalled mistress of the Nation" (he almost laughed at his own thought), "and I may be at the head of the State."

He paused for a moment to consider himself on this pinnacle of fame and success, and then continued his train of thought:

"I am afraid that the women still cling to the old ideas. I know if my poor wife had lived we should have disagreed; in fact, I never could have succeeded in bringing Germaine up in the way I have done. She at least is above all foolish sentiment and superstition. I took care to see to that. If all our girls could only be brought up as she has been, France would soon be freed from all religious trammels. No religious books or emblems, no church-going; no intercourse with those who hold old-fashioned ideas, not even if they are relations, unless the governess chosen to carry out the scheme of education is present. I was certainly fortunate in finding one so up-to-date, so anti-clerical, I may say so anti-religious, as Mademoiselle to superintend Germaine's upbringing. Fancy nuns thinking that they could ever produce such a model as my Germaine! She is a living proof of the superiority of an independent, Rationalistic education—"

His reflections were interrupted by a gentle tap at the door; and, in answer to his permission to come in, the heavy

curtain was raised, showing a girlish figure standing on the threshold. It was Germaine. Certainly any father would have reason to be proud of such a daughter. Tall and fair, slender and very graceful, her simple tailor-made gown fitted her to perfection, and its severity was softened by the ruffles of real lace upon her blouse. Her small head and delicately formed hands and feet were an inheritance from her dead mother; and, though outwardly there was no likeness to her father, those who knew her were not long in realizing that she possessed no mean share of his talents.

When entering the room, she had turned on the electric light; and, drawing forward a low footstool, she seated herself beside the armchair.

"How late you are, father!" she said. "You must be tired after such a long day's work. Don't say that I am selfish, but I hope you *are* tired, because I want you to say 'Not at home' to visitors, and let me have you all to myself just for one night."

"What is this sudden fancy for solitude?" said her father, smiling. "Or are you trying to flatter me by pretending that you don't know which of us more than half our visitors come to see? Seriously, dear, I should often ask nothing better than to have a quiet evening; but, now that you are twenty-one, I feel it is my duty to give you every opportunity of finding out which of your admirers you intend to make happy."

"And when I *have* found out, father," she said, "are you going to let me please myself, or do you mean to decide for me even against my own wishes, like a cruel Spartan parent?" She spoke lightly, but there was a serious undercurrent to her words.

"Even if I wished to act the Spartan parent, you know I could not do so now," he replied. "You are of age, and therefore free to do as you please. I suppose," he hesitated for a moment, and the anxiety that he suddenly began to feel betrayed

itself in an unwonted tenderness of tone,—*"I suppose, from what you say, that you have already made your choice? I might have guessed as much, considering the number of refusals I have had to give for you."*

"Yes, father," said the girl, gently but firmly, *"I have made my choice."*

Ever since Germaine had grown up, her father had often thought of this interview, which, sooner or later, he knew would come; but, now that it was taking place, there was something in it that he had not expected, that he could not understand.

"And am I to be allowed to know the name of the favored man? I own I am curious to hear whose shrine it is that so many hopes are to be immolated upon."

The girl's hand was resting on the arm of the chair, and he laid his own upon it. Her fingers closed on his; and, pushing aside her low seat, she slipped onto her knees beside him. Her answer came in a voice that was low but very calm:

"Father, I have chosen to be a nun."

She raised her head and looked up openly and fearlessly into her father's face. But he had turned so deadly white that she was frightened; and, getting up quickly, she was about to call for help; but he signed to her to come back. He had been obliged in his public life to cultivate a habit of self-control; and even now, when he saw what for years he had built up with so much care crumble to dust before his eyes, this habit stood him in good stead.

"How long have you been thinking of this?" Despite his efforts, he could not steady his voice to speak as usual.

"For three years."

"Have you talked it over with Mademoiselle?"

"No, father. I could not tell any one until I had spoken to you."

"But what can have given you such an idea? One of your associates or friends must have suggested it, or at least en-

couraged you to think of such a thing."

"Listen, father dear, and I will tell you everything. One day when we were in the country—it is four years ago now—Mademoiselle and I came upon one of the wayside shrines that people used to erect long ago, and that the peasants honored so much. This one had been a Calvary, but the cross was broken and the figure of Christ lay in pieces amongst the grass. Mademoiselle sat down upon the stone steps of the shrine; but I was not tired, and whilst she rested I amused myself by collecting the pieces of the broken crucifix and putting them together again. I did it only as a child puts the pieces of a puzzle together. But when Mademoiselle saw what I had done she got up and—*she*, father!—kicked the figure, that was complete now, though all broken and desecrated, and scattered the pieces farther even than they had been before. I did not dare say anything to her then, and we continued our walk; but from that day, from that moment, somehow, I began to see things—*life*—in a different light.

"No one ever told me all that since then I have felt to be the truth. I simply *knew* that it was so. When you and Mademoiselle have spoken of there being no hereafter, when you told me that death was an endless sleep, I knew that, though my body might fall asleep, there was a light in my soul that must burn forever. Mademoiselle used to give me scientific reasons as to how the world was formed, but all the time I knew that God had made it. Father dear, when by degrees I learned more about God, it made me very, very sad to think of you. But the remembrance of that broken crucifix was always a comfort, because it reminded me how much He loves us when He was willing to suffer so much for our sake. When I thought of all that He had won for us by suffering, I wanted to suffer too. And I asked God to show me how best to help you to see the truth again; for I want you to love Him as much as I do,

and I have offered my life to Him for that intention."

Whilst Germaine was speaking her father never moved; it almost seemed as though the shock of what he heard had turned him to stone. But when at last she bent and kissed his hand as it lay still and rigid on his knee, the soft touch of her lips brought him to himself. He could not answer her, he could not speak as yet; but with an effort he motioned to her to leave him, and unwillingly she obeyed.

He had to be alone; his self-control was deserting him, and he could not bear that any one should see the bitterness that his own work had brought upon him. The shrine laid waste,—the scene came suddenly and vividly before him. Every detail was familiar to him, because it was he himself who had planned and approved that laying waste. He had gloried in his successes; he had congratulated himself on having dechristianized his country, on having banished Almighty God from France; and at the hour when his hopes seemed about to be fulfilled he found that in his own home Jesus Christ had triumphed. He had thought, by banishing God's image, by forbidding all mention of His name, to rear his daughter in ignorance of everything spiritual; and God Himself had lit the light of faith in her heart, and faith had taught her love and sacrifice.

He rose from his seat and began to pace the room. The hours passed by, till at length, chilled and exhausted, he threw himself down again, this time on his knees, and buried his face in the cushions of his chair. His brain was numbed, he could think no more; only the words of another apostate more famous far than he—words spoken centuries ago—echoed dully in his ears:

"Galilean, Thou hast conquered!"

BETTER the world should know you as a sinner than God know you as a hypocrite.—*Anon.*

Next Sunday's Mass.

SECOND AFTER EPIPHANY.

IN the course of the Liturgical Year, it occasionally occurs that in a particular diocese a special feast may take precedence over the Sunday on which it falls. In such cases, the Mass is that of the feast, while the Sunday is "commemorated"; that is, the Collect, Secret, and Post-Communion of the Sunday are recited after those of the feast. Almost invariably, too, the Gospel of the Sunday is substituted for that of St. John at the conclusion of the Mass. Of such particular festivals no mention will be made in this series of short papers.

Sometimes, however, the celebration of a given feast on a given Sunday is universal throughout the Church, in which case we shall, of course, discuss the Mass of the festival. The second Sunday after Epiphany, for instance, was selected by Pope Innocent XII., in 1721, for the celebration of the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus; and accordingly the Mass of the Holy Name becomes constructively "next Sunday's Mass."

The dominant notes of the festival—adoration and praise—are struck in the Introit. "At the name of Jesus let every knee bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth; and let every tongue confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." The consideration of this truth suggests at once the petition of the Collect: "O God, who didst constitute Thine only-begotten Son the Saviour of mankind, and didst command that He should be called Jesus; mercifully grant that we, who venerate His holy name on earth, may also be filled with the enjoyment of the vision of Him in heaven."

The Epistle, taken from the Acts, recounts St. Peter's address to the princes of the people and the elders, relative to the cure of the man "who was lame from his mother's womb," and who, at Peter's

word, "In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk," stood up and went into the temple, "walking and leaping, and praising God." Incidentally, the Church, by quoting the first Pope's comprehensive dictum, "For there is no other name under heaven, given to men whereby we must be saved," repudiates the groundless charge that in her exaltation of the Blessed Virgin she has relegated Jesus to a secondary rôle in the scheme of man's redemption.

The Gradual is a second canticle in praise of the Divine Name: "Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the nations; that we may give thanks to Thy holy name, and may glory in Thy praise. . . . Thou, O Lord, art our Father and our Redeemer, Thy name is from all eternity. . . ."

The Gospel—the same as that for the feast of Our Lord's Circumcision—is St. Luke's brief account of that mystery, with the pertinent statement, "His name was called Jesus." The painful ceremony during which our Saviour both received His specific name and shed the first drops of His sacred blood, should suggest to all His followers the spiritual circumcision of self-denial to which we must submit in order to co-operate with Him in the work of our salvation. Such a spiritual, or interior, circumcision consists in the removal from our soul of all that is displeasing to God, the reform of our vicious affections and dangerous inclinations, and the practice of penance for our past transgressions.

The Offertory takes up again the laudation of the Divine Name: "I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and glorify Thy name forever; for Thou, O Lord, art sweet and gentle, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon Thee." The Secret is but a variation of the same general theme; and the Communion is both a declaration and a prophecy,—a declaration as to genuine followers of Christ in the present age, a prophecy which is literally to be fulfilled

on the last great day of general judgment: "All the nations Thou hast made shall come and adore before Thee, O Lord, and shall glorify Thy name; for Thou art great, and doing wonders: Thou alone art God."

Finally, in the Post-Communion, the Church pleads for the consummation of all that we hope and pray for in our devotion to the Holy Name,—the writing of our own names in the book of eternal life. "... Graciously vouchsafe... that, Thy grace being infused into us, under the glorious name of Jesus, that token of eternal predestination, we may rejoice that our names are written in heaven."

A Favor of Our Queen.

FROM Taiping, the capital of Perak, one of the four States known as the Federated Malay States under British protection, situated in the southernmost peninsula of Asia, a grateful mother sends us the following interesting and edifying narration. It is dated Nov. 21, 1908.

**

I consider that I should be failing in my duty toward our Blessed Lady did I not endeavor, to the best of my ability, to make known as widely as possible how she has manifested her power in this little known part of the globe; and it becomes abundantly clear to me that, to carry out my project, I must ask you to find room for this letter in the journal devoted to her honor.

On Friday, September 11, our daughter Eileen, aged eleven years and eight months, the oldest of our family of seven children, attended a wedding as bridesmaid. She accompanied the wedded couple to Penang, an island some sixty miles away. This necessitated a railway journey of nearly three hours' duration (the trains here running at the rate of about twenty miles an hour), and twenty-five minutes on a ferry steamer. The following Monday she returned home, and the moment my husband saw her he remarked

that she was not looking well. To my repeated inquiries she protested there was nothing the matter with her. But the day after she asked not to be sent to school, and I gave her an aperient. The next morning, Wednesday, September 16, nothing unusual was noticed; and after a light meal she left, with four of my other children, for the convent school, which is in charge of the nuns of the Order of St. Maur. On her return in the afternoon, I discovered that she had fever. This is a mosquito-infested country, and malarial fever is in consequence very prevalent. Living as we do within a few hundred feet of a hospital ward containing fever patients, it is not a matter of surprise that from time to time the children suffer from fever, which, however, soon yields to quinine. In this case, therefore, I promptly made her take a dose of quinine. Later in the evening, Dr. F. W. Nicholas, a Government surgeon, a long-standing friend and almost a daily visitor, called and advised us to put Eileen to bed. It transpired afterward that he suggested this precaution, owing to a fear that the fever might not be of malarial origin.

It should now be mentioned that, since August, typhoid fever had made its appearance, and one of the earliest victims was a young European lad of some thirteen summers. He was the only child of a most worthy couple. With typhoid in the town, my daughter's illness became a source of anxiety, as the fever would not abate under quinine. Dr. W. B. Orme, the district surgeon, was called in, and about the sixth day of my child's illness it was definitely announced that she was suffering from that dire disease—typhoid fever. Considering its dangerous and infectious character, it was decided, after consulting Dr. M. J. Wright, the principal medical officer, to remove her to the hospital. Eileen's great reluctance to go was overcome by its being arranged for me to remain with her at the hospital; and

on Thursday, September 24, with a heavy heart I accompanied her thither. She was put under Dr. Orme's treatment, the nursing staff consisting of Misses Houghton, Henry, and Foley, and Mrs. Colomb. The first three are trained nurses, selected by the Colonial Nursing Association and appointed by the Colonial Office, London.

The good nuns of the convent, realizing the seriousness of the case, had already begun devotions to our Blessed Lady, their chapel never being empty during waking hours. A number of children—scholars and boarders—were sent in regular rotation to pray for Eileen's recovery. Lighted candles were also placed before the image of the Blessed Virgin in a recently completed Grotto of Lourdes. The superior, Rev. Mother St. André, supplied me with some Water of Lourdes, which Eileen was daily given to drink, the child being told each time to invoke the aid of Our Lady of Lourdes. I also sought the prayers of several of my brothers and sisters, my friends, and that of the good Sisters of Ipoh, a town fifty-six miles distant.

The disease took its relentless course, increasing in gravity as each day sped, until on Tuesday, September 29, Father Cardon, the parish priest, decided that Eileen should make her First Communion. The delirium produced by the disease was becoming more marked, and the lucid intervals correspondingly less.

The following day saw the development of further unfavorable symptoms. Dr. Orme called in Dr. Wright for consultation. On his night visit, Dr. Orme considered that Eileen's condition warranted his advising my husband to send for the priest. At 11 p. m., therefore, Father Cardon was summoned to administer Extreme Unction. Struggling for existence, my child was still alive on Thursday morning, when the Father invested her with the Scapular and administered the Sacraments.

Friday morning dawned, and Eileen's

life seemed ebbing away. It was the first Friday of the month, devoted to the honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and it was also the anniversary of my marriage. The nurse on duty, Miss Foley, sent for my husband in the small hours, so that he might not be absent when our beloved child should depart this life. Eileen appeared to be in her last agony; and when Sister St. Florent left at 6 a. m., I was weeping over my dying child. Her eyes, that had known no sleep for some ninety-six hours, began to close, her breathing was labored, her lips parted. At 7 a. m., the hour at which Mass was being said—a Mass at which nearly every Communion was offered for Eileen,—I snatched at the nearly empty phial of Water of Lourdes and poured it to the last drop between Eileen's lips, calling her by name and telling her what it was, at the same time beseeching Our Lady of Lourdes to save my child. The precious liquid was swallowed with avidity, and she still breathed. My husband, who was at the bedside with me, sent for the assistant surgeon, who lives opposite the hospital, and he came promptly. He held the child's pulse, told us that it was now better than it had been at night, and urged me to desist from weeping. Eileen had rallied in a most marvellous manner. Our Blessed Lady, yielding to the prayers of so many of her children, had at that hour, before the throne of the Holy Trinity, pleaded for Eileen's life and restored her to us.

From that eventful Friday morning, the seventeenth day of her illness, we felt that the tide had turned. Though her condition still caused the doctor anxiety, yet sleep, the great restorative, had begun to return; and on the twenty-first day her temperature fell, and she was practically free from fever from the twenty-fifth day. Her convalescence was uninterrupted; and on October 31, the last day of the Month of the Holy Rosary, it was considered safe for her to return home.

It was the greatest solace to my husband

and myself in our hour of trial to find so much sympathy and kindness shown us, not only by the doctors, hospital nurses, the parish priest, the good Sisters and friends, but also on the part of many who were little known to us. We beg to thank each and every one of them from the bottom of our hearts.

If, in narrating an event which in future must take the premier place in our humble family history, I shall have been able to inspire any among the vast number of Catholic families with an increasing devotion to the Mother of God, my reward shall have been great indeed.

Yours in all sincerity,

CHARLOTTE ASHBY.

A Probable Effect of a Memorable Letter.

IN an address delivered last week to the Protestant ministers of Augusta, Ga., President-elect Taft referred to the "moral awakening" in the United States during the last four years as indicative of the healthful state of our civilization. He declared, with evident satisfaction, that his experiences in the North and South and in the Philippines had enabled him to study many phases of our civilization; and remarked in conclusion: "It comes over me every once in a while, when I am charged with accomplishing something, how absolutely essential it is that we should have the influence of the church behind everything that we do."

A correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, one of our leading journals, writing on Religion and Good Citizenship, makes these notable observations:

Religion is a help to good citizenship in this, that it adds the spur of conscientious motives to natural impulses to do what is fair and right. These conscientious motives are a most powerful force for good in the individual. Human advancement can hardly be accounted for except through the operation of this uplifting force. . . .

The Catholic, who owes a certain allegiance to the Pope, can be a good citizen; for that allegiance is in spiritual matters, about which

this government does not concern itself. The Catholic may take his religion from Rome, but he supplies his own politics. His conscience is no more liable to lead him into conflict with the State than the conscience of any other religious man. He occupies the same position in this respect as the Protestant who takes his religion from the Bible. The conscience of either Catholic or Protestant is liable to bring him into conflict with particular policies or laws of the State; but that will occur only in most exceptional circumstances, and the same objection holds against the individual reason. A man with no religion may oppose certain State policies, and so may a religious man from motives of conscience; but neither becomes, on that account, a bad citizen. In such circumstances, the great majority must and will rule. Republican government must always take its policies from the common convictions of the majority. . . .

The Catholic who complains of the injustice of being taxed for schools he can not in conscience use, is not on that account a bad citizen. No man should lie down and keep quiet under what he thinks is a wrong suffered by him at the hands of the State. The State does not exist to do wrong; it exists to do right. It should be the privilege, and I believe it is the duty, of every man to speak up and air his grievance. . . .

Possibly it is only a coincidence, but the public expression of such opinions as these has been more frequent since President Roosevelt published his letter to that bigoted person in Ohio, who opposed the election of Judge Taft to the Presidency on account of his association with Catholics. It is to the high credit of Mr. Roosevelt that on many occasions he has "cleared the air" as only one of his temperament could do it. We are not among the most enthusiastic admirers of His Strenuousness, either as a man or an executive; but we gladly give him full credit for doing much to effect the "moral awakening" to which Mr. Taft made reference,—much more than all the preachers of all the sects combined, in our opinion. Of course it was done in a characteristic way. The plain truth about President Roosevelt seems to be that he has a great many of the most admirable qualities and is not lacking in the defects of any of them.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the judges at the famous witchcraft trials in Massachusetts in 1692 was the English-born Samuel Sewell, who became Chief Justice of the State in 1718 and died in 1730. A Puritan of the Puritans, his views on distinctively Catholic doctrines could hardly be expected to be especially tolerant or partial; and there is, accordingly, exceptional interest attaching to this excerpt from a MS. of the seventeenth-century American jurist published in the current *American Catholic Historical Researches*:

As for the Blessed Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, for my part, I had rather, with the Roman Catholics, believe that she is in heaven already than imagine that she shall never be there. Never was there so great and honorable a wooing as Mary had,—whether we consider the immensity and greatness of the Person, the Holy Spirit, or the superiority of the ambassador, the Angel Gabriel. Well, might the Blessed Virgin, upon mature consideration, after the example of Rebekah, speedily give her full consent and say, “Beloved, the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.” Bishop Usher, in his “Emanuel,” speaks thus “That blessed womb of hers was the bride chamber wherein the Holy Ghost did knit that indissoluble knot between our human nature and His Deity. Our glorious Bridegroom will not demolish the Chamber which He made and dearly bought and paid for, from whence He proceeded, but will repay it with permanent and wonderful magnificence. *In perpetuam rei memoriam*. In the heavenly choir she will indeed appear to be blessed among women, when Christ shall set her at His right hand, as Solomon did Bathsheba, his mother.”

It would appear from the foregoing that the eminent congruity and the sweet reasonableness of Catholic teaching relative to God's Blessed Mother have appealed to devout and logical minds even in the most anti-Catholic periods and environments.

The least discriminating of readers ought to be able to make some allowance for misrepresentation and exaggeration in reports of the recent calamity in Southern Italy appearing in American

newspapers. In their efforts to fill space and “distance” contemporaries, the press writers often overreach themselves in a ridiculous way. For instance, in the course of “a vivid recital by a refugee” published in one of the leading New York journals, mention is made of a crowd of naked or half-clothed survivors, fighting for food near the custom house at Messina. Shrieks and imprecations rent the air, also revolver shots. Though naked or half clothed, these “miserable, raving fugitives” would appear to have been fully armed! In rushing from their quaking houses, they took nothing with them but their revolvers! Editors who present such twaddle must have a low estimate of the intelligence of their readers.

The question of Woman's Suffrage is as good as settled, so far as England is concerned. It has been shown conclusively enough that the right sort of women there don't want votes, and that the right sort of men are strongly opposed to the enfranchisement of women. “The women who do want votes,” says the *Academy*, “have proved over and over again that they are the wrong kind of women,—women who are inflated with vanity and love of notoriety; women who are without sense of honor; women who are without sense of decency; unnatural women; and women who are inspired by an insane and abnormal hatred of the other sex, and an equally insane, and abnormal admiration of their own sex. We do not say that there are not honorable exceptions, but they are few, and they are intellectually insignificant. A certain number of charming, amiable, well-meaning, and even gifted people can always be enlisted in any cause. How could it be otherwise in a country containing a population of more than thirty millions? Woman's Suffrage is a broad question; it must be looked at in a broad manner, and it is not too much to say that decent persons of both sexes are

overwhelmingly against it. Decent women, on the whole, don't want it; and men of all kinds are against it in the proportion of about ten to one. The men who do support it are, on the whole—and again, of course, with a few honorable exceptions,—undesirable and unnatural men. Nobody in the world, however wise or clear-headed, could have been blamed for hesitating which side to take at the beginning of the controversy. But that time has passed, and all people who love their country, and desire to uphold her fair fame, her glory, and her honor, must be united in opposing a disreputable, dangerous, and wicked movement."

In a strong editorial utterance, the current *Messenger* deprecates the exploitation of the Catholic purse, and condemns those who seek trade from others on the strength of the Catholic name. Generalizing on the whole subject, it says:

It is never intended that the organization of the Catholic body should imply the formation of Catholic business companies; nor did it ever enter into the mind of the Founder of Christianity that Catholics should constitute themselves as an isolated class in any community, but rather that they should live and work with their fellow-beings, whether Jew or Gentile, pagan or Christian. It is only by such association and co-operation that Catholics can ever hope either to extend their proper influence to the rest of the body politic or to derive from the rest of the community their fair share of benefits. The methods of modern business life can not allow for the operation of a class of men apart from their fellows. Its organizations and ways of trade are such that Catholics and Catholic interests need no special devices by which to protect or develop their possessions in their own way. Almost invariably such attempts have met with failure; and, even when there is no dishonesty or mishandling of funds, such enterprises must be unnecessarily doomed to failure, from the mere fact that they are like organisms cut off from the regular current of business life.

The oldtime conservative maxim that "business is business" is one worth thinking of and acting upon in the matter of investments, loans, mortgages, and all such mercantile affairs. A business enter-

prise which would not appeal to me if its promoter were an atheist or a Jew, does not become essentially different because that promoter happens to be a Catholic, even if he presents letters from Father So-and-So to the effect that "the bearer is, so far as I know, a man of irreproachable character and business integrity."

On the multifariously discussed question of the presence of women in Catholic choirs, the *American Ecclesiastical Review* says, editorially:

The conclusions which an unbiased acceptance of the Papal decree would seem to indicate, with due regard to existing difficulties, but also without any undue attempt to represent these conditions as being generally unalterable or necessary, are: that, wherever it is possible, we should have only male voices for the liturgical chant in our churches; that, therefore, every pastor who desires to perfect his church service is to strive by all means possible to introduce and maintain male choirs exclusively; that women are never in their proper place when they undertake to sing the liturgical parts; and that "mixed" singing is contrary to the spirit and law of the Church, unless as done congregationally. In *bona fide* congregational singing, women have, of course, their proper part. Such we believe to be the mind of the Holy Father, until he states the contrary.

As between those writers who minimize the instructions of the Holy See in this matter and those who exaggerate the import of the same instructions, the foregoing appears to come reasonably close to the golden mean.

Preliminary to a review of M. Paul Dubois' new book, "Contemporary Ireland," Papyrus writes in the *London Catholic Times*:

As I take up my pen to write of the book, I confess my mind wanders first of all to the House of Commons, and there watches the noble efforts of Irish parliamentarians to win justice for English Catholic schools. And then it wanders back over a long and dreary past, during which we English Catholics have done so little *for*, many of us indeed so much *against*, that great cause which Irish parliamentarians exist to win—freedom and justice to Ireland.

I make no charges. I can not help professing regret. I can not help hoping, believing, that the day will come—be the dawn soon!—when all English Catholics, who have no selfish policy to pursue, will be found working hand in hand with the Catholics of Ireland for the achievement of those rights the denial of which is making Ireland a desert, filling the fields with cattle, and emptying the schools of children. Where are the young men and the young women? Sped across the shining tracts of the ocean to other lands, where life gave hope and promise of work and bread. Why should such hope and promise be denied them at home?

The thoughts that occur to this fair-minded English Catholic are commonplaces in the minds of reflective Catholics the world over. On the face of it, there should be more reciprocity in the relations of Irishmen and Englishmen.

There is a so-called Catholic Socialist Society in England, and many of its members are desirous of having the approbation and co-operation of their ecclesiastical superiors. One such superior, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford; has left the society in no doubt as to his attitude toward Socialism. As a definite stand upon a subject that to many minds is rather nebulous and indefinite than the reverse, this summary (from the *Catholic Times*) of the Bishop's views is worth reading:

His Lordship states, as he has stated more than once before, that, whilst there may be, and are, many social and economic reforms which can be advocated both by the Catholic Church and by the Socialist system, Socialism is not, as a system, consistent with Catholicism. The advocacy of certain doctrines and social reforms by Catholics and Wesleyans alike does not entitle the Wesleyan to call himself a Catholic; and in like manner, the Bishop points out, the Socialist can not consider himself a Catholic, though the Catholic Church and Socialism hold certain social tenets in common. Dr. Casartelli, therefore, not only refuses to give encouragement to the Catholic Socialist Society, or to allow the clergy, as requested, to lend their schoolrooms for its meetings; but declares that he feels bound in conscience to express his entire disapproval of any Catholic's joining the ranks of any society which professes itself Socialist, or is in any way allied with the

system known as Socialism. The Bishop says only what was said again and again by Pope Leo XIII. in authoritative documents addressed to the Catholics of the whole world. Socialism was condemned in the Encyclical *Quod Apostolici Muneris* of December 18, 1878; the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, of May, 15, 1891; and the Encyclical on Christian Democracy, of January 18, 1901.

An attentive study of these Encyclicals, by the way, should be a prerequisite condition to any Catholic's discussing Socialism on the platform or in the press.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review*, London, objects to that paper's using the terms "Romanist" and "Romanism" instead of "Roman Catholic" and "Roman Catholicism." The objection is well taken, and will be sustained by impartial judges of correct English every where. As for "Roman Catholic," however, as the proper substitute for the undoubtedly offensive "Romanist"—*doctores scinduntur*,—there is a difference of opinion. Father Hull, S. J., of the Bombay *Examiner*, was asked recently which is the better, "Roman Catholic" or simply "Catholic"; and he pertinently remarks in the course of his answer: "There is no use quarrelling on the subject as if one side were right and the other wrong." The following observations of the Bombay editor on the question are tersely enough expressed to compensate for their lack of novelty:

It [Roman Catholic] becomes a bad name as soon as it is taken to mean a species or subdivision of Catholics. To put it in terms of grammar: If "Roman" is taken as an epithet in apposition to "Catholic," the term is a good one. As soon as "Roman" is taken *restrictively* as qualifying "Catholic," it is a bad one. As a matter of fact, nowadays it is often used in the latter sense, and is therefore objectionable. Hence a desire among many of us to insist on calling ourselves simply "Catholics" and to let the "Roman" drop. At the same time "Roman Catholic" ought always to be used in legal documents containing legacies or bequests. For if the term "Catholic" merely is used, it may result in a lawsuit to decide which sort of Catholic is meant; whereas if "Roman Catholic" is used, there can be no ambiguity whatever.

Notable New Books.

Discourses and Sermons. For Every Sunday and the Principal Festivals. By James Cardinal Gibbons. John Murphy Company.

A new volume by the only American member of the Sacred College of Cardinals merits to be called an event in both the publishing and the reading circles of Catholic Americans, and will undoubtedly attract considerable attention among many thousands of our fellow-countrymen who belong to neither circle. Cardinal Gibbons has not been a prolific author, in the sense in which that phrase is nowadays used; but his comparatively few books have undoubtedly had, and are having, a far larger number of readers than have ever heard of a great many more voluminous writers.

The present volume is new only in the technical sense that its contents for the most part now appear for the first time in print. His Eminence states in his preface that these sermons "have one merit—that of not being the result of hasty consideration." They have, rather, been "the fruit of nearly fifty years' serious meditation in the sacred ministry." Accordingly, throughout the book, one notes the moderation and poise, the luminous sanity, the sublime common-sense of the trained theologian and leisurely reflective thinker. Another extract from the preface merits reproduction. "The author believes that their brevity will also commend them [the sermons] to the reader; for long discourses are usually tedious and fatiguing. They weigh heavily on the mind, as a surfeit of food palls upon the appetite; while short sermons, like a frugal and nutritious meal, are easily digested and assimilated."

The average priest, as well as the universal layman, will probably subscribe to that statement; but there will be some diversity of opinion when a concrete definition of a "short" sermon is called for. Measured in time units, what *is* the extreme length of a short sermon? Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, or thirty minutes? Instead of venturing an answer, we shall merely state that the Cardinal's sermons average about 2800 words in length, varying from 1800 to 3200 words; and we should judge that his congregation in the Baltimore Cathedral had the notable pleasure of listening to him on successive Sundays for a period nearer to the half than to the quarter hour.

The Conventionalists. By Robert Hugh Benson. B. Herder.

While the title of this latest novel of Father Benson's is abundantly justified in the course of the story, the author's method in recounting

the narrative is the reverse of conventional. Not only does he appear personally in the prologue, but he takes a fairly prominent part in the events and incidents detailed throughout the book. The result upon the mind of the reader is likely to be the impression that "The Conventionalists" is not fiction but historical and quasi-autobiographical fact, told after the manner of "Confessions of a Convert," or "Lourdes," with which our readers are familiar, rather than in the vein of "By What Authority," "The King's Achievement," or "The Queen's Tragedy."

Fact or fiction, the story is well told; and, incidentally, it is well worth the telling. Briefly, it is the account of the origin, growth, development, decline, revival, and ultimate fruition of the vocation, to the contemplative life in a Carthusian monastery, of Algy Bannister, university graduate and member of the "Church of England as by law established." One or two characters from a former work, "The Sentimentalists," reappear in this book, though it is in no sense a sequel to that story. There is graphic characterization, abundant incident of a psychological nature, not a little useful knowledge artistically concealed, and breeziness of style throughout the volume, which will probably prove a success with the lovers of Catholic novels, if not the public at large.

The Greek Fathers. By Adrian Fortescue. Catholic Truth Society, London; B. Herder, St. Louis.

"The Greek Fathers" is not a dry, ponderous tome for professors and specialists in Patristic science. There are no long lists of dates and references, no discussion of theological systems, no unintelligible prolegomena. It is rather a handy book for the student, — a picturesque view of the lives, the adventures, the individual activities, the influence of great figures, on the Church history of their time. Everything is clearly and objectively told. The main object of the book is to give in a small space, and in English, not in Greek, a general account of the great Greek Fathers, from Athanasius to John of Damascus, with a list of their chief works and a few bibliographical notes, — just enough to give the student a desire and a taste for more. And such a desire and taste, be it incidentally observed, may well be cultivated somewhat more assiduously by professed clerical students and scholars than is universally the case nowadays.

There are seven great Greek Fathers. St. Athanasius, famous for his fight against Arianism, is the Doctor of the divinity of Christ. St. Basil, after a glorious career as a student

and teacher, left all to become a Christian and the founder of organized monasticism in the East; St. Gregory of Nazianzos, whose writings are so important and valuable that he is merely called "Gregory the Theologian." St. John Chrysostom, "the golden mouthed," is perhaps the best known in the West and the most frequently quoted; he is looked upon as the great defender of the Holy Eucharist. St. Cyril of Jerusalem suffered persecution and banishment for the Faith; he is renowned for his catechetical instructions and his insistence on the Real Presence and on Transubstantiation. St. Cyril of Alexandria is the Doctor of the Church against Nestorianism. St. John of Damascus, the last of the Fathers, was the chief defender of images during the Iconoclast troubles. His treatise "On the Orthodox Faith" is his great work. It is still the standard textbook,—the classical compendium of theology in Greek, as the *Summa* of St. Thomas is the standard in Latin.

As may be seen from this short survey, the book is no plaything: it is a serious, yet interesting, instrument, especially designed for the student of Church history, but no less valuable for the student of profane history during that stormy period that closed the history of the old world and ushered in the Middle Ages.

Friendship Village. By Zona Gale. The Macmillan Co.

The telephone customs in Friendship Village tell us just what kind of a town it is. The author thus gives us the clue:

When one of us telephones, she will scrupulously ask for the number, not the name; for it says so at the top of every page. "Give me one—one," she will put it, with an impersonality as fine as if she were calling for four figures. And Central will answer: "Well, I just saw Miss Holcomb go 'cross the street. I'll call you, if you want, when she comes back." Or: "I don't think you better ring the Helmans just now. They were awake 'most all night with one o' Miss Helman's attacks."

There are twenty chapters, with Friendship Village as the setting, and the characters we meet there are worth meeting. Calliope Marsh one would go a long way to see; then there are Mis' Postmaster Sykes, Mrs. Ricker and Kitton, Delia More, Abel Halsey, and Dr. June. Nor must we forget Mrs Holcomb (that was Mame Bliss), and the other members of "The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality." The sketches are connected by bonds of the spirit, and a kind of story is woven through the various events chronicled.

This is a delightful book for leisurely reading and leisurely enjoyment. It is full of quiet humor, and there are touches of pathos that are genuine. Any one who is at a loss how to get

away from the "idee that Christmas begins in a stocking and ends off in a candle" had better read the chapters entitled "The Grandma Ladies" and "Not as the World Giveth." Tragedy and comedy are close neighbors in this world of ours, even in "Friendship Village."

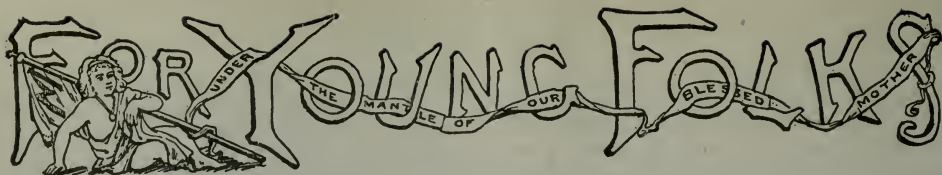
Child Study and Education. By C. E. Burke. Benziger Brothers.

This little treatise on a most important subject comes to us with high words of recommendation from the Very Rev. Canon Hogan, who finds in its pages considerations of interest and incentive for both mothers and teachers. Mrs. Burke has given us much in little, for she has drawn upon the world's great teachers in preparing her counsels. Fénelon and Dupanloup, Froebel and Pestalozzi, Professor Drummond and Mr. E. A. Abbott, Herbert Spencer and Miss Soulsby, are among those cited in illustration of theories set forth and measures urged as commendable in the way of educating children. Home-training is insisted upon, and in this all teachers are a unit; the qualities to be encouraged in the young, the place of punishment and reward in educational methods, the importance of arousing co-operation in the development of the child's mind, are among the points treated with understanding and common-sense. The spiritual side of the child's development and the influence of religion are not as prominent in this little work as one might have expected. Religion is not, of course, entirely left out; but in the teaching of virtue, ethical or moral motives, rather than supernatural motives, seem to be urged.

Rosnah. By Myra Kelly. D. Appleton & Co.

This story is a comedy, touched here and there with a melodrama that is not ultrasensational. The delightful humor, to which one has grown accustomed in the author's collections of short stories, is evident in the present volume; but there is little or none of the tragedy sometimes underlying her realistic city sketches. Rosnah is altogether lovable, even if she did play a part; the General is very funny and very real. His views on the French language and his attitude toward his family are irresistible; but his views on the Irish Question—well, that is a different story.

Miss Kelly, probably without any premeditated design, presents Ireland's cause with sympathetic touch; and from the various characters of the novel one gets almost every possible variety of opinion on Irish affairs; but it may be ventured that the ordinary American can not read the story dispassionately without accepting the views of Rosnah, Sheila, Kevin, and of course Owen.



A Significant Letter.

BY S. M. R.

THE letter g, for little folk
Who would not be thought rude,
Not only stands for Christmas gifts,
But for true gratitude.

And here's the test for one and all,
Let it be understood—
And see again we find the g,—
You're grateful if you're good.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—UNCLE DAVE.

UNCLE DAVE!" The soft flush of happiness died in the little Queen's face as she turned wide, startled eyes on Mother Paula.

"He can not stay long, he says," was the reassuring answer; "so you will come back to your court in a little while. And he could not have come at a better time, I am sure," continued the good Mother, with a loving glance at the pretty little figure at her side.

For Queen Kitty to-day was surely a picture to delight any uncle's eye and win his heart. The soft, floating golden hair, the flower crown, the dainty dress, the lily sceptre,—Mother Paula felt that, if Uncle Dave were not armor-plated with his own iron, he would be conquered at first sight. But the gentle Mother did not realize that there are slow fires within men's breasts that can forge armor harder and colder than steel.

"So run on, Queen Kitty, and don't be afraid of Uncle Dave," said Mother Paula, cheerily.

And Kitty hurried on up the green slopes that were still echoing with her triumph, through the long halls, and into the convent parlor, that seemed strangely dim and still after the bright scene she had just left.

A tall, square-shouldered man stood there looking out of the window, his hands thrust in his pockets. Kitty saw only his back, and her poor little heart leaped in her breast,—the sturdy figure was so like papa. Then he turned, and the young heart fell again like lead. That grim old face, those cold gray eyes beneath the heavy, grizzled brows, were very different from papa indeed.

There was a moment's silence. For her life Kitty could not have moved or spoken; she could only stand there wide-eyed and breathless, a startling vision indeed to the cold eyes that were taking her in from top to toe.

"So," said Uncle Dave at last, "this is my niece Katherine?"

"Ye-yes, Uncle Dave," the little girl found voice to falter.

He winced at the name,—the old boyish name. It had been long since he had heard it. He had been only "Old Dillon," "Old Flint," for many cold, hard years.

"You seem quite—quite a good-sized girl, Niece Katherine." (Oh, how gruff and strange was the voice!) "How old are you?"

"I shall be thirteen next month, Uncle Dave," answered Kitty, faintly. It was so hard to speak! Far away she could hear the gay music pulsing joyously; but all around her there seemed a hush that it was dreadful to break with a word.

"Thirteen!" repeated Uncle Dave with an odd start. "I can scarcely believe it has been so long—so long. Thirteen years!" And then he stopped for a moment and went on in a harsher voice:

"Well, Niece Katherine, I suppose you understand that I am your guardian now?"

"Ye-yes, sir," faltered Kitty. "Mother Paula told me that—that—I mean she explained everything."

"I am glad to hear it. I was afraid that I should find you too much of a baby to understand. I am a plain, gruff man, as you see, Niece Katherine, and can't talk anything but plain, hard sense, with no folderols. We want to start on this deal fair and square, so I don't mind telling you that if there was any one else to take care of you I wouldn't be in the business. But there is nobody else, so we'll have to make the best of a forced bargain. I mean to do the right thing by you, and I expect you to do the right thing by me."

"I'll—I'll try, sir," replied Kitty, feeling as if she were talking in some dreadful dream.

"To begin with, I don't like convents," said Uncle Dave, curtly. "No money of mine goes into the pockets of Popish priests or nuns. Do you understand that?"

No, Kitty did not. She was too shocked, too bewildered by this sudden attack on all that she held dear, quite to take in Uncle Dave's meaning. She could only stand there speechless, with wide-open eyes; while she grasped her lily sceptre, as if it somehow held her up in a quaking, changing world.

"When does this school of yours break up?" was Uncle Dave's next question.

"Next—month," Kitty found voice at last to answer.

"In that case, we may as well break it up at once, then," said her new guardian, decisively. "I can't possibly come down here again next month, so I will take you back with me now. You will stay at Blackstone Ridge for the summer, and then we shall see what is to be done next. But it won't be a Popish convent, remember that! I've heard too much about them,—altogether too much. What sort of a folderol rig is that they have put on you to-day?

Are you playing angel, saint, or what?"

"O Uncle Dave — no — no!" (Kitty's voice was very close to a hysterical break now. "I am May Queen. The girls all voted for me, and Mother crowned me,—and—and—")

The speaker could go no further. She stopped in time to save a burst of tears. Far away, she could hear the music sounding; the girls were dancing the "Maypole" now, she knew; but their poor little Queen was apart from it, in a gray wintry world, where all was cold and grim.

"A May Queen? Humph! There'll be no May Queening at Blackstone Ridge," said Uncle Dave, gruffly. "But you can have a pony if you like. Did you ever have a pony?"

"No, sir," answered Kitty, shaking her flower-crowned head.

"And dogs,—do you like dogs?"

"I don't think I do, sir," was the trembling answer.

"Well, it's a pity you don't; for there's not much else to like at Blackstone Ridge either for young or old." And Uncle Dave's shaggy brows met in a beetling frown, as if he were thinking of something more unpleasant than usual. "But it's your home now, Niece Katherine, and you'll have to make the best of it. So pack your trunk and be ready to start with me to-morrow. I'll be here at ten thirty sharp. Don't keep me waiting. Time is money with me, Niece Katherine; and I don't fool either away, as you'll find. Ten thirty sharp, remember!"

And he was gone. White, cold, trembling, Kitty stood where he had left her, until she heard his heavy tread on the stone steps without; then, dropping into the chair nearest her, she let fall her lily sceptre and burst into the wild, hysterical tears she could no longer restrain,—tears such as she had never shed before, not even when she had heard her dear papa had gone from her forever. For then loving friends had broken the sad news to her, kind arms had clasped the desolate

orphan, sweet voices had whispered holy words of comfort and hope. Now there was no love, no pity, no light in the black gloom before her; and Kitty's tears burst forth in a bitter flood that seemed to sweep away past, present, and future into a great gulf of darkness and despair, where Uncle Dave stood alone, grim and frowning, hating all that she loved.

"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty! Why, my dear child!" Mother Paula's cheery call changed into startled sympathy as, entering the room, she caught sight of the crumpled heap of lace and ruffles in the big armchair. "What is the matter, Kitty?"

"O Mother, Mother!" The hapless little Queen sprang up and flung herself sobbing and trembling into the questioner's arms. "I can't come—I can't be Queen any more to-day. Oh, I can never, never be happy again! My heart is breaking,—my heart is breaking, Mother!"

"My poor child!" there was tender comprehension in the mother-tone. "Come sit down!" The speaker drew Kitty beside her on the parlor sofa. "Why, you are trembling like a leaf! Tell me all about it. Was not Uncle Dave kind?"

"Oh, no, no! He was d-r-e-a-d-f-u-l!" the word was stretched by a long, shivering sigh. "You can't *think* how dreadful!"

Perhaps Mother Paula could, for she had formed her own opinion of Uncle Dave several weeks ago; but she was too wise to say all she thought.

"How 'dreadful,' Kitty?" she asked gently.

"Oh, so cross, so rough, so ugly!" answered Kitty, with a shudder. "And he said such dreadful things, such wicked things about convents and priests and everything I love. And—and" (with a fresh outburst of tears) "he is going to take me away from St. Ursula's forever—forever!"

There was a moment's silence, and the arm that clasped motherless Kitty tightened its tender hold.

"When, Kitty?" asked Mother Paula, in a low voice.

"To-morrow," was the sobbing answer.

"So soon?" said Mother Paula, startled.

"Won't he let you stay until Commencement Day?"

"No," replied Kitty, hopelessly. "He says he can't come back for me, and I must go with him at ten thirty to-morrow—" And the speaker's voice broke as it set the hour of doom.

"Did you ask him to let you stay?"

"Oh, I couldn't ask him anything! It seemed as if I choked up and couldn't speak. O Mother, keep me with you,—keep me, please! I'll work in the kitchen like Norah Flynn. I'll scrub the knives and the floors. I'll do anything if you will only keep me from Uncle Dave!"

"My dear little Kitty, we would if we could. Your uncle is your natural, your legal guardian, and we have no right to keep you against his will."

"Oh" (Kitty raised her tear-stained face, and in the soft eyes there was a look which the good Mother had never seen before), "I just *hate* Uncle Dave!" she whispered.

"Kitty! Kitty! You don't know what you are saying."

"It's a sin, I know," answered Kitty, trembling; "but I do—I do. I can't help it, Mother. And I'd rather die than go with him to his horrid old Blackstone Ridge. I'd rather die to-night."

Was it the gentle little Queen of May who looked up at Mother with such strange light in her eyes? Was it Sister Felicie's little sacristan that spoke like this? Mother Paula was dismayed. What if Uncle Dave should wake in this young breast some spirit of fierce defiance akin to his own?

"Kitty, Kitty," she said sadly, "this sounds as if our little girl was going from us indeed!" And then, drawing her closer to her, Mother Paula spoke to Kitty softly, tenderly, in sweet tones, that seemed to fall upon the poor little bruised heart like dew upon a crushed flower.

When she finished, Kitty was crying quietly; but the strange light had gone

out of the blue eyes, the strange bitterness from the young voice.

"Love him!" she echoed sorrowfully.

"Love Uncle Dave and make him love me! Oh, he never will, I know! But I will try, Mother. It will be very hard, but I will try to do all you say."

"It is a promise, then?" As Mother Paula bent to kiss the little girl, a tear from her kind eyes fell upon the sweet uplifted brow. "It is a 'Queen's Promise,' remember, Kitty. Come now!" she went on more blithely. "We must not mope here any longer. Your subjects are waiting for you, Queen Kitty. Take up your lily sceptre and come back to your throne."

Ah, it was a wonderful evening, that first and last of Queen Kitty's reign! The lights, the music, the dancing, the feasting, the thrilling excitement that went through St. Ursula's when it was known that Kitty was to leave to-morrow for an indefinite holiday with her rich uncle,—all combined to fling dazzling rainbow light over the broken storm-clouds which Mother Paula had scattered.

And, for once in the annals of St. Ursula, the May holiday stretched far into the next morning, when, at the ominous hour of ten thirty, Queen Kitty's whole court, headed by Jeanie Riggs, stood on the wide porch of St. Ursula's, waving loyal adieux to the little sovereign, who, seated in the carriage beside Uncle Dave, was looking through a mist of tears at the dear convent home she was leaving—perhaps forever.

The black dress had replaced the royal robes of the previous day; a black sailor hat had supplemented the regal crown; but tucked in Kitty's belt by dear Mother Paula's loving fingers was a spray of the "Queen's Promise," its tender buds, close-folded as yet, mossy green. Would they open in the strange world to which Uncle Dave was taking her, and would Mother Paula's little convent flower wither heart and soul in its chilling blight?

(To be continued.)

How St. Phocas was Found.

One saint who believed in fulfilling literally the counsel of Our Lord, "Be simple as doves," was St. Phocas, a martyr of the early Church. The manner in which he met his death illustrates the perfection to which he carried this particular quality. Phocas was noted for his liberality: no one ever knocked at his door without receiving the food and shelter which he solicited. The governor of the province in which he lived, however, learned that Phocas, if not a Christian himself, as was most probable, yet aided and abetted Christians in the most open and fearless fashion. That was sufficient cause in those days for condemning a man to death, and the governor accordingly sent soldiers privately in search of Phocas, with orders to kill him on sight. The formality of a trial before a regularly constituted judge, with counsel representing the accused, was, it will be seen, a piece of ceremoniousness dispensed with, as being utterly superfluous. "Common report that he aids the Christians? Let him die," was the ordinary procedure.

The soldiers arrived one evening at the very house of Phocas himself, and, without knowing whom they were addressing, asked him for food. He received them very kindly, set before them what he had, and served them at table so affably that they were delighted and vowed they had never met so good-hearted a man. So simple and candid was the manner of their host that they finally took him into their confidence, and inquired whether he knew anything of a certain Phocas who helped and harbored Christians, and upon whose death the governor had resolved. Now here was plainly a case in which, without actually lying, a man might be excused for endeavoring to put his inquirers on a wrong scent, or, at the very least, for refraining from denouncing himself. But any such equiv-

ocation was foreign to the character of Phocas.

"I know him very well," replied the saint, "and to-morrow I will point him out to you. You may rest quietly to-night; in the morning I will show you how you can capture him without the slightest trouble."

The soldiers went to bed, but the holy man spent the livelong night in prayer. At daylight he called his guests and bade them good-morning. On their reminding him of his promise to deliver up Phocas, he said:

"Don't doubt that I will find him for you. Consider that you have him already in your hands."

"All right," was the reply; "let us go and take him."

"There is no need of *going*," rejoined the saint; "for he is here present. In fact, I am Phocas. Do with me what you please."

As a matter of course, the soldiers were amazed at his ingenuousness; and they even suggested that they should return to the governor and report that after a long search they could not find Phocas.

"No, no," said the saint; "my death would be a less evil than to tell such a lie. You must execute the order you have received."

So saying, he bared his neck and extended it to the soldiers, one of whom severed it at a stroke, thus giving him the glorious crown of martyrdom.

One does not wonder, after reading this, that God soon began to signalize His pleasure at such candid fidelity by working many miracles through St. Phocas' intercession; and we are told that He works them still, especially in favor of pilgrims and sailors.

"ISCARIOT" signifies "man of Kerioth." Kerioth was a small village in the territory of Juda. Judas was the only Apostle who was not a Galilean.

How an Artist Received the Visit of a King.

Bouton, the celebrated French artist, was busy one day when a man entered unannounced and stood behind him. He had his paint brush in his mouth and did not look up, but mumbled:

"Look about if you like; don't mind me."

The visitor did so, and then came back to his original position. Bouton felt annoyed, but with an effort repressed his impatience.

"Well, how is everybody at home?" he asked.

"Oh, nicely, thank you!" was the equally laconic reply.

"The children are well, I suppose?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

The visitor then began to criticise the picture; and when, after a half-hour's conversation, the artist turned round, he beheld Louis Philippe, the King of France.

Bouton blushed and stammered:

"Sire, you are artist-king enough to know that I should have lost my tint had I stopped to display the atelier to your Majesty."

"Yes," answered the King, "quite so. And, do you know, I like your reception of me so well that I mean to have that picture?"

One Taste Generally Cultivated.

In the city of Padua there is still in existence the copy of a will of an Italian prince, written in the twelfth century, in which he bequeathes, among other things, six pounds of sugar to his relatives. It is recorded that this bequest created much dissatisfaction among the nobility. They claimed that no one person had any right to hold so large a quantity of sugar in his possession. Statistics show that our present consumption of sugar is sixty-five pounds a year for each individual.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—As many as seven hundred new names are included in "The Catholic Who's Who for 1909"; while the biographies of last year have been carefully revised and brought down to date. This work, which is edited by Sir F. Burnand, and published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, ranks among the best annual books of reference in the language.

—Catholics should be on their guard against the inducements held out to prospective subscribers by the publishers of some of the secular magazines. One of these worthies offers a Travel Library, which includes John Hay's infamous book, "Castilian Days." Catholic parents, as we have a thousand times remarked, can not be too careful about their children's reading. Some books that a grown-up person could read with profit as well as pleasure are not to be put into the hands of young folk. Among such books we should include even the works of many standard authors.

—In a paper-covered booklet of fifty-five pages, the International Catholic Truth Society (Brooklyn, N. Y.) has issued Mother Mary Loyola's excellent little work on the "Holy Mass." We hope that many a pastor will procure a hundred of these booklets (at a cost of only three dollars) and have them distributed among his parishioners. An increase in the number of attendants at daily Mass and of daily communicants would be pretty sure speedily to follow,—and a little more care in the typographical production of the booklet would be only in keeping with its subject-matter.

—Messrs. Cary & Co., of London, who are identified with the best in church music, offer to choir directors two new Masses—namely, Mass of St. Benedict, for voices in unison, by Richard B. Mason; and *Missa Fidelium*, the Common of the Mass, for two unison choirs, by Samuel Gregory Ould. This last is arranged to be sung by the people after the manner of the antiphony of the ancients, "song answering song at the interval of an octave," adult male voices alternating with voices of women or children. McLaughlin & Reilly, Boston, Mass., are the American agents of Cary & Co. Another new Mass is offered by M. L. Nemmers, Milwaukee, Wis.—a Mass in honor of St. Adelina, for two, three, or four mixed voices.

—"Select Gregorian Chants" (Solemes Version), edited and organ accompaniment arranged by Ignace Müller (J. Fischer & Brother), deserves a welcome everywhere. It contains motets,

hymns for Benediction, and antiphons to the Blessed Virgin, with some desirable miscellaneous pieces, all carefully presented and conveniently arranged. The harmonization is simple and beautiful throughout. The publishers must know by this time why we can not recommend their edition of "The Proper of the Mass for Sundays and Holydays." It is a most creditable work, prepared with the best of intentions, and excellently produced; but—there is the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated Aug. 14, 1905, the meaning of which can not be mistaken.

—The latest addition to the excellent Bibliotheca Asctica Mystica, edited by the well-known German Jesuit, Father Augustine Lehmkuhl, under the patronage of Cardinal Fischer, of Cologne, and published by Mr. B. Herder, is Da Ponte's Meditations, translated into Latin from the Spanish by Melchior Trevinnio, S. J. Three volumes are now ready. As everyone knows, this is one of the best collections of meditations in any language—a rich treasury of beautiful and helpful thoughts on the principal mysteries of the Christian religion. For spiritual reading as well as an aid in the preparation of sermons, the clergy will find Da Ponte's Meditations invaluable—a work so complete and of such solid worth as to constitute a little library in itself. Who would not wish to have it in its present form? Type, print, paper, binding, size of page, etc., are just what every book-lover delights to see.

—Young writers who essay to soar into the realms of poesy would do well to make a collection—it need not be a large one—of poems that are praised by competent literary critics, and con it well before "rushing into print." Such poems are often reproduced in the newspapers under titles like "Poetry worth Reading," or "With the Poets." The poor poets would gladly forego this distinction in many cases; for their work is often sadly marred by errors, the blame of which is likely to be attributed to themselves instead of to the printers, proof-readers and editors. The place to look for the best poetry, faultlessly presented, is the literary reviews, the editors of which, if not poets themselves, are capable of judging a poem, and not only realize the necessity of guarding against blunders in printing, but are skilled in detecting these lapses when they happen to occur. Such a collection of the best contemporary verse as we have suggested to young writers should include the following stanzas from "A Song for

the New Year," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, to be found in his latest volume, "The Autumn Garden" (Heinemann):

And fame? Alas! it comes too late;
Or, coming, flies too soon;
It dawns, as o'er the meadow-gate
Peers up the yellow moon;
It glows in power
One feverish hour,
Then passes like a perish'd flower;
Or sets, to rise in alien skies,
And cheat me of my lawful prize.

Why, then, my New Year's wish shall be
For love, and love alone;
More hands to hold out joy to me,
More hearts for me to own;
And if the gain
In part be pain—
Since time but gives to take again,—
Yet more than gold a thousandfold
Is love that's neither bought nor sold.

One who can not appreciate the picturesqueness and simplicity of these stanzas should never attempt to write verse. O would-be poet, hard striving for effect, pause and admire these simple stanzas of undoubted worth, then turn—then *burn* those labored lines of thine, though every one unhalting be, all adjectives adjusted, e'en though with moral force they're freighted; and a world sin-sick, with soulful sighs seems to await the healing of their message.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
"Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
"The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.25.
"Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.
"Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.
"The Greek Fathers." Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
"The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.
"Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.
"The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.

- "The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.
"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
"The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Álice Heins. 75 cts., net.
"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.
"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.
"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.
"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.
"The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Lansdowne. \$1.25.
"The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.
"The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.
"A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.
"A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain." Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C. SS. R. Edited by the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J. \$7.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB. xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Genolin, of the diocese of San Antonia; Rev. A. A. Lambert, diocese of Davenport; and Rev. P. B. Cahill, archdiocese of St. Louis.

Brother Antoninus, C. S. C.

Sister Mary Isabel, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Joseph Traudt, Mrs. Bertha Herber, Miss Agnes C. Burke, Mr. Charles Wolfel, Mr. Patrick H. Walsh, Mrs. Margaret Waller, Mr. Francis Foley, Mrs. K. James Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Gleason, Miss Margaret Brown, James and Catherine Maginn, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Sillery, Mrs. Catherine Shea, Mr. George H. Geiler, Mrs. Helena O'Meara, Mr. John Simpson, Mrs. J. Dunigan, and Mr. L. E. Dienhart.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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O Gloriosa Virginum!

TRANSLATED BY J. B.

MOST glorious Virgin undefiled!
 'Mid stars of grace sublimely blest!
 Thy Maker, made a little Child,
 With milk thou feedest from thy breast.
 Of highest King art thou the door,
 And hall of glowing light most fair;
 Wide opening heaven's gates once more,
 That mourning souls may enter there.
 What Eve unhappy took away,
 Dost thou in thy sweet Fruit reclaim;
 The virgin-given life for aye
 Let ransomed nations loud acclaim!
 May laud and glory, as is meet,
 Jesu, to Thee the Virgin's Son,
 The Father and the Spirit sweet,
 Through all eternity be done!

The Church in Paris under Napoleon.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.



REMARKABLE feature of French literary activity during recent years has been the number of works on the days of the great Napoleon that are produced in every publishing season. Some of them are of little value; they are mere compilations of gossip from well-known memoirs, or clever literary essays. Others are new contributions to our knowledge of the period, the result of serious research in the vast mine of the

French national archives, and in hitherto unpublished collections of private papers. Experts have dealt with every department of the great Emperor's many-sided activity. A group of soldier-historians has edited the mass of papers at the War Office bearing on his campaigns; and General Bonnal, in a series of masterly essays, has set his military methods in a new light, and, as the chief of the French Staff College, has made this teaching an inspiration for the practical work of the army of to-day.

The opening of the Vatican Archives to students has enabled another group of writers to throw new light on Napoleon's policy with regard to the Church; and the archives of the French dioceses have been used for the same end. Other works have dealt with the internal administration of France and the Napoleonic Empire. The secret reports of Fouché, Savary, and the imperial police, have been analyzed, and all the important documents noted or printed in full, the result being a strange revelation of a huge system of espionage throughout Europe. Napoleon's own personal conduct, his daily life, that of his brothers and sisters, has all been passed under the literary microscope. M. Frédéric Masson has noted his washing bills, Josephine's accounts with her dress-maker, Hortense's everlasting purchases of jewels,—not entirely inspired by love of finery, but at the same time a far-seeing investment in view of eventualities. The movement has found an echo in other lands; and Germany and England each year bring out a series of Napoleonic

works, translations or studies of the material collected by these painstaking French writers.

It is quite possible that this movement heralds the revival of Bonapartism as a political force; just as a similar literary development in France, in the days when Louis Philippe was king, was the precursor of the Second Empire. Among these studies of the days of the First Empire, not the least interesting and important is a series of works from the pen of a Catholic writer, M. L. Lanzac de Laborie. He began with a study of French rule in Belgium from 1795 to 1814; then he edited, with elaborate notes, the memoirs of the annalist of the Empire, De Norvins. Thus familiarized with the history of the time, he chose a special subject of study, and concentrated his researches on the story of Paris under Napoleon. Four volumes of the series have appeared. The first dealt with Paris under the Consulate. The second, on the administration of the city and the great public works carried out in the capital under Napoleon, was selected by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques as worthy of its annual prize. The third, on the everyday life of the court and the city under the Empire, was *couronné* by the French Academy, and won the "Prix Gobert." The latest volume has a special interest and value on account of the existing conflict between the Church and the Government of the Third Republic. It deals with the state of religion in Paris under Napoleon.*

Besides using material supplied by earlier publications, the author has collected a rich store of data from the French National Archives, the unpublished records of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and the archives of the cathedral chapter of Paris. In his preface, he protests against the assumption that an historian can not write impartially if he holds definite religious beliefs. He asks if hostility to

religion is a better qualification. He certainly keeps his promise to set down the results of his researches without fear or favor, and he studiously abstains from any reference to current controversies.

Napoleon's restoration of religion in France under the limitations stipulated for in the Concordat, and with the further limitations which he sought to impose and Pius VII. always protested against, was not inspired by any religious convictions of his own, but was an act of State policy. In his last illness at St. Helena, he asked for the ministrations of the chaplain sent to the island, received the Sacraments, and made a good end; but in the years of his greatness he had been a Catholic only in name. No priests accompanied his armies. His marshals, his generals, his soldiers were mostly either freethinkers or utterly careless about religion. He himself appeared at Mass only on some great ceremonial occasion. It was a court function. He held that religion was a necessity for the protection of society, an excellent thing to keep the lower classes in order. His friend Roederer tells how, when discussing the project of the Concordat, Napoleon said to him: "Society can not exist without inequality of material wealth, and this inequality can not exist without religion. When a man is dying of hunger beside another who is surfeited with superfluities, it is impossible for him patiently to bear this difference, if there is not an authority to say to him: 'God wills it so. There must be poor and rich in this world; but later, in eternity, it will be arranged otherwise.'" *

As consul and emperor, he never thought of approaching the Sacraments; and he

* Dr. Max Lenz: "Napoleon," p. 216.—Dr. Lenz tells how the Emperor said he saw in the Christian religion not so much the mystery of the Incarnation as the mystery of social order; and how another time he said that, at any rate, religion was a safeguard against "charlatans and spellmongers," and the priests were more useful than "Cagliostro, Kant, and all the German dreamers."

* "Paris sous Napoléon. La Religion." Par L. Lanzac de Laborie. Paris, Librairie Plon.

paid no attention to even ordinary moral obligations. "Do you think the laws of morality are meant for men like me?" he asked of some one who ventured to remonstrate with him on his conduct. But he saw that religion was a power in the world. As the general in command of the Republican army of Italy, he had distinct orders from Paris to despoil the sanctuary of Loreto, but he protected it. The first soldier he executed by sentence of a court martial in Italy was guilty of attempting to rob a church. He scattered the Papal army, but he arrested his own onward march, offered the Pope terms, and told the Envoy whom he sent to conclude peace with Pius VI. that "he must negotiate as if the Pope had 100,000 men at his command." He wanted to have this power as his ally in the restoration of order in France. The conflict with Pius VII. began when the Emperor tried to make it his servant.

The Concordat was a measure of freedom accepted by the Pope because better conditions were not to be obtained; and it was all important to begin at once the restoration of religion in France, where for long years only a few churches had been open, every Christian school had been closed, and a generation had grown up in unbelief or indifference. The first Archbishop of Paris under the new régime was the aged Jean Baptiste de Belloy, who had been Bishop of Marseilles before the Revolution. When driven from Marseilles, he had not emigrated, but had remained hidden in the south, ministering secretly to his people. He was one of the first to place his resignation of his old See in the hands of the Nuncio on the signature of the Concordat; and he did this in a letter expressing his absolute obedience to the Holy Father, who raised him to the cardinalate shortly after his translation to Paris.

De Belloy, however, like so many of his colleagues, was deeply leavened with the Gallicanism of old France, and he carried his deference for the civil power to

an extreme. He showed no surprise at Napoleon's calling on him to submit the text of his first pastoral for his criticisms. The First Consul wrote a memorandum, in which he said that its style ought to be more elevated, less trivial, more like Bossuet than a speech in a political assembly. There were too many Latin quotations; the Archbishop spoke too modestly of his own position, and the allusions to the First Consul "ought to be cast in a more dignified tone." The precedent thus established was followed all through Napoleon's reign. The Archbishop of Paris had to submit his pastorals "to the previous criticism of the Chief of the State."

And yet, hampered as he was by the interference of the Government, and with all his defects of traditional education, De Belloy did a great work. He had the good fortune to be advised and supported by a truly apostolic man in the person of M. Emery, of St. Sulpice. Everything had to be recreated out of the wreckage left by the storm of the Revolution. Of the forty-three parish churches of Paris, eighteen had been sold to speculators and devoted to secular uses; they were gradually bought back. Several other churches were secured by opening for public worship some of the chapels of the suppressed religious communities. One of them, the chapel of the convent of the Assumption, had been used for years as a storehouse for the scenery of the Théâtre Français.

It was a serious question how to provide chalices and other altar vessels; for most of the churches had been plundered. Everything had disappeared from the sacristies. Gold and silver, bronze and brass, had been melted down. Many of the statues of sculptured doorways, chapels and tombs had been saved by a mere chance. The archæologist, Alexandre Lenoir, had collected a number of them in a museum of French art installed in an old Augustinian convent. De Belloy claimed their restoration. Lenoir made a desperate fight to retain his collection,

but the Government sided with the Archbishop. As Napoleon was enriching the Louvre by bringing to Paris masterpieces from the galleries of conquered countries, he felt he could spare some religious pictures for the decoration of the restored churches of Paris; and the director of the Louvre chose over a hundred from the old collection and placed them at the disposal of De Belloy.

Before the Archbishop could take possession of his cathedral, an enormous amount of work had to be done. A tourist who visited Notre Dame a few months after the Concordat, wrote: "At the back of the choir one sees the ruins of several chapels destroyed by revolutionary violence. The confessionals and the finest monuments have completely disappeared. There are tombs that are gaping wide open. In a word, there is nothing but bare walls and the traces of the most awful sacrileges." The cathedral received one valued treasure from the Government—the famous relics of the Passion for which St. Louis had built the beautiful Sainte Chapelle as a shrine. When the Sainte Chapelle was desecrated during the Revolution, the relics had been saved from destruction by being placed in the Cabinet of Antiquities at the National Library. Napoleon ordered them to be restored to the custody of the Archbishop.

Priests had to be found for the churches, and steps taken at once to organize a seminary and provide for the recruiting of the clergy. In a few cases, the parish priests appointed were those who had occupied the post twelve years before, at the outbreak of the Revolution. Thus the Abbé Marduel was welcomed back to St. Roch. He had been offered a bishopric, but he said all he asked for was to be allowed to minister once more to his old parishioners. He had refused the Oath during the Revolution, and escaped to Switzerland. Several of the new curés had lived in Paris all through the Terror, saying Mass in rooms with shutters closed, and stealing out in disguise to give the

last Sacraments to the dying. But amongst the appointments, some were given to priests who had weakly taken the Constitutional Oath, and had since been absolved for their fall. A very few of the old "Constitutionals" remained for a while in a state of semi-revolt; but their position was hopeless, for they had both the ecclesiastical and the civil authorities against them. The curates, or *vicaires*, were few in number. Generally one or two were assigned to assist each parish priest; in the largest parishes there were three. But Napoleon kept the allowances from the budget within narrow limits, and would not provide for a numerous parochial clergy. Many priests, without receiving any official allowance, attached themselves voluntarily to various parish churches.

The most disquieting feature of the situation was that all the priests were old men or in middle life. The seminaries had been closed for years, the religious Orders were under a ban; and the younger clergy, on whom the future would depend, had to be created. And, with the destruction of religious education in France, what hope was there of many vocations among the youth coming out of the official *lycées*? It was not till the autumn of 1803 that the Archbishop was able to open his seminary in an old convent near St. Sulpice, under the direction of M. Emery. It had to serve for other dioceses as well as Paris. There were soon a hundred students, but very few of them were destined for the capital. And the want of priests was so serious that the course of studies was made perilously short.

Thus one of the first students, the Abbé Liautard, who joined the seminary in October, 1802, aged twenty-eight, received minor orders in July, 1803, the subdiaconate in the following September, the diaconate in May, 1804, and the priesthood in December of the same year. It was not till 1808 that steps were taken to prolong the time of study by organizing a higher course, to be followed

by a chosen few after ordination. But it was difficult to retain the students, there was such need of priests. Between 1808 and 1813, there were a hundred deaths among the clergy of Paris, and only eleven ordinations for the archdiocese. The service of the churches could not have been maintained safe for the fact that Paris was able to obtain a number of priests from other dioceses of France.

Here we may venture to do what M. de Laborie sedulously abstains from, and compare the past and the present. The comparison is wholly to the advantage of the French Church of to-day. There was good reason to be anxious for its future on the morrow of the Concordat. The action of Napoleon had given it very limited material resources and a very restricted freedom. As one reads M. de Laborie's detailed narrative of the acts of the Consular and Imperial Government, one realizes that the official attitude was that of Napoleon's friend, the Voltairean Roederer, when he wrote: "Respect for public order is a more general sentiment than respect for religion, which, after all, should be only a subsidiary department of public order." This was Napoleon's own point of view. Of the officials, a very few were sincerely anxious for the welfare of the Church, most were indifferent, and a great number were distinctly hostile. The prefect of police filled his daily reports to Napoleon with repetitions of every rumor, every slander, against the clergy. There was a fixed idea that they were ready to conspire against the State. Not only were the religious Orders under a ban, but even the simplest religious confraternity was regarded as a probable mask for conspiracy. We have seen how Napoleon criticised and revised the pastorals of Cardinal de Belloy. The acts of bishops and clergy were subjected to a strict surveillance, and there was continual interference with them. The whole policy of the Government was directed to making the Church a department of the State. At last the day came when

Napoleon tried to induce Pius VII. to subject the Church to a new "captivity of Avignon" by making Paris his permanent residence, transferring thither the Sacred College and the Papal Congregations, and becoming an official of the Empire.

And while the Church of France to-day—prelates, clergy, and people—is full of devoted loyalty to the Holy See, and has not hesitated to sacrifice every material advantage rather than submit to the unwarranted claims of the State, the same Church a century ago, in return for Napoleon's protection and aid, made very little difficulty about the acceptance of State control. This was the result of the old Gallican tradition, the evil growth of the days of Bourbon absolutism. The French prelates and clergy had so long leaned upon the State that they hardly understood what freedom meant. It was not until Napoleon ventured upon steps that led directly to schism, that at last they were startled into resistance; though even then the Emperor was able to find servile prelates to do his will. Such a condition of affairs would be impossible to-day. The attempt made by the modern Republican Government to play the part of Napoleon has resulted only in a miserable failure for the persecutors, and the liberation of the Church from State control for good and all.

It is difficult for us to realize what was the religious condition of Paris in those first years after the reorganization of the diocese. M. de Laborie has collected a number of startling facts that show how few made even a show of practising their religion, and how widespread were irreligion and indifference. There were crowds at Notre Dame on great occasions, but "very few who showed any devotion, most of the congregation having the air of an audience at a theatre." Crowds, too, were attracted to Midnight Mass by the novelty of the sight. It became the fashion with the better classes to put in an appearance at High Mass on Sundays.

But confessions and Communions were rare. Even at the deathbed there was, in thousands of cases, no idea of sending for a priest. Here is some of the evidence M. de Laborie has collected:

Six months after the promulgation of the Concordat, the priests of the largest parishes in Paris, communicating their experiences to each other, had sadly to acknowledge that often fifteen or twenty days went by without a single sick person sending for them. At the Easter of 1803, and again in 1804, a significant solitude prevailed around most of the confessionals. On August 10, 1806, on the occasion of the translation of the Crown of Thorns to Notre Dame, when a number of young men, members of a lately founded sodality, approached the Holy Table, there was profound astonishment not only among the layfolk present, but among the canons, one of whom whispered to his neighbor: "But who can they be? Where do they come from?" In the fashionable world, there was general surprise at meeting a Christian who openly professed himself to be in earnest.

M. de Laborie notes at the same time that matters were not improved by the unwise rigorism that prevailed. He does not remark that it was a relic of the old Jansenist leaven in the Church of France. Some students of the Polytechnique had joined the new sodality at Notre Dame. In the winter the Governor gave a ball, and the sodalists were told by their director that they must not appear at it unless they were invited by name, that they must not dance, and that they must go away as soon as possible. Abstinence on every weekday in Lent was insisted upon, and dispensations were not easily given. But very few observed the law. At the Emperor's table, which set the fashion, meat was served all the year round except on Good Friday. Ill-judged rigor, as usual, led to laxity. People were kept away from the Sacraments by the practice of insisting on confessions' being repeated two or three times before absolution was given; and frequent Communion, even weekly Communion, was by most directors distinctly discouraged.

The law did not recognize the existence of religious Orders; but some communities

of women were founded, not without endless annoyances on the part of the suspicious authorities. The Christian Brothers were reorganized, and began to do splendid service in the formation of Catholic primary schools. After some hesitation, the Emperor agreed to allow the Lazarist Fathers to establish themselves again in France; for he hoped that their foreign missions, would indirectly help to extend French influence. M. Emery revived the "Catechism of Perseverance" at St. Sulpice,—a Sunday-school for young people who had left school and had already made their First Communion. These, and the sodalities that grew out of them, and were extended to other parishes, gave some hope of securing, in the new generation that was growing up, a number of well-instructed, practical lay Catholics and some vocations to the priesthood.

Such were the difficult beginnings of the hundred years of growth that has made the Church of France what she is to-day. He would have been a sanguine optimist who, in those first years after the Concordat, and in the years that followed, when the Holy Father was a prisoner at Fontainebleau, could have ventured to dream of the great things that French Catholics have since accomplished,—the growth of the religious Orders; the thousands of French missionaries all over the world; the French martyrs of Corea and China; the utter disappearance of the last vestige of Gallican disloyalty to Rome, and Jansenist rigorism; the outburst of devotion to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Sacrament, to our Blessed Lady; the Eucharistic Congresses; the pilgrimages and miracles of Lourdes; the Catholic institutes and associations; and finally the splendid, self-sustained independence of the Church to-day, triumphantly facing the hostility of the Government. We can realize the gains and the progress of the present only by comparison with the state of things in the past.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

EDITH'S hands dropped involuntarily with a crash on the keyboard as she listened to Desmond's question. She shivered slightly at the discord; lifted them, and turned around on her seat, facing him.

"It was too bad to make such a noise," she said; "but you startled me tremendously. I don't know when I have heard that name before."

"But why should it be tabooed?" he asked. "That is what I want to know."

"Don't you know—anything?" she inquired, a little curiously.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "How should I? My mother died so early, and it was only from her that I ever heard anything of the family. Then when I was here as a boy—"

"Nobody told you anything then?"

"Nobody. I felt instinctively that there was a mystery about my cousin, that his name was never to be mentioned. But a boy is a rather selfish animal, who does not generally trouble his head about anything but his own concerns. I was too busy with my various amusements to think of the matter except in the most passing manner. And since then I have never thought of it at all,—never for an instant imagined that it would concern me."

"And now you know that it does?"

"Yes, now I know that it does; and I must know more before I can consent to take a man's inheritance."

With her left hand she absently struck a few chords before she said:

"I don't think you will have a choice in the matter."

"Yes, I have a choice," he replied. "My uncle has just told me that he has not signed his will because he has waited for me to make certain promises. I can refuse to make those promises."

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" she exclaimed hastily. "It would—I don't know what it *wouldn't* do! Break his heart; kill him, perhaps. Since his seizure he has seemed to live only for your coming. The doctor says his recovery has been marvellous, like a triumph of the will over the flesh. And it has all been that he might do this thing—fulfil the Wargrave trust. If you failed him now, it would be terrible."

"I don't want to fail him," the young man said earnestly; "but, equally, I don't want to be a party to injustice. So I must know what has become of my cousin, and you are the only person I can ask to tell me."

There was again silence for a moment. Then, glancing at the door which led into the library, to be sure that it was closed, the girl said:

"I will tell you all that I know, but it is very little. He was already gone when my father died, and mamma came back here to live, bringing me with her. But I think the catastrophe that banished him must have occurred shortly before that; for the servants still talked of 'Mass Harry'—"

Desmond nodded. "Yes, they did that when I was here. It was only from them that I ever heard his name."

"And one—his old nurse, who is now dead—often spoke of him," Edith went on. "It was from her I learned all that I know; for, with a child's insatiable curiosity—I don't, by the by, agree with you that children haven't curiosity—"

"I spoke only of boys," he responded. "Feminine children no doubt have abundance of it."

She gave him a flashing smile.

"I understand what you mean; but never mind. Well, Mom Gracie was, I suppose, glad of some one to talk to on the subject so near her heart. She warned me not to tell that she had talked, and then she told me all she knew. As well as I remember, it wasn't very clear as a narrative, but she made me realize

that something dreadful had happened. She described the last coming home of the young man, the sense of impending tragedy that everybody about the house had in the consciousness of changed relations between father and son.

"'Virgil was in the dining-room then,' said Mom, 'and he come out to me fairly shakin'. 'They ain't talkin' an' they ain't eatin','" he says; "an' the Judge" (the young Niggahs always called Mass George "the Judge") "looks jes' like he does when he's sittin' on the bench." 'It was after that—might a been several hours after,' she went on, 'for I know it was dark—when Mass Harry come out hisself to my house. "Good-bye, Mammy!" he says. "I'm goin' away, an' I don't think I'll ever be back again."—"G'long, Mass Harry!" I says. "What you talkin' that foolishness fuh?"—"It ain't foolishness," he says (an' then I saw he was as white as your pocket-hankercher, chile, an' his eyes shinin' like stars); "I'll never come back unless my father sends for me, and he'll never do that," he says.—"Good Lord!" I screams out, "an' why wouldn't he send fuh you, when you's his only child?"—"Bekase he believes somethin' of me that isn't true," he says (yes, Miss Edith, that's what he said,—"*somethin' that isn't true*"), "an' I can't disprove it, an' I'll never ask him to take my word again."

"'Well, I cries an' pleads with him,' the old soul continued; 'but ov co'se he wouldn't listen (the Wargraves is always awful set when they make up their minds to anything). An' when Hiram come an' tol' him the buggy was ready, he bid me good-bye an' went away.' Then she burst out crying; I shall never forget how she cried. 'An' he never has come back,' she would say, 'an' he never will! I'll never see my baby again. It killed his mother; she never held up her head after he went away. But nothin' don't move Mass George; an' it's my 'pinion,' she added solemnly, 'that the Lord Hisself couldn't move him.'"

"You are a good story-teller, Edith," Desmond said, as the girl's voice ceased. "You have made me see and hear old Mom Gracie. You know she was living when I was here, and I understand now why I was always conscious of a certain hostility in her glance when she looked at me. It vaguely puzzled me then, but I comprehend now: she was jealous of me as supplanting the 'Mass Harry,' of whom she often muttered unintelligible things."

"Yes," Edith said. "I think you must have been indeed a very unobservant and self-centred boy if you were only vaguely aware of her dislike. It was always clear enough to *me*."

"Of course I was self-centred,—I've acknowledged that," he replied. "But, you see, you had the advantage of being in her confidence. Yet none of this clears up matters much. The question is, what did he do?"

Edith shook her head. "I haven't the least idea," she replied. "I have never ventured to ask."

"Well, I must ask," the young man said in a resolute tone; "and, what is more, I shall insist upon an answer. I will make no promise and take no man's inheritance in the dark."

The girl looked at him, as she had looked in the library before he went upstairs. It was evident that he surprised, and also that he roused her interest. There was not a great deal of light in the room—only that of a tall, silken-shaded lamp by the piano,—but the concentrated radiance of this fell on his face; and it struck her that there was a great deal of strength and determination expressed in the firm contours. Usually the debonair charm of the countenance, the gay smile of the upward curling lips, the gleam of humor in the dark-blue Irish eyes, masked these characteristics; but they were very evident now, as he gazed past her, as if seeing, in the shadows beyond, the picture of the banished son of the house, which her words had so vividly evoked.

"Do you know," she said presently, "that your attitude surprises me a little? Most people would be glad to accept such an inheritance as is offered to you, without pressing inquiries about some one whom you have never seen or known."

He looked at her gravely. "What has seeing him or knowing him to do with it?" he asked. "I am not thinking of him, but of myself. It's a simple question of not profiting by injustice. I can't do that; so I must find out what has become of Harry Wargrave, and why he forfeited his inheritance before I can consent to take it."

"How will you find out?"

"I shall ask my uncle."

"Oh!" It was again an exclamation of something like horrified protest. "You must not dream of such a thing! The effect might be terrible. If you *must* ask somebody, ask mamma."

"Do you think she knows?"

"I should suppose that she certainly does."

"Very well." He rose as he spoke. "I will go and ask her."

Her glance followed him, with mingled wonder and approval, as he walked without an instant's hesitation to the door which led into the library, opened it, passed through, and closed it behind him. At the sound of its closing, she drew a deep breath, then, dropping her hands on the keys of the piano, began to play again.

Meanwhile, at the same sound, Mrs. Creighton looked up from her book and smiled at the young man advancing toward her.

"Well, your uncle did not keep you very long, after all. I am glad of that."

"I have been downstairs some time," Desmond answered. "I've been talking to Edith in the drawing-room. He said that he did not wish to keep me long—to-night."

"No doubt it was enough just to see you, to satisfy himself that you were really here," Mrs. Creighton observed. "He was pleased, was he not?"

"Very much, I think."

"I'm quite sure he was pleased," she said. "It must have gratified him deeply that you are so much of a Wargrave. And did he" (she hesitated slightly),—"did he tell you why he has been so anxious for your coming?"

"Yes," Desmond answered gravely, "he told me. I was very much surprised."

"You had not expected anything of the kind?"

"No,—how could I? It had never for an instant occurred to me that I could be made the Wargrave heir."

She glanced away from him, and he was quite sure that he heard her sigh.

"I suppose not," she said. And then, in a lower tone: "You knew nothing of the family tragedy?"

"Nothing," he answered,—"*absolutely* nothing until to-night. Now, for the first time, I have learned that there *is* a tragedy. Aunt Rachel, will you tell me the facts of it?"

As he leaned toward her, his aunt shrank back into her chair, and made a motion of dissent with her hand.

"Don't ask me!" she said. "I—I don't want to talk of it. Be satisfied that your uncle has the right to do what he intends, that no one has any power to interfere."

"That isn't the point," the young man answered. "He may have the right to do what he intends, and no one may have power to interfere; but there is a word for *me* to say, and that word is that I can not accept this inheritance if any shadow of injustice to another is involved in giving it to me."

"Laurence!" Mrs. Creighton sat erect now and stared at him. "You can't mean that you will refuse to take what your uncle wishes to secure to you?"

"I mean just that, Aunt Rachel," he told her firmly, "unless I am convinced that I can take it consistently with justice and honor."

A flush sprang to her face, an angry light to her eyes.

"You venture to question that your uncle could act otherwise than with

justice and honor?" she demanded, in a vibrating tone.

He looked at her steadily; and as he looked, she was struck, as Edith had been a few minutes earlier, by the expression of determination that came out on his face.

"I am not questioning my uncle's conduct," he said, "because I know nothing about the motives actuating or the grounds justifying it. But I can not shift responsibility for my conduct to any one else. I must be certain where I stand before I can agree to profit so greatly by another's loss."

"I consider this presumptuous and—disrespectful in the extreme!" his aunt returned. "It should be enough for you that your uncle is acting as he thinks right; and no one—no one in the world—has ever before doubted his honor."

"I am not doubting it," Desmond assured her. "I am certain that he would go to the stake for what he felt to be a point of honor, but it is possible that there might be a difference of opinion between us."

"And you would set your judgment up against his?"

"When it comes to a matter of conscience, I must, you know. I am sorry to vex you, Aunt Rachel, but I can not recede from my position. Before I agree to accept this inheritance, I must know why my uncle's son and rightful heir forfeited it, and what has become of him."

"You—" Mrs. Creighton's voice failed for a moment, and then, regaining control of it, she went on bitterly,—“you are so ungrateful, as well as presumptuous, that if there were any one to take your place, I should advise my brother to let you go. But you know that we are at your mercy; that there is no one else to carry on the family, the name—”

"I have known nothing of the kind, and I am sorry if it is so," Desmond said, with a gentleness that sprang from pity. "But if you wish me to do this, why not be frank with me? Why not give

me the confidence that it is surely my right to ask?"

"I do not admit that it is your right to ask what does not concern you."

He shrugged his shoulders. The age-old masculine contempt for a woman's reasoning power was in the gesture, as well as a certain hopelessness.

"In that case," he said, "I shall have no alternative but to ask my uncle the question you decline to answer."

"What!" she almost sprang at him. "You would have so little feeling, so little decency, as to mention the matter to *him*?"

Again she was struck by the resolute determination in the young face looking at her.

"You force me to do so," Desmond answered. "Where else am I to go for the information I must have? And I do not believe that my uncle will misunderstand me, as I regret to see that you do. He will recognize that with responsibility must go knowledge; that no man should be asked to make a promise and accept a burden in the dark."

"You call it accepting a burden to take a princely inheritance?"

"However princely, it would be a burden beyond my power of bearing, if I were not sure that it was justly mine."

Mrs. Creighton rose from her chair with a haste of movement which showed that her power of self-control was stretched to its utmost tension. She walked across the floor, stood for a moment gazing out of a window on the moonlit lawns and terraces; then turned, came back and sank into her seat again. Her face was set and very cold as she now looked at Desmond.

"You have found a means to force me to do what you wish," she said. "Anything is better than that you should speak to my brother on a subject which even I have never dared to touch with him. I will tell you all that I know about my nephew, and I trust that it will be enough to satisfy your—curiosity."

A Message from God's Country.

BY MARION MUIR.

WITH trembling hand I wave a last farewell,
 O little vessel, laden with my song!
 What storms may sweep the way I can not tell,
 But I implore safe passage over wrong.
 And if the favoring Fates should speed thee where
 A kindly welcome meets thee at the shore,
 From the ethereal freight that thou dost bear,
 Gathered on peaks that break the whirlwind's
 roar,—

Yield this, the secret of all living wealth,
 That who may seek to drive regret away,
 Or win rejoicing, or make sure of health,
 Or find a spot where heart and lips can pray,
 Should climb these highlands where cathedral
 pines
 Stretch their dark boughs above the russet
 sward,
 Where cliffs shoot far above embracing vines,
 The passing stream their ever-chanting guard.
 There will he be above the world uplifted,
 His cares blown back by the delightful wind;
 And learn how God with eloquence has gifted
 The wild creation that has never sinned.

Catholic England as it Looks to an American.

BY LOUISE I. GUINEY.

IX.—THE THREE CONCURRENT FORCES.

IN most statements one sees regarding the bi-racial constitution of the Catholic body in England, it should be frankly acknowledged that too much share of credit is claimed for the Irish. In Liverpool, the preponderance of Irish Catholics is enormous; the ratio is like that of our New England cities, or of some parts of New York. The same remark, in less degree, is true of Manchester, and of course of East and South London, and some Devon and Cornish towns. Liverpool and Manchester are both in Lancashire; and in Lancashire there is a large native

element, gentle and simple, which on its own hereditary ground has survived the penal laws, and in country districts stands everywhere in the foreground; while the convert element is naturally smaller in the faithful North than in the Midlands, the London area, and the West.

Now, England has a vast and sacred debt to Ireland yet to be repaid. Twice in history—once in the days of the great early Celtic missionaries, and more than a thousand years afterward in the days of Catholic Emancipation—Ireland has been the generous and deliberate agent of spiritual ransom to the needier isle. The influx of Irish peasantry, during the nineteenth mid-century famines, widened almost illimitably the outlook of Catholic life in England; but, unlike the other boons, it can not be reckoned as one voluntarily bestowed. England, however, has profited by the prayers and example of these countless poor, as well as by their more educated descendants; and the multiplying presence of the alert and adventurous Gael in her army and navy, her greenrooms and her journalism, has brought the breath of Catholicism into quarters from which it was for long shut out.

Yet why should we forget that Irish-English prowess has had a quantitative and ancillary rather than moral and original cast? It has put through, and still puts through, in one way or another, and with the finest spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice, almost all the minor enterprises. But it has not founded the *Tablet*, the Guild of Ransom, the Catholic Record Society, nor the Westminster Cathedral. Invaluable as it has been and is, it has never produced the majority of the men of weight and purport. The influence, the importance, of modern Catholic England (out of all proportion as that certainly is to its size) is not due to the Irish; neither is it due in any marked degree to the "old Catholics," as they are always called. The ancient landed families suffered so cruelly for generations that

they naturally bequeathed to most of their members a diminished spiritual energy. These once did their glorious work in holding the besieged citadel till rescue came. It would be a graceless critic who could find it in his heart, after that, to carp at their seeking and prolonging a sorely-needed sleep.

No: the chief honors belong to the *Forestieri*. The City of God to-day in England is the work of the relieving party, of the great convert legion which first came in from the Tractarian uplands, and has ever since been pressing in at every gate, brightly and steadily, though never with quite the same unique bravura. It has supplied, since 1845, nearly all the magnificent clerical leaders and lay champions and many a hidden saint,—souls of golden worth and of winning personal charm. It maintains in a thousand places, with unblunted zest, the most lofty, reverent, and scrupulous ideals. As the newest element of all, it has aroused jealousy and been defrauded of its praise. But no open-eyed outsider can possibly fail to see what it has done, and what it is doing, for the country.

Numerically, too, it is far stronger than is generally supposed. Cardinal Manning once said that there was not a single church in his vast archdiocese which had not upon its working staff at least one convert clergyman. In the provincial congregation which to-day I happen to know best (an entirely inconspicuous one in England, so far as its make-up is concerned) there are certainly ten converts to every "born" Catholic, albeit not a few of these same "born" Catholics be themselves the offspring of converts. Time after time, some little sudden Israel in Egypt springs up in country districts, which is mainly, or even exclusively, composed of ex-Anglicans. In one fairly recent case, a certain vicar became a Catholic, after a long litigation with his own bishop over the introduction of "Roman" doctrines and devotions. As the vicar had beautified his former parish church, at his own

expense, with crucifix, lamp, tabernacle, stoup, confessional, banners, vestments, statues, candelabra, and what not, he was able to remove the paraphernalia of nominal defeat from his benefice, and to offer them as the *modus operandi* of a new Catholic mission in those parts, together with himself, and practically the whole of his pious congregation. Incidents of this sort have their extra touch of ironic humor in a society which is by habit anything rather than sensational.

X.—THE FORMATION OF A PERSONALITY.

No society can be persecuted for centuries and fail to bear the brand of persecution for long after it has ceased to sear them. If anything is maddening in the attitude of certain spiritual *nouveaux riches* of the Church as by Law Established, it is the complacency with which they accuse the English Catholics (whose very name they have stolen) of being "foreign." If they are such in several prevailing habits, who made them so? Who drove them from Oxford to Douai, and gave them no country to return to but London Tower rack and Tyburn Tree? Who but the ever-blessed Elizabeth, Supreme Head, her ministers and her successors, forced underground the whole current of local Catholicism, and spoiled it by contact with conditions to which it was never born,—with penury and fear and repression and sorrow and narrowness and shyness and apathy and human respect?

The poor little flock of Christ in England—as in Milner's time, so in Wiseman's time—had something of the "Catacombs" habit. Both great shepherds labored to cheer it, steady it, and make it believe fully that it was at home again. Even to-day, certain customs, certain devotions, lingering on from the long-enforced education of the gentry on the Continent, may here and there have to be cried down, and rightly cried down, as "un-English,"—things suitable in their time and place, but from which the

sincerity has departed. Now the Catholic Church in England needs, on this very ground, more enthusiasts, extremists, and cranks, to worry her with many of her old ideals still neglected. She needs further emphasis on the possibilities of her own history and character.

A very great deal has been done in this direction. But the run of what may be called liturgical intelligence is not always high, except in the North, where everything Catholic is alive and glowing. Besides, there is a perverse but entirely human tendency to drop some immemorially distinctive and important features as fast as the imitative ecclesiastical Little Brother takes them up. Of course this is capital folly,—this abandonment of the heirlooms because they have been "overlooked" by Ritualism. What other motive can account for the actual and well-nigh incredible disrelish displayed by some latter-day congregations for erecting rood screens? Nay, in two of Pugin's cathedrals, they have even gone so far as to take down those they had! What but sheer neglect, or else unacknowledged and unworthy soreness, can be at the bottom of the fact that the bowing at the Holy Name, the bowing and turning at the *Gloria*, invariably well observed among Anglicans, is coming to be, seemingly, more or less optional, in our services, all over England?

Strangest of all, beauty and symbolism in vestments, even in Gothic churches, have been almost generally thrown over, in favor of stiff shapes not only intensely ugly in themselves, but never known until the heathenish sixteenth century. And all because Little Brother loves a flowing surplice or chasuble, and dresses himself to look exactly like the mediæval priests on sepulchral brasses. Converts themselves, in their laudable desire to fall into line, often concur in this misleading mix-up; so that, unless care is soon taken, there will be, despite the Council of Trent's earnest and unrescinded recommendation of the antique designs

in vestments, a popular acceptance of the true type as "Anglican," and of the "fiddle-back" and other monstrosities as "Roman."

To allow that Early English vestments are Protestant by right, and modern Continental vestments Catholic by right, is the wildest burlesque. The true "Roman" shapes, down to the eighteenth century, were almost indistinguishable from the Gothic. The religious Orders in England, however, notably the Benedictines and Dominicans, keep up in all their usage an iron protest against such a brainless forgetfulness of the past. And I know of at least five churches served by seculars—and if I were a more travelled person I might know forty-five—where the square cut is not welcome. Yes, Catholic England needs to be just a little more confidently "English." She is not like our missionary body in the United States, far too composite as yet to have much personality, without precedents of beauty and fitness, and unconsciously tied fast, in this very particular, to hideous Belgian apron-strings. We, in our excessively truncated, sleeveless, and lace-bedizened cottas, at least know no better.

England's devotion to her own great and attractive saints (which is by no means lacking) should be strengthened everywhere, and prove a tonic defence against an adoption, not indeed of new devotions as needs arise, but of devotions which, being extra-local, bid fair to be superfluous or ephemeral. It is hardly pertinent to take the cultus of the dear and great St. Anthony as a case in hand. Yet this very cultus, if one analyzes it, is based almost altogether on the greed for purely temporal blessings,—a thing as legitimate in its way as can be, but also as modern as can be; not like the old devotion to St. John Baptist, so intensely strong in the Middle Ages, when men could seek a saint who had nothing but the spirit of penance to impart; nor like the devotion to the traditional patrons

of a family or a district, which has been fruitful nowhere more than in home-loving and law-keeping England.

Not very long ago I glanced into a new and still unarranged Italian shop, in Boston, where workmen were busy coloring plaster statuary. The queer circumstance was that upstairs and downstairs, to right and to left, on shelves against all the walls, and in rows against all the floors, in all sizes and attitudes, innumerable, ubiquitous, was the blessed Friar of Padua, himself alone! He has an extraordinary vogue at the moment in Italy and France, and also in America.

Well, America, so to speak, is not "pre-occupied"; she has no consanguineous ties with not-to-be-supplanted saints of her own. But it is otherwise in England. Any non-Franciscan pastor of a congregation there might feel called upon to demur gently, did a movement arise among his people to buy and set up, for unthinking Fashion's sake, one of these endearing figures of my vision. He might feel called upon to do so, I say. He might, in Somerset, put in a prior plea for St. Dunstan or St. Aldhelm; or in the Isle of Ely, for St. Etheldreda. But (and this is the point!) he might only get looked upon by his sheep—quite literally his *sheep*—as something of an obstructionist. They would elect St. Anthony. In other words, too often they would rather be like all the world than like themselves in their youth and glory.

XI.—YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

Living awhile in Europe is profitable to Americans, and infinitely so to us Americans who are also Catholics. England is classed, of course, as a non-Catholic country, where no soul can be very bountifully fed on the spirit and air and outcome of the Christian past. But this is a short-sighted view, as I think those will say who have any power of what Sir Thomas Browne calls "reminiscential evocation," and "thoughts of things which thoughts

do but tenderly touch." To such minds, what has been, what is, what will come, are one. Pre-Reformation England was most conspicuously devoted to the Holy See; post-Reformation England had a body of martyrs to the Faith such as no other land except Japan, can boast of. The results of these two unique circumstances are everywhere apparent to the historic imagination. Thousands of little religious and social customs, the very names of places, the traditions lingering like a strange fragrance about the ruinous old wells, crosses, and shrines, and, above all, the scarred and stately stones of cathedral and collegiate foundations, up and down the land, cry out against the superficial tourist who considers himself in a safe Protestant environment.

Strong is the hovering presence of what has been most divine in the life of the race. A Catholic stranger, who comes to it with fresh and impartial sight, is not only aware of it at once (albeit across a moral mist which is the counterpart of the soft climatic colors veiling all about him), but finds it so enchanting that he has little eye for anything else. It becomes a simple matter to think of this naturally reverent and serious people as a "robbed" people, as Cardinal Manning called them; and to believe instantly and intensely in that ultimate return of theirs to the Church,—a return which lies so near to the Catholic English consciousness, and of which so many saints, of divers nations and generations, have had the assured vision. The "conversion of England"! How touching is the child-like confidence of those prayers, read often at Exposition and Benediction, "Spare, O Lord,—spare Thy people!" "Save, save Thy people, O Lord, and bless Thine inheritance!" "Remember our fathers, Gregory and Augustine!" How intimate that appeal to Mary the Mother, to "look down upon England, Thy dowry"! How stirring those hymns, always so heartily sung,

Hail, glorious band of martyrs,—hail!

Or "Faith of Our Fathers," with its prophecy that

in the truth that comes from God,
England shall yet indeed be free!

There is surely a wonderful morrow of the spirit reserved for Northern Europe and the isles; and vastly will the Church herself profit by the restoration to her service of all those faculties which have been missed through the long day of purely Latin domination. The theory of the Catholicization of England, in its influence upon her world-wide mission fields alone, opens out an almost unlimited vista of speculative triumph.

It is always to be remembered that the imminence of so extraordinary a hope rests to-day not half so much upon the Catholic body, devoted as that body is, as upon the great "Romanizing" High Church party, which God is most certainly using to further His plans of union and victory; which He has been using at intervals ever since the breach with the Papacy (conserving all along, in a few successive men, the memories, as it were, of a lost paradise); and using without cease since the outbreak of that romantic insurrection against Georgian soullessness, led by Hurrell Froude, Keble, and Newman, in 1833. How can any true Catholic fail to sympathize with the Anglican heirs of those wonderful men,—with those who, whatever their faults, are still crossing the desert from captivity, and still faithful to their granted pillars of fire and cloud? The only intelligent as well as the only charitable attitude is to recognize in them the huge arch of a bridge being upreared from the other side of the flood, and so inclined already toward our own long-standing masonry, that it seems as if at any moment the supernatural keystone might be quietly dropped in, to

Rebind us, weld us, and bid us be
As once ere the earthquake pang, or thunder
And inrush of the ruining sea!

Then should a grand new passage be established in the wilderness of this world.

XII.—FORWARD: MARCH!

Is it not clear that it is the business of two such Catholic and Roman communities as those we have been considering, to close ranks and march together? Federation is always and everywhere "the mind of the Church." Autonomy, nationalism, may be necessary and even salutary; but there is, nevertheless, a better thing. To join hands, American and English would each have to lay by some race-prejudice; but the first have a far more conscious stock of it, as things now stand, than the second. And so precious and hugged and cherished are human grudges, personal or communal, that nothing less authoritative than the common Faith in us could reasonably hope to cope with them and rout them. New York needs London, and London needs New York. This means more than an "exchange of pulpits." Think what we have which we can give them!—vitality, impetus, the secret of organization, numbers, generous uses of money, the spirit of co-operation, the gay humor which leaps walls and trenches, and is death on British grumbling. And they hold in trust to share with us the analogical gifts, not temporal but spiritual,—the tone and discipline which we lack, the more grave and grounded loyalty, the Catholic intelligence of the past which is the Catholic instinct of the future. What we must both be careful never to interchange is "hustle," our unlovely note of superabundant energy or stagnation, their unlovely note of misdirected control.

American influence over England should come to mean a glorious corporate progress for the Church; and the English leaven working in us would ensure a deeper hold on individual holiness. One nation is, in the Faith, most necessary to the other. Each, surely, should wade far out into the seas, and send across the cry heard once in St. Paul's dream: "Come over to Macedonia,—come over and help us!"

A Lesson Taught and Learned.

ON one occasion, during a journey in Little Russia, while the horses were changing at a certain station, the Emperor Alexander expressed his determination to travel on foot to the next town, ordering his attendants not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him go forward unaccompanied. Alone, with no mark of distinction, dressed in a military overcoat that gave no clue to the rank of the wearer, the Emperor passed through the town without attracting attention, till he arrived at two roads, and found himself obliged to inquire his way of a man who was sitting before the door of the last house, smoking a pipe. Like the Emperor, this individual wore a military overcoat, and by his pompous air seemed to entertain no small opinion of his own consequence.

"My friend, can you tell me which of these roads will bring me to ——?" asked the Emperor.

The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of a pedestrian in speaking to such a dignitary as himself; and between two puffs of smoke he growled out disdainfully the ungracious reply:

"The right."

"Thank you, sir!" said the Emperor, raising his hat with the respect this uncivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another question?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Your rank in the army, if you please."

"Guess," returned the other.

"Lieutenant, perhaps?"

"Go higher."

"Captain?" rejoined the Emperor.

"Much higher,"—and the smoker gave a consequential puff.

"Major, I presume?"

"Go on," replied the officer.

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"Yes, you have guessed it at last; but

you have taken some trouble to discover my rank."

The low bow of the Emperor made the man with the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior; so without much ceremony he said: "Pray, who are you?—for I conclude you are in the army."

"Guess," replied the Emperor, much amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

"Captain?"

"Much higher."

"Major?"

"You must still go on."

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"You have not yet arrived at my rank in the army."

The officer now took his pipe out of his mouth: "Colonel, I presume?"

"You have not yet reached my grade."

The officer now assumed a more respectful attitude. "Your Excellency is then lieutenant-general?"

"You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled lieutenant-colonel kept his helmet in his hand, and looked stupid and alarmed. "Then it appears to me that your highness is field-marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position."

"His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping the pipe upon the ground, where it was broken into twenty pieces.

"The same, at your service," replied the Emperor, laughing.

The poor lieutenant-colonel dropped upon his knees, uttering the words in a pitiful tone: "Ah, sire, pardon me!"

"What pardon do you require?" replied the Emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for the service. Good-day!"

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly officer ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign. He never forgot the lesson that had been taught him that day.

Next Sunday's Mass.

THIRD AFTER EPIPHANY.

IT is still the Christmastide, and the Introit represents the angels of God adoring the Saviour on His entrance into this world. "Adore God, all ye His angels! Sion heard and was glad; and the daughters of Juda rejoiced." (Ps.) "The Lord hath reigned; let the earth rejoice; let the many isles be glad."

Contrasting the apparent weakness of the Infant God of Bethlehem with His real omnipotence, and remembering the genuine weakness of her children, the Church entreats, in the Collect: "O almighty and everlasting God, graciously look upon our infirmity; and, for our protection, stretch forth the right hand of Thy majesty."

In the Epistle, St. Paul exhorts not only the Romans, to whom his words were primarily addressed, but all Christians, to live in peace and harmony. A common obstacle to Christian charity is our misconception of our own importance; hence the Apostle's counsel: "Be not wise in your own conceits." Long before St. Paul's day, the author of Proverbs wrote: "Hast thou seen a man wise in his own conceit? There shall be more hope of a fool than of him." (xxvi, 12.) A more modest estimate of ourselves leads to a juster opinion of our fellows, and is thus conducive to the mutual sympathy and co-operation which the Apostle has in mind when he advises our "providing good things not only in the sight of God, but also in the sight of all men." Absolutely destructive of peace and harmony is the spirit of resentment—"rendering evil for evil." That was a motto of the Old Law—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,"—but is foreign to the code of love introduced by the gentle Jesus of Nazareth, who tells us: "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good."

In the Gradual, the Church continues to magnify Emmanuel—God with us:

"The Gentiles shall fear Thy name, O Lord, and all the kings of the earth Thy glory! For the Lord hath built up Sion, and He shall be seen in His majesty."

The Gospel, taken from the eighth chapter of St. Matthew, recounts two miracles: the cleansing of a leper and the cure of the centurion's servant. Especially noteworthy in this extract is the answer of the Gentile soldier when Jesus said that He would go and heal the sick person: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; but only say the word and my servant shall be healed." So admirable is the faith embodied in these words that the Church has enshrined them in the Sacred Liturgy, and they are repeated every day in Holy Mass when priest or people receive Communion.

As a pendant to the account of Our Lord's wonder-working, the Offertory declares: "The right hand of the Lord hath wrought strength, the right hand of the Lord hath exalted me; I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." The Secret is a petition that our sins may be cleansed away as a preparation for the Sacrifice. And the Post-Communion prays: "We, O Lord, to whom Thou grantest the use of mysteries so great, beseech Thee to render us truly fitted to obtain their effect!" The Communion narrates a fact that merits our own serious meditation: "All wondered at the things which proceeded from the mouth of God." Familiarity with those things has blunted the edge of our wonder, but God's words are perennially worthy of our admiration; and if our minds and hearts have become encrusted with the leprosy of worldliness and indifference, we need persistently to pray with the leper of to-day's Gospel: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

POPULAR government is not in itself a panacea; it is no better than any other form, except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so.—*J. R. Lowell.*

The First Mass in the Western Hemisphere.

The Evil of Spiritualism.

A STRANGE POINT OF VIEW.

IT is hard to say where, when or by whom the first Mass in the New Hemisphere was celebrated. Historical writers are not agreed as to place, date or celebrant. The only certainty we have is that it was in 1493, no priest having accompanied Columbus on his first voyage. Many statements of Roselly de Lorgues, perhaps the discoverer's most popular biographer, are questioned by later writers, some of whom hold that the honor of celebrating the first Mass in the New World belongs to Father Buil instead of to Columbus' friend, Father Perez; and that the former was not a Benedictine, as is commonly believed, but a Minim. The Franciscan tradition is that the superior of the monastery at La Rábida, Father Juan Perez de Marchena, landed with Columbus, in 1493, on the island of Hispaniola, or Hayti; that at Port Conception he built, of boughs, the first chapel in the Western Hemisphere, and therein, on Dec. 8, feast of the Immaculate Conception, celebrated the first Holy Sacrifice of the Mass ever offered in the New World.

In an appendix to "The Missions and Missionaries of California," by Father Engelhardt, we find this extract, translated from a Latin work of Father F. Gonzaga, Minister-General ("Romæ," 1587):

"A few days after taking possession of that island, some of our friars, among whom was Father Juan Perez, who had most urgently counselled Columbus not to abandon so grand an undertaking, passed over to those parts on the second voyage, and laid the foundation for the present province [i. e., the Franciscan Province of Santa Cruz de Cuba]. This same Father Juan Perez, who first set foot on that island, had a hut erected of boughs and covered with straw, where he offered up the first Holy Mass, and then took care to have the Blessed Sacrament preserved there. This was the first church in all the West Indies."

Where, as is the case in most instances, Catholics believe that Spiritualism is nothing but deceit and delusion, why take pains to convince them that they are wrong, and thereby, perhaps, evoke a dangerous curiosity that may lead them to the mediums and the *séance* parlors?

This, from a Catholic contemporary, strikes us as being a strange point of view. If the writer has given the subject any serious attention, he must be well aware that, after the fullest allowance has been made for fraud and charlatanism, more than enough remains in Spiritualism to confound the keenest investigators. Is the Catholic public to be left in ignorance of a subject which is now to the front in all civilized countries? It is not claimed that Catholics, in any considerable number anywhere, are under the spell of this recrudescence of paganism; but that the danger of it is great and growing, and that they ought to be forewarned against it. The time is coming when the evils of this old-new cult will be apparent to everybody.

So rapid has been the spread of it since the century began—especially in Germany, France, England and Italy,—that the Holy Father has been thoroughly alarmed. There are hundreds of papers and magazines entirely devoted to the propagation of Spiritualism; and innumerable books are published by its votaries, not a few of whom are to be classed among the ablest opponents of the Christian religion. It is claimed that the phenomena of Spiritualism, the reality of which can not be questioned by any open-minded person, demand the rejection of Christianity both as a creed and a system of morality. Only the Church can successfully combat an evil so monstrous as Spiritualism. Curiosity regarding it is most dangerous when least enlightened.

To speak of only one danger to which

those who dabble in Spiritualism are exposed. It is a well-known fact that insanity, as a result of this practice, has increased alarmingly during the last forty years. In one of our largest cities, a law was recently enacted, making it a misdemeanor to advertise Spiritualistic *séances* of any kind, so widespread had the evil become, and so notable the increase in the number of insane patients from the ranks of the Spiritualists. The law provides that any person convicted of the misdemeanor "shall be subject to a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, and not more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the city and county jail for a term of not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment." The wisdom of this legislation, which is said to have been prompted by a priest, supported by Protestant ministers of various denominations, will not be questioned by those who are informed on the subject of Spiritualism. As we have said, it is a great and growing evil; and ignoring it can have no other effect than to accelerate its spread.

The body of Catholics, it is well to remember, includes, besides those who know their religion and are faithful to its precepts, any number of others who are ill-instructed, neglectful of religious obligations, and, on account of contact with unbelievers and breathing an anti-Catholic atmosphere, in constant danger of falling away from the Church altogether. It would probably be a surprise to most persons to know how many Catholics there are of this very numerous class that have joined the ranks of the Spiritualists. Are such unfortunates to be abandoned by their fellow-Catholics; and others in danger, proximate or remote, of following the same course, to be left under the delusion that "Spiritualism is nothing but deceit and delusion"?

SAINTS become such only by a daily conversion.--*Madame Swetchine.*

Notes and Remarks.

In these days of ultra-sensational journalism, it is well to remember that an event described in to-day's paper as being of altogether exceptional interest and of permanent importance, may, viewed in a retrospective glance taken only a few months hence, appear of negligible triviality. A case in point is found in the review, by the *London Times*, of the important events of 1908. Considerable space is given in this summary to the Eucharistic Congress, which was "important as being the first large organized demonstration made by the Roman Catholics in England since the Reformation."

Apropos of the procession and the mistakes of the Government with regard to it, the *Times* says:

So the procession took place, and, though shorn of its specially religious character, was an imposing demonstration; the police arrangements were admirable, and no trouble occurred. But the Roman Catholics throughout the country were disappointed and even indignant, and the Irish Party in particular were not slow to take political advantage of the action of the Government. Within a few weeks came the Newcastle election, and the Irish vote went solid for the Opposition candidate.

Contrast the lurid accounts cabled to this country at the time, the paragraphs devoted to the hooting, jostling, quasi-mob-like disturbers, the incipient riot, etc., etc., with the tersely historical statement, "no trouble occurred"; and draw the conclusion that picturesque headlines all too often decorate the recital of events quite unimportant even when not wholly imaginary.

Some years ago considerable vogue was given to a sensational, though not intentionally irreverent, book called "If Christ Came to Chicago." Now we have several thousands of the Epworth League advertising their purpose of doing for two weeks "what Jesus would do" (what the Man-God would have them do, we

suppose, is meant). The resolution of any individual personally to conform his conduct to that of the great High Priest and exemplar of the Christian life is, of course, commendable; and even two weeks of irreproachable Christian conduct is something worth while. But there are features connected with this collective exemplification of Christlike living so loudly vaunted from the housetops that call for comment, and that comment was supplied in Cleveland by the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Jennings. We quote from the *Catholic Universe* of that city:

Dr. Jennings pointed out that the Christian life is not an experiment. Religion, he said, is not something to be put on trial for a week or two, like a play presented for public approval. It is a law, with all the binding force and harassing limitations of law. It is imposed on men not for their acceptance or rejection, but for their government. It is as absolute and unescapable as all laws; and it is on this basic truth of religion as a law, with punishment for its violation and reward for its observance, that the whole Christian system is built up.

It is much less important, therefore, said the preacher, for Christians to speculate on what Jesus would do if He should return to the earth to-day than it is for them to do what He told them to do while He was on earth. There is no room for guesswork. There can be no doubt that Christ would tell the world to-day exactly what He told it nineteen hundred years ago; that He would bind it by the same eternal law, and refer it to the same single interpreter, His Church.

The Statement, for 1908, of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children does not make pleasant reading. Notwithstanding the Apostolic Letter, in which, on April 3, 1908, Pius X. strongly recommended the Society, and urged that it be the recipient of the charity of the faithful, there has been, according to Father Ketcham, an actual falling off, in the returns, of more than three thousand dollars as compared with the amount received in 1907. No wonder the Rev. President of the Society writes:

Whither shall we turn for aid? The Holy Father has spoken in no uncertain tones. He has said: "Of one thing We feel assured—

namely, that the Indians will not be deprived of the blessings of salvation nor yet of the advantages of Christian education, if the other faithful children of the Church in America, regarding them as their brethren—all Christians being members of the one family of Christ,—and manifesting their devotion to them, make it a point, one and all, to enroll their names and contribute their fees as members of this Society."

The Bureau has constantly appealed to the Catholic press, sending regularly to every Catholic periodical the *Indian Sentinel*, the Annual Report of the Director of the Bureau, and such notices as might serve to call attention to the specific needs of the Indian work. Catholic societies have been appealed to, and many have passed resolutions encouraging almsgiving on the part of their members toward the work of the Indian missions. The American Federation of Catholic Societies has been especially emphatic in resolutions of this kind. The Bureau, moreover, employs a lecturer in the person of the Rev. Charles Warren Currier—a priest whose reputation for learning, zeal and eloquence is nation-wide,—constantly to proclaim from Catholic pulpits the needs of the Indian missions, and to solicit contributions in the way of membership fees for the Preservation Society in their behalf. What more can we do? Yet, day by day, we see the resources upon which we are expected to support our Indian schools and missions slowly but surely dwindling away.

Here evidently is work for some of those generous and well-meaning Catholics who were stirred by the recent Congress in Chicago. It should be realized that the preservation of the Faith among the remnants of the original owners of this country depends upon the maintenance of mission schools.

A very interesting discovery of early Christian remains on the Blue Nile, some miles north of Sennar, is reported by Prof. Sayce, who has lately returned from Khartoum. The London *Tablet* quotes the following account, supplied by Reuter's Agency, of how the discovery was made:

The foundations of a rest house for the Irrigation Department were being dug when a number of graves were found containing skeletons with feet to the east. Round the head of each was a quantity of pottery, consisting of bowls and jars, all in a good state of preservation. The bowls are for the most part of dark clay

and decorated with what are known as Nubian patterns. On one of them is a Coptic processional cross; and the same emblem is scratched inside the lips of the jars, where it is associated with two other Christian emblems—the fish and the palm branch. On the neck of one of the jars is a mason's mark; and another of the jars, which are of red ware, has a spout as well as a handle. A comparison of the pottery with that found on Nubian sites between the first and second cataracts makes it probable that it should be dated in the seventh or eighth century, A. D. The pottery has been sent to the Khartoum Museum. The chief interest of the discovery lies in the fact that it is the first time that Christian remains had been met with so far south; and we may, therefore, look forward to the discovery of other early Christian remains in the neighborhood of the Blue Nile. At present very little is known of the history of Christianity in these regions, but excavation may throw light upon it. A quarter of an hour's walk from the graves are two mounds called by the natives Beyt-el-Anak ("The House of Anak," or pre-Mohammedan people), which, doubtless, mark the site of an old Christian church and monastery. Excavation would probably bring to light early Christian inscriptions.

Apropos of the probability that within a few months the faithful may publicly invoke Joan of Arc among the Blessed, *Rome* thus admirably summarizes the career of that Maid of France whom Andrew Lang has so recently vindicated and eulogized:

When that happens, Joan will be the most epic of all the saints, worthy of the songs of some Christian Homer of the future, who shall tell how, half a thousand years ago, at the end of a century of warfare which left France, bleeding and exhausted, at the feet of England, appeared the peasant Maid from obscure Domremy, with the incredible declaration that Heaven had sent her to save France and crown the young King Charles VII. at Rheims, and to free her country. In the annals of war, no achievement is more remarkable than that which culminated in the solemn coronation of Charles in Rheims on July 17, 1429. Joan's heavenly enterprise for France ended here, as she herself declared at the time; but she was given two years longer to become more perfect through tribulation. She was to be delivered, perhaps through treachery, into the hands of the recreant Duke of Bourgogne, to be by him sold to the enemies she had so marvellously

conquered, to be tried on the charge of practising black arts, to be condemned as a *relapsed heretic* by an unhappy Bishop of the true Church for which she was ready to give her life, and to be burned with ignominy as a witch by the English at Rouen, in her twentieth year, on May 30, 1431.

What a marvellous story! A simple, illiterate country girl; a general of superhuman skill and power; a heroine whose name was blessed by millions; a spotless virgin amid the lusts and brutalities of war; a tender woman who never shed a drop of blood; a reputed heretic and witch; abandoned by the King and the people she had saved; burned amid execrations in the public market-place; and now, after nearly five hundred years, about to be numbered among the Blessed, to the exultation of the whole Catholic world!

It is indeed a marvellous story. "How admirable is God in His saints!"

The most notable of recent events in the musical world was the rendition by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Richter, at the Queen's Hall, London, of Sir Edward Elgar's now famous First Symphony. The streets leading to the hall were crowded with music-lovers, hundreds of whom had to be turned away. The composer was obliged to appear even during the movements, and at the end of the symphony he was called five times before the enthusiasm of the audience had in the least abated. Even the orchestra rose in their places and joined in the tumultuous applause. "The work is an immortal classic," says a writer in one of the London dailies. "It is music that speaks, appeals; and moves,—music which needs nothing for its appreciation beyond ears that hear and hearts that beat."

A subscriber to the *Missionary* recently lent his copy of that interesting monthly to a non-Catholic friend. As a result, the latter forwarded to the editor a contribution to the fund for mission work, with a letter in which he says: "Although a Protestant myself, I realize the great influence for good which can be exerted by the Roman Catholic Church. It is a

tower of strength for orthodoxy, and it makes an impregnable barrier against the oncoming tide of irreligion and materialism. For my part, I confess that the other churches are powerless to stem the rush of this torrent. It is, therefore, a pleasure to enclose my contribution to assist you in your work; and, if you continue on the same lines as you have laid down, I shall repeat it every year. I know of no better way to assist in counteracting the prevailing irreligious tendencies. And in the meantime I assure you of my good wishes."

This is not the first time that the casual loan of a Catholic paper or magazine to Protestant friends or acquaintances has borne excellent fruit. Numerous conversions in this country can be traced to just such a source,—and, of course, many others might result from a more general adoption of this simple plan.

Nowadays more than ever, perhaps, the study of history has become especially important because of the criticism that in many a case has effected a metamorphosis in the nature of traditional views and events. A paper, by Anthony Beck, in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, discusses most interestingly "The Uses and Scope of Historical Reading"; and we are tempted to quote more than this long extract from it:

To sum up, the study of history as a prolific source of useful information consists not in omnivorous and desultory reading, but in a careful and intelligent perusal, with due attention to the coherence of events, to their causes and consequences, to their relation with religion, and, above all, with the religion of Christ. If pursued along these lines, the study of history will reveal a hidden store of knowledge and will become a source of permanent learning and delight. From the pages of history we can learn the unity of the human race and the story of its continuous development. It teaches that every individual member of the human family may be a link in the mighty chain of progress; that man's is a life well worth living; that a sublime aim is to govern his efforts; and that, if he be true to his destiny, he must strive nobly and well. History, moreover, furnishes the key

of many problems of practical life. More than this, it is a potent factor in levelling prejudice by leading us to value the achievements of others. We are constrained to deprecate the bigoted and misleading lucubrations of historians, and reject, if not to confound, the manifold errors propagated in the press and through the many-mouthed organs of public opinion.

We frankly acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to such eminent critics as Cardinal Newman and Spedalieri for the signal services they have rendered to Catholic truth by their masterful refutations of the insidious "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; to Balmes, for his critical examination of Guizot's "History of Civilization"; to Archbishop Spalding, for his scathing criticisms of Prescott and Bancroft. And if well-informed and scholarly laymen like Dr. Walsh, who silenced the slanderous charge of a professor in a well-known Eastern university, meet the attacks of unscientific historians, we heartily endorse their action. For truth is sacred. And such as are of the truth will not commit the effrontery wantonly to urge the unfounded charge against the Church that she ever minimized or discountenanced the claims of true science. The impulse given to modern historical research by Leo XIII. is a matter of recent knowledge. The encouraging words spoken by the scholarly Pontiff are not likely soon to be forgotten: "Continue to work with courage and perseverance, zealously and cheerfully; not so much in order to obtain earthly reward or human praise, but above all do this work for the love of God and for His honor; for He will requite your endeavors with heavenly and everlasting reward." Such is the message which the Church, in the person of the divinely appointed custodian of natural and revealed truth, delivers to honest and reputable scholars.

It is good to see the Rev. S. Baring Gould making, even at this late date, some reparation for the flings at Catholicism that once came readiest to his pen. He has been in a thoroughly Catholic land, and has this to say of the dwellers in it:

Human nature is the same everywhere, but I doubt if anywhere it is more disciplined and self-restrained than in Catholic Brittany. One has but to note the pure faces of the girls, and note how respectable the marriages are, not to draw a painful and humiliating contrast with those of the same blood elsewhere. A tree is known by its fruits, but there are fruits of different kinds. If the fruit of Christianity be cultivated intelligence, then undoubtedly Non

conformist Wales and Scotland are more prolific than Catholic Brittany; but if it be innocence and singleness of mind, and a piety that pervades and governs the whole of life, the positions are reversed.

Premitting any comment on the comparison drawn, we are moved to remark that in the world generally, and in its prisons especially, there is rather a surfeit of cultivated intelligence minus moral training; and as between intelligence and piety, Brittany may well cling to the latter.

The following enthusiastic announcement of the Church Unity Octave was sent broadcast by the editor of the *Lamp*, an organ of the Anglo-Catholics devoted to the reunion of Christendom. For motto it has the words of our Blessed Lord, "that they may be one":

Last year there was inaugurated the observance of a Church Unity Octave, beginning on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter at Rome, January 18, and ending on St. Paul's Day, January 25. It was taken up with considerable zest and participated in by several thousand of the clergy, religious and lay people in the Roman Catholic and Anglican Church. Under the fostering care of God the Holy Spirit, we trust the present year will mark a still further growth and development of the observance. There is a peculiar fitness in this particular octave, which at once appeals to everyone who recognizes the Apostolic See of Rome as the historic and providential rallying point of a reunited Christendom. From the first ages of Church history, Rome has been called the Apostolic See, because jointly founded by the glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, whose relics to this day repose within the great Roman basilica, the largest and most famous church in the whole world. A Church Unity Octave, therefore, which begins with the festival of St. Peter's Chair and ends with the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, brings us at once into touch with the foundation principles of Catholic Unity, and lifts the whole subject on to the solid rock of divine institution, Scriptural revelation, and Apostolic tradition.

We ask every reader of the *Lamp* to take a zealous part this year in the observance of the octave,—not being content with an individual participation merely, but acting as a promoter and extender of the observance by getting as many others as possible also to keep the octave.

Speak to your lay and clerical acquaintances about it, write to those at a distance, ask for prayers far and near, secure as many Masses, "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," with intention, as you can; and we shall be grateful if you will report the results to the *Lamp*, so we can form a better record of any increase on last year's observance. The following ways, according to opportunity or privilege, are recommended for the observance of the Church Unity Octave:

1. Prayers, private and public.
2. Masses celebrated and communions made with intention for the return of all Christians to communion with the Apostolic See.
3. Sermons and instructions on the subject.
4. Church Unity conferences, public or private, in churches, halls, houses, on the street,—anywhere and everywhere as time or occasion shall make them wise and expedient.
5. Judicious dissemination of Church Unity literature.

We hope that all Catholics who sympathize with the Anglican heirs of Newman—what true Catholic does not?—will offer fervent prayers that the movement inaugurated by "Father Paul" may be abundantly blessed.

Illustrations of the universality of the Church are so common as often to escape notice. An American lady, whose name is familiar to readers of THE AVE MARIA, tells us that at a little reunion at her house during the holidays a Filipino boy, a Hungarian girl, and another lad, a Pole, joined with her in singing the *Adeste Fideles*. And it was an accident that Ireland, Germany, Luxemburg, and perhaps other countries quite as far apart, were not represented on the occasion,—which also affords a little argument in favor of the employment of Latin for the Church language.

Three sisters of the late Lord Petre are nuns. There were eight of them, and all bore the name of Mary,—always a cherished one in this old Catholic family, which shares with the Howards and the Cliffords the aristocratic representation of Catholicism in England. One of the brothers became a priest. A seat of the Petre family in Essex is the scene of "Lady Audley's Secret."

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

My First Adventure.

BY X Y Z.



WHEN I was a very young lad, and first went into the army, I was sent with my company into a part of the country that was infested by a gang of robbers, who laid waste the whole neighborhood. In the daytime they concealed themselves in the near mountains, where there were several caves and ruined buildings well adapted to their purpose; but at night they used to issue from their hiding-places, and plunder the farm-houses, the little villages, and even the gentlemen's houses that were not very well guarded. Frequently they would take away three or four sheep at a time, sometimes as many cows and bullocks, and pigs and poultry without number; in fact, it was principally in this way that they procured food. No traveller could pass in the dark without being attacked by them; and the riches they had gathered by robbing on the highway, as well as by plundering houses, were said to be immense.

Several times the inhabitants of the villages had joined the constables in large parties to go in search of the marauders. But, though they frequently saw at a distance one who seemed placed to watch, and who fled away the moment they appeared, they never met with any number until one fine summer's morning when a large party went very early to the mouth of a cave, where they had reason to suspect some of these thieves were concealed. One of the constables and a farmer, who were more courageous than the others, advanced first, and were instantly shot dead; so the rest made their escape in great haste.

It was the death of these two men that caused the company to which I belonged to be sent into that part of the country. Some of the old soldiers, who had fought against the French, considered it rather a disgraceful thing to be sent against common robbers; but I thought it was good fun, and was very glad to go to a new place. Two or three of us were quartered in each house, and everybody was delighted to have us.

The first order we got was to search through the mountains, and examine all the caves and ruined castles in the neighborhood; and this, I assure you, was to me a very entertaining service, especially as I did not know half the danger of it. We went into several caves where we were obliged to carry torches, and I never saw anything more beautiful than the glittering of the spar and icicles that were in some of these. In one, which appeared less damp and was more spacious than the rest, we found some chairs and a table; also the remains of a dinner, which seemed to have been a very good one, and to have been eaten very lately, but none of the eaters showed themselves. This cave we examined with particular attention; and went into many different rooms (if I may so call them), but without discovering any further traces of inhabitants.

We continued this occupation for a fortnight, and some of us patrolled the country all night without making any discovery. But we did not mind the fatigue, for it was shared amongst so many; and, besides, we were well fed and housed. We were in a plentiful country, and no one thought anything too good for us; in truth, since our arrival the robbers had ceased to appear, and the inhabitants were very well satisfied with the exchange.

I chanced to lodge in the same house with a soldier of my own age, who had not been taught to hate a lie as much as I did, and often used to laugh at me for my strictness on that point. It happened one day that he and I had got permission to go to a town at some little distance, to provide ourselves with necessities which were not to be had in the village; and, meeting some of our soldier friends (for part of the regiment was quartered there), we were tempted to stay rather too long, which obliged us to make great haste in returning. My companion, who was young and giddy like myself, proposed our taking a short cut by the mountain, which would bring us near one of the ruined castles, formerly supposed to be the haunt of robbers, but which we had searched a few days before without discovering any sign of them.

It was growing dark as we drew near the place, but we had no fears; so we laughed and sang, and told stories by way of passing the time, until we came just under the castle wall, when a loud whistle suddenly drew our attention, and we saw a man close to us, who immediately ran away; at the same time we heard the sound of a great many footsteps and voices under the arch which we were approaching. We had not on our uniforms, and my companion said to me softly: "Say you are not a soldier."—"No, Tom," I answered. "I will tell no lies, come what may."

I had scarcely spoken these words when we were seized by six men, who tied our hands behind us, and hurried us into the castle, where one man held a dim lantern, while the others examined us; and I assure you we were in a sad fright. "Are you a soldier?" was the first question. I said, "Yes"; my comrade said, "No." After taking our bundles containing all our morning's purchases, and searching our pockets, where they found scarcely anything, they blindfolded us and led us forward for a few minutes without speaking; then a voice said,

"Stairs," and we immediately descended. I counted fifty steps before I found myself on level ground again. And we had not walked many minutes before the same voice cried, "Upstairs," and we mounted about twenty steps. I then heard a door open, and was dragged forward for a moment. The same voice said again, "Stay there," and the door closed.

As soon as I thought our conductor was gone I called out: "Tom?"

"For God's sake do not speak to me," he said.

"Why not?" said I.

"Ask me to-morrow, if we are alive," replied Tom, "and I will answer you; but now I will not speak another word."

I attempted two or three times to make him talk, but all to no purpose; and he afterward told me it was because he feared some of them might be listening, and hear me say something which should prove him to be a soldier.

Thus we remained about half an hour, as well as I could guess the time in so uncomfortable a situation, scarcely expecting to escape with our lives; for the men we had seen were most wicked-looking fellows. At length the door opened, and the same rough voice which we had heard before said the captain had sent for us. We were then led out, through several passages, down flights of stairs, up others, and then down again, till at length we came into a place where I judged by the sounds that a number of people were carousing. A different voice from any I had yet heard asked me who I was, why I had passed that way, to what regiment I belonged, and other questions, to all of which I answered with perfect truth; for I well remembered my good father's instructions, and it was lucky for me on this occasion.

After they had finished examining me, they put the same questions to my comrade, who began by telling a falsehood very boldly, but soon betrayed himself, and at length got so puzzled that he knew not what to answer. I was then

asked whether he was my companion, whether he had gone out for the same purposes, and whether he had been with me all day, to which I replied with the same truth as before.

We were next led to a distant part of the room, and ordered to sit down. I heard a number of people speaking in a low voice, and seeming to dispute; but I could not distinguish what they said, and I own I was very much frightened. In a few minutes, however, a person led me forward, and the voice I had last heard said again: "In two hours you shall be set at liberty; and, if you will promise never to betray any person you see here, you may get a good supper before you go." I made the promise very cheerfully; for I supposed people who talked in this way could have no thought of murdering; and in a moment the bandage was taken from my eyes and my hands set at liberty.

Then indeed I was astonished at what I saw. In the middle of a vaulted room, from the top of which hung a large lamp with a great many lights, was a long table, covered with all sorts of good things; and around it sat no fewer than thirty men, with the wives of five of them; and I afterward discovered that it was to these women I owed my good supper. They helped me to their best food, gave me a glass of wine, and invited me to join in their merriment; but I looked around for poor Tom in vain, and I could not enjoy anything until I knew what had become of him.

At last they perceived how uneasy I was; and, guessing the cause, the captain (who sat at the head of the table, and had questioned us the last time) said: "Your friend is safe, and shall go away with you in two hours; but we are afraid to trust him, because he tells lies. We are not, to be sure, very particular about that matter ourselves; but we have confidence in people who tell the truth, and we think you will be likely to keep a promise; so we are willing to humor

the women, who wished you to sup with us."

When I heard my comrade was safe, I ate my supper very heartily, and was treated with much civility by all; though the greater number, and even the women, had a savage appearance. They were very merry, talked a great deal of their exploits and the escapes they had had; and I found they were much too cunning for us, and had often been near us when we least suspected it.

I also learned that they immediately knew us to be soldiers; that their idea was that we belonged to a large party who were coming to attack them, and had been sent forward as spies; and that if I had not told who we were and where we had been in the honest manner I did, they would have put us both to death without delay; but they discovered by my answers that our passing that way was a mere accident, and knew we could do them no harm. I found by their talk that many of them were smugglers, and that a small number had inhabited those mountains many years before they became a terror to the neighborhood.

They did exactly as they had promised. In two hours they brought my companion to me, still blindfolded and tied. They put a handkerchief over my eyes; and, after leading us upstairs and downstairs, and through several passages, where we heard iron bars and bolts in abundance, they set us at liberty just outside the arch through which we had entered, giving us a password in case of meeting with any of their comrades.

When I told my adventures to poor Tom, who had sat in the dark with his hands tied all the time, he vowed he would never tell a lie again as long as he lived; and certainly he never after laughed at me for telling the truth.

Next day some troops were sent to search the old castle, and we were of the party; but no one was to be found, and it appeared to me that the vaults,

staircases, and passages were much smaller and fewer than the night before. Indeed, I had since an opportunity of hearing that they led us round and round, and up and down, on purpose, to make it more difficult for us to find our way another time. And as to the large room where I had supped, we were not able to make it out.

In a very short time the robbers found that this was no country for them to live in; and, one of the smugglers betraying them, some were taken, and the rest dispersed. So ended my first adventure as a soldier.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—A DAY'S JOURNEY.

It was a long day's journey to Blackstone Ridge. Kitty had taken all-day journeys before; but they had been the jolliest of holiday trips, with dear papa, the best and gayest of chums, at her side, spending money right and left with true sailor recklessness; chaffing the little Italian fruit boys in their own soft language; handing out chocolate and candy to all the little folks near; joking with conductors and porters; scattering sunshine and gladness on all within his reach. For papa's "work" had always been on the great blue sea, guiding the beautiful *Hispania* over the wide waters, through storm and darkness, past rock and reef and shoal. When he touched land, he was like a big boy out of school.

But Uncle Dave was a very different travelling companion indeed. The "parlor cars," where Kitty had always been cushioned cosily before, were, Uncle Dave remarked, "only for fools"; candy and fruit venders were dismissed with a growling "No!"

Putting "Niece Katherine" in a plain straight seat, Uncle Dave took from his pocket the *Iron Workers' Journal*, and

was soon absorbed in its black columns, apparently forgetful of the little girl at his side. But as journeys of any sort were infrequent experiences to our little convent Kitty, and her seat was luckily by the car window, there was so much to interest her in the swift-flying panorama without, that she quite lost sight of the grim old travelling companion in the beautiful scenes through which they sped.

For all Earth was laughing in the glad sunshine of May; little brooks were tumbling joyously down the hillsides; white lambs frisked in the green meadows; the wayside was gay with buttercups and daisies; the orchards very bowers of pink and white bloom. Kitty had glimpses of lovely old houses, their white-pillared porches shaded by great, spreading trees, and pretty little cottages nestling under vines and roses. Ah, it was a beautiful world, as Sister Carmel, who taught poetry, always told the girls; and if Uncle Dave's home was among trees and flowers and apple blossoms like these, really, it wouldn't be so very dreadful.

At two o'clock the junction with the other road was reached; and the train that had borne our travellers thus far swept on its pleasant way down the valley, leaving Uncle Dave, Kitty, and some twenty other passengers, at a little station at the foot of the mountains.

Uncle Dave now put a silver piece in Kitty's hand.

"We stop here an hour, and there's a lunch room inside," he said gruffly. "If you want anything, go get it."

Kitty did want something decidedly. All the tragic excitement of the morning could not dull her to the fact that it was fully two hours past dinner time at St. Ursula's, and she was a very hungry little girl indeed. So she stepped into a big, bright room, where a long table was spread most invitingly; and the clatter of knives and forks, the odors of fried chicken and hot coffee, were needlessly appetizing. But another train had stopped about twenty minutes before at the junction,

and every place at the table was already occupied. Poor little Kitty, with no one to look out for her, could only stand shyly aside and wait her turn, while the brief moments sped on all too quickly.

A group at the end of the table caught and held her wistful gaze. It was such a gay, happy crowd,—a pretty, brown-eyed lady, with boys and girls of all sizes and ages gathered around her, from a big, rosy-cheeked fellow of fourteen in the uniform of a military institute, to a fat baby who was sucking a chicken bone in the arms of an old "mammy," behind his mother's chair. And they were all chattering and laughing, and enjoying the good things in a way that went to poor little hungry Kitty's lonely heart.

Then suddenly the pretty lady's brown eyes fell on the little black-robed girl, and she whispered something to the big boy at her side. In a moment he was on his feet, like the gallant young soldier he was.

"Take my place, won't you?" he said to Kitty. "You'll get no lunch if you're not pretty quick here."

"Oh, no—no!" said Kitty. "I—I can wait. Finish your own lunch, please!"

"Oh, I'll finish it all right!" he laughed. "I know the ropes."

"Yes, come take Phil's place, my dear," said Phil's mother, smiling. "He can look out for himself, but you can't." And the speaker drew Kitty into the chair beside her.

Phil snapped his fingers to a black waiter, and in a moment there were fried chicken and hot rolls and all sorts of good things within Kitty's reach; while the pretty mother filled Kitty's glass with rich, sweet milk, finding time and thought, as real mothers will, for the stranger, even while she kept a watchful eye on her own little flock.

"Don't let the twins have any more strawberries, Letty. Yes, one little piece of that cake, Dick. Rosa dear, if you have finished, take baby and let mammy go get some lunch for herself. And are you travelling all alone, my dear little girl?"

"No, ma'am. My Uncle Dave, Mr. Dillon, is outside," answered Kitty.

"Mr. Dillon!" repeated the lady, in astonishment. "Mr. David Dillon, of Blackstone Ridge, your uncle! Why, we are his neighbors—or as near neighbors as he will permit," she added, with a laugh. "We are the Markhams, and we are going to our Lodge for the summer. This is indeed a surprise. I did not dream that—" the speaker paused and caught back the unpleasant truth that she had never heard of Mr. Dillon's having a niece. "Phil," she turned to that young gentleman, who had evidently secured a most satisfactory lunch by a "pull" with the waiters behind the scenes, "this little girl is Mr. David Dillon's niece."

"Not—not 'Old Flint's'?" said Phil.

"My son!" interposed his mother.

"I beg pardon! But, you see, they will give people nicknames up our way. And—and—you are going to visit Blackstone?"

"No: to live there," answered Kitty.

"To live there! Whew—" Again a look from his mother checked Phil's whistle of dismay.

"He means you may be lonesome," said Mrs. Markham, gently. "If so, you must remember we are not very far away. We shall be at the Lodge all summer,—a crowd of us," the pretty mother added gaily; "and we hope you will come over to see us as often as you can. What is your name?"

"Kitty,—Kitty Dillon. I have to live with Uncle Dave now," the speaker's voice trembled over the explanation, "because—because my dear father was lost with his ship."

"Oh, I remember!" said Mrs. Markham, with quick, warm sympathy. "You are Captain Dillon's little girl. My dear, dear child! I am so sorry—I mean you must let us see a great deal of you. There comes the train. Quick, Letty, Rosa, Dick, Joe,—come, children, all of you, quick!"

And then, in the hurry and excitement, Kitty lost sight of her new friends, as the train came sweeping up to the station,

with two great black engines panting and shrieking as if in rage at the fierce, hard pull they must take up the mountain. For it was a pull indeed even for their iron lungs and fiery breath.

Kitty, whose holiday journeys with papa had always led to some gay, pretty place at seashore or springs, had never seen the mountains; and her little tip-tilted nose was almost glued to the window pane this afternoon as her wondering eyes watched the strange scenes without. Higher and higher the great, black engines strained with their heavy load; higher, ever higher, until the valleys below were lost in silvery mists and all around her grew rough and wild and full of strange peril.

More than once our young traveller held her breath in terror, and clasped the little pearl Rosary Sister Felicie at parting had twined about her wrist, as the train swept around dizzy curves, where the rocks went down to sheer depths of a thousand feet beside the slender rail, or dashed into the black gloom of a tunnel, or leaped on a slender bridge, the mountain torrent foaming and thundering in clouds of spray below.

Higher and ever higher, until the fair, sweet earth Kitty had known until now seemed to vanish, and she was in a new world of crag and cliff, where the trees had to battle with the wind that had bent and gnarled their branches; and the green things grew as best they could,—creeping, twining, clinging to rock and ridge and stony steep. Still higher and higher, until the sun went down between two great peaks, and all the western sky was a glory of rose and gold and violet, and the very gates of heaven seemed swinging open between pillars of pearly clouds.

"Something worth seeing, isn't it?" said a gruff voice at Kitty's side.

She turned with a start. Uncle Dave had dropped his paper and was looking out at the sunset sky. The frown was smoothed out of his brows; for the moment something in the rugged face

reminded Kitty of that other dear face she would never see again, and she had to gulp back the sob that rose in her throat as Uncle Dave went on.

"Ever been as high as this before?" he asked.

"No," answered Kitty, tremulously.

"How do you like it?" he asked again.

"I—I don't know—yet," Kitty faltered, the sob still in her throat. "Are we almost home, Uncle Dave?"

"Home!" he echoed the word with a short, harsh laugh, and the frown came back to his grizzled brows. "No, not for two hours yet. It will be dark when we get—home. And if you can stick to that word it will be best for you—and me, too, Niece Katherine; though it's a new name for Blackstone Place—home!"

And he relapsed into grim silence, which Kitty did not venture to break. She turned to her window again and watched the twilight stealing in soft, violet shadows over the heights, the silvery haze rising from the valley to meet it, until all things grew dim and vague, and they seemed to be sweeping through a vast cloudland without path or guide. Then, as the darkness deepened, Kitty's blue eyes, weary with much watching, grew heavy, the fringed lids drooped, the clatter of the speeding train changed into the Coronation Chorus, and she was back again at dear St. Ursula's, bearing her lily sceptre, wearing her May Day crown. Kitty's tired head sunk down, down, until it somehow toppled sideways on Uncle Dave's shoulder, the loosened hair strayed over his rough sleeve, the soft, fair cheek pressed against his arm.

For a moment he looked at the little sleeper with fierce surprise; then his rugged face softened, and he sat motionless as an image, strange feelings tugging at his tough old heartstrings. Long, long ago, before those heartstrings had toughened, he had had a little golden-haired brother whom he had loved. Long, long ago, in some fair, sweet past, so blurred for years by passion and pride and bitter-

ness that it had been almost forgotten, little "Jack" had dropped asleep on big David's shoulder just like this.

All unconscious of the tug on Uncle Dave's old heartstrings, Kitty slept on, not very comfortably indeed; for the coat sleeve on which she leaned was rough, and the May Day crown of her dream seemed full of strange prickles. She would have shaken it off, but Mother Paula's voice seemed to whisper in her ear:

"Not yet, Kitty,—not yet. Remember the Queen's Promise. The thistles will change into roses. Only wait, Kitty,—wait."

And then the study bell seemed to clang harshly, and Kitty started up, to find the train had stopped, hoarse voices were shouting, "All off for Blackstone Ridge!" And Uncle Dave, gruff and grim again, was gathering up his umbrella and bags.

"Rouse up, Niece Katherine!" he said curtly. "We are—home."

(To be continued.)

Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc, known also as the Maid of Orleans, was born in the little village of Domremy in Brittany. Her father was a peasant farmer. She was brought up with little or no schooling, and could not read or write in after years. "I was taught," said the Maid, "by my mother all that I ought to believe, and all that a child ought to do to be good." There was, it is said, a tradition—perhaps Joan heard of it—that out of the forest glades of Domremy, where she tended her father's sheep, a maid should come who should deliver France out of the hands of the English, whose armies were invading the country.

In 1425, when Joan was thirteen years of age, the call came to her from Heaven, bidding her to live a holy life and to prepare to go to France. Three years after this, Joan could no longer resist the voices calling her. "I must go to the King," she persisted, when they discouraged her

or refused to aid her, "even if I wear my limbs to the very knees; for God wills it."

After several vain attempts, she was admitted to the presence of the Dauphin Charles VII., at Chinon. Her twofold mission from Heaven, she told him, was to relieve Orleans and to crown him at Rheims. The Dauphin, believing her to be sent by God, placed the Maid at the head of an army, that set forth to the relief of Orleans. Joan was clad in white armor. Her standard was a large white banner with the golden fleur-de-lis of France and the holy name of Jesus on it. She silenced all foul oaths and language among the men. Great numbers frequented the churches for prayer and the Sacraments. She was wounded in leading an assault against the English, and was carried out of the battle. But, hearing a retreat had been sounded in consequence, she, with her own hands, drew forth the arrow from her neck, and placed herself once more at the head of the troops. The English, seized with panic, fled and abandoned the siege.

After the Dauphin was crowned at Rheims, Joan at once sought to return to her home in Domremy, knowing well that her mission was now fulfilled; but against her will she was detained to lead and inspire the French armies. After various unsuccessful engagements, she was sold into the hands of the English, condemned for heresy, and sentenced to be burned to death in the market-place of Rouen. On May 30, 1431, at the place of execution, an English soldier, hearing her ask for a crucifix, placed in her hands a cross roughly made with sticks, which she held to the last. As the flames reached her she was heard to say: "I was not mistaken: my voices were from God." Then, three times uttering the holy name of Jesus, the Maid's head sank on her breast in death. In the stillness of that awful moment, broken only by the sound of weeping among the crowds that filled the market-place, a voice was heard crying, "We are lost: we have burned a saint!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—By the addition of about 9000 volumes of the library of the late Mr. Richard Ashurst Bowie, of Philadelphia, Harvard College can now boast of the largest collection of early printed books in the United States.

—Some of the leading English literary journals have a curious way of classifying "books received." In one of them we find "Semitic Magic, its Origin and Developments," under "History"; and "Our Working Girls and How to Help Them" classed as "Theology." "St. Elmo" would probably appear in *Hagiology* rather than under the head of novels.

—The recent earthquake disaster in Sicily has caused a remarkable demand for Mr. Marion Crawford's "Southern Italy and Sicily." It is now one of the books most sought for in the libraries and at bookstores. The work, which was published in 1900, is probably the best available source of historical and topographical information about the devastated country, and its many illustrations are particularly valuable at the present time.

—The Rev. Charles S. Hoff, C. SS. R., has compiled a prayer-book for children; and an examination of advance sheets shows that he knows the spiritual needs of the little ones, and has provided for them in this new book of devotions, entitled, "Jesus, Teach Me to Pray." The illustrations must appeal to children, and the pictures accompanying the Mass prayers should be an aid in assisting at the Holy Sacrifice with attention. Altogether, the little book is to be cordially recommended.

—From the Inter-Mountain Catholic Press Co. we have received an interesting volume,—"*By Path and Trail*," by Oswald Crawford. The work is divided into three books,—*In the Land of the Yaqui*, *In the Land of the Digger Indian*, and *In the Land of the Papagoes*. A number of these historical and descriptive sketches we have already read in the columns of our Salt Lake City contemporary; and we applaud the gathering of them into the present compact and permanent form. Mr. Crawford's readers will derive both instruction and entertainment from his lucid and graphic pages.

—Whether or not the battles of the future between faith and unfaith are to be fought, as has been asserted, on the fields of Psychology and Comparative Religion, the London Catholic Truth Society's series of lectures on the History of Religions is a commendable work. Two of the series have reached us: *The Religion*

of 'Early Rome,' by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.; and "*The Religion of Modern Judaism*," by the Rev. G. S. Hitchcock. Both are really valuable pamphlets, discussing their subjects briefly of course, but thoroughly as well. The method of treatment is not above the intelligence of the ordinary reader, a circumstance which does not detract from the utility of the works to the student and the scholar.

—The statement is still repeated in literary journals, whose editors should be better informed, that the "*Bay State Psalm Book*" (1639) was the first book printed in North America, and, it is sometimes added, "in the whole New World." The fact is that printing was introduced into Mexico by Catholic missionaries almost a century before the settlement of New England. And they printed hundreds of books, the first being a translation into Spanish of "*The Spiritual Ladder of St. Climachus*." The first edition of the catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library contains 302 titles of books printed before 1601 in America. In his "*History of Printing in Spanish America*," the Hon. John R. Bartlett refers to seven books printed in Peru prior to 1600.

—It is always a pleasure to read letters written by Ruskin, hundreds of which, as yet unpublished, must still be treasured by his friends. It is to be hoped that none of his correspondence will perish; for in every letter that he penned, besides the delightful Ruskinian quips and quirks, there is something of the Ruskinian magic of words. He is interesting in every mood and on all subjects. A characteristic letter, addressed to a lady friend in Ireland, a country of which he seems to have been desirous to learn more, has just been made public. Ruskin writes:

In truth, there is *no one* who can help me as you can; for you see with my eyes and more—and feel as I feel—perhaps in some directions only the least bit less—and speak more clearly than any living animal can speak or sing, except an Irishwoman. And you're to write whenever you can, only for goodness' sake not on that gritty paper, which makes me shiver and shudder like a knife on a rough plate. How ever you can, passes all my wits to think.

—It was old Johnson who said: "History may be formed from permanent monuments and records; but Lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and will in a short time be lost forever. What is known can seldom be immediately told; and, when it might be told, it is no longer known." A sententious truth. However, a necessary

element of the best Lives nowadays is correspondence. The modern biographer never begins his work before undertaking a careful search for private letters, the editing of which is an important part of his work. The discovery of a diary is always a delight to him. The recently published memorial of Maria La Touche, the friend of Ruskin, abounds in the sort of material desired by biographers. We can not refrain from quoting two passages which, though written in different moods, are equally readable:

I do hate sums. There is no greater mistake than to call arithmetic an *exact* science. There are Permutations and Aberrations discernible to minds entirely noble like mine; subtle variations which ordinary accountants fail to discover; hidden laws of Number which it requires a mind like mine to perceive. For instance, if you add a sum from the bottom up, and then again from the top down, the result is always different.

Widowed at eighty and bereft of her home of sixty-two years, Mrs. La Touche could write:

My experiences of the last twelve months have developed my fortitude and conquered my "nerves" and other weaknesses to a great extent. The river and the elm trees caught me by their steady sameness, as the stars do, when I see them from my bed. They say nothing from themselves, but they transmit endless and consoling messages from the Unseen. . . . I am supposed to have come down in the world. In reality I have gone up to a truer and simpler life, and better aims, and a clearer vision, in the Light that comes with Eventide.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Rosnah," Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
 "Discourses and Sermons," James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
 "The Conventionalists," Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
 "Friendship Village," Zona Gale. \$1.50.
 "Child Study and Education," C. E. Burke. 75 cts.
 "The Greek Fathers," Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
 "The Story of the English Pope," F. M. Steele. 86 cts.
 "Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues," Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.

- "The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.
 "The Young Converts," Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.
 "The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism," Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
 "The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
 "The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.
 "The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
 "Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
 "Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.
 "Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
 "A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.
 "Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
 "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.
 "Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.
 "The Shadow of Eversleigh." Jane Landsdowne. \$1.25.
 "The Letters of Jennie Allen." Grace Donworth. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. Reitberger, of the diocese of Kansas City; Rev. Bartholomew Driscoll, diocese of Scranton; Rev. William D. Hughes, C. S. P.; and Rev. William Sheehy, C. M.

Mr. Watson Rich, Mr. George Weidner, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Dr. Edwin Beden, Mrs. Patrick McGarvey, Mr. Robert Gold, Mrs. James Flannigan, Mr. William Cowden, Miss Agnes Burke, Mr. Henry Wolf, Mr. John Heying, Mrs. Mary Lemon, Mr. Augustus Grusch, Mrs. B. Trolan, Mr. George Amb, Mrs. Agatha Conking, Mr. J. B. Hentz, Mr. John McEachen, Mrs. S. McEachen, Mr. Alexander Beffa, and Mr. James Stapleton.

Requiescant in pace!

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M. A. L., \$5; Mrs. M. D., \$10; J. D. Mc., \$2; Mrs. H. E. B., \$10.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Joan the Maid.

BY FRANKLIN C. KEYES.

[HEAR my voices calling! They bid me fight,
His word my soul enthraling, the God of Might;
Through me He'll smite the foe,
By me He'll work them woe.
To Him the glory's glow,
To me the night.

Amid the battle's shrieking I have no fear;
For still my heart is speaking, "Thy God is here."

I with my puny arm
Must save the King from harm;
Nor dare I feel alarm,
Though death be near.

I hear my voices calling! They bid me stand,
My piteous heart appalling with death's command.

God stills my heart's wild cry;
God living, bids me die;
And I in transport fly
To His dear hand.

Our Lady and the Details of Common Life.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



NO one who has given time and attention to the perusal of old documents and chronicles relating to the Middle Ages can fail to be struck by the number of objects—such as girdles, circlets, household furniture, gold and silver plate, jewels, and the like—which were consecrated to, or worn in honor of, the "Mirror of Chastity," Christ's most holy Mother,—she whom a poet of those days of faith calls "head-

spring and well of perfect continence, in word nor thought that never did offence."

Images of Our Lady—and often very costly images, too,—were evidently a most favorite object in the houses of our Catholic forefathers. We know that her devout client St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, had ever on his table an ivory image of Mary Immaculate. And this was no unusual custom; for in the will of Thomas Wilmott, clerk (A. D. 1493), he says: "I will that the image of St. Mary, now standing in my study, be placed at my expense in the chapel of St. Nicholas, Ashford." In the year 1355, Elizabeth de Clare, daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Gloucester, bequeathed to St. Thomas of Hereford a silver image of Our Lady; and, in 1348, Sir Thomas Samson, Canon of York cathedral, left "an image of Our Ladye, of alabaster," to the altar of the Blessed Trinity, which had been recently constructed over the treasury in the cathedral.

Little portable images of the Blessed Virgin, made in gold and silver, were also much in use; indeed, from the frequency with which these are mentioned, as well as from the different inventories, we are led to the conclusion that the kings of England kept such statues for Christmas presents. There were, moreover, many beautifully carved ivory diptychs and triptychs: the latter representing Our Lady, with scenes from her life,—as, for example, her Annunciation; the former, the Crucifixion on one leaf, and Our Lady with her Divine Son on the other. These

were plainly intended for private devotion, and in numerous instances must have served as portable oratories; for it is distinctly stated that they were in little cases or chests; those in the Royal Treasury, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being made of wood.

In the inventory of the treasures in the exchequer, during the reign of Henry VIII., among sundry other items of the same nature, we find the following: "A tabernacle of gold with Our Lady teaching her Sonne, with an angel bearing a brooch, etc., 16 ounces." And again: "A tabernacle of gold with Our Lady of Pitie with her Son in her lap, with two angels behind." Such tabernacles as the foregoing were also sent as New Year's gifts by the sovereigns of England.

In 1447, Henry VI. made a donation of relics to his new foundation of Eton. And it is evident, from the wording of the royal document, that these same relics were enclosed in a costly case or tablet; for the King says: "Forasmuch as our most dear and beloved uncle of renowned memory, Henry, late Cardinal of England and Bishop of Winchester, out of the fervent love which he always testified for our good pleasure, kindly gave us in his lifetime a memorial and jewel, to us most acceptable—namely, that golden tablet called the Tablet of Burboyn, containing several relics of inestimable value. . . ." After enumerating the relics, among which was "a fragment of the salutiferous wood of the cross of Our Lord, which leads us to a grateful remembrance of our Redemption," the King adds that the gift was presented "to the intent that we should deign to give and grant the said tablet to our beloved in Christ, the provost, and our royal college of the Blessed Mary of Eton, near Windsor, founded by us in honour of the Assumption of the said Most Blessed Virgin Mary."

A "tablet" is also mentioned by Isabel, Countess of Warwick, and wife of that celebrated Earl Richard known as the

"Father of Courtesy." In her will, among other bequests to different statues and churches, she says: "I will that my tablet, with the *image of Our Lady*, having a glass for it, be offered unto Our Lady of Walsingham." And, further on, the testatrix adds: "A tabernacle of silver, like in the timber to that over Our Lady of Caversham." This was undoubtedly one of the portable tabernacles just alluded to.

In the decoration of houses, representations of Our Lady, or of scenes from her life, were often to be found in mural paintings; nor were such representations less frequently seen in the stained-glass windows which were the glory of many a noble old castle. Among the accounts of works at Windsor during the reign of Henry III., mention is made of the insertion of a glass window "in the gable of the Queen's chamber," on which was depicted the Root of Jesse,—a favorite subject with the painters of the time. This window, we are told, was provided with a wooden shutter. Silver and gilt cups with an image of the Virgin Mother upon them, as well as bowls and dishes, or shallow basins, were very much used and valued; this is sufficiently evident from the way in which they were handed down as heirlooms from one generation to another, or bequeathed as a special mark of esteem and friendship.

There is something quite pathetically interesting in the following bequest made by John Charlton, prebendary of Riccall, in the church of York, to Master Robert Gilbert, Dean of York. These are the words of the testator, written on July 18, 1438: "A gilt cup, covered like a chalice, with an image of the Blessed Virgin on the base, out of which in preference to other ones I used to drink and rejoiced, so that at the sight of this little present he [the Dean] may remember me."

Another example of a covered cup was left by "William Nawton, of Grimston, near Settrington, Esquire, to his son and heir, John Nawton." The will

was dated March 19, 1453; and the covered cup of silver, "which had an image of Our Lady on the summit," was called "the Standing Piece." Again, Eufemia, wife of Sir John Langton, of Farnley, near Leeds, by her will dated August 26, 1463, bequeaths to her son Henry "a silver cup, with an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the top." It may be remarked in connection with our subject that on the silver-gilt rim of a late fifteenth-century cup, belonging to the Ironmongers Company, the Angelic Salutation is inscribed. Thus did the image and remembrance of God's purest of creatures dominate every detail of daily life.

Gold and jewelled rings were constantly left, in order that they might "be hung about the neck" of some well-loved image of Mary, or attached to the rich mantles or coats which were placed upon the statues on "good days" (the chief festivals of the Church). The will of John Andrew, in 1503, contains the following bequest: "Also I bequeath to Our Lady's coat, in the chapel of Henley (on Thames), a gold ring which was William Wylde's, to hang on the said coat." At Melford, according to the inventory of 1529, three rings were fastened "to the apron of Our Lady."

Gold chains also were a favorite form of bequest. Take, for example, the case of Thomas Karr, who had been one of the sheriffs of the city of York. By his will, dated April 24, 1444, he left one hundred shillings to buy two chains of gold,—one to be placed around the neck of the Blessed Virgin "at her altar behind the high altar" in the cathedral church of St. Peter, at York; and the other to be placed "around the neck of her Son, who is in her arms." He, moreover, bequeathed "a gold ring of the price of thirteen shillings and fourpence, to be placed and chained around the neck of the image of our Blessed Lady."* Truly, it seems, from the evidence shown in their testamentary documents, that the

good burgesses of York were singularly generous as well as notably devout to Christ's Holy Mother.

With regard to silver dishes, two of these, "with the Annunciation in the centre," were left by one Peter del Hay, of Spaldington, to his wife Elizabeth; date of will, August 8, 1426. Spoons constantly bore on their handles the figure of Our Lady, either alone or with her Divine Child; and in old wills mention is occasionally made of what were called "maidenhead" spoons. For instance, the celebrated William of Wykeham bequeaths some spoons *cum maydens hedde*; but antiquarians are not all agreed that such spoons were necessarily representations of Our Lady. This is not the opinion, however, of the learned Dr. Bridgett, who speaks of "the little maidenhead spoons, so called, because Our Lady's head formed the termination of the handle."

We must now refer to an old custom which appears to have prevailed during the Middle Ages—namely, that of young girls wearing hallowed (blessed) girdles, as a protection from insult; these belts seem to have been generally called "Girdles of Our Lady." It is quite possible, too, that the many rich girdles attached to images of the Virgin Mother in various churches, not alone in England but also in Ireland, were known as "Our Lady's Girdles." Numbers of such girdles are mentioned, and many bequests took this form. Thus we find John White, who had been Mayor of Dublin in the years 1424, 1431, and 1432, leaving "a girdle of the price of twenty shillings to the image of Our Lady in the cathedral church of the Holy Trinity, Dublin, commonly called Christ Church."

Dionisia Holme, of Beverly, widow, according to the terms of her will, dated January 3, 1471, bequeathed "a silk belt, adorned with silver and gold, to the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the nave of the church." Again, in 1479, Thomas Dicson, a weaver of Beverly, desires to be buried in St. Mary's church; and

* Test. Ebor., vol. ii, p. 92.

leaves "to the image of the most sweet Virgin Marye" his belt of red silk embroidered with silver, and one good napkin.* Also Richard Cotingham, a good citizen of York, bequeathed "a red silk belt, well adorned with silver," to the little chapel of Our Lady hard by St. Mary's ancient abbey in that town. But, much earlier than any of these legacies, we find Matilda of Flanders giving "one of her girdles of gold for the suspending of the lamp before the altar" in the church of the Holy Trinity.

Lady Langton, who has been already mentioned, bequeathed to her daughter, Margaret Meyrying, "a silver-gilt cross, an *Agnus Dei*, and a girdle of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Leather garters, stamped with the words, *Ave Maria, gratia plena*, were in constant use; one of them, which belonged to the Roach-Smith collection of antiquities found in the city of London, is now in the British Museum. It is considered probable by authorities on the subject that these garters were worn as a protection against that extremely painful and unpleasant malady known as the cramp. And it is interesting to find that one of the old English charms expresses the general belief concerning Mary's entire and perfect sanctity. It runs thus:

Cramp be thou painless,
As Our Lady was sinless
When she bare Jesus,
And quickly leave us.

Surely this popular rhyme is only another proof that belief in Our Lady's absolute stainlessness was universal; in truth, the earliest Christian writers, both English and Irish, are entirely at one in their efforts to give forth to the world their opinions on this subject. Venerable Bede calls her the Mother undefiled, the Virgin blessed beyond compare; and none, as we have seen, were more zealous than the English in celebrating the feast of Our Lady's Conception; whilst an Irish poet, Sedulius, refers to her singular privileges in the following beautiful words:

* Ibid., vol. iii. See note p. 192.

To her we sing

Who bore in time the world's Eternal King;
And peerless in the human race was found
A mother's joys by virgin honors crowned.

Even when the practice of the ancient Faith had been made penal, traces of it still continued to linger in certain charms and spells. Reft of the true religion, the roods torn from their lofts, "all images pulled down through all England, and all churches new white limed, with the Commandments written on the walls"—as we are told in the "Chronicle of the Grey Friars," the writer of which seems to have been a friar who kept the book of chronicles after the suppression, and continued it till his death,—the people yet clung to the sacred sign of our Redemption; for Coleridge, in his "Table Talk" (Vol. II., p. 59), records the approved mode of procedure (in the case of one seized with cramp) which prevailed in Christ's Hospital, and was supposed to have been in use there from its foundation in the reign of Edward VI. A boy attacked by cramp would get out of bed, stand firmly on the leg affected, and make the Sign of the Cross over it, thrice repeating this formula:

The devil is tying a knot in my leg:
Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, unloose it, I beg!
Crosses three we make to ease us,—
Two for the Thieves, and one for Christ Jesus.

Again,

Jesus Christ, for Mary's sake,
Take away this toothache,

was a favorite ejaculation in bygone days, and one which plainly shows that, in the popular mind, there existed a deep-rooted conviction of Our Lady's power with her Divine Son, through His filial love for her. It would appear that God, who is charity, is appealed to by the human affection He felt for His Mother, as if He could not refuse any petition asked in her name.

In old volumes of English folklore, we find quite a number of rhymes—or perhaps it would be more correct to say changes rung on the same rhyme—to be repeated

when a thorn has become embedded in the flesh. It is significant that, with the exception of one or two, they all allude to the Virgin Mother. Thus we read:

Jesus of a Maid was born;
He was pricked with nails and thorn.

And again:

Our Saviour was of Virgin born;
His head was crowned with a crown of thorn;
It never cankered nor festered at all,
And I hope in Christ Jesus this never shaull.*
The words had to be repeated three times, and "then," adds an ancient writer, "with God's blessing, it [the thorn] will give no further trouble." There are five or six variations of these same lines, different formulas being used in different counties.

From Lancashire legends, we learn that it was customary, at least in that county, to say "five *Pater Nosters*, five *Aves*, and a Creede, in worship of the five Woundes of Our Lord," when ale or any kind of drink was supposed to have been bewitched. This is interesting, as affording yet another proof of the universality, so to speak, of devotion to the Wounds of Christ,—a devotion which was almost invariably associated with that of the Five Joys of Our Lady, who, to quote the words of a very ancient rhyme:

Prayed to her dear Sonne
That we all to heaven might come.

This is one of those popular verses which would appear to have assumed almost the character of a prayer. Under the same heading we may include the nightly invocation of the Four Evangelists, which is used even at the present day; though it is to be doubted whether the meaning of the words, or the spirit of such an appeal to God's saints, is ever adverted to by those who repeat the formula, more as a sort of charm than as a true petition for protection during the hours of darkness. The writer well remembers learning it in days of earliest childhood from a Protestant nurse, who, being a Suffolk woman, used the Suffolk form of words. Even in Suffolk, however,

* Shall.

the lines are constantly varied; though, out of the twelve or fourteen different formulas, I have been able to discover only *one* which makes any reference to the ever-virgin Mother. It was used in Norfolk—that county of grand churches and glorious monasteries, long since, alas! desecrated or fallen into ruins,—and runs thus:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Three angels *Mary* led,—
One at my feet, one at my head,
One at my heart, there they spread;
God within and God without,
Bless me round about!

It would be impossible to enumerate the many quaint proverbs and sayings connected with Our Lady's feasts; not the least curious of them is one which foretells that—

When Easter Day falls on Our Lady's lap,
Then let England beware a rap.

It need scarcely be remarked that this half-prophetic utterance refers to the coincidence of the festival of Easter with that of the Annunciation, or "Lady Day."

Such examples as the foregoing are particularly interesting, because they bring into startling prominence the fact that the influence of devotion to the Virgin Mother made itself felt in the minds and hearts of the people long after her Ave Bell had ceased to sound from cathedral towers and humble steeples; long after the time when to invoke her was considered "a monstrous superstition." For us, who—thanks be to God!—are children of the True Church, this devotion must ever be of paramount importance; springing, as we know it does, from a strong faith in the Incarnation, and, in its turn, forming the safeguard of that faith. It is, moreover, the root of holy hope, and the incentive of that true Christian charity which makes us love not only our Creator but our fellowmen; giving a grace and charm to each act of our religion, and bringing equal consolation to the sinner and to the saint.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING his resolute determination to keep his temper, the last word spoken by Mrs. Creighton stung Desmond a little.

"I do not think," he observed, "that my desire for knowledge on this subject could be called curiosity; but we will not dispute over a name. The essential thing is that I should learn the facts."

"Well," Mrs. Creighton said, "the facts, as far as I know them, are briefly these—"

Although it seemed her intention to go on, she nevertheless paused, gazing into the brass-girt fireplace, where a few logs burned more for cheerfulness than warmth. When she presently spoke again, her voice had changed a little; it seemed that she was thinking less of the young man who had so unexpectedly roused her antagonism than of the events and figures of the past.

"You are," she said, "so ignorant of the family history that I had better begin by telling you that your uncle is only the half-brother of your mother and myself. Our father married twice, and there was a long interval between his marriages. Consequently the son of the first marriage was twenty years older than the children of the second. We were very young, your mother and I, when our father died; and our brother became not only our legal guardian, but in every respect a father to us. I can barely remember when he was married; and Harry, his only son, was therefore practically of our generation, and like a brother rather than a nephew. We were very fond of him" (her voice trembled a little); "and what happened later was, and still remains, a great grief to me.

"Well, we grew up during the war, knowing little of it; for the routine on the great plantations went on just as if

there had been no war, until near the close, when your uncle was brought home badly wounded; and the friend who brought him, who had carried him off the field and saved his life was your father. He was very attractive, and we all fell in love with him; but *he* fell in love with your mother, who had just grown into womanhood and was most charming. Perhaps" (abruptly) "you think all this is very far from what I started to tell, but it seems best to make everything clear to you."

"It is best, I am sure," Desmond told her, "and also very interesting. You see, as you have said, I am very ignorant of all these things, and glad to know them. About my father and mother now—there was opposition to their marriage, was there not?"

"Yes. Much as he liked your father, who was really a fascinating person, my brother had too keen a sense of his responsibility toward us not to feel that there were many objections to the marriage. There was a considerable disparity of age, to begin with, difference of nationality, and most of all of religion."

The young man nodded. "I understand," he said. "The opposition was very natural,—in fact, inevitable. But they overcame it?"

"Oh, yes! They were both so determined that after a while there was nothing to do but yield. Some time elapsed, however. My brother insisted that your mother should wait until she was older and certain of 'knowing her own mind'; so it was two or three years after the war before they were married and went abroad. Then, still later, I was married and went away; and—and while I was gone the dreadful thing about Harry happened."

Silence fell again, as she stared once more at the softly-burning fire, the feathery ashes. Aware that half unconsciously she had been dwelling on other things in order to keep away from the subject to which she had now returned,

Desmond did not speak, but only sat in an attitude of attention, with his eyes fixed on her. Some instinct of the expectation in that steady gaze, although her glance did not turn toward him, at last forced her to take up the thread of her narrative and go on.

"I can not understand it," she said; "I never have been able to understand it. No one ever had a finer sense of honor than Harry appeared to possess; he was the very ideal of all that one could have wished him to be. Only in one thing he disappointed his father. He was not willing to stay on the plantation, nor yet to study a profession. In the years following the war, you know, there was a terrible condition of affairs here in the South—an upheaval of all the conditions of life,—and no one knew what would or could finally result. I don't want to recall the anarchy that existed for a time, and threatened to make life impossible. Young men especially were almost unable to bear it; and for this reason (because he was afraid of what Harry might be led into) my brother consented that he should do what no Wargrave had ever done before—go into business. He, therefore, went to Baltimore and entered the commission house of some old friends of ours,—men who, despairing of conditions in the South, had left their plantations, raised what money they could, and founded a prosperous business in that city. I think it was almost a relief to my brother that he was away during the terrible years in which things were gradually righting themselves, when it required all his judicial temperament to avoid trouble. But I know that he never ceased to look forward to the time when the son of the house could return to take up the inheritance which had been saved for him by such careful and almost heroic effort. Then—the blow fell."

It seemed to Desmond that the tense suspense in which he was left when her voice dropped again was almost more

than he could bear. He felt his hands involuntarily clenching. It was as if once more he almost touched the old tragedy; as if its agony took material shape before him, and he felt that he must know whatever there was to know. At length he could wait no longer.

"Don't try to go into particulars," he said gently. "Just tell me briefly what happened."

Then, for the first time since she began her story, she turned to meet his gaze; and in her darkened, dilated eyes he saw all that she was suffering.

"I can't go into particulars," she said, "because I don't know—I never asked for them. Why should I have tortured my brother with questions? He was a lawyer as well as a man of stern integrity. He would have died before he would have been guilty of an injustice toward the poorest Negro. Could I imagine, therefore, that he was guilty of any toward his only son? What he wrote to me (for he never spoke of the matter) was this: 'I have learned from my old friend, Colonel Escott, that Harry has been guilty of irregularities—so he puts it—in the business entrusted to him. The proofs, into which I need not enter, seem quite clear. The firm has lost many thousand dollars, and the cheques passed through Harry's hands. I sent for him at once, and he can give no satisfactory explanation of the defalcation,—for that, in plain language, is what it is. He denies that he has been guilty of dishonesty, but the proof would convict him in any court of law. This being so, there has been only one course for me to pursue. I have paid every dollar of which the firm has been defrauded—laying a charge on the estate which it will take me many years to liquidate, in order to do so;—and I have told Harry that, unless he can bring me not merely assertion but convincing proof of his integrity, he can not enter again a house where honor has always been held supreme, and he can never expect to inherit it. With

this distinct understanding, he has gone. That is all.'

"No doubt it seems strange to you that I can quote this old letter so exactly," Mrs. Creighton went on, after another pause, which now Desmond made no effort to break; "but it was the only information I ever had, and I read it over and over until it was branded on my memory. Well, you understand now why my brother has let the years go by—it is more than twenty since this occurred—without fulfilling that part of the Wargrave trust which enjoins the renewing of the entail. He had not only to clear the estate of debt, but I am sure, though he has never said so, that he has always hoped, against hope as it were, that Harry would exonerate his name from the charge of dishonor which stood against it. But that hope ended forever when we heard of his death."

"Oh!" Desmond started, for this news came to him as a shock. "He is dead, then?"

She nodded, and lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, with the sound of a smothered sob.

"Yes," she answered. "Two years ago my brother had a brief message from San Francisco—where, it seems, Harry went when he left here,—saying that he was dead."

"Is there no doubt of it? Who sent the message?"

Mrs. Creighton hesitated an instant before replying, and he had an instinctive feeling that she did not wish to answer the question. Nevertheless, with a return of coldness to her voice, she said:

"My brother had not the least doubt of the message. I did not ask him about the name signed to it, which was unknown to me."

"But not to him?"

The persistence of the question evidently irritated her. There was again a flash in her glance as it turned on him.

"Of course it was not unknown to him," she answered; "but I did not trouble

him with inquiries. It would have been cruel, absolutely inexcusable, to do so."

Desmond was well aware that the indignation in her voice was for him; that she held *his* inquiries to be, if not cruel, at least "absolutely inexcusable"; but he was too intent upon his object, upon satisfying the insistent demands of his own conscience, to be deterred by this indignation.

"You must forgive me if I ask one more question," he said. "Had my uncle during all these years maintained any communication with his son?"

"Yes," Mrs. Creighton replied. "I know as much as that, although I never saw one of the communications. I think they were rare and altogether formal. My brother was too just a man to cast off his son entirely; and he provided him with a certain income, although he could not make him the heir of the estate. Even if he had wished to do so, the Wargrave trust would have prevented that."

"He told me that the trust enjoins that whoever has been guilty of dishonorable conduct should be cast out and lose the inheritance," Desmond said slowly. "It seems a hard condition."

"A hard condition?" his aunt repeated. "Do you think that any one who had been guilty of dishonorable conduct should be allowed to take the inheritance which only honorable men have held?"

"I think," Desmond answered, "that there should be some allowance made for human weakness, for possible mistakes, and—for repentance."

"Repentance!" There was a shade of scorn in her tone as she echoed the word. "How can repentance change *what has been done*? A criminal may repent, but the law exacts its penalty nevertheless."

"Human law, yes."

"We are not talking of divine law," she returned impatiently. "But I see how it is. You have been brought up in an atmosphere so different from ours that you can not understand our standards, which have for us the force of laws.

Of course we might have expected this; and, in a certain sense, I did expect it. But I never thought of your taking so unsympathetic an attitude, setting yourself up to judge—"

"I am sorry," Desmond said, as she broke off abruptly, "that you mistake me so much. I am trying not to be unsympathetic; and, so far from judging, I am only asking to know how matters stand."

"Well, now you know all that is essential."

"Almost all," he agreed. "It does not concern me to decide whether my cousin was hardly dealt with, since his case has been called to a higher tribunal. If he were living, I may tell you frankly that I could not consent to take his inheritance; but since he is dead, and has, I presume, left no heirs—"

The pause was interrogative; for this was indeed the crucial point. On it everything hinged; for in his mind Desmond was quite sure that, whatever Harry Wargrave had done, there would be no justice in alienating his inheritance from his children on account of it. But Mrs. Creighton answered without hesitation, and more coldly than she had yet spoken:

"He left no heirs, so there is no need for you to take *that* into consideration. And now I think we can drop the subject. It is naturally a very painful one to me, and I suppose that your—scruples, shall I say?—are satisfied?"

"'Scruples' is certainly a better name than curiosity for what I have felt,—what has made it necessary for me to annoy and give you pain in this manner," said Desmond, in a tone of sincere regret. "I wish you would believe that it was only because my conscience obliged me to know exactly how matters stood, that I have troubled you with what you probably consider impertinent inquiries."

"No," she answered. "I admit that they were not impertinent—from you. I acknowledge that you have a right to know family matters which do not concern

any one else. I was vexed at your persistence at first, but I see now that it is better to have everything made clear before you go to my brother to-morrow." Then she looked at him with a certain softening of glance and manner. "You are a true Wargrave in your obstinacy," she added, not without approval.

Desmond smiled a little, not caring to explain further that something much stronger, more compelling, than mere obstinacy had been behind his inquiries. He, too, had a sense of relief that the explanation was over, and that apparently there was no reason why he should refuse to gratify his uncle by accepting the inheritance which was offered him.

"You have been very good in bearing with my questions and giving me so much information," he told his aunt, with what she could not but feel to be a very winning grace of manner. "I trust that I shall never have to annoy you in the same way, nor indeed in any other, again. I shall certainly endeavor not to do so."

Before Mrs. Creighton could reply, the door leading into the drawing-room—where the music had ceased some time before—softly opened, and Edith's charming face appeared.

"Have you finished talking? May I come in?" she asked.

"Yes, come in," her stepmother replied. "We have finished, in the most final sense, all that we have to say."

(To be continued.)

Wheat Fields.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

NOT less than Cana's wave,
That leaped to wine
At the sudden sign
Thy Filial spirit gave;
These at Thy timed command
Shed the gold wheat
That turns our Meat
Within Thy creature's hand.

The Martyrs of Orange.

MGR. LATTY, Archbishop of Avignon, recently issued a pastoral letter calling upon the faithful of his diocese to forward to him, in accordance with the prescriptions of the Apostolic See, all the writings of those servants of God known as the Martyrs of Orange. This action is taken in view of the prosecution of the Cause of the martyrs in question, and is precisely similar to that taken a few weeks ago in the case of the Canadian martyrs, and commented upon in a recent issue of this magazine. As the story of the Orange religious is not very generally known to English readers, Rohrbacher's narrative, dealing with their imprisonment and death, will be of interest.

In May, 1794, there were gathered together in the prisons of Orange, a town in the south of France, forty-two Sisters from various convents in the dioceses of Avignon, Carpentras, and Cavaillon. On the morrow of their arrival in the town, they assembled in one hall; and there, with one mind and in the conviction that their end was near, formed the resolution of observing one common rule and living the same life; thus sacrificing to the spirit of union, their preferences for the particular practices prescribed in the different Orders or Congregations to which they severally belonged.

Every morning, at five o'clock, they began their day with an hour's meditation on death. Then followed the recitation of the Office of the Blessed Virgin and the reading in common of the prayers for Mass. At seven o'clock they took some slight nourishment, and at eight came together again for the recital of the Litany of the Saints, and for still further preparation for death. Each of the band accused herself aloud of her faults, and disposed herself, spiritually, for the reception of the Holy Viaticum.

At nine o'clock the summoning to the tribunal began. All hoped to hear their

own names pronounced; all desired to appear before their judges—their executioners, rather—as speedily as might be. One day two nuns named Roussillon, sisters in blood as well as religion, were summoned, and only one of them was condemned. "What!" exclaimed she who was to survive. "You are going to martyrdom without me? What shall I do in this land of exile without your companionship?" — "Don't lose hope, Sister," came the reply; "your sacrifice will not be long delayed,"—a prediction verified a few days later.

The nuns on whom sentence was not yet passed followed in desire those whose martyrdom was already crowned in heaven; and, instead of praying *for* these courageous companions, they prayed *to* them, asking of God through their intercession the grace to imitate examples so glorious and to merit their crowns. In this intention they repeated our Saviour's words on the Cross, the Litany of Our Lady, and the prayers for the dying.

Once sentence was pronounced, the condemned were no longer seen by their as yet unconvicted companions. They were turned into a court, or yard, called the Circus, to associate with other persons already, like themselves, condemned. Among these persons the Sisters forthwith began a species of apostolate. They strengthened the weak, instructed the ignorant, encouraged the cowardly, and gave heart to those who were lapsing into despair. To those whom thoughts of wife and children attached to life with undue tenacity, they pointed out more solid hopes, an inheritance the prospect of which moderated the bitterness of the greatest sacrifices; and it was not rare to see those with whom they pleaded gain fresh courage from the consoling words of these heroines, and follow their example in making the generous sacrifice of this life in the hope of securing a better one. Few prisoners, indeed, resisted their efforts to bring them to Jesus Christ. One of the Sisters, seeing that the father

of a large family had fallen into utter despair, spent a whole hour kneeling with extended arms to prevent the misfortune of his dying without hope. Nor did she pray in vain: the father eventually went to his fate with the fullest Christian resignation.

Faithful to the general rule they had adopted, these Christian heroines had transformed their prison into a species of temple, in which they had no other care than to praise their Sovereign Lord and to proclaim His infinite mercies to the prisoners who shared their captivity. For every hour there was assigned a particular duty, from which nothing could turn them aside,—neither the expectation of being summoned to execution, nor the insults and threats of their jailers. One day as they were assembling to recite Vespers, the turnkey's voice was heard calling a number of them to the tribunal. "We haven't said Vespers," remarked one of the Sisters.—"We will say them in heaven," rejoined her companion.

At five o'clock in the evening, our heroines concluded the chanting of the Office. At six the beating of the drum and the cry, "To the guillotine!" announced the speedy execution of those of their companions who had already been summoned; and they forthwith knelt to recite the prayers for the agonizing and the recommendation of the dying. A few minutes later, when they presumed that the judgment of men had been undergone and that of God had crowned their companions, they arose, sang the *Te Deum* and the *Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes*, and separated, congratulating one another on having given new citizens to heaven, and mutually encouraging each other to follow the same footsteps in order to reach the same goal.

It was on July 4 that the tribunal began to decide the fate of these forty-two religious. They were examined one by one. Sister Desage, a Bernardine, was the first to receive the palm of martyrdom. Sister Susanna, a religious of the

Blessed Sacrament, was condemned on the following day. Sister Rocher, threatened with being taken to the Orange prison, consulted her father, a man of eighty, of whom she was the only child. He said to her: "I could easily hide you and preserve you from the hands of the persecutors. But examine yourself before God and see whether, in fleeing, you will not be frustrating His designs. Perhaps He desires your death as that of a victim to appease His anger. Let me say to you as Mardochai to Esther: 'You do not live for yourself but for your people.'" So generous a counsel produced an immediate effect. The young Sister hesitated no longer, but showed herself as usual in the oratories where she was used to appear. She was taken and conducted to the prison, where God allowed her to taste the joy of sacrifice. On the eve of her execution she asked her companions' pardon for any scandal she might have given them, and recommended herself to their prayers, assuring them that she was certain to have the happiness of being condemned the next day. So it happened; and when her sentence was pronounced, she thanked her judges as for a blessing.

On July 7, Agnes Roussillon and Gertrude de Lausiers, Ursulines of Bollène, were condemned and executed. They went to their death with such joy that they not only thanked their judges and executioners, but actually kissed the fatal knife. Gertrude, called in religion Sister Sophia, had awaked, the night before, filled with the idea of a happiness that moved her to tears. "I am in a sort of ecstasy," she declared, "and almost out of myself; I am certain that to-morrow I shall die, and shall see my God." Later she feared that this was only a temptation and a movement of pride, and had to be reassured as to the principle on which she was acting.

On July 8 the tribunal pronounced the death sentence on Elizabeth Peleysier, Rosalie Bès, Marie Blanc, Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament from Bollène; and

Marguerite Bavastre, an Ursuline from Pont-Saint-Esprit. The moment their sentence was read, Rosalie Bès (Sister Pelagia) drew from her pocket a box and distributed its contents among her companions, saying: "Here are some sugar-plums I've been keeping for my wedding day." On July 9 were judged and put to death Madeleine Tailieu and Marie de Genès-Chansolle, from Bollène; with Louise Eluse, a lay-Sister of the same convent of the Blessed Sacrament; and Eléonore de Justamon, a Sister of St. Catherine, from Avignon. From the 9th to the 13th of this same month, judgment on the others was put off, so as to condemn at one swoop a greater number.

On the 13th, six were condemned: Anastasie de Rocard, Sister Superior of the Bollène Ursulines; Marie-Anne Lambert, lay-Sister of the same community; Sister St. Francis, an Ursuline lay-Sister also of the same community; Sister St. Francis, an Ursuline lay-Sister from Carpentras; and three more religious from the Blessed Sacrament at Bollène: Elizabeth Verchières, Sisters Alexis Mincetta, and Henriette Laforge. On the eve of their condemnation, Sister Francis said to the others: "Ah, my dear Sisters, what a day is being prepared for us!... To-morrow the gates of heaven will open for us; we are going to enjoy the blessedness of the saints."

Seven other Sisters were executed on July 16, all displaying the same serenity and courage. Among them were Sister Justamon, a lay Ursuline of Perne; Sisters Gardon and Marie Decqui, of the Blessed Sacrament, Bollène; and Marie Lage, an Ursuline from the same town. The evening before her death, this last mentioned nun fell into a fit of deep sadness, fearing that God had judged her unworthy of the martyr's crown; but the next day on the altar of her sacrifice she manifested a degree of fortitude far higher than that of her passing discouragement.

On the same occasion, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Jeanne Roussillon,

who had been very desirous of dying on one of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin consummated her sacrifice, with Sister Madeleine-Dorothée de Justamon, who had prayed for the same grace. This latter, having ascended the scaffold, said to the soldier guards: "We are under greater obligations to our judges than to our fathers and mothers; for the latter gave us only a temporal and perishable life, while our judges have dowered us with life eternal." These words moved one of the guards to tears; and a bystanding peasant made an effort to touch the Sister's hand, actuated doubtless by the same motive that led the woman of the Gospel to exclaim: "If only I might touch the hem of His garment!"

July 26 witnessed the death of five more of the nuns. "Who are you?" asked the president of the tribunal of the first to be brought before him—Thérèse Consolon, Sister Superior of the Ursulines of Sisteron. "I am a daughter of the Catholic Church," was her answer. To the same question, Claire Dulac replied: "I am a religious, and will be one, heart and soul, till I die." Their companions in death were Anne Cartier, an Ursuline of Pont-Saint-Esprit; Marguerite Bonnet, a religious of the Blessed Sacrament; and Madeleine-Catherine de Justamon, fourth martyr of the same name and same family.

On two days in October—the 17th and 23d,—eleven Ursulines of Valenciennes, where they had instructed almost all the women of the city in Christian piety, sealed their teaching by martyrdom. On the eve of their death, they had the happiness of receiving Holy Communion from a priest who was their fellow-prisoner and who shortly afterward became their fellow-martyr. They proceeded to the scaffold joyfully, consoling the afflicted bystanders, and then blending their voices in a last triumphant *Te Deum*.

It is impossible to peruse the foregoing account of the victory won by those French nuns of something more than a

century ago without instituting a comparison between them and the Sisters who have, during the past few years, been subjected to a persecution as inveterate, if not so ostensibly bloody, as that of the closing decade of the eighteenth century. And we venture the assertion that there have been in this latter period many time forty-two veritable martyrs. Exile, penury, deprivations of all kinds are less glorious than the brief walk to the scaffold; but it is doubtful whether they are not more difficult to undergo. In any case, nothing less than the fortitude of true martyrs can sustain the thousands and thousands of French Sisters who to-day, far from the land and homes they love so well, are doing God's work with unflinching patience and unflinching courage. God bless them all, and dower them, if not with the martyr's crown, at least with the martyr's fortitude!

A Troublesome Child.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

"THERE is nothing for us to do but to take her, John, as far as I can see," little Mrs. Farrelly said, as she glanced again at the half-illegible letter in her hand; and in her voice there was a certain note of wistful appeal and longing.

"I'm not so sure at all of that," her burly husband answered, with a determined and contradictory air. "Why on earth should we burden ourselves with the care and expense of a little baggage of whom we know nothing? I'm sure it would mean a confounded upset and nuisance in the house."

"But the little one is nearly five, and at that age she would not be so troublesome. And she might be such a comfort to us, John dear!" said his wife, whose one regret during the long dozen or so years of their married life had been that God had never blessed her with a child of her own.

John Farrelly, too, had often hungered (at first at least) for a son who would come after him and carry on his name and race; but of late years he had resigned himself so contentedly to his childless but eminently comfortable lot that now, already long past the meridian of life, the possible arrival of such a little stranger would have seemed to him a distinctly disturbing and disquieting intrusion. And if that would be so of his own, what of the child of a stranger, a distant cousin of his wife's, whom he had never seen, and whose only claim on his compassion was that, dying in loneliness and poverty in a London hospital, the widowed mother had consigned the child to the tender mercy of the one relative she had in the world?

"I'm against it, anyhow," he went on. "If we had children of our own" (his wife winced a little) "we might put up with the responsibility; it is a different thing to have the child of a stranger foisted on one without as much as 'by your leave.'"

"That is not quite the case," Mrs. Farrelly replied gently. "Poor Maggie only says that *if* we could take the child it would make her so much happier. And, then, she is not a stranger; for we both grew up together in the one house and were always the best of friends. And you know, John, I have always been very happy with you, dear; still I could never help hungering for the love and the care of a little child. And now" (her lips trembled) "I can not help thinking that perhaps God is sending this little one specially in my way."

"All right,—all right, little woman! Have it your own way," John Farrelly said hurriedly, but in suddenly softened tones; for the sight of that quivering lip and the wistful look in his wife's gentle blue eyes had had their effect. "Send for the kid, and see if you can manage her. But if things don't turn out all right, you needn't blame me."

"I won't blame you anyhow, dear!

And I'm sure I can manage her quite well," Mrs. Farrelly said, with a grateful look, as she came closer to her husband's chair and put her arm affectionately about his shoulder.

"Well, you're quite happy, aren't you, now you have got your own way?" the man said, half ungraciously, as he received her caress, and then returned to the perusal of his evening paper with a sigh of weariness and defeat.

So it was all settled and arranged, and a few days later the new small unit of their hitherto peaceful household duly arrived. She was a tiny, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, and brown-eyed bit of femininity, with a robin-like brightness and perkiness about her; and while motherly Mrs. Farrelly gloated openly over her ringleted curls and soft-rounded cheeks and small white teeth and dimpling smiles, even John Farrelly himself was forced to admit that in truth she was "a purty enough little slip of a colleen."

Still, though the child was wonderfully winning in her ways, and, moreover, evinced from the beginning a strong predilection (as little girls will) for the sturdy masculinity of the master of the house, the latter seemed to have ensconced himself behind a barrier of prejudice, which all her little feminine arts and wiles seemed powerless to break down. And, as hitherto he had been the sole object of his wife's affection and solicitous care, Mrs. Farrelly soon discovered that she would now have to be very careful and tactful indeed as regarded her attitude toward the newcomer, lest she should needlessly arouse her husband's jealousy and resentment regarding the child.

"Small Peggy," as they called her, proved to be a particularly bright and lively little creature, so much so that her excess of these usually amiable and desirable qualities often brought her into discredit with her adopted father.

"Put that child to bed, for 'goodness' sake!" he would say testily, when Peggy's constant questioning and talk puzzled or

worried him as he studied the evening news; and, despite a pouting lip and a pair of pleading, tear-dimmed eyes, little Peggy must be put to bed forthwith.

Her one great wonderment was the stars.

"Where do the stars go to when they fall, Uncle John?"

"I don't know, dear. Don't bother me!"

"There's one big star up there, anyhow," Peggy would go on, unmoved, gazing skyward, as she knelt on a chair by the window, "and I'm sure it will fall very soon; it looks very crooked, anyhow."

And, in spite of his seemingly grim face, John Farrelly would find himself chuckling inwardly in his seat by the parlor fire. Indeed, sometimes Mrs. Farrelly gave herself leave to doubt whether, after all, his prejudice against the little stranger was not very much of a surly "make-believe" on his part; for on one or two occasions she had come unexpectedly into the room to find him with the child lying very content and happy against his heart, while there was such a look of protecting tenderness in the man's face as his wife had often dreamed of and longed to see there.

And once, as the two were out walking together, Peggy had suddenly put up a small pink fist and thrust it confidently down beside her foster-father's hand as the latter lay warm and snug in the depths of his pocket.

"Why, you little vixen," he cried, "your hands are as cold as a frog! How comes that?"

"I s'pose," said Peggy, after a moment's thoughtful consideration, "it must be 'cause I have no trousers pocket to put them in."

Whereupon her companion laughed loud and long,—much louder and longer, Peggy thought, than the merits of the case had any need of. But that very evening she felt almost as well pleased as certainly did her new "mudder" when John Farrelly produced from the pockets of his greatcoat two new pairs of warm woollen gloves for the little maid.

Still, Peggy was such a hopeless mischief—"a fidget," as he called her—that she was bound to find herself in hot water very often, thereby losing much of the ground she had just begun to win into the man's affections.

When the springtime came, Peggy delighted him by the interest she took in the garden and its blossoms, and the deft and clever way in which she helped to weed out the many box-edged flower-beds, or, following his directions, the oblong little beds of onions and lettuces which were his special pleasure and pride. But, alas! a day or two later, in his temporary absence, she undid all these good services by laboriously and painstakingly uprooting some hundreds of young cabbages which her idol had planted only the day before, and throwing them in a heap in the corner of the garden. "They were ugly things, and they weren't flowers," she argued, "so why shouldn't I pull them up?"

When John Farrelly came home that evening and discovered the havoc the child had all unwittingly worked on his cabbage plot, he was in a very bad temper indeed.

"You'll have to forgive her, dear!" his wife pleaded. "She meant it for the best, poor baby; and, believing that they were weeds, thought she was pleasing you and doing you a service in rooting them up."

"Service indeed! A nice service, giving me the job of sticking down all those plants again! Her hands are never out of mischief, and I heartily wish the little nuisance had never come to the place."

"Don't say that, dear! You'll see she'll make up for it all by and by." Then, seeing her husband was disposed to fall into the sulks for the evening, she went on cheerfully: "I was thinking we might take a walk after tea across the fields to Mrs. Morrissey's. Her son Pat is home from England, and she sent word down by Mary that we must come up and see him before he goes away."

"I don't mind if I do," her husband

assented. "It's getting too dark to set those plants again to-night, and I must only get up early in the morning to do it. We may as well start now, if we're going; so hurry up and get on your things. I suppose the kid is in bed,"—for poor, frightened, guilty Peggy had been careful to keep out of the way since his return home.

"No, John, she isn't. I thought—I was thinking perhaps we might take her with us. It's very early to put her to bed yet, and she could play with the little Morrisseys. I half promised to bring her."

"Let her stay at home, the little mischief! If I had my way in the house—which of course I never had,—she'd have got a good caning and been put to bed long ago. That might teach her to keep her hands quiet. Anna can mind her for one evening, I hope."

Seeing that further argument was useless, Mrs. Farrelly gave in with a sigh. But as she and her husband closed the door behind them and walked briskly down the garden path, perhaps the man was as painfully and regretfully conscious as his wife of the small dejected figure that from the kitchen window watched their departure with such a sad little face and tremulous lip.

They stayed an hour or two, chatting with the Morrisseys and their brother Pat; and by the time they set out for home again, John Farrelly was in a much more amiable frame of mind. Indeed the matter of the cabbage plants was all but forgiven. It had been such a good joke to tell his neighbors, though the laugh was all at his own expense. And as he came in sight of home, he found himself thinking almost tenderly about the penitent little sinner, wondering if she had been very lonely or had cried after their leaving.

But at the garden gateway Anna met them with a wild and frightened face.

"The child, ma'am? Did she go after you? She's not in the house, and I can't find a trace of her."

"When did you miss her? Did you not put her to bed as I told you?" Mrs. Farrelly asked in alarm.

"I did, ma'am. She cried bitterly for a while after you left; but in a little time she quietened down, and I gave her her bread and milk and put her to bed. And she seemed quite snug and happy, nursing her dollie and dressing it up in the white woolly jacket you bought for her. Then she seemed to be going off asleep, so I left her and went out to lock the fowl-house door. And when I went in to look at her a few minutes ago, the bed was empty and not a sign of her anywhere."

"Nonsense!" said John Farrelly, who during the last few seconds had stood by, strangely silent and pale. "She couldn't have run away in a minute like that. She must be somewhere about the house."

"She's not in the house, sir; for I've searched every room up and down. What I'm fearing is that she followed you; for she fretted for you going off without her, saying that her mammy had promised to take her too. And she could quite easily have slipped off with herself while I was out with the fowl, or gathering the few sticks for the fire."

By this time the much-perturbed little party had reached the house, every room of which John Farrelly and his wife now searched without avail.

"She must have gone after you, sir," Anna persisted. "For she didn't want me to undress her; and she asked me two or three times wouldn't I bring her to meet her daddy, that she wanted to make it up with him, and kiss him 'good-night' before she'd go to sleep. That was the one thought in her mind."

"Poor little kiddie!" said John, with unwonted emotion. "But she'd never dream of going off without her clothes."

"Her clothes are gone too, off the chair where I had folded them. And I don't see her little red cloak anywhere about."

Both master and mistress were by this time reduced to a state of genuine alarm and distress.

"She may have tried to follow us, right enough," the man debated. "But she knows the way to Morrisseys', and we should have met her on the street. I'm—I'm thinking," he went on with a sorely troubled look, "of that narrow plank across the river,—if she slipped in—"

"God forbid!" his wife ejaculated fervently. "But, then," as a new fear struck into her heart, "some one may have kidnapped her. Those foreign gypsies were round here yesterday again."

"I'll go and see the police and get them to help us to search. You'd better stay here; for perhaps she is only with some of the neighbors, and we may be alarming ourselves needlessly. If only I had the luck to let her come with us to-night!" he added, with a heavy sigh.

In two hours' time he was back, bringing the sergeant of police with him; but the dejected and anxious look he threw at his wife as he entered told the heavy-hearted woman better than words that he had no good news to bring her.

"Not a trace of her can we find," he admitted hopelessly in answer to her queries. "The police have searched, and are still searching every road about. None of the neighbors know anything of her either. And we've just searched along the river-bank for more than half a mile. But it's so dark now one can't be sure that—that she isn't somewhere in the water."

"We'll set out the first thing when daylight comes and drag that particular bit you speak of," the sergeant began, and then stopped short; for John Farrelly had suddenly broken down and was sobbing like a woman.

"Don't take on, man," the police-sergeant said kindly. "Maybe things are not so bad as we fear."

"The poor little childen!" the other went on brokenly. "If only I hadn't been so hard on her! But I never knew till now how much I cared for her. I'd give pretty much everything I have in the

world if I could only hold her safely here in my arms again."

The sergeant stood up awkwardly to go.

"I may as well go back with you," John Farrelly said, miserably. "I can't rest easy in the house till we get some news, good or bad." Then, as a sound as of a dog stirring came from beneath the table at his elbow, he broke out almost fiercely: "Put out that dog! If the brute was any good, the child wouldn't have been lost as she is; he'd have watched and followed her."

Mrs. Farrelly stooped down obediently and lifted the crimson coverlet that draped the round parlor table almost to the casters. Suddenly she gave a little cry of amazement, and turned to the two men with a face radiant with joy.

"Look!" she said to her husband; and he too leaned down.

There, her curly head resting on a bundle of her own small clothes rolled up as a pillow, and with her little red Connemara cloak wrapped closely around her, lay the unconscious cause of all this fear and turmoil, sleeping very peacefully and happily, despite the hint of bygone tears that still betrayed themselves on her unusually grimy little cheeks.

With a little cry, half-sob, half-laughter and joy, John Farrelly caught the child hungrily in his arms and held her tight to his heart.

"Is it you, daddy?" she said sleepily, lifting her head to look at him. "I waited up for you here by the parlor fire, 'cause I wanted to make friends with you. I's sorry for what I done, but—but you shouldn't have goed away without kissing me good-night." The little eyelids fluttered and the soft mouth drooped with a new threat of tears. "You mustn't never do that or fall out with me again, daddy dear!"

"I never, never will, my pet!" he said, kissing the sleepy, sorrowful little face till it smiled contentedly once more.

And John Farrelly was as good as his word.

Next Sunday's Mass.

FOURTH AFTER EPIPHANY.

A NOTABLE circumstance in the Office of the day is that the Introit, Gradual, Offertory, and Communion are identical with those recited on last Sunday. The obvious inference is that, liturgically, we are still in the Christmas season, and that the adoration and praise proffered to the Infant Jesus during the past few weeks still retain their congruity and timeliness.

It was perhaps the consideration of the apparent fragility of Bethlehem's Babe that suggested the thought and petition found in the Collect: "O God, who knowest that, through human frailty, we are not able to subsist amidst so many dangers, grant us health of soul and body; that whatsoever we suffer for our sins, we may overcome by Thy assistance. Through, etc."

As replacing those portions of the Mass repeated from last Sunday, a word or two about the history of the Collect and its literary structure may be of interest. Mention has been made in our introduction of the "Station" at St. Peter's, or some other church in Rome. In the early days of Christianity, the faithful went in procession to the church of the Station from some other church in which they had previously assembled. Just before the procession started, a prayer was said over the "collection," or "gathering," of the people. Hence the name "collect," which, as has been already stated, is equivalent to "gathering prayer." As for its structural form, it will be noticed that in every Collect there are the invocation, a statement of fact, a petition suggested by such statement, and a conclusion. In the Collect quoted in the preceding paragraph, for instance, we have the invocation, "O God," the statement as to our impotence, the petition for spiritual and bodily health, and the concluding doxology. It is pertinent to add that the Collects, like all other, or perhaps more than most other,

prayers of the Church, are distinguished for their beauty and conciseness.

Bishop McQuaid.

In the Epistle for this fourth Sunday after the Epiphany, St. Paul thus summarizes the whole body of his teaching to the Romans: "He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the Law"; "Love, therefore, is the fulfilling of the Law." True love of our neighbor implies true love of God, just as the latter implies the former,—a statement proven by St. Augustine's maxim, "Love God, and do what you will." It is obvious, however, that this love of our neighbor, insisted upon by St. Paul, and persistently inculcated by St. John in his reiterated counsel, "My little children, love one another," is not the sentiment or feeling meant by the word "love" as used in profane literature. It is not affectionate regard, such as we entertain for individuals personally attractive to us; nor friendship, the mutual esteem and affection subsisting between ourselves and certain others. It is, rather, a habitual disposition in virtue of which we really wish our fellow men and women, whoever they may be, to possess and enjoy the full measure of such good, prosperity, and happiness as they may lawfully desire and God's bounty may grant them. To have such a disposition is to 'love our neighbor as ourselves,' and hence to fulfil the Law.

The salient lesson in the Gospel is the necessity of our praying when assailed by temptation, and of praying with undoubting confidence.

Recurring to our feebleness when left to ourselves, already referred to in the Collect, the Secret entreats: "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that the oblation of the gift of this Sacrifice may ever purify and protect our frailty from all evil." And, with an eye to the purely temporal rejoicing so often associated with the Christmastide, the Church prays in the Post-Communion: "May Thy gifts, O God, detach us from earthly pleasures, and ever fill us with heavenly refreshment!"

ONE of the greatest bishops that the Church in the United States has ever known, one whose work is admirable and whose rare worth none can deny, passed to his reward last week in the person of the Rt. Rev. Bernard McQuaid, of the diocese of Rochester. He was its first bishop, but before his consecration he had already done more for religion and education than the great majority of people have any idea of. Forty years yet remained to him, and of the great things he accomplished during that period everyone has heard. It was only when the seminary which he founded and magnificently equipped had been completed according to noble plans, that he felt his life work was done. This model institution is only one of many monuments of his faith and devotion, both in the diocese which he served as a priest and in that over which for so long a time he presided. Wherever he labored or his influence extended, he left his mark. Until his own diocese had developed to such an extent as to demand all his time, his voice and pen were always at the service of those engaged in educational work. He never missed an opportunity of advocating the necessity of parochial schools, and of making generous sacrifices for their support and improvement. His confidence in the great future of the Church in this country never wavered; it would be assured, he repeatedly declared, by the religious education of the young.

The influence of Bishop McQuaid outside of his appointed field of labor is not to be estimated. Many flourishing charitable and educational institutions in various parts of the country owe their inception to his enlightened zeal and inspiring example. As many as eighteen dioceses were represented in his seminary, and their subjects all enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the Bishop's guidance

and instruction. The priests whom he thus formed for his own and so many other dioceses, and the Sisters of two large communities whom he trained, will cherish the ideals which he held up to them, and perpetuate his example of unflagging zeal for the glory of God.

The patriarch of the American hierarchy, Bishop McQuaid seemed to have inherited the qualities so much admired in our early bishops. He deserves to be classed with the best known among them, though his spirit and manner would seem to mark him out as appealing mainly to a special type of mind. He was more like St. Jerome than St. Augustine; and yet, with all his apparent inflexibility, he was easily influenced by persons in whom he reposed full confidence. Had he not been a man of resolute character, doubtless his admirers would have been more numerous and his opponents less aggressive. He was too honest, and held the world's opinion in too light esteem, either to conceal his foibles or to care what might be said of him. The valuation that he set upon himself and upon all that he did or attempted was estimated in the light of eternity.

Such men are often misjudged, their very virtues sometimes appearing as defects. The satisfaction of right intention and honest endeavor is so much to great souls that unpopularity and opposition count for nothing. Had Bishop McQuaid required the encouragement of sympathy or the incentive of example, he could never have accomplished what he did. He well deserves a biography, long chapters of which will tell of his untiring zeal for the establishment of parochial schools when the importance of them was not understood as now, and of his magnificently successful efforts to raise the standard of ecclesiastical education.

The diocese of Rochester, though established only in 1868, is one of the best organized, best equipped, and best disciplined in the United States. Its many churches and parochial schools, the number

of children under Catholic care, the various educational and charitable institutions founded, the latest of which is a model home for the aged, bear witness to the devoted and Heaven-blessed labors of Bishop McQuaid.

A bright light has gone out, a brave leader has fallen, a faithful toiler has sunk to his well-earned rest. Peace to his soul! And may God raise up in our country many another priest and prelate with the large-heartedness and broad-mindedness of Bernard, first Bishop of Rochester!

Notes and Remarks.

A striking illustration of the change that Christianity has wrought in the world is afforded by a comparison of its attitude toward great calamities now and before the Gospel was preached. At the time of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, Pliny the Elder happened to be in command of the naval station near Naples. He got out a vessel and went as near as he could to the lava flow to observe it,—so near that he was suffocated by the fumes. Incidentally he picked up some fugitives from the water and along the beach. The Younger Pliny records that as an evidence of his humanity. But he does not appear to have thought of exerting his large official powers to relieve suffering. He went to his death not to aid distress but to add to his own knowledge. Had any official representative of any country in the world failed to do his utmost for the relief of the sufferers in Southern Italy, he would have been forever disgraced. The world is "a naughty world" still, but only the most hopeless pessimist can discern no changes in it for the better

It is a long interval between St. Bernard and Thomas Jefferson; but the phrase "Nature has indeed made all men equal," which our great countryman

rendered famous in the Declaration of Independence, occurs in a sermon by the saint of Clairvaux on the Canticle of Canticles. Still more curious is the fact that it was not until nearly a century after Jefferson employed the phrase that the truth of it was fully realized by the American people,—not until Lincoln issued his famous emancipation proclamation. It will probably be the wonder of future generations that slavery could have existed in the Land of the Free as late as the sixth decade of the nineteenth century.

Among our historical and literary curiosities is an original bill of sale of a "slave for life," dated April 10, 1861. Her name was Charity! We reproduce the document *verbatim et literatim* for the benefit especially of younger readers, to whom all such things must seem strange indeed:

Know all men, by these presents, that I, James H. Lowry, of the County of Jessamine, and State of Kentucky, for and in consideration of the sum of nine hundred dollars, current money of Kentucky, to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have this day bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain and sell unto A. W. O. Totton, of the County of Madison, and State of Tennessee, a certain Negro slave named Charity, about fourteen years of age, of a black complexion; which Negro I warrant sound both in body and mind, and a slave for life; and the title do and will forever warrant and defend, by these presents.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this tenth day of April in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

JAS. H. LOWRY. [Seal.]

The noble band of Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, New York, who, twenty-five years ago, went to "mournful Molokai" to minister to the unfortunate lepers segregated there, has often been recruited. Four of the original number are all that survive. During that long period only one, for urgent business and for a short time only, has ever returned to the United States. So absorbed were these devoted women in their work that they never thought of making any provision for them-

selves in their old age. It is now proposed to build a home for them, and citizens of all creeds and of no creed have expressed a desire to co-operate in the undertaking. We are not informed as to the amount of money needed or already collected; but we feel sure that if an appeal to people beyond the Territory becomes necessary, it will be responded to promptly and generously.

Apropos of a saying attributed to the Duchess of Sutherland—a saying creditable neither to her head nor to her heart,—the *Academy*, which, as our readers are aware, is edited by Lord Alfred Douglas, has some observations worth quoting on the obligation of every man toward his fellowman in distress. After remarking that "the only business in life of him or her who possesses is to give, which is a blessed act," the writer continues:

We are aware that there is in existence a type of rich person who professes to look upon "charity" as a harmful and degrading thing, and who buttons up his pocket and makes his heart as a flint, all for the moral benefit of the indigent. When this kind of rich person wishes to salve his conscience, he sends a cheque for half a guinea to some hidebound charitable organization, which can be warranted to keep a starving man filling up forms and producing certificates of character for weeks on end before he will be advanced so much as a shilling. The rich need no charity organization, and the poor need no characters. The fact of their poverty should be character enough for any reasonable being. Despite the Duchess of Sutherland, our advice to rich people is that they should give continually and without any other than ordinary discrimination. The cant about "deserving cases" is sheer cant. If you have superfluous money, give it away, and make a point of giving it to the poor. One hears continuously of misdirected charity. We should like to wager that the sum total of the money given away in the course of a year in England by rich people to poor people who don't deserve it, would be as a molehill to a mountain compared with the sums which the rich will spend in a year on gewgaws for the rich who don't need them. The wealthy humbug who will spend fifty pounds on a diamond brooch to present to the bride of some young gentleman richer than himself,

omits to give the battered and, it may be, ginsodden match-seller, with a babe in her arms, a shilling, on the grounds that she is probably undeserving. This is absolutely the wrong principle. If all of us, rich and poor, received only what we deserve, the rich amongst us, at any rate, would receive a great deal less.

The truth in these remarks is unmistakable. Who does not realize that there is something cold and repellent in organized charity? The rich should consider that when they cease to exercise genuine kindness toward the poor, they can no longer count upon the poor's forbearance.

The Minister for Home Affairs in the new Federal Labor Cabinet of Australia is a Catholic,—a circumstance that moved the press organ of antipodean Orangeism to say on a recent occasion:

There is, we believe, only one Romanist in the Ministry; but he is of so extremely militant a type—a man entirely after Cardinal Moran's heart—that Mr. Fisher could scarcely afford to have another of the same brand in his team.

The Catholic Minister improved the opportunity thus afforded to pay the following graceful tribute to one of the most active and sturdy Princes of the Church:

The writer flatters me unduly. I have done little or nothing which warrants him in paying me so high a compliment. However, I conceive that one who is militant against any faction which breeds bad blood amongst people whose interests are best served by living together in harmony, is doing his country some service. To be "after Cardinal Moran's own heart" is certainly a high honor. The best of us can hope only feebly to imitate the great virtues of his Eminence; we can never become his equals in any of the manifold spheres of activity where he has labored so wisely and fruitfully for his generation. If I were able—which, to my deep regret, I am not—to model my life on that of his Eminence, I should consider that I had reached a stage of perfection beyond which it is not possible for most mortals to go.

Of one of the most recently established religious Congregations in the Church, the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* gives this interesting information:

The Society of the Divine Word was founded at Steyl, a village in the diocese of Roermond,

Holland, close to the German frontier, by a German priest—the Very Rev. Arnold Janssen,—in the year 1875, in the midst of the Kulturkampf. Its rules and name were decided upon by its first general chapter in 1884, and its constitution received the final approbation of the Holy See in 1905. Besides the mother-house at Steyl, the Society has houses at Rome, Mödlin (near Vienna), Heilighkreuz in Silesia, St. Wendel in the diocese of Treves, and Bischofshofen (near Salzburg), for the training of aspirants to membership as priests or lay-brothers. So wonderful has been the growth of this Society that, at the present time, it is evangelizing about 15,000,000 heathens in China, Africa, New Guinea, and Japan; and has the spiritual care of 350,000 Catholics in the Argentine Republic (missions in 5 dioceses), Brazil (missions in 3 dioceses), Chili (1 mission), and the United States (2 missions in the archdiocese of Chicago).

The headquarters of the Society in this country are at Techny, Illinois, where excellent work is being accomplished in a technical school for Catholic youth. The Fathers of the Divine Word (S. V. D.) are at present contemplating the opening of a college for the education of their postulants and novices.

In pamphlet form, still more than in newspaper setting, the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott's lecture on "The Preachers' Protests" impresses us as being a desirable bit of work, thoroughly well done. The preachers in question are sundry Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, and Presbyterian ministers; and their protests were against President Roosevelt's denunciation of bigotry in politics. Father McDermott discusses the protests at length, and leaves the reverend brethren without even an apology for an argumentative leg to stand on. Without going into the details of his lecture, or outlining his argument, we must reproduce one paragraph that should give the protesting clergymen pause:

These preachers could tell of another and more potent reason for Catholic opposition to the public schools. They could tell of the efforts made in them to proselytize Catholic children; of the efforts to make these schools distinctively Protestant, through the introduc-

tion of their Bible, hymns and prayers. They could tell of the efforts to get the children to attend Protestant Sunday-schools through questions as to their religions and invitations to join the teachers' Bible classes. They could tell of the sermons to the graduates, preached in Protestant churches, which Catholic children were required to attend under pain of being deprived of their diplomas. They could tell of their efforts to make the schools Protestant and anti-Catholic in every way save going down into their pockets to pay for making them so.

Just so. The impression seems to be gaining ground among the more unintelligent of non-Catholics that, since the parochial schools are distinctively Catholic, the public schools are, and should be, distinctively Protestant. Whenever Catholics are relieved of the burden of supporting those public schools, we will not quarrel with that conception of their character; but, until then, the public schools—whatever they are in practice—should not be in justice and equity any more Protestant than Catholic. As for the sermons to graduates preached in Protestant churches, with the stated penalty attached to non-attendance, that is purely and simply an outrage, to which we again direct the attention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

The Moral Education Congress, held a few months ago in London, was rather overshadowed by international occurrences of a more interesting, if not a more important, character. It is still, however, not too late to chronicle the discomfiture which the Congress brought to M. Buisson, a distinguished representative of twentieth-century French secularism. That gentleman took occasion to assert that religious morality—"a morality which is individualistic, aristocratic, proud, dogmatic, and based upon charity,"—had had its day, had served its turn; and that, accordingly, it ought to be replaced by "a morality more humane, secular, socialistic, democratic, humble, generous, and inspired exclusively by justice."

M. Buisson, however, had mistaken his

audience. His declaration was received in a silence equivalent to disapproval; and the loud and prolonged cheers which he probably expected to greet his rhapsodical utterance were evoked by these stirring words of M. Godefroid Kurth, the Belgian historian:

If it be true that all humanity in all ages and in all countries discovered a part of eternal truth and justice, it is equally incontestable that its notion was singularly obscured up to the day when He came who pronounced the definite formula of our ideal—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself." If, then, you would achieve the moral education of your child, bring him early into contact with the matchless Master who would have little children go to Him, and who realizes for them and for us and for all ages the sublimest type of man. *Ecce Homo!*

It was only adding the last straw to M. Buisson's burden of discomfiture when Dr. Adler, of New York, announced his opinion, formed after thirty years' experience in teaching morality, that moral education was inseparable from religion, and that it could not be imparted solely by oral teaching. The personal example of the teacher was also necessary.

Not all our readers, perhaps, are aware that when the Angelus is said at the sound of the bell, it is not necessary, in order to gain the indulgence, to recite the verse "Pray for us, etc.," or the prayer, "Pour forth, we beseech Thee, etc.," provided the Angelus proper be said kneeling. To gain the indulgence when it is not recited on bended knees or at the sound of the bell, verse and prayer must be added. The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* concludes a statement on this subject with the remark:

From these authentic declarations it will be seen that those who say the Angelus at the sound of the bell and on bended knees need not add the verse *Ora pro nobis*, nor the *Oratio*. At the same time it seems to be the general custom to add these when the Angelus is recited publicly; and no misconception can arise from following this practice, if a word of explanation be made in season pointing out what exactly is sufficient for purposes of the indulgences.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Kidnapped.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

IN a beautiful villa on the banks of the Medway resided a widower whose name was Darnley. His family consisted of a widowed sister, Mrs. Collier, and his four young daughters, Emily, Sophia, Amanda, and Eliza.

Mr. Darnley's fortune was sufficiently great to enable him to place his daughters in the first school in London, but he preferred having them under his immediate instruction; and, as Mrs. Collier offered to assist him in their education, he resolved not to engage a governess for some years, especially as Nurse Chapman was both intelligent and very devoted to them. An old friend of Mr. Darnley's had recently bought a house at Rochester; and that gentleman and his sister went, with Emily, to pass a few days there.

It was Mr. Darnley's wish that the young folks should rise early and take a long walk every morning before breakfast; but they were strictly ordered never to go beyond their own grounds, unless their aunt or father accompanied them. This order they had frequently endeavored to persuade Nurse Chapman to disregard, but she always resisted their entreaties.

The morning after Mr. Darnley went to Rochester, the nurse was taken sick and prevented from leaving her room. The children, however, were dressed for walking; and the nursemaid, who was to accompany them, was charged not to go beyond the shrubbery. They all sallied out in high good humor.

"Now, Susan," said Sophia, as soon as they entered the garden, "this is the only opportunity you may ever have of obliging us. Do let us walk to the village,

and then you can see your mother."

"La, Missy," replied the girl, "why, you know 'tis as much as my place is worth if Nurse Chapman should find it out."

"How do you think she is to find it out?" asked Amanda. "Come, do let us go this once!"

"Yes, dear Susan, do let us go," said Eliza, skipping on before them; "and I'll lead the way, for I walked there last summer with father."

In a luckless moment Susan yielded, and the party soon reached the village.

Susan's mother was delighted at seeing her, and highly honored by the young ladies' presence.

"Oh, sweet, dear creatures!" said the old woman. "I must get something for them to eat after their long walk. My oven's quite hot; I can bake them a little cake in a quarter of an hour; and I'll milk Jenny in ten minutes."

The temptation of the hot cake and new milk was not to be withstood, and Susan began taking down some pretty china cups which were arranged in form upon the mantelpiece.

Eliza followed the old woman into the cowhouse, and began asking a thousand questions, when suddenly she caught sight of a tame lamb, that went up bleating to its mistress, looking for its accustomed breakfast.

"You must wait a little, Billy," said the woman. "We have got visitors with us this morning."

Eliza was so delighted with the beauty of the little animal that she wanted to pet it; but Billy, ungrateful for her intended kindness, gave a sudden spring, and ran baaing along into the highroad.

A woman, in ragged apparel, but whose smiling countenance indicated good nature, at that moment happened to pass, and, accosting Eliza in a familiar tone, said:

"That's not half such a pretty lamb, Miss, as I have got at home, and not a quarter so tame; for if you did but say, 'Bob,' he'd follow you from one end of the town to the other. Then he'll carry things like a dog, stand up on his hind legs when my husband says 'Up!' and play more tricks than a young kitten."

"How I should like to see it!" replied the little girl.

"Well, come along with me then, Miss," said the woman. "I live just across the next field. But you must run as hard as you can, because my husband is going to work, and he generally takes Bob with him. Give me your hand, for we can run faster together. There goes my husband now, I declare! And there's Bob, as usual, skipping on before."

"Where,—where?" exclaimed Eliza, stretching her little neck as far as she possibly could, to see if she could discern the lamb.

"You are not tall enough," said the artful old creature; "but let me lift you up, Miss, and then I dare say you will see them." And, catching her up, she cried out: "Look directly toward the steeple, Miss. But I'll run with you in my arms, and we'll soon overtake them."

Eliza looked, but looked in vain; and, perceiving that the woman had soon carried her out of sight of the cottage, she begged, but vainly, to be set down.

At length, after a quarter of an hour's race, the woman found herself unable to proceed. She stopped suddenly, and sat down on a bank; keeping tight hold of Eliza, who cried dreadfully, and besought her to let her go.

"Let you go!" she said. "What, after all the plague I've had to nab you?"

So saying, she stripped off the white frock, hat, and tippet, and Eliza was compelled to put on some old rags which the inhuman creature took out of a bag she carried under her skirt; then, taking a bottle of liquid from the same place, she instantly began to wash her captive's face with it; and, notwithstanding all

her remonstrances, cut her beautiful hair close to her head.

Thus metamorphosed, it would have been impossible even for Mr. Darnley to know his child; and they proceeded onward until Eliza's little legs would carry her no farther. At this period they were overtaken by the Canterbury wagon, and the driver consented to let them ride to London. Eliza's tears continued to flow; but she dared not utter a complaint, as her inhuman companion protested she would break every bone in her body if she ventured to make the least noise.

When they arrived in town, she was dragged (for she was unable to walk) down several steps to a miserable hovel, where she was given some bread and butter to eat, and then put to bed on a bundle of rags.

The next morning she was forced to rise the moment it was light, and to walk as far as her little feet would carry her before they stopped anywhere to take refreshment. The second night was passed in a barn; and about five o'clock the third evening they knocked at the door of a neat-looking cottage, where nine or ten children were sitting with a woman in a little room, making lace.

"Why, Peggy," said the woman, as she opened the door, "I thought you never would have come again! However, I see you have got me a helper at last, and dear knows I'm enough in want of one; for two of my good-for-nothings are sick, and I have more to do than ever I had in my life."

On the following day Eliza's filthy rags were all removed, and she was dressed, in a tidy brown gown, a nice round-eared cap, and a little colored bib and apron. She was ordered, if any person asked her name, to say it was Nellie Bullen, and that she was niece to the woman who employed her.

The severity with which all this wretch's commands were enforced wholly prevented any of the helpless victims who

were under her protection from daring to disobey them; and, though most of the captives were placed there by the same wicked woman who had decoyed Eliza, they were all tutored to relate similar untruths.

But I think it is now high time to carry my readers back to the cottage scene, where Susan was preparing the breakfast, and Sophia and her sister were anxiously watching for the moment when the cake should be ready.

The old woman soon returned with the milk-pail on her arm, and Susan eagerly demanded: "Where's Miss Eliza?"

"She'll be here in a minute," replied her mother. "She has gone skipping after our Billy, and the two sweet innocents are together, I suppose."

She then went to the oven and produced the cake, whilst Sophia joyously ran to the door of the cowhouse, and began loudly calling her sister Eliza.

No answer being returned, Susan began to feel alarmed; but the young ladies told her not to be frightened, as they knew it was only one of Eliza's pranks. But, alas! too soon were they convinced it was no joke, but that some dreadful misfortune must have happened.

"Miss Eliza! Miss Eliza!" was vociferated through the village, not only by Susan and her mother, but by all the neighbors who had heard of the disappearance whilst her sisters ran about frantic with grief, crying, "Eliza, my love, my darling!"

Nurse Chapman got up about half-past nine; and, hearing the children had not returned from their walk, sent the housemaid directly after them. The garden, the shrubbery, and the lawn were all searched without success; and just as Betty was returning to inform the nurse they were not to be found, she perceived Susan and the two children enter a little gate at the bottom of the shrubbery.

"Where's Miss Eliza?" called Betty, in surprise.

"God knows!—God knows!" replied the

careless girl, sobbing so loud she could scarcely speak.

"How,—where?" said the others.

By that time Nurse Chapman had left her room, and walked into the garden to see what had become of her little charges. Not at first missing Eliza from the group, which was then fast approaching the house, she called out:

"Come, my dear children,—come along! I thought you would never return again." And, observing Eliza was not with them, she continued: "But, Susan, what has become of Miss Eliza?"

"Oh, nurse, nurse," said Sophia, "my sister is lost!"

"Lost!" exclaimed the poor woman,—
"lost! What do you tell me?"

Susan then repeated every circumstance just as has been related, and with sighs and tears bewailed her folly in suffering herself to be over-persuaded.

The men-servants were instantly summoned, and sent on horseback different ways. That she had been stolen there was no doubt. Had any accident happened, they must have found her, as they had searched every part of the village before they ventured to return home. One servant was sent to Rochester, another toward London, and a third and fourth across the country roads; but no intelligence could be obtained or the slightest information gathered, by which the unfortunate child could be found, or her wicked decoyer's footsteps traced. Handbills were instantly circulated all over the country, the child's person described, and a reward of five hundred guineas offered for her restoration. Mr. Darnley, not satisfied with sending messengers in pursuit of his lost treasure, went himself to all those wretched parts of London where poverty and vice are known to dwell, in the hope of meeting the object of his solicitude. Nine tedious months passed away without any intelligence of the lost Eliza; and time, which is a general remedy for all misfortunes, had not softened the severity of their affliction.

While the family at Darnley Hall were thus a prey to unavailing sorrow, the lovely little girl who had occasioned it was beginning to grow more reconciled to her cruel destiny, and to support it with resignation and composure. She had acquired such a degree of skill in the art of lacemaking (which was the business her employer followed) as to be able, as a rule, to perform the tasks which were allotted her; and if it ever happened that she was incapable of doing so, Sally Butchell, a child almost two years older than herself, of whom she was very fond, was kind enough to lend her aid.

The cottage in which the children's keeper resided was situated about a quarter of a mile from High Wycombe; and whenever the woman was obliged to go to that place, to purchase or to dispose of her goods, she always went either before her family were up, or after they had retired to rest; invariably locking the door after her, and putting the key in her pocket; so that the poor little prisoners had no opportunity of telling their misfortunes to any human creature.

One afternoon in the month of August, as the children were sitting hard at work, with the door open on account of the intense heat, an elderly lady and gentleman walked up to it, and begged to be accommodated with a seat, informing the hostess that their carriage had broken down a mile distant, and they had been obliged to walk in the heat of the sun.

The appearance of so many children, all industriously employed, was a sight particularly pleasing to Mrs. Montague, and she began asking the woman several questions about them; but there was an evasiveness in the replies which somehow called forth Mrs. Montague's surprise and astonishment.

"They really are lovely children, my dear!" said the lady, turning to her husband, who stood at the door watching for the carriage. "And as to that little creature with the mole under her left eye, I think she is a perfect beauty."

Mr. Montague turned his head, and regarded Eliza with a look which at once proved that his sentiments corresponded with those of his wife.

"What is your name, my child?" said he, in a tone of kindness to which poor Eliza had long been a stranger.

The child colored scarlet, and looked at her cruel employer, who replied with evident marks of confusion:

"Her name is Nellie Bullen, sir; she's my niece; but she's a poor timid little thing, and is always in a fright when gentlefolks speak to her. Go, Nellie," she continued,—*"go up into my bedroom and get me the thread which you'll find upon the reel."*

"You should try to overcome that timidity," said Mr. Montague, "by making her answer every stranger who speaks to her. By taking that office upon yourself, you only increase the shyness you complain of. Come here, my little girl," he went on, "and tell the lady what your name is."

Encouraged by the kindness of Mr. Montague's words, the agitated child obeyed the summons, although Mrs. Bullen attempted to force her into resistance.

"Well," said the old gentleman, patting her on the cheek, "where did you get that pretty mole?"

"My mother gave it to me, sir," replied the blushing child; "but I did not see her do it, because Nurse Chapman told me she went to heaven as soon as I was born."

"And what was your mother's name?" said Mr. Montague.

"Darnley, sir," said the child; and, suddenly recollecting the lesson that had been taught her, she added: "but my name is Nellie Bullen, and that is my aunt."

"Darnley!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague. "The very child that has been advertised for in all the papers these twelve months past!" Then turning to convince herself: "And the very mole confirms it."

Mr. Montague now tried to detain the woman, but she eluded his grasp; and,

darting through a door in the rear of the room, she was soon out of sight.

At that moment Mr. Montague's carriage arrived. The footman was dispatched to Wycombe for a magistrate; whilst his master resolved to remain there until his return, and began questioning all the children. Two had been with Mrs. Bullen from so early a period that they could give no account of their name or origin; but all the rest remembered their former condition so well that Mr. Montague had no doubt of being able to restore them to their afflicted parents.

The magistrate soon arrived, and all but Eliza were put under his protection. Mrs. Montague was so anxious she should be their first care that she begged her husband to order a post chaise and set off for town without delay. This request was willingly complied with, and by three o'clock the next afternoon the party arrived at Darnley Hall.

Mrs. Collier was standing at the window when the carriage stopped; and, looking earnestly at her niece, suddenly exclaimed in a tone of rapture: "My child! My child! My lost Eliza!"

Mr. Darnley, who was reading, sprang from his seat, and flew to the door in an ecstasy of joy. In less than a minute he returned, folding Eliza to his throbbing heart. The joyful intelligence ran through the house, and the other children impatiently flew to this scene of transport.

It is needless to describe their feelings or express their happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Montague were entreated to remain as Mr. Darnley's guests. The hospitable invitation would have been gladly accepted, had not the fate of the poor children who were still at Wycombe claimed Mr. Montague's immediate attention.

Next day there was a party in honor of Eliza's return; and all her friends were present to greet her, and hear from her own lips the story of her captivity. At each recital the happy little girl protested that she would never disobey her father again, if she lived to be "as old as Adam."

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

.V.—THE NEW "HOME."

Only half awake, Kitty followed Uncle Dave from the car to a long platform beside the track; the train swept off again into the darkness, and she stood bewildered in what seemed a horrible dream; though never, even in her childish fevers, had Kitty dreamed of anything like this. Sky and star and cloud, wood and vale and hill, all the sweet heaven and earth she had known, had vanished; all around her was an awful firelit darkness, filled with hideous din and roar. The great mountain she had crossed rose before her now like a mighty wall of rocks; huge chimneys sent their tongues of flame and clouds of smoke far into the upper gloom; the sullen glow of coke ovens stretched in all directions; and, while she stood breathless and appalled, there came a crash like a thunderbolt, and a torrent of flame rushed down the mountain with horrible hiss and roar.

Kitty shrieked aloud in terror and caught desperately at Uncle Dave's arm.

"Only a dump, child," he said gruffly. "Slag from the furnace. You'll have to get used to that. Come on! Tim!"

And poor little Kitty started again at the queer, misshapen figure that rose out of the darkness at her uncle's call. "There is a trunk on the stand here. Get it to the house as soon as you can. Come, Niece Katherine! It's something of a climb: you'd better take my hand."

It was an ice-cold little hand that slipped into Uncle Dave's. It seemed an ice-cold heart that lay heavy in Kitty's breast. Even the steep path she took was hard and black with cinders and slag. Oh, it was a dream surely! This dreadful place could not be real; or else she had died in the cars, and this was "purgatory" at Uncle Dave's side.

In the Senior class-room at St. Ursula's

there was a book full of pictures something like this; and once Sister Carmel had showed them to her, and had told her about Dante, the great Italian poet, who had written such wonderful and terrible things that only older girls were allowed to read. But Kitty felt sure Dante's dream had never equalled this, as another "dump" filled the mountain with its awful glare and roar, and again in her terror she shrieked outright.

"Don't be a fool, Niece Katherine!" said the gruff voice at her side. "That dump is half a mile away, and it wouldn't hurt you if it were at your side. And all this fire and smoke and noise means money, girl,—money, money; and that's the main thing in this world."

But Kitty was too overcome to hear or heed Uncle Dave's words. Even if she had, they would have had little meaning to her. At St. Ursula's, money had been a very good thing, of course. Mother Paula kept it somewhere, and it was always forthcoming at need for "fudge," caramels, ice-cream treats, and all the pleasant things that convent girls like. But "money" as a "main thing" was beyond Kitty's comprehension, and would not have lessened in the least the fiery horrors about her.

Still trembling with terror, she walked on in silence at Uncle Dave's side, until they reached a tall iron gate bristling with spikes, which her guide had scarcely opened when two great dogs came leaping forward, barking fiercely.

"Down,—down, you brutes! Max! Ming! down, I say!" cried their master, sternly. And the dogs slunk away, yelping and whining; while Uncle Dave led on, up a hard black path, to a tall house that rose from among the shadows, dark and close-shut as a tomb.

Kitty's guide opened the door with a key he took from his pocket, and the travellers stood at their journey's end, in a bare, bleak hall, dimly lit by a swinging iron lamp. Closed doors showed on either side, but there was no sign of life until

Uncle Dave shouted fiercely: "Cripps! Cripps!" Then there was a clanking of bars and bolts, and an old woman peered cautiously out of a half-open door and stepped into the hall. She was tall and thin, and her face, from which the hair was drawn tight back under a white cap, looked like the faces the girls used to make on hickory nuts from the big tree on St. Ursula's playground.

"Oh, it's you back!" she said dully.

"Yes. What the dickens are you barred and bolted in like this for?" asked Uncle Dave, impatiently.

"Because I'm afeerd," was the slow answer,— "because I'm a lone, lorn woman more than sixty years old, and there's bad blood boiling all around us, as you know, David Dillon—"

"There,—there! Stop that confounded creaking of yours, Cripps, and give us some supper. This is the girl I wrote about,—my niece, Katherine Dillon. Niece Katherine, this is my housekeeper, Mrs. Jane Cripps. You'll have to get along together as best you can. Her boy Tim is bringing up your trunk. That's all there is of us; not a very cheerful household, as you can see. Now supper, Cripps, quick! And then you can show Niece Katherine her room, and let her go to bed; for she is tired, I know."

"Come in, child,—come in," said Cripps, opening a door to the right; and Kitty was ushered into a room where at first all was inky blackness.

Then Cripps lit a lamp, that made a circle of light about the table on which it stood, and showed heavy, old-fashioned furniture looming dimly around. The faint-hearted little traveller sank down wearily on a great haircloth sofa supported by two black walnut griffins, while Cripps and Uncle Dave held parley in the shadows beyond.

"It will be more work and more pay," said Cripps, grimly.

"Stuff and nonsense!" growled Dillon.

"And I tell you it will. Girls do a deal of cluttering, and there'll be the washing

and the cleaning and the cooking and the bed-making."

"Let her do it for herself."

"Is it your brother's child you'd turn into a scullion, David Dillon! No, I want none of her meddling."

"Name your price, then."

"Five dollars more the month."

"Five dollars!" echoed Dillon,—*"five dollars! Why, you are mad, Cripps! Five dollars for that girl! It's not worth three."*

"What do you know about girls' work? It's five dollars or nothing," persisted the old woman.

"Have it as you will, then, you old skinfint!" was the fierce answer.

Dillon flung himself angrily in a big chair; while poor little Kitty, with burning cheek and quivering lip, sat silently on her high sofa; realizing, with a strange new sense of shame and sorrow, how unwelcome a guest she was in this dark, gloomy house. Oh, was it only last evening that she sat at the flower-decked table at dear St. Ursula's, amid lights and music and friends, a happy Queen of May! Only last evening! It seemed weeks, years ago, to the sad little exile seated in Uncle Dave's dreary parlor to-night.

In a little while Cripps called them to supper; and the big dining-room seemed equally dark and grim, with shadows brooding around the wide table, shadows hovering in the corners,—everywhere shadows, that the lamps could not dispel.

There was such a choking in Kitty's throat she could not eat, such a dimness in her eyes she could scarcely see. She felt a wild sense of relief when Uncle Dave, after drinking his third cup of strong black tea, got up and said he must go down to his office now and see how things were getting on, and Niece Katherine had better go to bed. And Cripps led her up the stairs—dark like all the rest of this new home,—to another big room, where a high four-post bed stood curtained like a catafalque, and where the long mirror of the dressing table flung back the ghostly gleam of the one candle. There was a

wardrobe—a great, towering wardrobe,—in which all the dreadful things that haunt imaginative little girls' dreams could conveniently hide.

Kitty thought of the little white curtained alcove at St. Ursula's, with the red light always glimmering softly from the Sacred Heart altar in the dormitory, as if in blessed watch over the girlish sleepers; and her long-tried strength failed. She sank into one of the tall, high-backed chairs and burst into tears.

"Land!" said Cripps, staring at her. "What are you crying for, child?"

"Oh, I can't—can't help it!" sobbed Kitty, pitifully. "Don't—don't mind me, please; I can't help it, indeed!"

"Oh, I don't mind!" answered Cripps. "Cry if you want to. But it looks to me like you orter be glad to be took in and done for, with your father and mother both dead, and you an orfing without any home. Took you out of an asylum?"

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Kitty. Out of a convent,—the dearest, sweetest place!"

"A convent!" said Cripps,—*"a convent! Land! I don't wonder now that David Dillon snatched you like a brand from the burning! A convent! Not a real Romish convent where they have the nuns I've heern about?"*

"Yes," replied Kitty, between her sobs.

"Land!" murmured the old woman again. "How long was you there, child?"

"Six years," was the weeping answer,—*"six years; and I'll never, never go back, I'm afraid now,—never, never!"*

"You ain't crying for that!" exclaimed Cripps, in breathless amazement. "Don't tell me you're crying to go back in one of them awful places, where they chain womenfolks in dark cellars and bury them alive?"

Kitty, who had never heard any of these pleasant fictions that still circulate among the stupid and ignorant, only lifted a face of innocent bewilderment to the grim speaker.

"I don't know what you mean," she said simply. "I love St. Ursula's better

than any place on earth; and, oh, it's just breaking my heart to leave it!"

"Breaking your heart," repeated Cripps, as if the words stirred some sleeping depths in her own gaunt breast.

"Land, child, what do you know about heart-break? What if you were like me, with your husband killed by the fire damp in the black choking mines yonder, and your boy—your only boy—twisted into a knot under your face and eyes?"

"Was that your boy that brought my trunk?" asked Kitty, in a tone of startled sympathy.

"Aye, that was my boy—or all that is left of him when he was drawed out of one of your uncle's rollers four years ago," answered Cripps, her harsh voice trembling. "That's my boy, and all I've got to keer for on earth."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you!" said Kitty, softly. "I don't wonder he got hurt in this awful place. Is it always like this,—the fire and smoke and roar and heat?"

"Always," answered Cripps, "night and day from year's end to year's end. There's steel works and iron works and coke ovens, all with their great fiery maws, that must be kept filled, child, to put gold into your uncle's pockets. And there's five hundred men here kept sweating and toiling at his will; and all of them with hate in their hearts as black as the grime on their faces, child, for the man that is grinding out their lives. But there! I'm talking too much." She stopped suddenly, and the sharp, seamed face, that had kindled into life, turned into its hickory likeness again. "It's time you were abed and asleep."

"Oh, but it's so big and lonesome here, Cripps!" Kitty rose and stole an appealing hand to the old woman's arm. "Dear Cripps, can't I sleep somewhere near you to-night?"

Cripps looked down at the sweet young face uplifted to her, and again the hickory visage changed,—this time to soften strangely.

"Skeered are you, poor little creetur? I don't wonder; but I can't leave Tim, child. I ain't never left him of nights sence he got hurt. David Dillon agreed to give us both work and pay here as long as we lived, to make it up to us; though I heerd since a lawyer could have got us more than a thousand dollars cash down. But we're both here, child, right next room to you; and if you want anything, you can just knock at that door. So you go to bed and don't skeer."

And Cripps vanished, as a halting footstep sounded in the hall without. Poor crooked Tim was coming home to his grim old mother's care.

It was some comfort to the little stranger to think even of poor gaunt Cripps next door. She knelt down beside the great high bed and said her night prayers with a new fervor, a new appeal to the Mother of Mercy to look down upon her little child's "exile." Then when she rose and loosened her ribbon belt to retire for the night, something dropped at her feet. Picking it up, she recognized the little spray of leaf and bud Mother Paula had tucked in her waist that morning.

The Queen's Promise,—the dear Queen's Promise! It seemed to bear a message from the sweet old chapel whose window it wreathed,—a tender message of hope and cheer. Kitty pressed the little half-withered spray to her lips, and then placed it in a glass of water on her washstand.

Without, the roar of engines, the beat of steam hammers, the crash of the flaming dumps filled the darkness. The great chimneys belched forth their fire and smoke against the starry sky. Uncle Dave sat in his office counting his gains; and his men worked on, with hate and bitterness in their hearts. But within his gloomy old home there was a new presence. A fair-haired little girl was sleeping in the high four-post bed, with her pearl Rosary twined about her slender fingers, and at her side a spray of the Queen's Promise with close-folded buds.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Catechism in Examples," by the Rev. D. Chisholm, of the diocese of Aberdeen, was first published in 1886; and during the past two decades has been constantly growing in favor. The author has now brought out an entirely new edition, in which the contents of the former work have not only been thoroughly revised but also considerably developed. The present edition consists of five volumes,—the first two of which, "Faith: the Creed," and "Hope: Prayer," have reached us. Each is a substantial book of more than four hundred and thirty pages. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Bros.

—Like his illustrious compatriot, Montalembert, M. René Bazin is a lover of Ireland, which he has been visiting as guest of Count Plunkett, Director of the National Museum. The novelist was so much interested in its treasures and in other remains of Ireland's ancient civilization, that he intends to return there soon, to study her people and present conditions. Count Plunkett was congratulated on the distinction of Foreign Corresponding Member, lately conferred upon him by the Belgian Royal Academy of Archæology, an honor shared by Dr. Ludwig Pastor and other eminent foreigners.

—Rather notable in the annals of the Catholic press, at least in English-speaking countries, is the increase that has been made of late years in the number of periodicals devoted to mission work, more especially in foreign lands. Items of interest such as, only a decade ago, we were accustomed to translate and reproduce from our French contemporary, the weekly *Missions Catholiques* of Lyons, we now find in half a score of English magazines specifically devoted to missionary enterprise. Equally notable is the improvement in the contents, pictures, and typographical make-up of these periodicals. A case in point is the *Catholic Missions*, published by the New York branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, one of whose editors, it is interesting to see, is that successful Catholic novelist, Mary Catherine Crowley.

—The *Dublin Review's* high standard of literary excellence and critical scholarship is particularly noticeable in the January number, which begins the fourth year of the new series. The leading article, "Mr. Chesterton among the Prophets," is from the pen of Dr. Ward himself, and is of remarkable interest. "The appearance of such a paper in such a place," observes the *London Tablet*, "is one more sign and proof, plain and memorable to all beholders in and out of the

Church, of the great literary revival that has accompanied the religious revival of recent years." Under the able editorship of Dr. Wilfrid Ward, the historic *Dublin Review*, as Newman called it, has become a model periodical, of which English-speaking Catholics may well feel proud.

—Recent issues of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets furnish varied pabulum for divers tastes. We have received "The Blessed Eucharist" and "The Catholic Church and Medical Science," by the Rev. James O'Dwyer, S. J.; "Catholic Monuments," by Benjamin Hoare; "A Chat about the Index," by the Rev. J. Whyte; "Life of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga," by the Rev. D. Gallery, S. J.; and "Daily Communion," by Father Lucas, S. J.; to which is added "The History of Daily Communion," by the Rev. Dr. Scannell.

—The allegorical significance of "Goody Two Shoes" and similar bits of oldtime literature used to be insisted on a few years ago with more or less seriousness. The historical meaning of another nursery rhyme, that dealing with the immortal Jack Horner, "who sat in the corner," is thus pointed out by the *London Evening News*:

A famous nursery rhyme is recalled by the announcement of the marriage of Mr. George Lambton to Miss Cicely Horner, daughter of Sir John Horner. John Horner, who founded the family fortunes, was the steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury, and at the dissolution of the monasteries he made an excellent bargain by acquiring the title deeds of the Manor of Wells, in Somerset. Hence the nursery rhyme of the Little Jack Horner, who put his finger into the pie and pulled out a plum—rich monastic lands. The shrewd steward was the original Jack.

—Students of English literature, and cultivated people in general, lovers of verse in particular, who would become better acquainted with Francis Thompson, should secure his "Selected Poems," with an introduction by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell (Methuen & Co. and Burns & Oates). This volume contains the best of Thompson. Everyone is familiar with his incomparable ode, "The Hound of Heaven"; but his poems on children, which Mr. Meynell places first, are hardly less remarkable. One who can appreciate anything of Thompson's will welcome every line that is included in this collection. Thompson will never be popular in the sense that Tennyson and Longfellow are popular; however, he is sure of a place of his own in the English Pantheon of poets, if only for "The Hound of Heaven." Once the meaning of this poem is fully understood, the dullest reader realizes that it is something immortal. We quote yet again the first and last strophes:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing,
Wherefore, should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee
Save Me,—save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou mightst seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 2 vols. \$3.
"Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
"Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
"The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
"Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.

- "Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.
"The Greek Fathers." Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
"The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.
"Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.
"The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.
"The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.
"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
"The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.
"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.
"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.
"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.
"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Robbers, of the diocese of Covington; Rev. John J. Murphy, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. P. Walsh, D. D., archdiocese of Halifax.

Brother Callixtus, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Joanna and Sister M. Incarnation, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Roch, community of St. Joseph; Sister M. Hilda, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Justina, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Esther, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Theodore P. Hall, Mr. Samuel Farren, Miss Annie McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. William Martin, Mr. Bernard McNichol, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Mrs. Rose Johnson, Mr. James McCloskey, Mr. Joseph McGinty, Mrs. B. Thomas, Miss Elizabeth Bresslin, Mr. John Baldauf, Mrs. Ellen Barrett, and Mr. Frederick Lempe.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 6.

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Our Lady's Purification.

BY L. B.

WHAT need to purify the pure,
To cleanse the wholly clean?
Why should she this vain rite endure,
The spotless Virgin-Queen?

A mother great as she no priest
Of Jewry ever saw;
Yet, humble as the very least,
She bowed her to the Law.

And humble, too, must be each child
Who calls her "Mother" now;
Her Son and she both love the mild,
The proud they disavow.

Regiomontanus, Astronomer and Bishop.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.

MOST of us have forgotten many of the details of the landing of Columbus on these American shores; but very probably nearly all of us recall the episode of the eclipse of the moon which occurred not long after his landing, and which the great navigator used to such decided advantage in influencing the minds of the natives favorably to himself and his party. According to the story, the Indians had been quite ready at first to welcome the strangers who came in the white-winged vessels from over-seas, and whom they were inclined to think of as having come down from heaven; which false impres-

sion the Spaniards were at no pains to remove, since it made the natives only the more ready to accomplish all their visitors' wishes. It was not long, however, before the conduct of the Spaniards showed even the credulous savages that their visitors were very human, and as a consequence their respect for the strangers began to decline. They became much less generous in their proffers of assistance, and even showed some signs of disaffection and of a desire for their visitors to depart. This disaffection at length increased to such a degree that some of the Spaniards began to fear for the safety of the expedition.

It was then that Columbus' knowledge of astronomy came to the aid of himself and his companions. Recalling that a lunar eclipse was due in a few days, he foretold its occurrence to the wondering savages. According to tradition, his method of telling it was not strictly scientific; it followed rather the mode of expression best suited to the intelligence and mental habits of the people whom he was addressing. He declared that after a few nights they would see a huge monster come to devour the moon. The reason he assigned for this catastrophe was that the Great Spirit, dissatisfied with their ill treatment of His messengers, the Spaniards, would send the monster to deprive this ungrateful people of the beneficent luminary they had hitherto enjoyed at night.

Pursuant to his statement, on the very night and at the very hour foretold the moon began to disappear, as it seemed,

in the jaws of a monster, whose huge head could apparently be seen advancing over its surface. At first he seemed to take only a small bite out of it, but after a time it became evident that all of it was to disappear in his huge maw. It is not to be wondered at that, in terror, the natives flocked to Columbus and besought him to save their moon. They were confident that, since he knew of the coming of the monster—if indeed it was not by his behest that it had been sent,—he would have the power to stay its progress, or else that he surely would be able to secure from the Great Spirit some remission of this awful manifestation of His displeasure. For a certain well-calculated length of time Columbus remained obdurate to their entreaties; but when he had secured many promises from them, and when the time of the re-eclipse was nearly elapsed, he yielded to their prayers. Accordingly, though the monster had swallowed the moon entire, they now saw him visibly disgorge it, and soon their beloved luminary was restored to them.

All who have heard this old story have, I am sure, been deeply interested in it; but I wonder how many of us have ever stopped to consider that this definitely accurate knowledge on the part of Columbus indicates a high state of astronomic knowledge widely diffused at that period. He must have been absolutely sure of his facts about the matter, or he would not have dared to put his credit with the Indians to the test of prophecy. Navigators at the present time are, of course, able to foretell such an astronomical incident, and would generally be in a position to take advantage of it in their intercourse with South Sea Islanders if it happened as opportunely as did this. Our modern navigators, however, have nautical almanacs provided for them with great care and expense by scientific bureaus under the orders of the various governments. We are not likely to think that such books as nautical

almanacs were available in Columbus' time. The fact of the matter is, nevertheless, that sets of tables indicating the positions of the heavenly bodies, and including the announcements of approaching eclipses, were published and widely circulated during the fifteenth century. One publication corresponding in many ways to our nautical almanacs was called a calendar; and the information it furnished was of the greatest service, at that time, to the bold navigators who did so much to spread geographical knowledge, and to make known, for succeeding generations, the surface of the earth.

Perhaps the most interesting detail of whatever information we possess with regard to these tables, at least so far as the modern world is concerned, is the fact that they were originally made and planned under the direction of an ecclesiastic living well up in the central portion of Europe, far from the sea-coast,—a clergyman who was interested in astronomy and mathematics but scarcely at all in navigation. The usual impression is that at the period mentioned churchmen were discouraged from applying themselves to any form of science, and above all to astronomy. The Galileo case, a century and a half later, is supposed to be the proof of this; yet the tables which enabled Columbus to make the prophecy which so influenced the Indians were made by a man who was closely in touch with the Popes, and was invited down to Italy by them to correct the calendar. Moreover, because of their respect for his astronomical knowledge, as well as his devotion to his clerical duties, the Pope made him Bishop of Ratisbon.

There is another story illustrative of the supposed astronomical knowledge of the middle of the fifteenth century, which, because of certain contrasting features, seems worth while placing in juxtaposition with this story of Columbus and the eclipse of the moon. In 1456, Halley's comet made a very striking appearance in the heavens, at one time extending over

sixty degrees of the celestial vault. This was the first occasion on which any comet was observed with sufficient accuracy to supply data for calculating its path. Toscanelli's contemporary observations have been discussed in recent years, and are an evident proof of the care with which astronomical observations were made in his time, and of the extent of the knowledge possessed by professors of astronomy at Italian universities. Comets had always been considered harbingers of woe, and the unusual appearance of this one intensified the forebodings ordinarily produced by them. It came, too, just at a moment when an overwhelming danger for Christendom seemed imminent. Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Turks three years before, and it looked as though the Christian nations of Europe might all be subjected to the Sultan in the threatened wave of invasion which after the Moslem triumph in the East seemed inevitable.

At this time Calixtus III. was Pope. His brief pontificate of scarcely three years was almost entirely occupied with a desperate but practically fruitless attempt to induce the Christian rulers of Europe to lay aside their quarrels with one another and combine against this common foe. When Halley's comet appeared, he is said to have shared the terror of the people that this might portend some awful calamity to Europe from the Turks; and so, it is asserted, he issued a Bull against the Turk and the comet. This story has been accepted as one of the commonplaces of history. From it men of all kinds have drawn lessons as to the foolishness of the ecclesiastics of the time; have denounced the inconsistency of any claim for infallibility, with such an exhibition of the extreme of human tendency to error and superstition; and have declared the "Bull against the Comet" a fitting illustration of what might be expected if men submitted themselves to the dictates of the Pope. It has been of no avail to point out that no such Bull can be found in the

collection of Papal Bulls which are kept very faithfully, and that the general tenor of ecclesiastical thought with regard to such astronomical phenomena makes it quite absurd to suppose that any such Papal document should have been issued.

Serious historians still continue to discuss the subject, and every now and then some at least supposedly educated person uses a reference to the Papal Bull against the Turk and the comet as a clinching innuendo against Papistry. Nothing in history is more amusing than the self-complacent way in which each succeeding generation confidently assumes that its ancestors have been absurdly foolish in their way of looking at things, and that we in our time are the only ones in possession of real wisdom. Of course the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and the great law of compensation will be carried out when posterity pronounces a similar judgment upon us. In the meantime, however, we shall continue to hear references to this famous supposed Bull.

Those outside of the Church apparently know much more about Papal Bulls that were never issued than about those which were actual Papal documents. Here in America we are likely to have the story of the Bull against the comet frequently recalled to us because of one of President Lincoln's expressions. Not long after his inauguration, he was urged by impatient Abolitionists to put an end to slavery by proclamation. With the practical common-sense that would have made his expression a great historical phrase had his allusion only been true, he replied that he was not disposed to issue a document which, in the state of affairs that existed at that moment, would be as futile as the Pope's Bull against the comet.

Now, this Bull against the comet is said to have been issued by the immediate predecessor of that Pope who a few years later summoned Regiomontanus to Rome in order to correct the calendar, and rewarded him for his work in science by

making him Bishop of Ratisbon. The contrast of the two incidents should be enough of itself, without any further discussion of the question, to make it very clear that no such Papal document had ever been issued, or else that there had been a complete change of the policy of the Popes in the course of a single decade. As a matter of historical fact, we have abundant evidence that distinguished churchmen about this time were not only deeply interested, in a thoroughly scientific way, in comets and other astronomical subjects, but that they, especially, were the scholars who tried to do away with the foolish fear harbored by many people, even among the educated, that comets were tokens of coming evil.

A typical example of this is to be found in the works of St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence at the middle of the fifteenth century. In his "*Summa Historialis*" he records that various comets appeared about this time, and he discusses the nature and character of such bodies. He considers that it is foolish to talk of them as presaging evil, since they have a merely natural origin. St. Antoninus was very close to the Popes of this period, and there seems no doubt that his expressions are the best evidence of the general opinion held by ecclesiastics of his day as to the nature of comets and their supposed influence upon man and terrestrial affairs. It is true that St. Antoninus, following Albertus Magnus, supposed comets to be formed of earthly vapors; but in this view he was merely expressing the universal consensus of the astronomers of the age. A century later, in 1557, Tycho-Brahé showed that comets were probably celestial bodies beyond our atmosphere; yet the teaching of Galileo and of Kepler, half a century after Brahé's time, was closer to the view of St. Antoninus and Albertus Magnus than to that of the great Danish astronomer, whose more correct theory did not meet a general acceptance for nearly a century after his death, and two

centuries after that of St. Antoninus.*

In the light of these contrasting statements, it will doubtless be of interest to those who really want to know something concerning the state of astronomical knowledge about the middle of the fifteenth century, and who care to estimate by the easy method of biography the fifteenth-century attitude of the Church and of ecclesiastics to astronomy, to read a brief sketch of the life of the man to whom we owe the calendar, or almanac, to which Columbus was indebted for his information with regard to the eclipse. Regiomontanus, as he has come to be called, was in private life John Miller,—or, in German, Johann Müller. In the Renaissance period, every scholar was known by a Latin designation of some kind,—usually the Latin name of his birthplace. Regiomontanus having been born at Königsberg (not the Königsberg in the north of Germany, but that in Franconia, not far from Munich), came to be called, after the fashion of the time, Joannes de Montereio, the Latin name for Königsberg, or Royal Mountain. This did not happen till a century after his death, when his writings were printed,—that is, about the middle of the sixteenth century (1542). Since then he has been known in the history of science by his literary designation, Regiomontanus.

Johann Müller was born in 1436, and died in 1476, when he was just past forty years of age,—another striking proof that it is not the time-element in work so much as the intensity-factor that counts for accomplishment. During this brief life

* Lest it should be thought that in this matter we are tilting at an imaginary opponent, or that the supposed issuance of the Bull against the comet has not been accepted in recent years by intelligent, educated men who ought to know better, and who would never have accepted the story so readily had they not been blinded by their intolerant opposition to the Church, it seems worth while quoting what Prof. John W. Draper, in his "*Conflict of Religion and Science*," had to say in the matter. Prof. Draper's book was long considered the last word on this subject. He was supposed to have looked up his author-

span he had revolutionized the study of astronomy, he had finished a work on trigonometry in which he introduced the use of tangents, had made all the calculations necessary to reform the calendar, and had begun the publication of a series of astronomical observations which were eminently helpful to all the students of his age. These observations were continued after his death; for, the initial difficulty being surmounted, the continuation was easy. They formed a precious incentive as well as a valuable guide to the astronomers of the next century. Yet all his life had not been devoted to astronomy: he had made his theological studies with great success; he had been ordained a clergyman; he had been especially successful in his studies in Greek literature and language, and had applied this knowledge to studying out what the ancients had learned about science; and yet, with all this he had been so faithful to his clerical duties that he was selected as the Bishop of Ratisbon.

Regiomontanus' career synchronized with a period when, if we were to credit ordinary impressions and even the stories of classic historians, science scarcely existed at all. The reason for its non-existence is often loudly proclaimed to have been the opposition of the Church authorities. There are, then, in his life two surprises,—supreme surprises. The first is that he should have accomplished so much in physical science and astronomy and mathematics about the middle of the

fifteenth century; the second is that, having accomplished so much, and indeed having devoted himself more enthusiastically to this than to any other subject, far from falling under the suspicion of the ecclesiastical authorities, or being hindered in his work, or discouraged in his publications, or hampered in the enthusiastic movement which he was trying to awaken for science, he was, on the contrary, encouraged in every way, materially helped by the ecclesiastical authorities, recommended to the Popes as a man of deep scientific knowledge, invited to Rome to do his work there, and finally raised to the hierarchy as a token not only of the Pope's appreciation of the scientific work accomplished on the calendar, but of the honor which the Church authorities thought due to his scientific scholarship and his personal character. The contrast is worth while emphasizing.

Young Müller was educated for the Church; and his subsequent deep knowledge of Greek seems to be evidence that the education afforded to clerical students at this time was thorough and broad. His university studies were made in Vienna, where he became the pupil of Purbach. One would not be apt to think of Vienna in the first half of the fifteenth century as possessing a University in which could be secured good courses in mathematics, and in at least certain of the physical sciences, especially astronomy. Purbach, however, was doing some magnificent original work at the Vienna University,

ities and to have consulted original documents, so that there was no question about his facts. His book was valued so highly by scientists that it was thought worthy to be given a place in the International Scientific Series, a collection that everyone interested in the history and development of science was expected to have in his library. Most of our public libraries put in the complete set. This is how Prof. Draper, without any warrant, disfigured and perverted the history of science:

"When Halley's comet came in 1456, so tremendous was its apparition that it was necessary for the Pope himself to interfere. He exorcised and expelled it from the skies. It

shrank away into the abysses of space, terror-stricken by the maledictions of Calixtus III., and did not venture back for seventy-five years! . . . By order of the Pope, all the church bells in Europe were rung to scare it away; the faithful were commanded to add each day another prayer; and as their prayers had often in so marked a manner been answered in eclipses and droughts and rains, so on this occasion it was declared that a victory over the comet had been vouchsafed to the Pope."

Prof. Andrew D. White went over this same subject after Draper, and repeats the old story. Pastor, the historian of the Popes, dismisses it as absurd.

which had been founded in the fourteenth century, and which was still in the ardor of its first hundred years of existence,—doing the work that every university has done so well in its early days, though all of them seem destined a little later to degenerate into mere cultivators of routine knowledge,—places where groups of friends potter much over the things of the mind but accomplish very little except at intervals when Genius wakes them up. Purbach and his pupil set themselves the huge task of testing the accuracy of the then accepted tables of the motions of the planets, which were those that had been published by Alphonso the Wise centuries before.

It is easy to understand that, with the extremely imperfect instruments which they possessed at the time—often, indeed, they had to construct their own,—this must have seemed an almost impossible problem. The telescope was not invented until nearly two centuries later; yet these devoted students, in spite of their handicap, were able to accomplish much that was valuable. As a result of his deep interest in astronomy, Müller devoted himself to the study of Ptolemy's works. The fact that they were written in Greek made them difficult in those times. Constantinople had fallen only a few years before; and while the Greek scholars from that city who were wandering in Italy were beginning to create that furore which was to be the characteristic of the Renaissance, it is easy to understand that their influence had not penetrated as far as Vienna. The fact that Müller successfully learned Greek shows that, even before the fall of Constantinople, the European universities, or at least scholars in many parts of Europe, had been waking up to the beauties and the treasures contained in the Greek language and literature.

(To be continued.)

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

ONE of those radiant mornings of early autumn, which in beauty rival if they do not surpass the mornings of spring, lay like a mantle of enchantment over the wide scene which Hillcrest on its dominating height commanded, when Desmond stepped out of the house after breakfast the next day. With a sense of delight in the mere consciousness of physical existence, he threw back his head and expanded his lungs to the delicious air, while his glance took in the beautiful picture spread before him. The plateau on which the house stood was covered with green lawns, that dropped on one side in a succession of terraces to the foot of the hill, where the cultivated valley swept in graceful curve, with the bend of the stream, around its base; and the horizon was bounded by softly rolling hills and woods draped in sparkling purple mist.

"What a heavenly day!" he exclaimed to Edith, who had come out with him, and who smiled at his rapture.

"I won't go so far as to declare that all days are heavenly at this season," she said; "but at least they are so much the rule that we are not surprised by them. Let us go down to the flower garden. I want some roses for the house."

They passed down a flight of stone steps to the broad terrace, facing the south, where all varieties of flowers bloomed in succession throughout the year, and where the magnificent roses of October, finer than the roses of May, were just then in their glory. The basket which Edith carried was soon full to overflowing; and it was as he looked at their fragrant beauty, and then at the wide, sunlit scene around him, that Desmond was suddenly smitten with a recollection of the railway accident of the

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would not injure us.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

day before, and of what it had meant to so many who, like himself, had yesterday looked out on the world in health and strength, and to-day—

Edith was startled by the change in his tone—they had been talking and laughing gaily as she clipped her roses—when he said abruptly:

"I think I am the most ungrateful brute on the face of the earth."

She turned and looked at him in amazement.

"Now, what do you possibly mean by that?" she asked.

"Just what I say," replied Desmond. "Think of yesterday!—think of the horror in which I was involved; of those who were hurled into eternity; of the others who are lying maimed and suffering yonder" (he flung out his hand in the direction of Kingsford); "and here I am as forgetful of it all, as full of the mere animal pleasure in life, as if I were a brute indeed!"

"But you are unjust to yourself," she protested. "Why shouldn't you put it out of your mind, when remembering can do no good, and when, of course, you are grateful for your escape?"

"It is kind of you to be sure of that," he remarked. "I am not sure."

"Not sure that you are grateful? Oh, impossible!"

He looked at her a little oddly.

"It is to be supposed," he said, "that the nine lepers who were cured long ago were grateful in a certain sense; but we are told that they did not express their gratitude."

He almost laughed at the growing amazement in the eyes that gazed at him.

"Do you mean the lepers in the Bible?" Edith asked. "What an extraordinary young man you are! I didn't think that young men knew much about the Bible in these days."

It was impossible not to laugh now, as he answered:

"I fancy that, as a general rule, you are quite right. But some of us are

obliged to hear the Gospels read occasionally; and that incident, with its profound light on human ingratitude, early made a deep impression on me. I remember as a child thinking, in a very pharisaical spirit, that I would have been like the only one who returned to give thanks, and not like the ungrateful nine. Yet now—" a gesture finished the sentence expressively enough.

"But you *are* grateful," Edith reiterated in her astonishment; "and of course you have—er—expressed your gratitude."

"After a fashion, I suppose I have," he replied; "but I think I must try to express it a little better." He glanced at his watch. "It is nearly ten o'clock. I wonder if I should have time to drive into Kingsford before my uncle is likely to want me?"

"I think not," she answered. "I fancy that he will want you very soon. I know that he has asked both his lawyer and his doctor to be here this morning."

"That sounds very solemn. What need can he have for both of them?"

"To make quite sure that his will shall be unassailable, I imagine."

"Who would be likely to assail it?"

She lifted her shoulders lightly.

"How should I know? But it is characteristic of him to make things absolutely safe, whether there is danger or not. Now shall we go and see him? I always take him some flowers in the morning, and you can then find out exactly when he will want you."

"It is clear that I can't do better than put myself into your hands," he said.

So they returned to the house, and went together upstairs to the apartments of its master. Virgil opened the door of the sitting-room to Edith's knock; but before he could answer her inquiry, Judge Wargrave's voice spoke:

"Yes, yes, my dear! Come in."

She entered, followed by Desmond, who was immediately struck by the cheerfulness of the sunshine-flooded room, and by his uncle's increased vigor of

appearance. He was seated in the same large chair in which he had been sitting the night before; but it was now rolled over to his desk, which was open. As he turned to greet them, Desmond was further struck by the affectionate warmth of his manner to Edith, who kissed him as if she had been his daughter.

"You are feeling better to-day," she told him, as he patted her hand. "Your new physician here"—she glanced at Desmond—"has done you a world of good. At this rate, we shall have you downstairs in a day or two."

The Judge shook his head.

"I'm afraid not so soon as that," he answered. "My legs are still very untrustworthy. But I do feel better—much better—this morning, and no doubt the cause is what you say. I hope you are quite well, my boy," he added, looking at the tall young man who stood smiling down at him.

"As well as possible, sir," Desmond answered. "Who could be otherwise in this divine climate, this beautiful place? I have just been in the garden with Edith enjoying both."

"And see what lovely roses I have brought you!" Edith added, holding up the flowers. "They are blooming gloriously just now. Virgil, fill that vase with fresh water for me."

Both men watched her with a sense of pleasure as she stood arranging the beautiful blooms in the tall crystal vase which Virgil made haste to bring to her; and then Desmond was conscious that his uncle's glance turned again with a certain keenness on himself.

"And so you like the old place?" he said. "It hasn't disappointed you—eh?"

"I don't see how it could possibly disappoint any one," Desmond replied. "I have never seen a more charming place in any country. Everything about it is so harmonious."

Judge Wargrave nodded.

"Yes, there's no note of new conditions here. You'll find them all around, but

not—thank God!—at Hillcrest." Then to Edith: "Thank you, my dear! Those roses are indeed lovely. Now I am going to ask you to leave Laurence with me; and if Glynn or Blaisdell come, send either or both of them up."

Edith's smile to Desmond said, "I told you so!" as she gave a last touch to her roses, signified assent to the directions about the doctor and lawyer, and left the room. Judge Wargrave's glance followed her to the door; and, when it closed on her graceful figure, returned to Desmond, who had meanwhile sat down beside him.

"I can't tell you what sunshine she has brought into this house since she came here as a child," he said. "I could not love her better if she were my own daughter."

"I can easily believe it," Desmond answered. "She seems delightful."

"She is just that—delightful!" his uncle said with emphasis. "You will not be surprised that I have remembered her in this," he added, taking up a legal-looking paper which lay on the desk beside him, and which Desmond immediately divined to be his will. "I wish that I could have left her more, but my power is limited. I have very little to give outside of what must be kept intact."

"I was under the impression," Desmond remarked, "that you had power to do what you pleased with the entire property, and I can see no reason why you should not provide for her as liberally as you like."

Judge Wargrave frowned slightly.

"That speech indicates that you have not grasped the nature of the trust I hold and of which I have spoken to you," he answered. "I have a legal power to do what I please with the entire property, but I have no moral right to make other than one disposition of the greater part of it. Is it possible that you have not yet understood this?"

"Yes," the young man returned, "I have understood it. But—you see" (he

hesitated a little), "you are going out of the regular succession in choosing me as your heir—"

"I am doing nothing of the kind," his uncle interposed sharply. "I am, on the contrary, complying exactly with the directions of the trust,—am doing what I have no choice but to do." He extended his thin, tremulous hand and took a folded document out of a pigeonhole before him. "This is a copy of the will which created the trust," he went on. "It was made by Robert Wargrave in 1784, after the Independence of the Colonies was assured, and when he recognized what character of legislation with regard to rights of property was to be expected from the spirit dominant in them. Here" (he folded back a page of the yellow paper and pointed to a paragraph marked in red ink) "you can read exactly what he made binding in honor, if not in law, upon his descendants."

It was with a strange thrill, as if he were touching the hand of the man so long dead, that Desmond took the old document, an attested copy of the original will made more than a hundred years before. Transcribed in the faded, yet beautifully clear handwriting of the clerk of the court of that day, he read the directions, carefully and distinctly expressed, which had bound every Wargrave up to the last representative of the name who now sat before him. When he finally lifted his eyes from the paper they were very grave.

"Yes, it is all here," he said. "He makes the obligation to fulfil his wishes binding in honor upon all his descendants. But—forgive me if I question whether he had the right to do this."

"Laurence!"

"Don't misunderstand me," the young man went on quickly. "He had, without doubt, the right to express his wishes, and ask that they should be observed as far as possible; but to lay them with the force of law upon all who were to come after him, without regard to other conditions which might arise, seems to me

unreasonable. Do you think, now, that a man would violate honor who, in obedience to the higher law of justice, should fail to observe this command?"

"I am at a loss to know what you mean by 'the higher law of justice,'" his uncle answered coldly. "You grant, I suppose, the right of the owner to entail his property, if the law permitted, as property is entailed in the old country. Very well, then; how can you deny his right to say to his descendants, 'I am forbidden, in the interest of republican theories, to entail my estate beyond a certain limit; so I trust to your honor to do what I am unable to do,—to maintain this entail for the sake of the family on the lines I have laid down'? If there is no injustice in such an entail for the one or two generations legally permitted, on what principle does it become unjust when put in force for any number of generations?"

"I—don't know," Desmond was obliged to answer; for, as a matter of fact, his protest had been one of instinct and impulse rather than of thought. He could not mention the condition which seemed to him most hard,—that which declared the inheritance should be forfeited by any form of dishonorable conduct. And, after all, he reminded himself, Harry Wargrave was dead, and concern on his behalf altogether unnecessary. He glanced down again at the paper in his hand. "I observe," he said, "that those who are in the line of succession are very clearly specified—first, sons, with strict regard to primogeniture; or, failing these, the sons of daughters. That, of course, is where I come in." He paused suddenly, as if struck by a new thought. "I wonder—" he began, and paused again.

"What?" his uncle asked, and Desmond's ear told him that there was a note of distinct apprehension, as well as of repressed impatience, in his voice.

"Only this," the young man answered hastily. "Since it appears that I am the sole representative of the family in my generation—for so my aunt told me last

night,—it occurs to me to wonder whether, if I had been killed in that railway accident yesterday, you would feel yourself free to do with the estate what you like—to leave it, let us say, to Edith?"

"Certainly not," Judge Wargrave answered with decision. "I should have to go back a generation to find an heir, that is all."

"Oh, I see! Nothing short of the wiping out of all the branches of the family could release you from the obligation of renewing the entail."

"You speak rather flippantly," his uncle said, in a tone of rebuke; "but you are right. Only the extinction of the family could put an end to the obligation, and that is an event which we need not consider. I am very thankful that you were spared yesterday; but I think that we have had enough of this somewhat purposeless discussion. Now I must ask your attention and assent to one or two points before I sign my will in the presence of the witnesses whom I am expecting. First, you understand that you will have no power over the property, except to use its income and hold the estate in trust for the heir of entail who will succeed you?"

Desmond nodded. "I understand," he said. "I shall have no responsibility. I represent the generation that is bound, while the heir who follows me will be free—"

"No." The interruption was short and stern. "He will be as bound as you are—in honor. And there your responsibility comes in: to make him comprehend this, to hand on the family tradition in all its binding force. That is what you must promise to do."

Desmond smiled a little. It seemed difficult to imagine himself inculcating the Wargrave tradition on that shadowy, non-existent personality of the future.

"I will promise to do my best to make the obligation clear to whoever comes after me," he said.

His uncle lifted his hand with the

gesture of one who administers on oath.

"You promise to fulfil the family trust in every particular, as far as lies in your power, so help you God!" he dictated slowly.

The solemnity of the last words was so unexpected that the smile left Desmond's lips. For an instant he hesitated, conscious of a deep reluctance to bind himself in such a manner; but then the recollection came again that he was not asked to promise anything against which conscience could protest. Why should he not call God to witness his intention to fulfil as far as lay in his power—which did not seem to be very far—the trust committed to him? He met his uncle's piercing gaze after an instant with a candid glance.

"Yes," he assented. "I promise that—so help me God!"

Something like a sigh of relief came from the older man's lips, as he sank back in his chair.

"Well, that is all," he said,—“except that, on inheriting the estate, you must take the name of Wargrave.”

But here Desmond demurred. "I don't think," he said, "that I can agree to give up my father's name. I am rather proud of it."

"Use both, then," his uncle answered. "It is a fashion I dislike, but there have been only Wargraves at Hillcrest for close upon two hundred years, and we can have no change now." Then, as voices and steps were heard approaching along the corridor outside, "There are Glynn and Blaisdell," he said. "Thank Heaven, I shall soon have the weight that has burdened it so long lifted from my mind!"

(To be continued.)

OUR belief in what we call the evidence of our senses is less strong than our faith that in the orderly sequence of events there is a meaning which our minds could fathom were they only vast enough.

—John Fiske.

The Little Sorrows.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IT was the Little Sorrows came
 With tears unto my heart;
 They waited at the doorway there,
 And coaxed with gentle art.
 But I looked from the casement high,
 And bade* them all depart.

"Ye wraiths of night," I cried, "disperse!
 Flee back to marsh and fen!
 Ye have no power for weal or woe,
 All futile have ye been.
 I bid ye vanish in the mist,
 And come not back again."

"Oh, let us in," they softly sighed,
 "To cling about your knees!
 Blest gifts have we of wisdom sweet,
 And tender mysteries,
 And jewels like the seven stars
 That deck the Pleiades."

It was the Little Sorrows fled
 Sore frightened all away;
 And shadow on the sunlight came,
 A cloud fell on the day.
 And in my empty house I sat
 More sad than words can say.

The Holy Man of Lille.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

WHEN, some months ago, the Eucharistic Congress took place in London, few, if any, of the priests and laymen present at that glorious manifestation of faith remembered the name of one of the original promoters of these meetings, who went to his rest only four years ago. Perchance some priest from the north of France may have given a thought to the "Holy man of Lille," as he was popularly called, whose zeal in promoting the first Eucharistic Congress was so efficient, whose charity was so great, but whose humility was such that, had he lived to be present at

the London Congress, his first care would have been to hide himself in an obscure corner of the great cathedral. We seem to see him on his knees, unnoticed and unknown, absorbed in silent adoration. This was *his way*: gifted with a power of organization that amounted to genius, possessed of an enormous fortune, he travelled, wrote and worked, night and day, to promote the glory of God. Then, when the result was attained — when churches were built, schools opened, congresses organized, committees and associations placed on a firm footing,—the prime mover of the work vanished. So completely did he efface himself that others often reaped the honor and glory of what had been sown by him; and this rejoiced him exceedingly.

In spite, however, of his persistent endeavor to remain unknown, the name of the Holy man of Lille became a household word, not only in the north of France but also in Paris and in Rome. His story was given to the world in 1906, only one short year after his happy death, by the eminent Catholic writer, Mgr. Baunard. This much-esteemed author is well known in France for his biographies of several great servants of God,—Mother Barat, lately beatified; Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers; General de Sonis, and others. Through his connection with the Catholic University of Lille, he became personally acquainted with Philibert Vrau, the subject of this sketch,—a circumstance that served him when he gathered together materials for his biography. In his great desire to be ignored and forgotten, M. Vrau had ruthlessly destroyed all the letters and papers that might have thrown a favorable light on his inner life and on his work. Mgr. Baunard, happily, had his personal experience to fall back upon; and, besides his own reminiscences, he was able to bring forward the testimony of many of Philibert's fellow-workers, who are still at their post. One and all are unanimous in their statement that, in almost all the religious undertakings

of the last fifty years, the silent, retiring old man, whom Mgr. Baunard has chosen for his hero, bore a leading part.

M. Vrau was born at Lille, November 19, 1829. His parents were excellent specimens of the higher-class manufacturers of that commercial and thriving city,—hard working, honorable, with much solid good sense and quiet energy. His mother was a devout Catholic; his father became one at a later date; but even when he did not practise his religion, he allowed his wife to bring up her children—two daughters and a son—according to her convictions.

Philibert was carefully educated by his pious mother, whose sorrow was great when she found that her only son, in his early manhood, had abandoned the religious practices to which he had been trained. During four years he kept away from the Sacraments,—not that he ignored the subject of religion, but the philosophical discussions and vain speculations in which he indulged seemed to make him drift farther away from the Faith of his boyhood. His most intimate friend at this time, and indeed throughout his whole life, was a young doctor, Camille Féron, a fervent Catholic, and, from all accounts, a most sympathetic character, whose influence over his comrade was exercised in the right direction: not by preaching or moralizing, but by the example of a consistent Christian life,—simple, logical and manly in its earnestness.

Philibert's charity, which was one day to lead him to the practice of voluntary poverty, was remarkable even at this early period. It was almost quixotic in its manifestations. One of his friends writes in 1850 to complain that "Philibert deprives himself of food because there are poor people who have not enough to eat." Who can say how far this generous feeling of sympathy with the poor may have paved the way to his conversion! Like most conversions, his was brought about by many complex causes: his mother's prayers, the tactful influence of

his friend, and, added to these, a curious and unforeseen incident that proves how, for His own good purposes, God in His infinite wisdom sometimes makes use of evil or, at any rate, doubtful causes.

Toward the years 1853 and 1854, a fever of table-turning and spirit-rapping spread over France; and many pious and practical Catholics indulged in what seemed to them a harmless pastime, flavored with a spice of mystery that served to make it more enticing. Later on, the Church interfered, and wisely prohibited experiences that, as a rule, seemed likely to disturb the religious convictions and unsettle the minds of her children. But when Philibert Vrau first began his table-turning experiments, the practice was not a forbidden one; and, in spite of the incoherence and contradictions of the "spirits" with whom he communicated, he writes enthusiastic letters on the subject. He was particularly struck when, on one occasion, the table, in answer to his inquiries, tapped the words: "There is a God, a paradise, and a hell." And again: "There is but one religion—the Christian, Roman, Catholic religion, infallible in its dogmas."

It is true that, together with these striking acts of faith, the so-called spirits often indulged in absurd and dangerous theories; their answers were confused and confusing; and, in many cases, Philibert believed that the influence of the Evil One was clearly perceptible. Nevertheless, he was impressed by what he had heard. "I struggled for a long time before I yielded completely," he owned when he told the story of his conversion; and at this crisis the wise and prudent advice of Camille Féron was undoubtedly a great help to the hesitating spirit of his friend. The influence of an excellent priest, the Abbé Bernard; of a Jesuit, Father Wiart; above all the prayers of the anxious souls who loved him, did the rest; and on the 7th of June, 1854, Philibert Vrau went to Holy Communion for the first time after four years of neglect and unbelief.

To a soul so deeply earnest as his, half-measures were impossible, and the idea of a religious vocation presented itself to his mind almost immediately. His father, whose return to the practice of his religion coincided with that of his son, and was prompted by the same causes, was at this time well advanced in years, and worn out by a career of strenuous labor, which so far had not been marked by any great success; and Madame Vrau, who was her son's confidante, implored him, for the time being, not to distress the old man by informing him of his intentions. At first Philibert yielded to her request; but at the end of eighteen months' silence he decided to speak, and to tell his father of his wish to become a priest, and to consecrate his strength and his intelligence to the service of God.

M. Vrau, who counted upon his only son to continue the work for which he felt himself becoming daily more unfit, was cut to the heart by this decision. "You will," he wrote, "thereby lose the result of fifteen years' labor." Yet he declared his resolve "not to act against the decrees of God"; only he suggested: "Do you not think that by leading a free life in the world, you could insure your own salvation and do at least as much good to those who surround you?" The old man's truly Christian spirit revealed itself in the closing lines of his long letter, where he professed himself willing to consent to his son's vocation if he could feel absolutely certain that such was the will of God. "Dear Father," replied Philibert, "as we are all equally decided to seek God's will, . . . be very certain that I am ready to abide by the decision of mother and yourself in the matter. . . . I put my future into your hands and in those of good Father Wiart."

The childlike trust and generosity with which both father and son decided to abide by God's holy will was rewarded, as is always the case, by an unmistakable manifestation of that sovereign will. Owing to a heavy monetary loss, the

house of business directed by M. Vrau seemed on the verge of absolute ruin. Henceforth Philibert's duty lay plain and clear before him: he was bound to "put his shoulder to the wheel" and to save his father from bankruptcy. He listened to the call of duty, laid aside all thoughts of becoming a priest, and turned his attention to the success of the thread manufacture in which his father had spent so many years of apparently unfruitful labor. When Philibert, at the cost of a severe personal sacrifice, became the leading spirit of the Maison Vrau, a blessing seemed visibly to descend upon the struggling enterprise; and, by giving His servant a large portion of the goods of this world, God enlarged his sphere of usefulness, and enabled him to become one of the greatest benefactors of the Church in France.

The Maison Vrau, which makes and sells sewing thread, was founded in 1816; but, in spite of the activity of its master and the devoted assistance he received from his wife, the manufacture did not prosper as it should have done. When Philibert came upon the scene, he proved himself an able organizer, a clear-headed man of business, and an earnest advocate of new methods in the manufacture of the *fil au Chinois*, as the special kind of thread made by the Maison Vrau is called. In a comparatively short time, his influence put the tottering house on a firm basis; the superiority of its produce became a well-known fact, and in 1863 it was impossible to satisfy the demands that poured in from all quarters.

Meantime Philibert's sister Marie was married to Camille Féron,* his best friend, who consented to abandon the medical

* M. Paul Féron-Vrau, Philibert's nephew, is at the head of the Association of La Bonne Presse, founded by the Fathers of the Assumption, who are now sent adrift by the government. He is the responsible editor of the well-known paper *La Croix*; and it is he who, having bought the Hôtel de Condé in Paris, has lately put that princely dwelling-place at the disposal of the Archbishop.

profession and become his brother-in-law's partner. He then took the name of Féron-Vrau,—a name that his son, one of the leading French Catholics of the twentieth century, has made a household word throughout the country.

In the year 1870, Philibert's father died. He had become a striking example of an old-fashioned, somewhat austere Christian. His ideas of rectitude, honesty, labor, and justice were singularly noble, and his will gives us a fair picture of his ideals. He expresses an earnest wish that his children should be faithful to a "spirit of faith and charity." And, expressing himself as to Philibert, he wrote: "I consider him as the natural protector of his sisters and family, and I expect him to fulfil the duties that are entailed upon him in this capacity." In the same documents he bids his widow, who was now the nominal head of the Maison Vrau, to give to works of charity a *third* of the profits instead of a *tenth*, as had been the practice hitherto. "God having blessed our house," he adds, "it is but just that, after having provided for our children and grandchildren, we should pay Him our debt of gratitude." This generous provision brought fresh blessings upon the firm, and its prosperity went on increasing during the following years.

Philibert Vrau's intelligence, activity, and powers of organization made him the soul of the firm; and the perfect harmony that existed between him and his brother-in-law powerfully contributed to the success of the Maison Vrau. Working hand in hand, the two partners built new factories,—an important undertaking that extended over ten years. Above the doorway of the modern building they placed a statue of Notre Dame de la Treille, the patroness of Lille. But, in the eyes of both men, the moral well-being of their dependants was far more important than mere success; and, while keeping in touch with new methods and possible improvements, they never lost sight of their chief duty toward the souls of the

workers who surrounded them. They spared neither trouble nor expense to make their eleven hundred subordinates good Christians. Catholic clubs, schools, and religious associations were founded; and, for the special benefit of the young girls, a community of nuns was attached to the factory. While providing for the spiritual welfare of the families who worked for them, the two brothers did not neglect temporal interests, and strove in every way to promote the happiness of their employees. Corporations, syndicates, savings banks, co-operative stores, institutions for the sick, the maimed and the old, were established on a firm footing, with royal generosity combined with much practical sense.

The result of their united labors goes far to prove how the social problems that divide the world might easily be solved if those who grapple with them were prompted by a truly Christian spirit. In revolutionary France, the Maison Vrau presented a rare spectacle of harmony and mutual trust and esteem. In 1892, out of the eleven hundred hands employed in the manufacture, over a hundred had already celebrated their Silver Jubilee. "I like to believe," said M. Féron-Vrau on one of these festive occasions, "that our workmen and workwomen are satisfied to be with us and are attached to us, . . . that here we have been able to demonstrate that it is possible for employers and their workmen to come to a mutual understanding."

The peculiarity of Philibert Vrau's character is that in him were combined opposite tendencies. He was a successful organizer, a level-headed, cool, practical man of business, who kept abreast with the necessities and aspirations of his time; and yet he was also a mystic, whose inner life was centred on things invisible. Hence the zeal with which he devoted himself to the spiritual welfare of his native town of Lille. This ancient city, the fifth town in France, with its two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants,

is, as our readers know, an industrial and commercial centre of great importance. Although Philibert's charity was widely generous in its manifestations, he not unnaturally considered that he had a special duty toward his birthplace, and he over and over again expressed his desire that Lille should become a "holy city." With this object, he inaugurated among his fellow-citizens the practice of the nightly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, — a devotion which, founded in 1848 by the famous convert, Father Hermann Cohen, appealed strongly to Philibert's personal love for Jesus Christ. He began the work in 1857, with only five associates; the following year their number had increased to forty, and in 1867 to four hundred. These long vigils before the Blessed Sacrament in some lonely church were Philibert's delight. He spoke little of his feelings, and wrote still less; but his colleagues remember his attitude of rapt devotion during those hours of silent prayer.

M. Vrau likewise founded in his native town an association of prayer, the special object of which was the spiritual welfare of his beloved people. As in former days generals and princes were wont to raise high walls round the towns that they wished to protect, so he aspired to surround Lille with a circle of perpetual prayers. He built five or six churches in the poorer quarters of the town, where the working people lived,—not, indeed, that his name ever appeared before the public: he bestowed his royal gifts anonymously or under the cover of his mother's name. Nevertheless, the identity of the mysterious benefactor whose influence was felt everywhere, although his personality was shrouded in obscurity, was more than suspected by the grateful recipients of his bounty.

Philibert also founded a Catholic club, which he intended to be an intellectual and active centre for the Catholics of the region. He organized Catholic committees, destined to group together the children

of the Church, not only in the great cities, but also in small provincial towns and villages, where individual action is often paralyzed by a discouragement born of isolation. In 1873, nineteen of these committees in the northern provinces owed their existence to his personal influence. In 1875, their number had increased to thirty-three. He was no less active, in his quiet way, in promoting the Catholic congresses that have now become so frequent, not only in France, but throughout Europe.

The outcome of the grouping together of the Catholics of Lille was the foundation, in 1875, of the Catholic University,—a work dear to the heart of M. Vrau, who for several years had steadily advocated the scheme. Other generous Catholics materially helped with the foundation; but they were the first to acknowledge that the prime mover in this splendid work was the humble, silent man, whose chief anxiety seemed to be to pass unnoticed. It was he, however, who on different occasions was sent to Rome to treat with Pope Pius IX. of the important foundation. The Pope grew to know and love his visitor, and received him with marked affection. When on February 7, 1878, news came that the Pontiff had breathed his last, Philibert set out for the Eternal City, eager to behold once more the venerable features that had so often lighted up at his approach. At his earnest request, he was allowed to pass the night in prayer near the Pope's remains.

(Conclusion next week.)

SIN is no precipice; the enemy of souls would never have it so, for flesh to shrink or head to spin at its profundity; rather that most diabolical engineer hath graded our way down into it with many a level stretch to dupe our eyes; nay, I think there lack not even ascendant levels, though very short ones, so that we sometimes seem to be climbing upward; yet doubt not the road keepeth its declivity

—Henry L. Stuart.

In the Days of Queen Bess.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THE mellow October sunlight showed its gold softly upon the yellowing foliage, softly upon the Tower green. Slowly, in the mild air, the tired leaves fluttered. In great outlines of stone, in grim bulwarks of masonry, the historic buildings reared their dread masses against the sky. At their foot, to the south, poured the broad, potently-silent Thames. A deep peace rested over the quiet scene. The challenge of sentries, the change of guard, occasionally a laugh or a snatch of rude talk from a yeoman, alone broke the ponderous stillness. Outwardly, the spot spoke of bondage; within were secret places for the rack, public places for the block, and walls that had muffled sobs and drunk men's tears.

Into the middle chamber of the Beauchamp Tower, where the Crown graciously lodged distinguished prisoners, the bright morning entered dimly, scarce showing the names and devices carved in the long hours of captivity. How many heart-aches, how much of life and love written on the unresponsive stone!

The man upon the pallet raised himself to watch the gleam. The deep embrasures, the bars, the heavy leading, made an almost perpetual penumbra in his prison. And so many years had passed, his eyes grew unfamiliar with strong light. As the mind and body will in great weakness, he lay idle, watching one ray play upon his own name on the wall.

The rattle of bolts and keys as the warder fumbled at the narrow door aroused him. He who entered had a broad bearded face, not unkindly; an air of geniality, a whiff of the outdoor freshness blew in with him; he brought with him also breakfast on a platter.

"Good-morrow, my Lord! Has your lordship rested well?"

"As well as may be, Jarvis. But I have no stomach for yon food."

"One must yet eat, my Lord."

"Alack that one must! This last sickness has rid me of any kindness I ever had for meat."

"Will your lordship rise to-day?"

"Indeed, good Jarvis, I lie here and ponder shall I have the strength. Methinks these walls, so massive, so overpowering, must sap the life in one. Strange—is it not?—how at times the desire masters me for the free wind of the North and the scent of heather on the moor."

"My Lord, I would to God I could give you these things."

"And I thank you, Jarvis, for the will. One would think ten years of confinement should dull a man's sense. But they only wreck his body. Yet bonds borne for Christ are a glorious title."

"My Lord, for my own part, I hold freedom above them."

"The doubt has occurred to me, Jarvis, that you do."

"Hist, my Lord, for mercy's sake!"

"I speak nothing, friend. You have been to me, as haply to many another poor inmate of this keep, the only human comfort in much sorrow. Yet be mindful" (his voice sank to a whisper) "that only two things are of importance, and they are God and your own soul."

"My Lord, one has to live in this world; and the fight's a hard one before one passes to the next."

"Do you tell me that, Jarvis?"

"Indeed, my Lord, I pray your pardon. Yet, if one would, there are ways out of London Tower."

"I have heard. One might, for instance, carry the Sword of State before her Majesty, and, entering chapel, attend there the service of 'the Established Church?'"

"Ah, my Lord, it would have cost you so little!"

"Fore God, sir! It would have cost too much! All I ask of them now is that I may have a priest to hear my confession, and that I may see my kinfolds once again."

"I heard it whispered in the hall, my

Lord, that an answer had been received to your lordship's petition."

"A favorable answer?"

"Yea, my Lord. Her Majesty is exceedingly well disposed toward your lordship, and the time appears to be seasonable and propitious."

"So be it truly! Her Majesty showed me countenance enough in the reckless days of my youth and folly, through no deserts of mine. Then came my reconciliation to the Church and the baseless accusations of my Lord of Leicester. The Queen's face was turned away from me. I received orders to confine myself in my own house. For fifteen weeks I lay under the imputation of conspiracy; then again I was freed. But the sky was so dark over England, and so many heads had fallen, I deemed it best to exile myself voluntarily, and, though I left so much that was dear to me, to pass over to some land where I might practise my religion in peace, without giving umbrage to her Majesty. You know the rest, Jarvis,—how my own servants betrayed me, how I was obliged to submit to the censure of the Bench, and to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and was cast into this chamber to await the Queen's pleasure; how I am awaiting still. The Queen's pleasure! A poor, broken man under sentence of death!"

"My Lord, we will hope for brighter days, since the past ones have indeed been cruel to you."

"Yea, and the cry that I prayed for Spain! I prayed for liberty,—my own, that of others. I owe you, Jarvis, the sheets I lie upon, the few books that have cheered me. Should I not pray for release? Can one love fetters? Ah, God! I pray for nothing more now, save that His will be done."

"If they should come to you to-day, my Lord, I beseech you, on bended knees, conform to their wishes at all costs. One says, my Lord, 'Yea, I will do this; yea, I will do that'; when the prison doors are open, my Lord, one goes forth and follows one's own way."

"Friend, friend, how like your voice is to the tempter's!"

"My Lord, I'm a plain fellow, but that's sense."

"Whatever the outcome, I will tell you one thing. The title of my cause is written yonder, over that fireplace, as my Master's was above His head. The rest is falsehood."

"What's written there, my Lord?"

"If you can not read it, Jarvis—and haply you can not, for 'tis Latin,—I trow my gaolers can. And if they, too, can not, it matters little; for the words have often eased my pain."

"I thought it was your name, my Lord."

"My name is there, too, and the date. How long ago that was, and how tall I must have stood! I was scarce two and thirty, a sapling in green strength. And I knew my own innocence. I hoped 'twould be but as the traveller who, to record his passage, scrawls his name in a far, strange land. I think now 'twill be my epitaph: the memorial of one forgotten speaking from the stone his own hand carved before death stilled it."

"These are sad thoughts, my Lord."

"I remember how my heart turned sick and faint in me as I worked on that first letter; for outside I heard a bird—some bird that lived in the free air of God and twittered in the blue,—I heard his song. Did you know that our town of Arundel bears for its arms a swallow on the wing?"

"My Lord, I would take it for an omen."

"My grandsire, my great-grandsire, and my father, all laid their heads upon the executioner's block. If that narrow loop were a window, we could see the chapel where my father's body lies. He, too, was attainted, and one of the noblest heads that ever fell."

"But, my Lord, by your good leave, his Grace of Norfolk was charged with high treason."

"So am I also; and wot I have answered my accusers point by point, for they were silenced. Yet they condemned me, and I should make the fourth. I know not

why I linger, or whether there is more mercy in the swift stroke of the axe or the slow torment of prison. But God is good. Last night I dreamed a strange dream, Jarvis."

"My Lord, I do believe they are coming!"

"Who are coming?"

"Methought I caught a glimpse of the Lieutenant and his Deputy, the officer on duty, and some other gentleman, walking together. There are footsteps on the stair, my Lord."

"Quick, Jarvis, my doublet and hose, and the support of your shoulder! They are early."

"My Lord, they are here."

"One moment!... Good-morrow, Master Lieutenant! Good-morrow, gentlemen!"

"We present our duty to your lordship."

"Pray receive mine, sir."

The Lieutenant of the Tower begins to read, and at intervals speaks, referring constantly to the letter in his hand.

"My Lord of Arundel, it has seemed good to her most sacred Majesty that we should wait upon your lordship. Her Majesty has received your lordship's petition; and, seeing that it is the second addressed by you to the Crown, seeing that your lordship has now been many years in solitary confinement, and that the physician reports unfavorably concerning your lordship's bodily health, her Majesty's generous heart has been touched to forget all past matters, and to incline in benignity and graciousness in your behalf. It is her Majesty's pleasure that we should assure your lordship of her good will and favor, and earnestly exhort you to put aside the pride of resistance and refusal. Her Majesty not only offers you your freedom, my Lord, but urges you to accept it, and to permit her that she may restore you to the society of your kinfolk, as you have desired. Her Majesty furthermore offers to restore you in all the titles and dignities forfeited by the attainder of the late Duke, your father, as well as in those which you

enjoyed yourself, my Lord, previous to the sentence passed upon you by your peers."

In the long pause, the voice of the prisoner is heard to say, hoarsely:

"Her Majesty overpowers me. But under what conditions, sir, is the offer made?"

"My Lord, there is but one condition. You will renounce your adhesion to the false and pernicious doctrines of Rome, promise that you will neither publicly nor privately practise the proscribed religion, and in no wise employ yourself for the re-establishment of the same."

"Is that all, sir?"

"That is all, my Lord."

"And what year is this?"

"Fifteen and ninety-five, my Lord."

"Then her Majesty has had my answer some decade of years."

"You refuse, my Lord?"—the incredulous voice startled out of its calmness.

"Eh, yes, sir! What else should I do?"

"My Lord, you can not be a true and loyal subject of her Majesty and still cling to so treasonable a resolution."

"I declare my allegiance, sir, to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Shall I be asked to give my word that I will strip myself of faith, courage and honor?"

"My Lord, it grieves us sorely to find you so ill-disposed."

"Master Lieutenant, I do not offend her Majesty. The Catholic Church received me on the verge of my manhood, and restored to me the innocence I had lost before I knew its value. Any good, however poor, that has been in me I have owed to her sacraments. If black was made white, and if I have ever endeavored to live without sin against God or man—my conscience is clear of whatsoever evil, too, against her Majesty,—it is thanks to this religion which you hold odious and dangerous to the State."

"My Lord, there is too much of Rome in it for English palates. But you, I implore you, conform to the church of your country! There can be naught but honor in that. And if your spirit is too

proud to yield, have pity at least on the infirmity of your body."

"My body, sir, which I would be willing enough to save, yet seems to me a lesser thing than my soul."

"My Lord, my Lord! You may live ten years more in the prison of this Tower. Does it allure you?"

"God knows, sir, whether my flesh has loved its torture. But my whole spirit rises up and cries it may not yield. Pardon me, Master Lieutenant, if I stand no longer. There was another request in my petition. I asked for a Catholic priest to hear my confession and to give me the one thing I have so earnestly desired—the Body of Our Lord."

"My Lord, what you ask is impossible. There has been trouble enough in suppressing the Papistic clergy. Our own chaplain will gladly attend, if your lordship should desire spiritual comfort."

"You offer me, sir, my vinegar and gall."

The light seems to grow less in the gloomy chamber, and the face is only a whiteness bowed away from it in shadow. The four men stand motionless. The soldier alone, without moving, raises and lowers his eyes in dumb salute.

The prisoner speaks again, lower and sadly:

"Master Lieutenant, I think it probable that my days on earth are numbered, and I have not seen the faces of those I love—my wife, my brothers—a long time now. The face of my little son, born since my sorrows, I have never seen."

"My Lord, your lordship has but now declined the offer."

"I declined my liberty, sir, for conscience' sake. I ask again that I may be permitted,—Master Lieutenant, I implore you, as one man may employ himself for another in great calamity, beseech her Majesty for me that I may see my wife once at least, and my child, before I die."

"Your lordship's request shall be conveyed, my Lord. But I doubt much if granted. You place yourself deliberately without the pale of mercy."

"If that be the case, sir, convey to her, then, no prayer; for already once she has refused the same petition. But rather take these words,—the words of a man who henceforth has done with life. Say first, that, for all the plotting and scheming against me, all the hatred and bitterness of rivals, I have been her true and faithful subject always. No treason is in me, and she knows it, save adhesion to my Faith. Tell her that England has manacles on its hands, iron at its feet, thanks to her."

"My Lord—"

"Yea, as I say it! But there are in this English land hidden sanctuaries where the flame burns night and day before the Sacrament she and hers have proscribed; and from those small, tremulous fires the whole breadth and width of this country shall be warmed again. Tell her that I, Philip Howard, her kinsman, whom she has imprisoned without cause, barred from life, ruined in health, deprived of my own nearest and dearest, and denied the last comforts granted even to the guilty,—I call these stones to witness the day will come when all England shall bow down before that Mystery again. Last night, I say to you, I saw it. A great city and a people like to us, and a great fane in the midst of our own London; tapers were on all sides, and waves of incense, and the low thunder of innumerable tongues praying together; men used to arms kneeling with bowed heads and folded hands, like children; ineffable voices, I know not whether boys or 'angels,' floating upward to the golden monstrance, and they sang—they must have echoed the choirs of God in heaven—*O Salutaris Hostia, Quæ cæli pandis ostium*—"

"My Lord! . . . He's ill! This comes of too much dreaming. Get water, Jarvis!"

"That is no swoon, your honor."

"Get water, fool! My Lord of Arundel! Help me with him, gentlemen. Yes, on the bed, and see if the physician can be found. My Lord, rouse you!"

"Ah, is that you, Nan?"

"It is I, my Lord,—Sir Michael Blount."

"Blount? Hark! they are singing . . . nearer. . ."

Silence in the grey chamber; one thin ray of filtered light falling across the dim space upon the words the patient hands had carved so long since: "The more sufferings for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next." The tired eyelids, of their own will, have dropped. One gasp, and another, from the wan lips, faintly moving. A cry from the kneeling warder:

"O God, my Lord is dying!"

Then the grave voice of him who had brought the last ineffectual offer of freedom and been swept aside by the angel of the open gate:

"Peace, fellow! Her Majesty's merciful justice is unavailing. The Earl of Arundel is dead."

Outside, in the mellow sunshine that makes men glad, the golden leaves of autumn flutter softly to the Tower green.

Next Sunday's Mass.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

THE specific name given to this third Sunday before Lent designates also one of the regular liturgical seasons of the year. The season is a short one, consisting of only three weeks, and may be considered a transitional period from the exulting joy of Christmastide to the Lenten grief and penance. The new note introduced into the Offices of the Church is emphasized by her bidding her ministers don the purple vestments, and her forbidding them to utter, from now until Easter, the heavenly synonym for "Praise God," *Alleluia*. As for the literal meaning of the word *Septuagesima* (seventieth), it is to be noted that it does not accurately fix the number of days before Easter, which is in reality only sixty-three days distant.

At the beginning of the Mass we have a graphic picture of the condition of Adam and his whole posterity,—their well-grounded fear of death, alleviated by a

ray of hope in God's oldtime promise and in His boundless mercy. "The groans of death surrounded me, the sorrows of hell encompassed me; and in my affliction I called upon the Lord, and He heard my voice from His holy temple. (Ps.) I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength: the Lord is my firmament, and my refuge and my deliverer."

Acknowledging, in the Collect, that her children deserve chastisement for their sins, the Church, nevertheless, pleads for divine mercy in their behalf: "Do Thou, we beseech Thee, O Lord, graciously hear the prayers of Thy people; that we, who are justly afflicted for our sins, may, for the glory of Thy name, be mercifully delivered. Through, etc."

St. Paul's instruction to the Corinthians, set forth in the Epistle, is well suited to heighten the effect of the preceding reflections on sin and its consequences. Life is a race, the prize for which can be won by those only who strive earnestly, and who keep in training by mortifying their passions. "And everyone that striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things" detrimental to his chances. "And they [worldings] indeed, that they may receive a corruptible crown" of power, fame, wealth, or pleasure; "but we, an incorruptible," the crown of eternal life. Accordingly, we must sedulously avoid sloth, half-heartedness, and indulgence of fleshly appetites. We must rather imitate the energy, persistence and self-denial of the professional athlete, chastising our body and bringing it into subjection, in order that we may be competent to follow the Apostle's advice: "So run that you may obtain" life's only worthy crown—a happy death and the beatific vision.

Nor shall we lose courage or let our energy flag, be the race ever so strenuous, if only we confide in the divine assistance that is ours for the asking. "A helper Thou in due time, in tribulation," says the Gradual, "let them trust in Thee that know Thee; because Thou forsakest not

them that seek Thee, O Lord!—For the poor shall not always be forgotten; the patience of the poor shall not perish forever. Arise, Lord; let not man prevail.”

We have mentioned that during the Septuagesima season the *Alleluia* is omitted. Its place is supplied by the Tract, an anthem, usually from the Psalms, and so called because “continuously” (*tractim*) sung by the cantor without interruption from other voices. That for to-day is appropriately made up of the first four verses of the *De Profundis*,—“Out of the Depths.”

The Gospel repeats the Epistle’s lesson of the necessity of earnest work in the affair of our salvation; the lesson’s medium being the well-known parable of the laborers in the vineyard. Rejoicing that there is hope even for those called “at the eleventh hour,” the Offertory declares: “It is good to give praise to the Lord, and to make melody to Thy name, O Most High!” The Secret is a petition that, by means of the heavenly mysteries in which we are participating, we may be cleansed and heard. In the Communion, God is entreated to let His face shine upon His servants, that they may not be confounded. And in the Post-Communion, the admirable unity and sequence of the day’s Office is thus perfected: “May Thy faithful people, O God, be strengthened by Thy gifts; that, by partaking of them, they may continue to seek after them; and, seeking them, partake of them without end.”

NOTHING is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalry. Whatever sort of progress may be made by pushing others aside or pulling them down, it certainly is not climbing; it is not a gain that ever lifts one higher. Whatever our work in the world may be, by whatever name the profession or avocation may be called, it is only as the Master’s work that it will finally have any value; and His work must be done in His spirit, or it is worthless.

—Ruskin.

With a Positivist.

OF all living English writers, the one that oftenest reminds his readers of Mr. Gladstone is Mr. Frederic Harrison, the Positivist. Mr. Mallock himself is never so magisterial and dogmatic as Mr. Harrison. He probably dictates his books; if not, he must declaim his thoughts while putting them to paper. His essays read just like speeches. One fancies him as pacing up and down his study, vociferating his ideas to the public and to posterity; and as always having in mind an immense present audience, eager to drink in the wisdom, of which his store is so vast. He writes on subjects political, literary, social, artistic, historical and religious,—always as one having authority.

It has been well said that prejudices are like the flaws in the glass of our windows: they alter the shape of everything we choose to look at through them; they make straight things crooked, and everything indistinct. Like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Harrison has his prejudices. For instance, in an essay on Religious Marriage, in his latest volume, he says:

Positivists are certainly alone, amongst the non-theological schools of opinion, in seeking to make the religious character of Marriage both more definite and more impressive, in treating it as a very real sacrament, in making it a cardinal feature of the religious life. The only criticism that they offer to the ecclesiastical view of Marriage is, that all existing Christian churches treat Marriage far too loosely, do not respect its sacramental importance, and allow it to be regarded as a civil state primarily and chiefly. Even the Catholic Church is far too ready to play fast and loose with its “dispensations” to the high and mighty, fails to rise to its real spiritual dignity, does not treat it as “indissoluble” in the spiritual sense, and has dishonored it by the vicious institution of celibacy of the priesthood.

Mr. Harrison does not condescend to inform his readers as to the grounds for so extraordinary an opinion as this. That he has formed and formulated it must suffice for them. It would be impertinent, of course, to ask the master what Catholic

works on marriage or the celibacy of the priesthood he has studied, or to suggest that his knowledge regarding matrimonial dispensations could have been acquired only from newspapers.

Be sure you're right if you're wrong every time, would seem to be the motto of writers like Mr. Harrison. Qualification of any statement that they may make, or of any opinion that they may formulate, must come entirely of their own volition, without others' prompting. In another chapter of the same volume from which we have quoted, Mr. Harrison says: "We have long been accustomed to treat the Church Catholic as the only essential form of Christianity, and Protestantism as an illogical and temporary makeshift." Here the reader is expected to pause and admire Mr. Harrison's breadth and discernment. In another place he writes: "The strength of Rome lies in its immutable fixity in that which it regards as fundamental." Persons of an inquiring mind would naturally desire to know, and expect to be told, precisely what things the Catholic Church holds as fundamental; and they will quite as naturally wonder at Mr. Harrison's praising the Church in the same book, if not in the same breath, for her "moral power of discipline," and blaming her for playing fast and loose in such unquestionably important matters of discipline as matrimonial dispensations.

Of course Mr. Harrison is always interesting. It is not easy to turn a deaf ear to a man who takes himself so very seriously. Nor can one expect a writer, who regards himself as an authority, to cite authorities for any statement he may make. By his manner and methods, Mr. Harrison seems to say, If you will not accept my doctrines, seek another teacher. And yet we can not believe that he would willingly see his audience diminish. Will not some one, then, venture to suggest to him that he is often very unconvincing when very dogmatic and that, of all people, rigid consistency is to be expected of the exponents of Positivism?

Notes and Remarks.

On the particular theme of woman suffrage and the general subject of the emancipation of women, the Rev. Henry Day, S. J., recently delivered a notable conference in Manchester, England. This excerpt, indicating the trend of the discourse, is an interesting contribution to the conservative side of a much-discussed problem:

At the well of living waters sanctified by grace, without the turmoil of the town, Christ is prepared to meet the Christian woman of to-day, as long ago He met and conversed with the pagan woman of Samaria. Her highest destiny is to people the world with men. And by this I do not mean merely to bring children into the world, but to rear and train them. To form and perfect by love and sympathy that which is greatest in the world, the minds and hearts of men,—that is the sublime prerogative of woman. Women of this generation, go to Bethlehem and learn this lesson. There is the wife, the mother, the child, the husband. And angels are singing "glory," "peace." And the crown of blessedness above all other women is resting even now upon the brow of Mary.

Mr. Taft, our President-elect, is credited with the statement that the women of this country will secure the franchise just as soon as they make up their minds that they want it,—which is eminently gallant and diplomatically noncommittal on Mr. Taft's part; but it is extremely doubtful, we opine, that this generation at least of American women *will* make up their minds that the franchise is for them a desirable asset.

The series of articles by Miss Louise I. Guiney published in THE AVE MARIA last month seem to have attracted an unusual amount of attention; and, as was to be expected, they have met with strong approval or disapproval, according to the preferences or prejudices of the readers,—some of whom, if we are to judge by letters with which they have favored us, seem to think that approval of anything English amounts to disapproval of all

things American. The articles have been widely quoted by the Catholic papers,—some of which, however, after the manner of the inferior press, were careful to avoid any reference to source or authorship. One of these worthies remarks:

An American lady, sojourning in England, writes interestingly of the Catholic churches of that country, and dwells especially upon the success of their constructors in securing good ventilation. If there is one thing more noticeable than another in the scheme of the construction of churches in this country, it is the lack of ventilation. What can conduce more to ill health, to say nothing of distraction and consequent irreverence during our religious services, than the close packing of hundreds of people in a superheated church, breathing the noxious air confined therein? And if perchance the usher opens a window, he is liable to be the miserable recipient of a storm of indignation from those who "simply can not stand a draft." The really well-ventilated churches of this city, State and country can be easily counted on one's fingers; and it is time that pastors and people awake to this hygienic necessity.

Miss Guiney's articles are calculated to do much good in more ways than one. They would be well worth while, we think, if only for the gentle jar they have given to persons who see nothing but what is good in their own nationality, and nothing that isn't bad in other nationalities. Americans, of all people in the world, ought to be freest from such narrowness but truth compels us to admit that they are especially addicted to it.

The Rev. Dr. Russell, who preached the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Corrigan, of Baltimore, paid this well-merited tribute to the Catholic hierarchy of the Republic:

Although in some of the States a majority of those entitled to the franchise profess the Catholic Faith, who has heard of a Catholic bishop in this our country denouncing those of another religious persuasion on account of their belief? There have been days, indeed, when Catholic laymen have stood with the armed forces of the State to protect the homes of cloistered women against the outrages of bigotry; yet never once—thanks be to God!—in the history of this land, from the day when

Catholic Calvert proclaimed religious liberty to all, has a Catholic been found in arms against those professing a faith different from his own. When did a Catholic bishop ever abuse the pulpit for the purpose of arousing sectarian prejudice contrary to the law of the land?... If in these United States there are no more law-abiding citizens than the Catholics, it is because the Catholic episcopacy in word and practice have taught, with the Apostle, that "all power is of God and those that are ordained of God." It may be said, indeed, without fear of contradiction, that every Catholic bishop in this land is a powerful bulwark, supporting the Constitution.

And the very last persons to contradict this statement would be the officials charged with preserving the Constitution. Given a serious emergency, not merely political, in the civic affairs of a city that is an episcopal See, and the Catholic bishop is safe to be one of the first men called upon to lend his influence and his counsel toward the preservation, or possibly the restoration, of law and order.

In a thoughtful leading article on the future of Catholic literature, the *Pilot* does some plain speaking as to the duties, in connection therewith, of our reading public. For instance:

In fact, the Catholic too often sneers at our writers, throws them overboard; and, when the occasion presents itself of alluding to writers of talent, he carefully avoids our own. He cites those of the opposite camp,—a courtesy which we never dream of exacting from them. Such being the case, would it not be well to modify that disposition,—to cast off such human respect, and, when the occasion presents itself, to put forward squarely such of our writers as merit it upon the same plane as those adopted by the fashion? We shall be laughed at in the beginning; but, as we are in the right, we must eventually be successful. The world learns truth by repetition. It is our duty, therefore, to repeat, and repeat continually, our praises of Catholic writers. In other words, we must push our writers just as the frivolous world pushes its own, and force the public to recognize that the style and interest of our class can stand comparison side by side with anything the non-Catholic public admires. In fact, among so many popular works now flooding the market, how few there are which contain any solid

meat! How few would not die of inanition but for the padding and puffing they receive from a prejudiced clientele! Let us at least advertise our own by speaking of them, by citing them, by comparing them with others of their kind.

Let it be added that, in a far larger number of cases than the non-critical reader has any conception of, the comparison is distinctly favorable, even on the purely literary side, to the Catholic author. As for the educative, moral side, no comparison, of course, is possible. The wheat in a Catholic book is real wheat, not sawdust; and the chaff is at least *clean* chaff, not noisome foulness.

The publishers of magazines and reviews are singularly unhappy sometimes in their announcements. A few years ago one of these worthies, desirous of directing special attention to a leading article in his periodical, printed in red ink, on the front cover page, the startling notice, "The Increase of Insanity in this Number." Hardly less unfortunate is the announcement of a paper on Modernism in the current *Scribner's*. It is really amusing at this late date to be assured in all seriousness that, "beyond a comparatively small body of the clergy and laymen, the real significance and purpose of Modernism are too little known. The article in this number by Newman Smyth places, perhaps, for the first time, before the general reader, the position of those who are for and against Modernism, and defines its purposes."

We can not, of course, speak for Protestant persons; but we can assure the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* that, with Catholics everywhere, the subject of Modernism is worn to tatters. If the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth is able to say anything new on it, he is a veritable genius; and the proper catch-line for his article would be, A Genius Writes in this Number.

The reports of visions with which Pius X. is said to have been favored within the past few months have been traced to

the anti-clerical papers of Italy and France, the editors of which never miss an occasion of ridiculing his Holiness. On his elevation to the Chair of Peter they represented him as a weakling, now they would make him out a visionary "The fact is," says *Rome*, "that the Pope has never in his life had a vision.... If there is one thing more than another which the anti-clericals do not like in the character of Pius X., it is his direct, matter-of-fact way of looking at and judging things." No historian of the present pontificate, it is safe to assert, will accuse the successor of Leo XIII. of being weak or visionary, whatever else may be alleged against him.

So much has been printed about the hours and days and weeks following the Messina catastrophe, that a paragraph or two devoted to the period immediately preceding the earthquake may have the interest of novelty. *Rome* thus describes the working of the seismograph on the ill-fated 28th of December:

It was a large room underground, almost entirely bare; a clock on the wall ticked away the seconds in the darkness; in the centre there was an empty chair, and in front of this a table. On the table was a curious timepiece, and two strange pens held motionless by mysterious wires over a sheet of virgin paper. Above, all was still; for the dawn had not yet broken over the dark swift current flowing between Scylla and Charybdis, and the moon was hid behind a thick covering of clouds. The "Pearl of Sicily" was shut in the ebony case of night; it was the darkest hour,—the hour before the dawn; the rich were sleeping in their palaces and the poor were stretched in their hovels; but in a few minutes more the sun would call them all to another day of toil or pleasure, as it had called them and their ancestors morning after morning for a month of centuries. A few minutes more,—a few minutes more! A minute more! Less than a min—

And down in the large room underground, the pens stood motionless over the still virgin page; the timepiece marked the hour and the second for them, and the clock on the wall ticked the time for nobody in the Cimmerian darkness. The time,—the precious, priceless time,—the infinitesimal time! Hark! The ticking has

ceased! But listen to that faint scratching, and see how one of the pens has begun to trace a fatigued writing on the no longer virgin page; and now the other pen is writing too. Both are moving swiftly in little curves, in little lines, in great angry curves and violent lines, furiously, madly, until an unseen power hurls them broken to the ground. But they have written their message for the men of science in thirty-two seconds,—those terrible thirty-two seconds which changed Messina from a beautiful, prosperous, populous city with a history extending back three thousand years, into a shapeless heap of ruins, a charnel house, the most horror-stricken spot in the whole round world.

The appearance of paragraphs like the following in such leading American periodicals as the *Outlook* and the *Independent* goes to show that at long last our people are beginning to understand what the Church really is, and to dissociate it from the disintegrating sects. When Mr. Roosevelt comes back from Africa and settles down to editorial work on the *Outlook*, we may expect to find many such statements as this in its pages:

But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit,—not from excessive organization, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more: wherever it goes it teaches submission to control, and that is the first step toward that habit of self-control in the individual which is an indispensable condition of self-government in the community.

One should always be prepared for surprises nowadays. The most unusual things happen when least expected, and in the most unlikely places. A writer in the *Sacred Heart Review* tells of something singular enough to be put on record, which occurred during the holidays at

the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston. On being invited to Benediction, the writer was told that the "babies" would sing, and thought the usual choir of children was meant; but no—for the first time in the Home, and perhaps for the first time on record, babies all under six years of age sang at Benediction. Father McCarthy from the cathedral officiated, and a dozen little tots sang out, brave and true, the *O Salutaris*, the *Tantum Ergo*, and the responses, and, after Benediction, the *Adeste Fideles*. We are assured that the words were distinctly said, and the most approved pronunciation of the Latin was given,—the Roman probably; and we venture to say it has never been heard to greater advantage.

Apropos of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's statement regarding a perfect Sunday-school, to the effect that the children should be taught how to live in God's world and work with Him, the *Catholic Transcript* judiciously observes:

In the Catholic parochial system of education, Dr. Hale's philosophy prevails during the entire week. Now and again, during every session of the school, the thoughts of the children are directed toward the celestial heights. The Almighty and His wise dispensations are frequently brought before the minds of the pupils, not so as to absorb time that should be devoted to the acquisition of secular knowledge, but simply to show forth the alliance between the things of sense and the invisible things of God. Thus the eternal preponderate on Sunday and the temporal preponderate on the weekday, but the one is never suffered completely to overshadow the other. What is good in large doses in the Sunday-school is good in smaller and more diluted doses in the class-room. Such is the essence of the parochial system. It is nothing more nor less than an application of Dr. Hale's acquired wisdom, not alone to the Sunday-school, but to the whole scheme of Christian education.

And the more that system is studied by thoughtful non-Catholics, the more numerous will become the advocates of a readjustment of principles and practices in educational work.



The Hardest Work.

BY E. BECK

WHERE'S harder work than sowing

The seed on hill or plain,
And harder work than mowing
The ripened golden grain,
Than toil with brick or plaster,
With axe or spade or hoe,
Although these labors faster
May make the red blood flow.


The miner delving, smiting
In gloomy mines and deep,
The scholar o'er his writing,
The shepherd 'mid his sheep;
The soldiers by the cannon,
The sailors on the sea,
'Neath many a flag and pennon
Keep toiling manfully.

The statesman plots and ponders
Till all his locks are gray,
The hunter strays and wanders
Far from his home away;
But were these toilers serried
In lines before our view,
We'd find not one so wearied
As those that nothing do.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—BLACKSTONE RIDGE.

 ITTY awoke next morning with Cripps' harsh voice sounding in her ear: "Land, you kin sleep, sure 'nough! I didn't call you sooner, thinking you was tired. Now the boss is gone, and breakfast is ready."

"Oh, it is late indeed! exclaimed Kitty, starting up and shaking the golden curls back from her pretty face, while she looked around her for a moment in sleepy bewilderment.

It was a bright May morning, and not even Uncle Dave and his twenty smoking chimneys could altogether darken a May morning, try as they might. The sunbeams were dancing through the two windows of Kitty's room, and had sent all the frowning shadows of the previous night back to their native Hades.

And a picture over the high mantel, quite invisible the night before, stood out now in beautiful color and light,—the picture of a sweet-faced lady, all dressed in white, with a big dark-haired boy standing by her chair, and a little golden-haired boy leaning against her knee. Altogether, things looked very much pleasanter this morning; even the little withered sprig of rosebush had freshened up and stood quite perky and green. And when Kitty made her way down to the big dining-room, there were for breakfast pancakes and syrup that were very good indeed. But the long day stretching idly before her looked very lonely to Kitty, whose every turn at St. Ursula's had had either its pleasant work or play.

"Can't I help you to wash the dishes, Cripps?" she asked, as that person, whose hickory-nut face looked even seamier and sharper in the daylight, proceeded to clear off the table.

"No, you can't," answered Cripps, bluntly. "I'm paid to work for you, and I allus hold to my bargain. And don't you start knuckling down to work too, child," she added, in a gentler tone. "Dave Dillon has money enough to keep you a lady, and let him do it right."

But after she had unpacked her trunk and put away all her things in the great drawers and wardrobe that seemed to swallow up her little belongings; after she had wandered through the house, with its dim, silent parlor, its library, where

all the books seemed to be on mining or smelting or foundry work, or something equally unintelligible, and the only decorations were big specimens of coal or iron or copper that stood about in cases or on shelves; and after she had stared out of the window at the black stretch of cinder walk that led to the spiked iron gates, Kitty began to realize that being a "lady" at Blackstone Ridge was very dull indeed.

So she put on her sailor hat and fluttered out into the yard, where a few dwarfed cedars grew in a ragged clump on one side of the house, and all else was black and bare and hard as stone. The May sunbeams were doing their best, it is true; but not even May sunbeams could coax bud or leaf or grass blade here, where the fierce two-headed giant, Gain and Greed, held the Ridge for his own. For though the old-fashioned giant of the fairy tale is out of date now, there are new-fashioned giants quite as terrible and strong; and the great Dillon Works that bestrode the mountain, breathing fire and smoke, was one of the worst of the new giant kind.

As Kitty looked out of Uncle Dave's spiked gates to-day at the black smoke flags that tried to darken the sunlit sky, as she heard the fierce roar and pant of the engines, and saw the long stretch of frowning buildings, whose flaming eyes never blinked or closed by day or night, our little "Queen of May" felt very much like the princess of the old fairy tale, whom the giant always kept shut up in dark mountain castles like this, until rescued by some valiant "Jack."

But there was no hope of any Jack here; and, seeing nothing at all attractive in the outlook from the gates, Kitty turned back to the house, when a sound of loud barking and scurrying and shouting made her pause midway in affright. The clamor came from the dwarf cedars, whose ragged branches were shaking tumultuously.

"You won't let me alone, won't you? Jest see what you've done!"

And then, with a wild rush and scurry that made Kitty spring aside with a

shriek, two big dogs came leaping out of the bushes, followed by a bent, twisted, shock-headed boy. One of the dogs held in his mouth a ragged book, which he was bearing away in triumph, when the whole party stumbled into terrified Kitty and nearly knocked her down.

"There now,—there! See what you've done!" said the boy, reproachfully, as he snatched the torn book from its captor's mouth, and at the same time pulled off his ragged cap to Kitty. "Sorry, Missy, to hev been so onpolite, but these here dogs won't larn no manners."

"Oh, take them away, please—please—please!" cried Kitty, as the dogs still leaped and barked around their crooked playfellow. "I'm afraid of them!"

"Down, there,—down, I say! Ming, Max, down! Don't ye see yer skeering the little lady? They ain't a-going to hurt ye, Missy. Land, no! They wouldn't hurt ye for nothing. It's me they're after; ain't it, buddies? They jest won't let me alone. And I'd like to know how a fellow is going to larn reading or writing or 'rithmetic when he's got a pair of buddies rampaging round him like this?" And the speaker's face lit with a smile that brightened it wonderfully. "Ye see," he went on, as the dogs quieted down, crouching now and whining at his feet, "they are looking for a swim. I've been fool enough to larn them the way to the creek. They won't go without me," he said, with a nod. "They've got sense enough for that. They know our folks ain't poplar round about here, and some one might hand them out a dose of something that wouldn't be good for them. They've got a lot of sense, these buddies of mine."

"What do you call them? Buddies?" asked Kitty, who was beginning to feel a little reassured.

"Yes," and the speaker laughed again. "That's what the boys up here calls the chap that works closest to him in the mines or the furnaces. I ain't got nobody but the dogs, but they're good

enough,—better than some humans. But they hev'n't no sense about book-larning. Jest look at that fellow now!" And the would-be student eyed the book, torn in two from cover to cover. "Ye orter to have a lambasting for that sure, Ming. I ain't got no money to buy books, as you know."

"No, he doesn't," said Kitty, brightening up somewhat even at this companionship. "How could he? But I've got a speller in my trunk that I will give you."

"Hev you?" asked the boy, and again the plain face brightened. "I'll say 'Thank you' for it, sure. Mam larned me a little; but she never went further herself than two syllables, and there she stuck. Hadn't any head, she says, for more than four letters in a line. It is sort of puzzling, I'll allow; but I give two hours a day to it, when these here dogs let me, and I'm getting on fine. Kin make some of the letters too, fust-rate. Look at that!" And the boy thrust his hand in his ragged pocket and drew out a piece of stiff paper on which letters of various lengths and sizes had laboriously grouped themselves into the inscription: "tiMotHy cRips." He added, with his cheerful smile: "I done it all myself."

"Oh, did you?" said Kitty, faintly. She was quite unable to say more; but, unconscious of the pity and dismay in her tone, this promising scholar pocketed his bit of paper and went on:

"Oh, I'm getting there all right! I kin read some of the big print in the newspapers now. Mam allows she'd like to see me a lawyer or a jedge, or something easy. I'll never be good for much else. Will you stop that crying, you buddies, you? No, they won't,—not till they get to the creek. So I reckon we'll hev to go. Mebbe you'd like to come along?" added Kitty's new acquaintance, politely.

"Oh, could I, do you think?" she said.

"Don't see what's to stop you," replied Tim, cheerily. "It ain't more than a mile, and there's some grass there and alder bushes. It looks downright pretty."

"Oh, I'll go then!" said Kitty, reflecting that there was really no one to give "permissions" here.

And they all started off together,—the dogs leaping and barking joyfully; and Kitty with her queer, crooked companion, walking side by side. Her light, springing step was a strange contrast to his ungainly, limping lope; for poor Tim had been crippled as well as twisted by the cruel roller that had nearly crushed out his life five years ago.

They turned away from forge and furnace into a steep rocky path that led down the Ridge. For a while it was all slag and cinder strewn like the rest; but as it curved about the mountain-side, the black, hard crust vanished; the warm, brown earth showed green with springing grass under the sheltering rocks where young vines were clinging with timid, trusting tendrils. Through the clang and roar that still sounded from the heights above, there came the murmur of falling waters. The dogs bounded forward joyfully; and Kitty, following Tim around a sharp bend of the path, uttered a little cry of surprise and delight as, through a mist of rainbow spray, she saw the Blackstone Falls leaping from a cliff in the mountain and spreading into silvery pool and brook at her feet.

Ming and Max sprang into the water without bidding, while Tim and Kitty seated themselves on a moss-grown boulder that jutted out into the stream, and watched the "buddies" at their gambols.

A fringe of alder bushes bordered the creek, that made its way with many a bend and twist until it swept joyfully into the shining river.

"Pretty down here, ain't it?" said Tim, as, with a fling of his long arm, he sent a stick far down the stream for Ming to catch. "Water seems allus a singing and playing. Better sing and play while it can, for it will have to work pretty soon."

"Work! How?" asked Kitty, curiously.

"Boss going to set it turning wheels for him," answered Tim, laconically. "He

hed folks down here the other day a prying round. Said there was power 'nough here to run the whole Works."

"And will they make this pretty place black and fiery and smoky like all the rest?" asked Kitty in dismay.

"Reckon they will," was the philosophic reply. "Boss Dillon don't go in for prettiness, you know. It's work with him,—work and money. The law's agin it now, but I went to work when I wasn't ten years old. That's how I got hurt; didn't hev sense 'nough to keep clear of things. Dad got choked in the mine, and I hed to stir round early. Couldn't walk at all for two years. Doctors kept me done up in plaster. My, that was tough! And I come out crooked, after all. But you don't know how good it is to hev even crooked legs after you've been done up stiff and still in plaster,—though mam took it hard; she counted, you see, on me being straightened out."

"And won't you ever?" said Kitty, pitifully. "I mean," she corrected herself in haste, "you may grow straightened out, you know."

"Me!" said Tim with a laugh, as he threw another stick out to his "buddies." "No, I'll never grow at all. I ain't looking for it, neither is mam now. I'll jest hunch up more and more. That's the reason I've tuk to book-larning. A hunch don't keep you from getting there, you know. If there was a school anywhere round, I'd make for it, you kin bet. But there ain't. Boss Dillon is dead sot agin schooling up here. He 'lows he wants hands and not heads. But I'm getting there all the same, though I do stick sometimes. You been to school reglar, I reckon, hev'n't you?"

"Oh, yes, ever since I was a very little girl!" answered Kitty.

"Then mebbe you kin make this here out." Tim drew a small vial from his pocket. "Ole Miss Luckett down to the Notch gave it to me for mam; but Miss Luckett can't read nor spell neither, and she is more than half blind besides. What

does that there reading say, please?" "Cough mixture," answered the little girl, glancing at the label on the vial.

"Cough mixture," said Tim. "C-o-u-g-h spells cough! Sure about that, Missy?"

"Oh, very sure!" replied Kitty, laughing.

"C-o-u-g-h spells cough," said Tim. "Who'd ever hev thought it, now? I wouldn't let mam tech it, for fear it was some sort of remedy for a cow."

"O Tim, Tim!" Kitty's laugh rang out merrily indeed now. "But I don't wonder, trying to learn all by yourself. I'll help you, if you will let me, Tim. I'll teach you how to spell and read, and everything the Sisters at St. Ursula's taught me."

"Would it be boys' larning?" Tim asked; "because that's what I'm in for, you know. I'm starting square for lawyer or jedge, and don't want to shy off into no women's ways."

Kitty's face dimpled for a minute and then grew sweet with tender pity again.

"Of course not; but boys and girls all begin alike, Tim. I can help you only to begin. Afterward—" The truthful little speaker paused as she looked at the dwarfed, misshapen youth before her. What hope could she hold out "afterward" to poor crooked Tim?

But Tim's pale, gaunt face kindled with rainbows she could not see.

"Afterward," he continued her sentence, "I kin hike on myself, you mean; and I will, sure. If you will jest give me a little shove with the spelling, Missy, I'll thank you kindly. And afterward, as you say, I kin hike along man's way for the top."

"For the top!" Kitty looked at the poor, bent, crippled boy to see if he were in jest or earnest; but Tim's blue eyes met hers hopefully.

"And I'll get there," he added, as he hobbled stiffly to his feet. "'Tain't as if ye wanted legs or back. I'll get somehow to the top."

And, whistling for his "buddies," Tim and the wondering Kitty took their homeward way.

Old Irish Books.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

Eleven or twelve hundred years ago there were so many learned men in Ireland that crowds of students flocked to the numerous schools and colleges of the island, not only from England and Scotland but also from different parts of the continent of Europe. Many of these Irish scholars employed themselves in teaching, while others wrote down all the learning of every kind which they could collect. With constant practice, these scribes became very expert and skilful, so that the penmanship in the old Irish books is remarkably beautiful and highly ornamented.

In the centuries that elapsed between the arrival of Saint Patrick and the invasion of the Danes, there was great literary activity throughout the island; and everything that was considered worthy of being recorded was written down by the monastic scribes. This literature of ancient Ireland has been divided into four classes: first, ecclesiastical and religious writings; second, historical matter; third, tales and stories; and, fourth, writings relating to law, science and medicine. The ecclesiastical books are the oldest, and are chiefly copies of the Gospels or other portions of Sacred Scripture. The most marked characteristic of these books is the interlaced work used, principally in the capital letters. Faces and forms of strange animals are mixed up with spirals and curves, waves and bands; and the brilliant coloring used has faded little in the passage of time.

The Book of Kells is certainly the most beautiful, though not the most ancient, of the ecclesiastical writings. It is a copy of the Four Gospels, so wonderfully ornamented that a celebrated Oxford professor has pronounced it the most astonishing book in the world. It is to be seen in Trinity College, Dublin. In the National Museum, Dublin, there is a much more

ancient book, a Latin copy of the Gospels, written on vellum, which is said to have been presented by Saint Patrick to an early disciple. The Book of Armagh is chiefly in Latin, and contains a complete copy of the New Testament, a Life of Saint Patrick, and his "Confessions." The last is a brief account of his mission in Ireland.

There are also several other illuminated Gospel manuscripts, one of which is called the Battle Book. It is said to have been written by Saint Columba, and it remained in the possession of his kindred for a lengthened period. This book was always carried to battle, in the belief that it would insure victory,—whence its name.

In some Lives of Saint Columba there is a story told which shows the value placed on these old books. From a book which had been lent him, Saint Columba made a copy of the New Testament, without having received permission from the owner to do so. The person who had lent the book claimed the copy as well as the original; Columba refused to surrender his copy, and the case was referred to the king, who decided against Columba, giving as a reason for his strange judgment the saying that "the calf should follow the cow." Saint Columba's kinsmen, the O'Donnells, resented the decision, and there followed a battle in which many were killed. Columba grieved bitterly over his part in the quarrel; and, as a penance, exiled himself from his beloved Erin to the little islet of Iona, on the Scotch coast. Years later, when the saint was obliged to attend the great convention of Drumceat, he came to it blindfolded, so that his vow never to look on his native land again might remain unbroken.

There are also still in existence vast numbers of Lives of Saints—particularly of Patrick, Brigit, and Columba,—as well as rules of monastic life, martyrologies, prayers, and sermons. These are to be found not only in Ireland and England, but in the public and private libraries of Western Europe.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Mr. Elkin Mathews' newest publications include "A Selection from the Poetry of Lionel Johnson," with biographical note by C. K. Shorter.

—Sir Charles Santley has just completed his "Reminiscences of my Life." The book will be published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, and will contain an account of Sir Charles' life from early years down to the present time.

—For the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin, which occurs in July, the Religious Tract Society will publish a new and popular Life of the reformer, by the Rev. C. H. Irwin, M. A. The work is said to be the fruit of years of special study of the leading French and German, as well as British, authorities. It will be interesting to see how this new biographer of the gentle John deals with his private life and such acts as the burning of Servitus.

—In her "Studies in French Education" (Cambridge University Press), Geraldine Hodgson gives an appreciative notice of the Abbé Galiani's short essay on pedagogy. The witty Abbé's ideal was a hardy one; but, as Miss Hodgson wisely remarks, "When 'everywhere to-day—in the kindergarten, in the school, in the popular lecture—ease is the aim and pleasantness the path,' it is salutary to remember Galiani's stern conclusion: 'All pleasant methods of teaching children necessary knowledge are false and ridiculous.'"

—The death is announced, from London, of Miss Emily F. Bowden, whom many readers will remember as the competent and painstaking translator of "The Fathers of the Desert," by the Countess Hahn-Hahn,—a work for which Father Dalgairns, of the Oratory, wrote an admirable introduction on "The Spiritual Life of the First Six Centuries." Miss Bowden's father was a close friend of Newman and his associate in the beginning of the Tractarian Movement. Two of her brothers became priests of the Oratory under Faber, and her elder sister, a nun of the Visitation. Emily, the last survivor of the family, was no less distinguished for piety and charity than for learning and culture. *R. I. P.*

—We are indebted to Messrs. Frederick Loeser & Co. for specimen pages of "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York," an important historical work, making accessible a mass of material of great interest, much of it never before printed, by William Harper Bennett, member of the United States Catholic Historical Society, etc. The

book is a chronicle of Catholicity in what is now New York city, from its discovery in 1524, until the erection of the diocese in 1808. Two of the most important chapters deal with the coming of the "poor persecuted Protestant Palatines," a large percentage of whom, according to official documents, were Catholics; and to the infamous treatment, by the New York provincial and city authorities, of the free Spanish-American Christian Negro and Indian prisoners of war, carried into the port of New York and sold into slavery. The work will be illustrated with half-tone reproductions of rare portraits and prints.

—Dante's "Divine Comedy" (the *Inferno*), with introduction and notes, arranged for high schools, colleges, and literary societies, is the latest addition to the Lakeside Classics, published by Ainsworth & Co. In the foreword, the editors express the hope that young readers may learn to know and love this great work; and to this end they have outlined the history of Dante's time, and given the *Inferno* (Cary's translation) with as little encumbrance of notes as is consistent with clearness. Suggestions for study and a list of references are commendable features of the work; and in the Dante bibliography are names of seven leading Catholic writers on the great Florentine.

—"The Science of Life Series," published by Burns & Oates, has followed its contributions by Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) and Francis Thompson, with "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine," selected and translated by I. A. Taylor. The sayings are prefaced by a brief biography of this interesting Russian convert, whose gifts of mind and soul attracted the admiration and esteem of all who had the good fortune to know her. The selections chosen to represent Madame Swetchine are gems of philosophic and religious thought. We note the following:

Were it ever permitted to forget what is owed to rank, it would be when the possessor remembers it.

You may fearlessly resist the world's opinion so long as self-respect increases in proportion to your indifference to it. In becoming more unhappy, you sometimes learn to be less so.

Morality is the heart's truth; faith, the truth of the mind.

—The English literary artists and critics still have their little flings at us now and then, but we don't mind it. Those worthies are more urbane than they used to be, and we are less sensitive. The *Academy* is especially refined. Reviewing a volume of poetry, in the last number,

it says: "'The Burden Bearer' may find appreciation in the United States, but we fear that its reception in this country will not be enthusiastic." "Fear" surely is urbane. Again, referring to the proposed celebration of the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe, by the Authors' Club, the editor admits that Poe was "at his best a very exquisite poet and a prose-writer of cunning and poignant power." Then follows this gentle thrust "He is, on the whole, the finest product that American literature has given to the world; and if that is not saying very much, one may add that he takes his place definitely with the masters of English letters." Coventry Patmore used to say things like this, but ever so much more offensively. He calls us "New Worldlings" in one of his books; which wasn't a bit nice of him, after we had read his poetry so perseveringly. Lord Alfred Douglas, who is under no obligations to Americans, is more considerate; and he knows that we are not altogether hopeless, although betimes he may have misgivings. One of his correspondents (a constant reader of the *Academy*, by the way,) writes, "I would be glad, etc." Why shouldn't we all be glad? "Thus, ever, can the optimist find consolation in a woeful world," to quote again from our urbane contemporary.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 2 vols. \$3.
- "Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
- "Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.
- "The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.
- "Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.
- "Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.
- "The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.

- "The Greek Fathers." Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
- "Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.
- "The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.
- "The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goebriand. 85 cts.
- "The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
- "The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
- "The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.
- "The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
- "Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
- "Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.
- "Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
- "A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.
- "Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
- "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.
- "Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis. Translated and Annotated by Father Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.
- "The Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary." Stephen Beissel, S. J. 90 cts., net.
- "A Manual of Bible History." Vol. II. Charles Hart, B. A. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry J. Gordon, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. Peter Smyth, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Anthony J. Abb, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. James Barry, diocese of Covington; Rev. Henry Boehman, and Rev. William Pardow, S. J.

Brother Norbert, C. S. C.

Mr. John Gibson, Mrs. Louisa Vogel, Miss Lizzie Walsh, Mr. Frederic Luker, Mrs. B. Trolan, Mr. Simon Gauran, Mrs. Anna Shue, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Hurley, Mr. Herbert Voss, Mr. William Schulhof, Mr. Philip Walsh, Mr. Charles Boudinet, Mr. Thomas Donohue, Mr. John Baldwin, Mrs. Annie Hyland, Mr. J. H. Fischer, Mrs. Ellen O'Sullivan, Mr. Henry Huelsmann, Mr. Frank Milostan, Margaret Elizabeth Walsh, Mr. Albert Gamble, Ellen McSweeney, Mr. Andrew Bracken, Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, Mrs. Gertrude Loer, and Mr. Joseph Konrad.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Death's Harvest.

BY S. M. R.

WHEN gleams the golden grain
Beneath the quickening sun,
The sickle bright must mark
The summer's work well done;
Then strength and life renewed
From the garnered wheat are won.
And so in God's great field,
Before His gaze outspread,
Whereon man's deeds are sown,
On which God's love is shed,
The world draws help and strength
From God's own chosen dead.

A Sanctuary in Lorraine.

AMONG the most privileged as well as the most ancient sanctuaries of France is that of Benoite-Vaux, situated in the country of Lorraine, in the diocese of Verdun. Originally in charge of the Premonstratensian Fathers, the sanctuary had been abandoned during the Revolution, its custodians exiled, and the church despoiled. Where formerly prayer and canticle were wont to ascend to Heaven in supplication and thanksgiving, impenetrable silence reigned; and the aisles, once wont to echo with the passing of thousands of feet, betrayed not the impress of a single footstep on the dust that thickly covered their tessellated floors. Nevertheless, the memory and devotion of other days still

lingered in the hearts of the people; and, the frightful period of desecration passed, the neighboring population once more devoutly turned their eyes toward this favored corner of France consecrated by many marvels.

In 1832, during the terrible visitation of cholera that devastated the whole civilized world, many parishes went in solemn procession to the famous shrine; and it is said that all who thus manifested their confidence in the power of Notre-Dame de Benoite-Vaux escaped the ravages of the plague. From this time may be dated the revival of the ancient glories of the shrine. It was like the rejuvenation of a waning faith, and from that period the archbishops of Verdun took it under protection.

About the close of the year 1842, some adjacent land was purchased, a house of retreat erected, and the chapel restored and placed under the guardianship of a body of priests distinguished as much for their talents as their apostolic zeal. A few years later Benoite-Vaux became the cradle of the Congregation of our Saviour, instituted by St. Peter Fourier in 1623, and re-established in 1854 under the auspices of Mgr. Rossat. This foundation was a guarantee of progress and stability. At the call of the zealous missionaries of Benoite-Vaux, confidence and love for Our Lady received a new and wonderful impetus through the entire country of Lorraine. No denizen of the neighborhood wished to die without having visited the venerated shrine. "Let us go to Benoite-Vaux!" became the rallying

cry and watchword of the whole district.

And now for a brief description of the ancient and miraculous statue of Notre-Dame de Benoite-Vaux. On her left arm the Mother of God bears her Infant Son; in her right hand she holds an apple; a graceful crown rests above her forehead; and from under a rich mantle embroidered with ermine is revealed a glimpse of a long red robe, confined at the waist with a golden cincture. In the delicate features of the image, one recognizes the tenderness of a mother united to the majesty of a queen. The Infant Jesus, clothed in a green robe and white tunic, holds in one hand the cord of His Mother's mantle, in the other a flower. The effect of the whole is attractive, tender, graceful and devotional. This statue reposes on the main altar, in an oval niche of finely sculptured stone.

It is stated in the annals of Benoite-Vaux that Madame de St. Balmont (*née* Alberta Barbe d'Erne court), surnamed the "Christian Amazon," one of the glories of Lorraine, was as pious as she was brave. In her fortress of Neuville, she defended her country against the Croats. Immediately on hearing of the sacking and profanation of the famous sanctuary, she hastened, on the 24th of June, 1638, to save the miraculous image. Surrounded by her gentlemen-at-arms, she accomplished her errand; and, having been wrapped in a cloth, it was carried on the shoulders of the rescuers, to the chant of the *Te Deum*, and deposited in the chapel of Neuville. When the dangers of war were passed it became evident that the faith of longing pilgrims was as robust as ever; they yearned again to visit their Mother in her own sanctuary; and, yielding to their desire, the brave châteline of Neuville once more restored it, amid ceremonies of great pomp, to the place of honor, where it was greeted on all sides by the acclamations of hundreds of pilgrims.

And there the blessed image rested peacefully until the year 1793, when it fell

a victim to the sacrilegious hands of the Revolutionists. Discovered by impious bands in the bakery of the convent where it had been hidden, it was broken to pieces on the first day of December, 1793, by the sacrilegious Baudot and his companions, amid the most horrible blasphemies. Not one of the miscreants escaped visible punishment for the crime. But Providence willed that pious hands should gather and preserve the precious fragments, guarding them with the same care that they would bestow on relics the most prized and venerated. Furthermore, a duplicate statue, venerated since 1644, and called "of the Fountain" (because it had been preserved from sacrilege through its concealment in a brook by five courageous women), was immediately carried to the church and raised to the place of honor. As the hand which held the apple was missing, it was replaced by that of the original statue, which had not been broken.

From that time until the year 1875, Our Lady of Benoite-Vaux added steadily to the number of her faithful clients, undisturbed by sounds of war or sacrilegious hands. On the 8th of September of that year occurred an ever-memorable ceremony—the solemn coronation of the statue, long solicited by Mgr. Hacquard, Bishop of Verdun, and finally decreed by Pius IX. On this occasion more than 4000 pilgrims approached the Holy Table. After High Mass, sung in the open air, under a magnificent canopy garlanded with flowers, Mgr. Hacquard, preceded by the Bishops of Nancy and Châlons, advanced to the throne of Our Lady with hearts filled with joy, amid the happy tears and sighs of the multitude, and crowned first the Infant Jesus, and then His glorious Mother. Later in the day a procession of 500 priests and 15,000 pilgrims triumphantly bore the statue to its resting-place in Vallon. The years 1876, 1877 and 1885 were remarkable for the greatest pilgrimages to Benoite-Vaux in the nineteenth century. Our Blessed

Lady had come to her own once more.

The chapel built by the Premonstratensians was in the Gothic style. Besides the main altar, shrines had been erected to the Holy Cross, Our Lady of Pity, and the Immaculate Conception. On the walls were to be seen the arms of the Duke of Lorraine and of the city of Nancy. In 1654, François de Lorraine, Bishop of Verdun, made many beautiful additional improvements.

The more modern church, in the Renaissance style, owes its existence mainly to the generosity of Antoine de l'Escale, Lord of Longchamp, and his wife, Marguerite de Condé. The main altar, donated in 1889 by the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, is of onyx, ornamented with wreaths of gold. Above the tabernacle is a niche, also of onyx, from whence the statue of Our Lady, radiant in a mantle of gold and silver, invites the just to perseverance and sinners to repentance.

Pictures, hearts of gold and silver, votive offerings of the pilgrims, oriflammes and banners, cover the walls of the sanctuary and transept. They are perpetual memorials of the favors and miracles of the Mother of Our Lord. The windows, particularly those put in place in the year 1884, are remarkable for elegance of design and richness of coloring. They represent the principal characters and prophecies of the Old Testament relative to the Blessed Virgin, as well as the mysteries of her life from the beginning to her coronation in heaven.

The final decorations of the church were executed in 1895. The vaulted ceiling is of azure, picked out with gold, while cintillating rays, converge and diverge, in various directions. Among them we discover the monogram of Mary, with delicate *fleurs-de-lis*, all uniting to form a marvellous splendor a magnificent *entourage* for the Blessed Mother of God. The new organ, built of oak, was installed and blessed on the 4th of August, 1904, by Mgr. Dubois. A statue of the Immaculate Conception, gift of a gen-

erous benefactress, ornaments the façade.

Come we at last to the Fountain of Benoite-Vaux, in whose waters the pilgrims of many centuries have been wont to seek alleviation from the ills of body and soul. It is quite a common thing for the enemies of the Church to attribute to the superstition of the ignorant, and their slavish allegiance to the doctrines of the monks, the faith in miracles, which, according to these wiseacres, was manifested by the people, especially during former ages.

Here is a literal quotation from a document issued by these selfsame monks, guardians of Our Lady's shrine, in respect to the curative and miraculous properties of the Fountain of Benoite-Vaux. "It would be folly," says the reverend writer, "whether in drinking the water or dipping therein a piece of linen, to attribute thereafter miraculous effects from the fountain itself." He goes on to state that it is the prayer of faith which operates cures and works marvels, and that purity of intention counts for everything. Many miracles are recorded as having taken place at Benoite-Vaux; but the most remarkable thing that has been observed with regard to this favored shrine is the fact that its pilgrims experience there a revival of faith and piety which endures after they have returned to their homes. Change and amendment of life in the sinner, renewal of fervor and charity in the practical Christian, are nearly always consequent upon a visit to Benoite-Vaux.

Here in this peaceful valley, fragrant with the incense of the prayers of centuries, permeated by the atmosphere of faith and piety which the materialism of modern days has failed to destroy, but which seems to have received a new impetus through the persecution of the Church in France, Our Lady of Benoite-Vaux still distributes favors and miracles from her ancient shrine; still, as in the Ages of Faith, she is the Health of the Weak, the Consolation of the Afflicted, the Refuge of Sinners.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VIII.

"WELL," Desmond said, with a slightly whimsical smile, to Edith, when he met her a little later in the hall, where the wide doors were open to the sunny brightness of the day, and the fragrant breezes that swept through; "the weight of the Wargrave trust has fallen upon my shoulders. Do you perceive any change in my appearance?"

"What change should there be?" she asked, regarding him amusedly. "A look of importance, perhaps?"

But he shook his head. "By no means. As far as I can make out, I am of no importance at all, except to hand on the estate, and inculcate the binding nature of the trust on a person known as 'the heir of entail.' Oh, by the way, who is Robert Wargrave Selwyn?"

Edith's laugh rang out. "Bobby Selwyn!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you can't have forgotten *him!*"

"By Jove, but I had!" Desmond assured her. "Or at least I didn't identify a rather disagreeable boy of that name, whom I knew a dozen years ago, with the Robert Wargrave Selwyn whom I have just heard solemnly declared the heir of entail, in case I die without direct heirs."

"So Bobby is put in the entail!" Edith said, in a somewhat awed tone. "Of course one expected it—he is the nearest heir after yourself,—but it must have gone hard with Uncle George; for he doesn't like him at all."

"Why not?"

"For the reason that fire and water don't agree: they are mutually antipathetic. Bobby belongs to the new generation, is aggressively, offensively modern, believes in everything that Uncle George abhors, has enraged him by trying to persuade him to sell some of the Hillcrest land and water-power for a manufacturing site; and altogether made

himself so obnoxious that I think—I really think it is one of the finest things I ever heard of that Uncle George should have named him as an heir of the property."

"I see what you mean," Desmond said. "It is fine that he is able to rise so entirely above his personal feelings, and act according to the strict law of justice, in carrying out the trust committed to his hands. I wonder—" And then the speaker paused, as he had paused after the same words when talking to his uncle a short time before.

Edith glanced at him curiously. "What do you wonder?" she asked.

"I seem," Desmond answered, laughing a little, "to have done nothing but wonder and ask questions since I have been here. I've no doubt I am a great nuisance; but, you see, I am so ignorant."

"That's understood," she told him, without any unkind meaning. "You can't know things unless you have heard them; and, as you were good enough to inform me last night, I am a good story-teller; so I like to tell you whatever I chance to know of the family affairs. Again, therefore, what were you wondering about?"

"Something which I hardly think even you can tell me," he replied. "I was wondering what my uncle would do if that high sense of justice, which has made him put a man personally obnoxious to himself in the succession to the trust which he holds so sacred, were arrayed against the requirement of that trust."

Edith stared. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "How could that be?"

Desmond flung out his hands in a gesture of a wide ignorance. "That is what I can not tell," he said. "It is an abstract question. One can only—wonder."

"You are really a very strange young man," Edith remarked, much as she had earlier remarked in the garden. "Things seem to strike you in a way that is unusual, to say the least. I suppose," she added, "that we appear as odd to you as you do to us; and you are trying to understand us, as if we were characters in a novel or a play."

"No," Desmond replied, "I find nothing odd in any one except my uncle. And 'odd' is not exactly the word for him. It is more that in him one sees a type of character so strongly marked, so individual, so built on lines that belong to the antique rather than to the modern world, that curiosity and interest are strongly roused; and, imagining certain tests applied, I can only repeat that one wonders what the result would be."

"I don't in the least know how you would expect the test to be applied," Edith said, with a good deal of the wonder of which he spoke in her own tone; "but I can tell you that nothing on earth—and, like Mom Gracie, I am almost tempted to say, nothing in heaven—could shake his adherence to what his standard of honor demands. He proved that when he sent his only son away."

"Yes," Desmond agreed. "It seems foolish to think of any further test after that; and yet—"

He broke off abruptly; for at this moment the sound of voices made them glance up, to see the lawyer and doctor, whom Desmond had left with his uncle, coming around the gallery which encircled the hall. They were talking and laughing cheerfully together, as they descended the staircase—two middle-aged men, both of the highest type of their respective professions, and evidently intimate friends,—and their cheerfulness was proof that they had left their client and patient in a satisfactory condition. Indeed Dr. Glynn expressed his satisfaction when he approached the two young people.

"The Judge's improvement is extremely gratifying; and, considering his age, the most remarkable altogether that I have ever known," he said to Edith.

"I am sure you must find him much better to-day," she answered. "It strikes me that he is more like himself than he has been since his seizure."

"Yes," the doctor agreed. "He is very much better now than he was even yesterday. I suppose that we have to thank Mr.

Desmond for the improvement. Your arrival has brought great relief as well as pleasure to your uncle," he added, addressing the young man.

"I am sorry that I could not have brought the relief sooner," Desmond explained; "but I was in remote Eastern Europe when the summons reached me. I do not, however" (he spoke now to the lawyer), "understand why my uncle should have waited for my coming to relieve his mind by signing the will he has signed this morning."

Mr. Blaisdell—a tall man, with a rugged, intellectual face—put out his lower lip in a manner very expressive and peculiar to himself.

"I represented that to him," he said; "but he seemed very anxious to see you, and, as I inferred, to obtain from you some kind of personal pledge before signing the will. I am glad," he continued, "that you were able to satisfy him fully. The Wargrave Trust is nearer his heart than anything else, and it is something that all of us who belong to the old order are anxious to have maintained."

"It would certainly be a pity if it should lapse," Desmond assented. "I only wish that there was a Wargrave to carry it on."

The words evidently surprised and somewhat startled his hearers. They glanced at each other quickly before Mr. Blaisdell said:

"No doubt we all wish that; but we must not forget that you *are* a Wargrave—in right of your mother."

"And in right of something else," added Dr. Glynn, looking up at the family portraits. "You have the stamp of the race, and that's more than a name. By the by"—his glance suddenly returned to the young man,—"*weren't* you in that railway wreck yesterday? It would have been a terrible blow to the Judge if you had been killed."

Desmond was unable to restrain a slight laugh. "Everyone thinks of my escape first with regard to my uncle," he said. "I am glad on his account not to have been killed; and also on my

own. I was fortunately one of the Pullman passengers, of whom none were injured. I am almost afraid to ask how those who were injured are to-day?"

"Two more died last night," the doctor answered. "The rest will probably get well, in a more or less maimed condition. There would have been more deaths but for the wonderfully good and intelligent service of the nurse, who appears to have been the only person able to render aid to the injured when the wreck occurred."

Desmond looked at Edith. "You know I told you about her," he said. "She was wonderful. I was with her all the time; and it struck me—though that may have been because of my ignorance—that no doctor could have done more or done better than she did."

"No doubt you were right," Dr. Glynn told him. "The first things to be done in case of accident are mostly very simple, and any well-trained nurse is thoroughly familiar with them. But this young woman seems to have displayed more than ordinary judgment and skill in several cases. Dr. Fielding, our head surgeon, was speaking of her in very high terms this morning."

"Then," said Edith, "I suppose you will keep her at your hospital?"

"Oh, that I can't tell! But she is certainly very useful there just now. Well, Blaisdell, I must be going! Can I take you in to Kingsford?"

"Oh, I'm sure mamma expects you both to stay to lunch—or dinner, if you prefer to call it that!" Edith exclaimed. "And here she is to tell you so."

Mrs. Creighton indeed appeared at the moment, full of the hospitable intentions mentioned. But the doctor declared that, for him, remaining longer was out of the question; and Mr. Blaisdell decided to return with him to the town. As they drove out of the gates of Hillcrest a few minutes later, they met a small but extremely well-appointed automobile just turning in, which paused at sight of them, while the young man driving it

uttered the greeting of his day and kind:

"Hallo! How are you both? I hope the Judge isn't worse?"

"On the contrary, much better," Dr. Glynn replied. "I suppose you've heard that young Desmond has arrived?"

"Yes. Heard also that he was in the railway wreck yesterday and narrowly escaped being killed. That would have been a blow to the Judge!"

"Pretty bad," Dr. Glynn agreed, with amused remembrance of Desmond's remark that everyone thought of his escape first with reference to his uncle. "But fortunately he was spared, and the Judge seems immensely pleased by his arrival."

"Oh, of course! Heir of the Wargrave Trust, and all that kind of thing." A laughing eye roved over to Mr. Blaisdell. "I suppose, from the conjunction of the legal with the medical profession, that the trust has been settled on its heir?"

"Your conjecture is correct," Mr. Blaisdell replied. "The Judge has just signed his will, and the Wargrave Trust is safe for another generation."

The young man shrugged his shoulders. "I don't envy the inheritor of tied-up property," he remarked. "I want a free hand with whatever comes to me."

"I'll be bound he does!" the lawyer observed dryly to his companion, as they drove on a moment later. "Nobody who knows Robert Selwyn will doubt that. I earnestly hope that the Wargrave property may never come into his hands."

"He would double its value if it did," Dr. Glynn observed. "Bobby has a keen eye to the main chance, and a business ability that isn't common in the class he springs from."

"To be sure," Mr. Blaisdell agreed. "He would plant factories and villages on the estate—you know how he covets the water-power,—and make it pour money into the Selwyn coffers. But meanwhile the Wargrave Trust, and all that it stands for, would vanish into thin air, and never be heard of again. Now I think we should all be sorry for that."

"You and I, and a few other old-fashioned people like ourselves, would be sorry," the doctor said; "but public sentiment, money-mad and progress-mad as it is, would heartily approve."

"No doubt you are right," the other assented; and then silence fell between them,—the sad and slightly bitter silence which now and then overtakes those who know themselves to be out of accord with their time and their surroundings.

Meanwhile Mr. Bobby Selwyn, cheerfully conscious of being entirely in accord with both, and superiorly compassionate of those who were not, proceeded on his way, spinning merrily around the drive which circled the hill, and announcing his arrival by two or three honks of his horn, although well aware that the sound was detestable to Judge Wargrave.

"Here comes a motor!" Desmond remarked, stepping to the door at the sound so familiar to modern ears.

"It's Bobby Selwyn," Edith said, as she followed him, and saw the young man who drew up his car before the portico. "How often have you been told not to make that odious noise within the grounds of Hillcrest?" she demanded severely of the latter, as he sprang out and came up the steps. "There isn't the least necessity for it."

"There's the necessity of letting you know, without the possibility of mistake, who is coming," he laughed; "for I am sure I am the only person bold enough to sound a horn within the sacred precincts of Hillcrest."

"I shouldn't call it 'bold enough,' but inconsiderate enough," she retorted. "You know that it annoys Uncle George extremely."

"But he's well enough again to be slightly annoyed," the young man answered, still laughing. "At the gate I met Dr. Glynn, who gave such a good account of him that I felt impelled to honk my congratulations before I could utter them in person. So glad to hear that he is much better, and that his mind

has been relieved by the arrival of—"

"Laurence Desmond, yes," Edith said as he paused. She turned toward Desmond. "Do I need to introduce you two?" she asked. "You used to know each other quite well."

"And we are kinsmen, besides," Selwyn added. "No, I don't think you need to introduce us. I should have known Laurie, as we used to call him when he was a boy, if I had met him on the highway."

"I can't say as much for my recollection of you," Desmond said, as they shook hands. "Perhaps my memory is not so good; at least I don't think I should have known you on the highway."

"Oh, it isn't a question of memory so much as of family likeness!" the other remarked. "You are very like the Wargraves. The Judge must have been pleased to see that."

"He was," Desmond replied; "and the likeness must be strong, since everyone remarks it."

"It is strong," Selwyn said, glancing at him keenly. "And of course the old gentleman hopes that it isn't only physical, but that you are a Wargrave through and through."

"From what I have heard of the Wargraves, I have no objection to hoping so," Desmond answered. "The dominant family characteristics seem very fine."

"Yes, they're fine," Bobby Selwyn admitted, in a tone of extremely tempered approval. "Not perhaps entirely suited to the present day, but we needn't—er—enter upon that."

"No, we needn't," Edith agreed with decision. "There is no reason why you should begin to betray at once your highly objectionable opinions, and your personal deterioration from the standards of some at least of your ancestors."

Her tone, not to speak of her words, might have had a crushing effect upon many men; but Bobby Selwyn shook his head in smiling protest.

"Say what you please of me, but don't reflect upon my poor Selwyn forbears in

that manner, Edith," he answered. "I really don't think they are accountable for what you find objectionable in my character, although I fear my mother inclines to your opinion."

"I am sure she does," Edith told him. "She is constantly regretting that you are not more of a Wargrave."

"While she derives great satisfaction from certain results which we may assume to come from the other strain," he commented. "But, then, one doesn't look for consistency in woman."

"One is quite as likely to find it in woman as in man, I think," said Edith. "You always try to provoke me, Bobby."

"You are so entertaining when you are provoked!" Bobby murmured.

"But we need not entertain Laurence with our quarrels," said Edith. "Do you want to see Uncle George? Of course he has heard your considerate announcement of arrival."

"I doubt very much whether Uncle George cares about seeing me," Mr. Selwyn replied; "but we can at least give him the option of doing so if he likes. Kindly let him know that I have called to inquire how he is, as well as to renew my acquaintance with Desmond, and—incidentally—to see yourself."

"I will take care," Edith assured him with a laugh, "that your seeing me is altogether incidental. Now I'll go and send your message up to Uncle George."

"Is it necessary to be in such haste about that?"

"Quite necessary, I think, since it will give you an opportunity to apologize without delay for rasing his nerves with a noise he detests."

Selwyn lifted his brows, as he met Desmond's eyes, while Miss Creighton entered the house.

"I suppose," he remarked, "that you have already discovered something of the autocratic qualities of this young lady, who, I may confide to you, is the absolute ruler of Hillcrest and everybody in it."

(To be continued.)

An Elegy.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

LIKE a rosebud—blooming
In a garden fair,
First I saw you coming
Through the fragrant air
Joy of youth adorning
Lips and radiant eyes,—
Tender as the morning,
Changeful as the skies.

Like a rosebud—dying
Ere its leaves unfold,
Next I saw you lying,
Life's short story told.
Youth and beauty faded
In one blighting breath,
Brow and eyelids shaded
By the touch of death.

Rose, forever blooming
In Christ's garden fair,
Still I see you coming
Through the fragrant air.
Youthful, sweet and slender,
Beautiful as then,
All the radiance tender
Folding you again.

Regiomontanus, Astronomer and Bishop.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

PURBACH tried to secure the attention of as many students as possible to astronomy; and it is said to have been at his suggestion that young Müller took up the work of providing an abridgment of Ptolemy's great work in a Latin translation, for those who might be deterred by the Greek. It was only after Purbach's death, however, that the disciple was able to finish his translation and publish his "Epitome of Ptolemy's 'Almagest.'"

This work had been very much appreciated by the Arabs, to whom indeed we owe its present name, "Almagest." No better treatise could have been selected for abridgment with the purpose of

reawakening the interest of the generation in all that relates to astronomy. This translation had one immediate good effect for Müller: it attracted to him the attention of Cardinal Bessarion, who was more interested in Greek than in astronomy, and who desired above all to spread the knowledge of the Greek language and literature among the Western nations. The Cardinal became Müller's patron, and gave the young astronomical student a much-desired opportunity to study in Italy.

Müller chose Padua as the place where he thought he could obtain the best facilities for the further study of astronomy. It may seem strange, perhaps, that this Italian University should be thus chosen. It will doubtless be a source of some surprise to those who have been accustomed to think of Italian universities, all of them directly under ecclesiastical control, as surely preventing as far as possible the development of physical science. As a matter of fact, however, physical science of all kinds, as well as scholarship of all kinds, was being cultivated most assiduously in every Italian university of the time. Padua and Bologna both provided excellent opportunities in anatomy and all the sciences relating to medicine; and the names of the men who were there at work in science are well known to the modern generation. Whenever a serious student in any part of Europe wanted to get fuller opportunities for post-graduate work, he went to Italy. Before the end of the century a number of Englishmen, among them Bishop Selling, John Phreas, and Linacre, took advantage of the facilities of Italian education and spent years in the Italian universities.

What Germany was during the latter half of the nineteenth century in post-graduate work, Italy was for some six centuries before the nineteenth. Where ecclesiastical influence was the greatest, there the ardor for study was the highest, and the facilities for education the best. This is as true of the physical sciences

as of Latin and Greek. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Vesalius went down to Italy for wider opportunities for study in anatomy; just as Steno, the great Danish anatomist, did at the beginning of the next century. Some twenty-five years after Müller went to Padua for astronomy, Copernicus also made the journey to that University, and studied the same science under Novara. He studied medicine also, and took his degree at that greatest existing teaching institution of the world. All this is so different from ordinary impressions about the matter that it deserves to be particularly dwelt on.

After his Italian experience, lasting nearly ten years, Müller returned to Germany to take up his life-work. He was then about thirty-five years of age. His astronomical knowledge brought him into contact with Bernard Walther, a wealthy merchant of Nuremberg, and at the same time an enthusiastic astronomer. Walther belonged to one of the town's old patrician families, all of whom prided themselves on having deep intellectual as well as mercantile interests. The town itself was one of the chief commercial centres of the world, and yet was known for its devotion to the things of the mind. It was famous not only as a home of marvellous German industry, manufactures, and ingenious inventions—a reputation which it has maintained down to the present day,—but also as a seat of culture and education. Those who know their Renaissance well will recall the Pirkheimer family of Nuremberg; and the story of the wide culture and profound intellectual interests of Willibald and Charity Pirkheimer is itself abundant evidence of the town's prominence in the intellectual life of Europe during the century from 1450 to 1550.

In connection with Bernard^e Walther, then, Müller began the erection of an observatory. In many ways this structure at Nuremberg was ideally situated, though one must recall conditions in the old

south German town to realize this. The place was, and has always been, famous for its locksmiths, its workers in iron and in metal of all kinds, and for the ingenuity and inventiveness of its artisans. Walther's wealth enabled him to secure the finest instruments that could be obtained at the time. The most skilful artisans of Nuremberg were commissioned to use all their inventive genius so as to put instrumental aids at the command of the observers. As a consequence, some of the first ingenious mechanical appliances for astronomical observatories were made and used here. Clocks driven by weights, for instance, were here employed for the first time for scientific purposes. The observatory became quite a show-place for astronomical students, because of the ingenious inventions it contained. Descriptions of these promptly led to their imitation, and improved very much the mechanical side of astronomical observatories throughout Europe.

The observatory, however, soon became famous for other reasons than its ingenious equipment. Good scientific work, which attracted widespread attention, was reported therefrom. The work done by Müller and Walther almost invariably had a practical side, which made it of great value at that period. Probably the most notable improvement introduced into practical astronomy was the substitution of Venus for the moon, as a connecting link between observations of the sun and of the stars. Venus has continued practically down to our own day to occupy the prominent place thus given her by Müller; and the transits of Venus—that is, the passage of that planet across the disk of the sun—have been taken advantage of in order to correct our knowledge of the distance of the sun from the earth. Another important practical discovery made by Müller was the influence of refraction in altering the apparent places of the stars.

It was because of his publications, however, that Müller (or Regiomontanus,

as I suppose he should be called in connection with these, for it is to them he owes the Latin form of his name) attracted the attention of not only astronomical students and observers, but also navigators, geographers, and practically all those interested in physical science, not to say the educated classes generally. He seems to have appreciated the value of publicity as an incentive to scientific work. The making of observations might be an intense pleasure for the observer; but if these were to be useful to other students and to mankind, they must be published, though publication involved an immense amount of trouble. Regiomontanus was tireless in bringing out calendars and ephemerides. Contrary to the customs of the time, these were not printed exclusively in Latin, but there were also popular editions in German; and these are probably the first scientific works ever published in the German vernacular. His first calendar, known as "*Magister Johann von Kunsperk's teutscher Kalendar*" (sic), was published about 1473. The curious abbreviation of Königsberg into the colloquial Kunsperk is noteworthy; as also the absence of the capital and the use of the *t* instead of the *d* in the word "*teutsch*."*

The Latin editions of this work were called "*Kalendarium Novum*." They were numerous editions, and translations were made into German and Italian. Besides these more popular publications, Regiomontanus issued the "*Ephemerides Astronomicæ*," also in Latin. The publication of these began in 1473; and, as the result of the interest manifested in them during the author's life, they continued

* A number of these calendars, in the various vernaculars, were issued during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Probably the best idea of how frequent was their issue can be gathered from the following list of calendars in English that are to be found among the manuscripts of the British Museum. Father John Gerard, S. J., who gives the list, says that "this is not all, but only some, of the calendars of that time." The English, of course, were

to be issued by Walther until the latter's death in 1504. The material accumulated served for further issues until 1506. These publications were widely read in popular as well as scientific circles. The well-known navigator and cartographer, Martin Behem (or Behaim), who, born at Nuremberg in the same year as Müller, was naturally much interested in his fellow-townsmen's work, and spread the knowledge of it abroad, especially among Spanish and Portuguese navigators. Behem became in 1484 geographer to the expedition of Diego Cam, which went to the western coast of Africa, and did much for fifteenth-century geographical science. How highly his services were appreciated, and how much reward they were thought to deserve, may be judged from the fact that, when Behem returned from Lisbon, the dignity of knighthood was conferred upon him, and he was employed by the King in many honorable positions.

It is through Behem, as has been said, that Regiomontanus' publications became well known to the Spanish and Portuguese navigators. His influence on Columbus, Bartholomew Diaz, and Vasco da Gama can readily be understood. After 1486, Behem lived for many years at Fayal in the Azores, where he had married the daughter of Huerter, the governor of the Flemish colony on those islands. He visited Nuremberg in 1493; and while there, in order to illustrate to his townsmen the present state of geography as the Spaniards and Portuguese had been making it, he constructed a terrestrial globe. This globe is still preserved, and has been frequently reproduced. Constructed before

Columbus' discovery, it is easy to understand that the instrument shows many errors; but it is a striking testimony to the general excellence of geographic knowledge at this time, and above all to the fact that such knowledge had reached a stage far beyond what the average modern is likely to imagine. It is easy to understand, too, how the man who made this globe would have influenced the Spanish and Portuguese navigators of the period, and so we are able to trace the direct connecting link between him and such men as Columbus and Vasco da Gama.

The reputation of the Nuremberg astronomer now recommended him to Pope Sixtus IV. as the best man to assist in reforming the calendar. The Pontiff accordingly summoned him to Rome. This was probably in the early part of 1476. Unfortunately, the great astronomer contracted Roman fever and died July 6 of the same year. As is so often the way with foreigners, the fever ran a very rapid course and death came speedily. In his case, as in nearly all instances of unlooked-for death occurring in the Middle Ages, there has been a suggestion of poison; but there is absolutely no reason for such a suspicion, as Regiomontanus had no enemies and many friends. People may die rapidly for ever so many reasons of which we find no trace in the history of the Middle Ages. All the cases of appendicitis, for example, which so often run a course resembling poisoning, since there is sudden pain and then peritonitis and collapse, with a pouring out of offensive material into the abdomen, as though some corrosive poison had bored a hole in

mariners, and there was a distinct demand for such information as was thus provided; but it is probable that Spain and Portugal and Italy had even more of them. These mentioned, however, will serve to show how contrary to reality is any assertion as to lack of knowledge or interest in astronomical information during the later Middle Ages. There are: "A Calendar drawn up in 1327, with prediction of eclipses, solar and lunar, to 1386 (Sloane, 286); An Almanack, with eclipses of the sun, 1380-1462,

calculated for the meridian of Oxford: composed for Johanna, mother of Richard II., by John Somar, a Franciscan (Sloane, 282); An Almanack, with eclipses, 1387-1462 (Arundel, 207); an Almanack, including eclipses of the sun from 1431 to 1462 (Additional, 17,358); Almanack for 1431, with eclipses to 1462, and a suitable tract concerning the rules for their computation: this is arranged to hang for reference at the girdle (Harley, 937). Tested by modern tables, the forecasts were quite correct."

the intestines, are unaccounted for, unless we take some of these so-called poisoning cases to represent them. There are sudden deaths of many other kinds,—from heart disease, from fulminant pneumonia, fulminant malaria (as in this case), and the malignant types of the infectious diseases, which might well be taken for poisoning cases among a people ignorant of modern advances in medical diagnosis. We know very well the poisons that they had in the Middle Ages, and none of them are of the insidious character which is such a commonplace in history. Regiomontanus suffered, as did many another foreigner, from injudicious exposure, and nothing more. The fact that, somehow, the usual suspicion of poisoning is attached to his death is only another evidence of how much judicious criticism, in the light of modern medical discovery, must be exercised with regard to these reported Middle Age poisonings, which are supposed to have blackened the character of so many prominent historical personages.

It was during the months spent in Rome that Müller commended himself so much to the Pope for his piety and his scholarship that he was selected as the Bishop of Ratisbon. Just about two centuries before, another great teacher and investigator in physical science, Albertus Magnus, had been made Bishop of this same See. The three centuries from the birth of the first of these two men to the death of the second, represent the time when the Church was supremely dominant in European education. It is illuminating, then, to find that in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries scientific scholarship of the profoundest kind, with devotion to scientific investigation that has never been surpassed, was not only no bar to ecclesiastical preferment, but was evidently even an added reason why the respective Popes of those periods selected these two great Bishops of the See of Ratisbon. Nothing that I know of is a more complete answer to the assertions of historians who insist on church

opposition to science during the Middle Ages, than this conjunction of Albertus Magnus and Regiomontanus as brother bishops of the same See, with two centuries of interval.

It may possibly seem to many people that the scientific devotion which characterized Regiomontanus' work is due to the Renaissance, and therefore to a spirit quite foreign to that which ruled the Middle Ages. It may even be suspected, at least, that that spirit of inquiry which is supposed to have awakened during the latter part of the fifteenth century, and to have eventually led up to the Reformation in the sixteenth, was already abroad, and because of this it was that Regiomontanus did his wonderful work in science. Some may indeed suggest that perhaps it was well that Regiomontanus died when he did; for had he lived, his scientific speculations would, in the opinion of these objectors, have almost surely brought him into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities. Men who talk in this way can know nothing of the life of Regiomontanus' great predecessor in the See of Ratisbon two centuries before. A brief résumé of the knowledge of Albertus Magnus in the geographical and astronomical subjects for which his eminent successor was to do so much, will show very clearly that the latter is a legitimate descendant of the intellectual spirit of the former.

In my volume on "The Thirteenth Century"* I have quoted a paragraph from Albert's biographer, Sighart, in which all the ideas with regard to the earth, that are supposed to be ever so much more modern than the thirteenth century, are mentioned as contained in Albert's work. Not only that, but all the teachings of geography and science that are supposed to have been so bitterly opposed by the Church, because they

* "The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries," Catholic Summer School Press, N. Y. 1907.

contained apparent contradictions of the Scriptures, are here anticipated in the works of a man who was in the closest union with the ecclesiastical authorities of his time. Albertus Magnus was looked up to by his own and succeeding generations as a saint; he has been declared Blessed, and doubtless will later be raised to the altar; yet his writings with regard to astronomy and geography are just such as are usually said, by those who know no better, to have been the special execration of the ecclesiastics of his time. With this paragraph in view, it is easy to understand the sympathetic appreciation of Regiomontanus two centuries later.

"It is as a geographer that Albert's superiority to the writers of his day chiefly appears. Bearing in mind the astonishing ignorance which then prevailed on this subject, it is truly admirable to find him correctly tracing the chief mountain chains of Europe, with the rivers which take their course in each; remarking on portions of coast which have in later times been submerged by the ocean, and islands which have been raised by volcanic action above the level of the sea; noticing the modification caused by mountains, seas, and forests; and the division of the human race, whose differences he ascribes to the effect upon them of the countries they inhabit. In speaking of the British Isles, he alludes to the commonly received idea that another distant island called Thile, or Thule, existed far in the Western Ocean, uninhabitable by reason of its frightful climate, but which, he says, has perhaps not yet been visited by man. He describes the antipodes and the countries they comprise, and divides the climate of the earth into seven zones. He smiles with a scholar's freedom at the simplicity of those who suppose that persons living at the opposite regions of the earth must fall off,—an opinion that can rise only out of the grossest ignorance; for when we speak of the lower hemisphere, this

must be understood merely as relatively to ourselves."*

There are many other equally illuminative paragraphs of this biographer's account of Albert's life. Nor is this a partial view, due to a biographer's enthusiasm; for Humboldt, the great German traveller and geographer, having carefully informed himself with regard to Albert's writings, was enthusiastic in praise of the medieval scientist. It is only those who have not taken care to inform themselves before making declarations in the matter, that make little of the knowledge of such men as Albert; and so Humboldt's opinion has all the more value. He said: "One of his works, bearing the title of '*Liber Cosmographicus de Natura Locorum*,' is a species of physical geography. I have found in it considerations on the dependence of temperature concurrently on latitude and elevation; and on the effect of different angles of incidence of the sun's rays in heating the ground, which have excited my surprise."

With this opinion of Humboldt's in mind, another paragraph of Albert's biographer takes on added significance. Says Sighart: "He decides that the Milky Way is nothing but a vast assemblage of stars; but supposes, naturally enough, that they occupy the orbit which receives the light of the sun. The figures visible on the moon's disc are not, he says, as hitherto has been supposed, reflections of the seas and mountains of the earth, but configurations of her own surface. He notices, in order to correct it, the assertion of Aristotle that lunar rainbows appear only twice in fifty years. 'I myself,' he says, 'have observed two in a single year.' He has something to say on the refraction of a solar ray, notices certain crystals which have a power of refraction, and remarks that none of the ancients and

* Sighart, Albertus Magnus: "*Sein Leben und Seine Wissenschaft*," Ratisbon, 1857; or its translation into English by Dixon, "Albert the Great: His Life and Scholastic Labors," London, 1870.

few moderns were acquainted with the properties of mirrors."

To sum up, the career of Regiomontanus furnishes some interesting reflections on the ordinary impressions that are so often accepted, even by the educated, with regard to his period and the body of men to which he belonged. We find that in the fifteenth century astronomy was a subject of vivid interest, and that new information with regard to it was rapidly diffused throughout Europe. We find that ecclesiastics, far from being opposed to the development of the science, were the pioneer workers in it,—the men of leisure who had the chance, and took it, to develop science out of as yet unorganized knowledge. We find, moreover, that ecclesiastical preferment awaited those who were successful in scientific research, provided their other qualities justified it; and that clergymen in high places were the progressive thinkers, even in physical science. Above all, the fact that Regiomontanus should have been Albertus Magnus' successor as Bishop of Ratisbon emphasizes the truth that the policy of the Church had not changed during the two centuries that separate these men, and that their lives must be the criteria by which we may best judge of the attitude of the Church to science during the wonderful later Middle Ages, before either the Renaissance or the Reformation (so-called) came to disturb the intellectual life of Europe.

MEN continually forget that happiness is a condition of mind and not a disposition of circumstances; and one of the most common of errors is that of confusing happiness with the means of happiness,—sacrificing the first for the attainment of the second.—*Lecky.*

THERE are doubtless many ways in which men may make a new heaven and a new earth of their dwelling-places; but the simplest of all ways is through a fond, discerning, and individual care of each child.—*N. S. Shaler.*

The Holy Man of Lille.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)

AS the policy of the French Government became more openly irreligious, the attitude of the Catholics of Northern France grew more firm, and their efforts to counteract the official influence more generous. M. Vrau had reason to be proud of his countrymen. In no part of the land were more free schools founded to save, if possible, the souls of the French youth from the evils of atheism. In those days, religious teachers were still tolerated under certain conditions, the chief of which was that the Catholics should assume all the expenses of the schools established by them. Never, perhaps, did M. Vrau display more activity than in the pursuit of this crusade, the objects of which were the souls of the rising generation. His purse was always open, his heart always moved to interest and pity; but he steadily refused to accept any office that might bring him honor or consideration.

In the committees formed for the defence of Christian education, his friends were president, treasurer, secretary; his own name appeared nowhere. Still, says a contemporary who saw him at work, "M. Vrau, and he alone, was the spirit that thought matters out, the soul that inspired others, and the mind that directed their efforts." And another of his colleagues adds: "All that was done during twenty-five years for the Catholic schools at Lille was the work of M. Vrau." When called upon to express an opinion, he did so humbly and timidly, seeming rather to seek the advice of others than to express his own views; always ready to praise his colleagues, and to thank Providence for giving him such able fellow-workers. It is impossible to state the exact figure of the sums that he gave away to promote the work; and those who now fill his place are so faithful to

this tradition of silence, that his biographer declares he has been unable to obtain from them any statement on the subject.

In Philibert Vrau's life, traits like the following were of everyday occurrence. A poor priest wished to build a free school in order to make a stand against three irreligious schools that were steadily undermining the faith of the children of his parish. He had no money to begin the work, and spoke to M. Vrau, who replied as was his wont: "We must pray a great deal." That same evening, at nightfall, the priest was returning home, when he saw a man, whom he easily recognized, stop at the presbytery door, drop a letter into the box, and retreat rapidly. He hastened to open the letter and found enclosed a large sum, enough to begin his school with a quiet mind.

Still another example of Philibert's extraordinary detachment is the following. Among the useful institutions that were founded at Lille under his inspiration, and with funds provided by him, is the Institut d'Arts et Métiers, a first-rate establishment, where artistic and technical teaching is given by Catholic professors to young men who aspire to become electricians, mechanics, architects, chemists, etc. M. Vrau took the keenest interest in this foundation; but when once it had been put on a solid footing, he retired to the background and was never seen to cross its threshold.

His influence was equally powerful in the development of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which he was a zealous member; and some of his contemporaries recall the conscientiousness with which he went from town to town throughout the northern district, in order to visit the different centres of the Society. He performed this duty as he did all his other work, — silently, humbly, with the patient earnestness and quiet strength that characterized him.

We stated at the beginning of this paper that M. Vrau was one of the chief promoters of the Eucharistic congresses,

of which the last one, held in London, was an important event in the history of the Catholic Church in England. The idea of these congresses originated with Mgr. de Ségur, the blind prelate, whose devotional writings are deservedly popular; but it was Philibert Vrau who carried out the inspiration, gave it a practical form, and who obtained for its organizers the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The first Eucharistic Congress took place at Lille in 1881. The meetings were held in a house built by M. Vrau for the students of the Catholic University. It was an extraordinary success; and to Lille belongs the honor of having set an example that has since been followed by Avignon, Liège, Fribourg, Toulouse, Paris, Rome, Tournai, etc.; and lastly, only a few months ago, by the Catholics of Great Britain. Perhaps none of the works of zeal and charity in which he took so important a part, appealed so strongly to the soul of Philibert as this public homage rendered to the Most Blessed Sacrament. But, although in his heart of hearts he rejoiced exceedingly, he strove to keep his personality out of sight, even while giving his time and money to insure the success of the Congress.

The death of his mother, which occurred in 1888, marked a transformation in the life of the Holy Man of Lille. Madame Vrau, by the express desire of her husband, remained the nominal head of the Maison Vrau; and though, during the last years of her life, she was unable to leave her house, she continued to take a deep interest in the charities of her son. Next to her room she had a chapel, where Mass was said daily, and where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved; this was her greatest joy. Another source of happiness was the perfect union that existed between Philibert and his brother-in-law, M. Féron-Vrau; and the knowledge that her grandson, Paul Féron-Vrau, was walking in the footsteps of his father and his uncle. The marriage of this young man, her only surviving grandchild, was the crowning

blessing of her long life. Shortly afterward her strength began to decline, and on April 14, 1888, she peacefully breathed her last.

Philibert Vrau was in Rome at the time; but, though he hurried back, he arrived too late to see his mother again. He found that she had left, in the hands of the family notary, a letter addressed to him, which was written six months before. In it she said: "First, I must thank you, my dear son, for all the happiness that you have given me by your holy virtues [*saintes vertus*], and the devout veneration with which you have surrounded me. I am confident that the wish I am about to express will be sacred in your eyes. You know that my most earnest desire is that our commercial house should continue to be, if it pleases God, a centre of good works, and that my son-in-law, his wife and their son should be able to carry on all the good that you have already accomplished. . . ."

The death of his mother, as already remarked, made a change in Philibert's life. He felt himself less bound to spend the greater part of the year at Lille, now that she no longer needed him. Moreover, his nephew, whom he loved as a son, and whose ideals were his, was able to take an important position in the *Maison Vrau*. This being the case, he gave his undivided attention to works of charity, and his life became more penitential than ever. But this second and last phase of his career is veiled in even deeper humility than the first, and therefore is difficult to follow in its minor details. We know that he now travelled a great deal,—never for pleasure, but to forward the interests of the Catholic associations, to stimulate the zeal of his colleagues, to bring help and assistance where they were needed.

There was a curious contrast between the extreme simplicity of his appearance and the princely manner in which he helped the interests of the Church, in whatever shape they presented themselves. Churches, schools, hospitals, public and

private charities,—all appealed to his generosity. Another of his characteristics was his childlike submission to ecclesiastical authority. He never began any work without consulting the Archbishop of Cambrai, to whose diocese Lille belongs; and on fifteen occasions he travelled to Rome to consult the Pope on more delicate and difficult matters touching the welfare of religion. The Holy Man of Lille was a well-known figure at the Vatican, and a special favorite with Pius IX.

Active though he was in the cause of charity, he believed in prayer more than in words or deeds; and those who knew him best attributed the undoubted success of his undertakings to the earnest prayers which preceded and accompanied every action. When once he had consulted the Master to whom his life was consecrated, he proceeded to work methodically, using his influence with gentle persuasion. When he had succeeded in enlisting a new recruit in the Catholic army to which he belonged, he endeavored to develop the newcomer's responsibility. "He had an art," observes his biographer, "that satisfied at once his respect for his neighbor's dignity, his own humility, and the greater glory of God. This art consisted in prompting others to act rather than in acting himself. . . . He began by disposing their minds favorably; he then taught them how to act, and, if necessary, helped them to succeed, while keeping his own influence out of sight."

So sensitive was his humility that he suffered keenly if his colleagues, on reading over the list of subscribers to one or other of the Catholic institutions of Lille, mentioned an "anonymous benefactor," whose royal donations excited general applause. At first he became alternately red and pale, in the obscure corner where he always seated himself on these public occasions; then, in order to divert suspicion from himself, he joined in the applause.

After his mother's death, Philibert practised the virtue of poverty with the

severity of a monk. He left the comfortable apartments that he shared with her, and made his sister give him a tiny room, bare of all save what was absolutely necessary. Though possessor of an enormous fortune that increased daily, it required his sister's tactful affection to make him accept comforts that were almost necessities to one advanced in age. All that he possessed belonged to the Church and to the poor. Always kind, gentle, charitable, ready to help and oblige, he spoke little and separated himself more and more from the outer world. His confidence in his nephew had removed a weight of responsibility from his shoulders, and he was now free to live the hidden life that was the life of his choice.

His family looked upon him as a saint. But even to those whom he loved best—his sister, her husband and her son—he spoke little; and, as years passed by, they realized that his inner life of close union with God absorbed him more and more. Yet there was nothing eccentric or extraordinary about his devotional practices. He went to confession once a week, and to Holy Communion every day; he rigidly observed the laws of fasting and abstinence; and to the end of his life spent many hours, day and night, in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. It was commonly supposed that he was favored with supernatural and miraculous favors; but of this nothing is known. "No one will ever know," writes his sister, "what passed between God and my brother's soul."

In 1904, the last year of his life, M. Vrau, in spite of his great desire to pass unnoticed, was obliged to allow the workmen of his factory to celebrate his Golden Jubilee. Fifty years had passed since he had generously sacrificed his wish to become a priest to what he considered his duty as a son. At first he refused to allow any celebration of which he was to be the central figure; then in April, 1904, he wrote thus to his brother-in-law: "I

have often been asked to celebrate my Jubilee; I always refused, because the celebration seemed to commemorate only an event belonging to our temporal interests. But in the year 1854 I began to return to the practice of my religion. This is a memory to which I can not remain indifferent; and if any one cares to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, I shall not oppose the plan."

The *fête* took place on October 14, 1904, and will long be remembered at Lille. It began by a Solemn High Mass in the parish church; after which, in the great hall of the factory, M. Vrau and his workmen, their wives and children, exchanged cordial greetings and good wishes. A general feeling of confidence pervaded the atmosphere; and for once Christian Justice and Charity seemed to have successfully solved the complex and harassing social problems that give rise to so much misunderstanding.

M. Vrau was no orator, but the few words that he spoke on the occasion were characteristic of the man, and went straight to the hearts of his hearers. He thanked them for their devotedness and efficient help; and humbly alluded to his conversion, of which he now gratefully celebrated the Golden Jubilee. Then, going through the different works, he spoke to each man in his own kind and simple fashion. To these expressions of good-will, which, coming from him, were absolutely sincere, he added substantial marks of his interest in his dependants. Each man and woman employed in the Maison Vrau received a handsome present of money, which varied according to the length and importance of the services rendered by the recipient. M. Vrau was then seventy-five years old, and evidently wished, before his death, to leave a legacy to those who had been his colleagues and helpers.

Only two months after this happy festivity, the venerable jubilarian set out for Rome, where he was anxious to pave the way for the celebration of a

Eucharistic Congress the following year. In January he returned to Lille. Two months later he set out again, with the intention of being present at the Roman Congress; but, on reaching Paris, he became seriously ill, and on the feast of St. Joseph he was obliged to return to Lille, where he took to his bed. His sister, Madame Féron, on being informed that his life was in danger, asked him to unite his prayers to hers, and to join in a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes for his recovery. He did not reply at first, but two days afterward he informed her that he had taken the resolution never to pray for a personal intention, and that he preferred leaving the matter of his life and death in the hands of God.

He lived for two months more, during which he was carefully and affectionately tended by Dr. Angier, a devoted friend; but, true to the habits of a lifetime, Philibert spoke little, and never of himself. Every morning Holy Communion was brought to him, and this was the one joy of his fast ebbing life. He still interested himself at times in the works of charity that had absorbed his fortune and his strength; and, although he suffered much, not a word of complaint passed his lips.

The end came on May 16. Conscious to the last, the sick man joined in the prayers for the dying, and in the Rosary that his sister and her family recited near his bed. His voice was distinctly heard till the third decade; then his breathing became fainter. He lay silent and calm, however, till the last *Gloria* passed the lips of his relatives, when his happy soul winged its flight to heaven. He was in his seventy-sixth year, and for fifty-one years he had deserved the name, against which his humility would have indignantly protested, of the "Holy Man of Lille."

From the moment when he returned to the practice of the Faith of his baptism, Philibert Vrau never halted in his search for perfection. A quiet determination lay under his gentle demeanor. He had sacrificed his desire to become a priest

to what he believed to be the voice of duty; but he remained faithful to his vocation, in spite of outward obstacles; and for half a century, without a moment's relaxation, he led the life of a religious in the world. His end was in keeping with his life. He made no solemn adieux and expressed no exalted sentiments; in death as in life, humility and silence kept guard over the secrets of his soul.

Seldom did the death of a private individual attract so great a crowd of reverent visitors. Hundreds of people, of all ranks and ages, flocked to the room, so small and so bare, where Philibert Vrau lay at rest, his hands clasping a crucifix and a Rosary, his features transfigured by the solemn majesty of eternal peace. His funeral was, according to his express desire, as simple and as poor as possible; but the crowds that followed his coffin, the sorrow of the city so touchingly expressed, proved how much Lille valued the holiest of her children.

It was in keeping with M. Vrau's reticent habits that he left few, if any, written records of the inner workings of his soul. His will was short, and concerned only the spiritual interests that had ever held the first place in his thoughts. He expressed but one wish as regards himself: that, if possible, his heart should be buried in one of the chapels of the Catholic University,—a desire that was gratefully fulfilled. His heart now rests in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, within the precincts of the University of which he was the chief benefactor.

In the present crisis of religion in France, the example of men like M. Vrau is of inexpressible value. The Holy Scriptures tell us that the presence of ten just men would have saved from destruction the doomed cities of Palestine. May we not believe that the vigorous and patient efforts of a handful of devoted Catholics will, in God's good time, arrest their country in its dangerous course, and keep alive the seeds of faith and charity on French soil?

Next Sunday's Mass.

SEXAGESIMA.

ATTENTIVE consideration of various portions of the day's Mass will suggest the idea that the Church has desired to make of Sexagesima a festival in honor of Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. The fact that the "Station" is at his basilica, "St. Paul-outside-the-Walls," does not, of course, necessarily imply any such desire; but the direct personal reference to St. Paul in the Collect certainly gives color to the idea. In the principal prayer of no other Sunday's Mass, all through the Proper of the Season, will there be found any such mention of a particular saint. In to-day's Collect, however, the Church expresses the confidence she places in the prayers of him who did most in bringing within her fold the Gentiles, our forefathers in the Faith: "O God, who seest that we trust not in aught that we ourselves can do, mercifully grant that, by the protection of the Teacher of the Gentiles, we may be defended against all adversities. Through, etc."

The Epistle, somewhat lengthier than usual, is that magnificent vindication of himself and his apostolate which St. Paul was constrained to deliver to the Corinthians, lest the accusations of vile calumniators should nullify the good work he had wrought among them. If he speaks of his dangers and labors, his imprisonments, scourgings, shipwrecks, hunger and cold; if he mentions the unique favor accorded to him of being "caught up into paradise" and hearing "secret words which it is not lawful for man to utter," it is not through any personal motive of egotism or vainglory, but purely for the good of souls that were being led astray, and for the glory of God, of whom he was the accredited minister. He glories only in his infirmities, and teaches to all two salutary lessons: one, that the weaknesses of the flesh are, or at least should be, a sovereign safeguard against pride; the

other, that God allows none of us to be tempted beyond our strength. "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The Gospel, with its parable of the zealous sower of the divine seed of God's word, is quite in harmony with the conception of this day's being a quasi-Pauline festival; for assuredly no other child of the Church sowed that seed so abundantly or reaped so goodly a harvest as did the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

As for other parts of the Mass, the Introit is a cry suggested by the lessons read at Matins,—lessons in which the Church recalls to our minds the history of Noah and the Deluge: "Arise! Why sleepest Thou, O Lord? Arise, and cast us not off to the end. Why turnest Thou Thy face away, and forgettest our troubles? Our belly hath cleaved to the earth. Arise, O Lord! Help us and deliver us. (Ps.) O God, we have heard it with our ears; our fathers have declared it unto us."

The Offertory is an exceptionally beautiful extract from the Royal Psalmist: "Perfect Thou my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps be not moved. Incline Thine ear, and hear my words. Show forth Thy wonderful mercies, Thou who savest them that trust in Thee, O Lord!" In the Secret we pray: "May the Sacrifice offered unto Thee, O Lord, ever quicken and defend us!" The supreme means by which we are spiritually quickened is the reception of the Blessed Eucharist; and, accordingly, in the Communion the Church, speaking for each of us, says: "I will go up to the altar of God,—to God who giveth joy to my youth."

Again to-day, as on the first Sunday after the Epiphany, the practice of frequent Communion among her children would seem to be assumed by our holy mother, who prays, in the Post-Communion: "Grant, we humbly beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that those whom Thou refreshest with Thy sacraments, may serve Thee worthily by a life well pleasing to Thee!"

Concerning Cardinal Lecot.

Notes and Remarks.

THE late Cardinal Lecot, Archbishop of Bourdeaux, was a man of wonderful strength of character, combined with an amiability that is not always the companion of such strength and inflexibility in the cause of right. He was the ideal French prelate, uniting a liberal and patriotic spirit with perfect submission to the Head of the Church. His eyes had an expression most profound and penetrating, while his lips seemed made for words of peace and conciliation. Firmness and patience were his most salient characteristics.

At the last Conclave Cardinal Lecot no more than the rest suspected what the outcome would be; and, in spite of his great and noble intelligence, he made an awkward mistake. Addressing himself in French to the Patriarch of Venice, he found, to his surprise, that Cardinal Sarto could not understand him, but replied in Latin. "*Non loqueris Gallice!*" (You do not speak French!) exclaimed Cardinal Lecot; "then you can not be Pope."—"Thanks be to God!" devoutly replied Cardinal Sarto.

It is absurd to suppose that, as some persons have averred, this circumstance caused strained relations between the Pope and the Cardinal. The latter may have been mortified at his own indiscretion; but Pius X. is too great and has too keen a sense of humor not to be amused at the slip of the tongue, if he remembers it. He has lost a warm supporter and a faithful servant, and the Church has suffered an equal loss, by the death of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bourdeaux, whose eulogy, preached by Mgr. Rameau, Bishop of Angers, ended with the deceased prelate's own words, worthy to be engraved on his tomb:

"Yes, we are resolved: we will go forward to the end; and what we have signed with our pen, we will, if necessary, seal with our blood."

Commenting on the difficulty experienced by a Catholic priest in securing admittance to St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Hospital, New York, when called to administer the last Sacraments to a Catholic patient there, the *Casket* remarks: "It was an intolerable piece of arrogance, of course, for the hospital people to assume that a quiet rest or sleep was better for the patient than Extreme Unction. But the question arises in our mind: What did this Catholic patient expect when he went to St. Luke's Hospital? Did he expect to find the same solicitude for his spiritual health as he would find among the Sisters?"

The question is a pertinent one. We were personally asked, only a few weeks ago, why so many Catholics go to a non-Catholic hospital in a neighboring city instead of to an equally well equipped Catholic hospital less than a mile distant. Closer proximity may possibly, in some cases, furnish the reason—or the pretext; but a thoroughly sane appreciation of the spiritual side of any given illness would, we think, give the Sisters the preference over even the most exemplary lay nurses. Many Protestants habitually patronize Catholic hospitals; our own people may well do likewise.

Prefacing an interesting character sketch which P. S. Cleary contributes to the *Catholic Press*, of Sydney, is the statement, "W. A. Duncan is an immortal name in this country [Australia], but this is the first sketch of his life that has ever been printed." His biographer says that a delver in the files of material for Australian history meets frequently the name of William Augustine Duncan; and that, "once at least the cause of a political crisis, and frequently the subject of angry polemics, it is manifest the one time editor of the *Australasian Chronicle*, and later head of the Sydney Customs House,

was a man of strong character and opinions, scholarly attainments, a high sense of duty, and no respecter of persons."

Mr. Duncan was a Scotchman, born in 1811. He was intended by his parents for the Presbyterian ministry, but became a convert to Catholicity; and, with the idea of becoming a priest, spent some years with the Benedictines. Discovering that he lacked the sacerdotal vocation, he married and became a bookseller and writer for the London press. Yielding to the persuasions of Bishop Ullathorne, he went to Australia in 1838; and from that period until 1885, when he passed away, he did yeoman service for the Church and his fellow-Catholics, as editor, public servant, and efficient citizen.

"What has the late Lambeth Conference accomplished that can give us hope for the future?" asks a Church of England clergyman, writing in the *Lamp*, our Anglo-Roman contemporary. Then follows, in temperate but telling language, the strongest indictment of the Establishment that we have ever seen. If it were not so long, we should be disposed to quote it entire. The following extracts, however, will suffice for those who are not particularly interested:

No heresy of any note has ever invaded the domain of orthodoxy which is not to be found at this moment, living and flourishing, in some corner of the Anglican Church; and where is there another denomination of Christians which offers so congenial a soil for the growth of heresy as is to be found in the field of Anglicanism?

Will not history justly hold us responsible for much of the evil flowing to society from the facility of divorce, and the remarriage of divorced persons, since our clergy, with at least the negative sanction of the bishops, have for three hundred years been violating the Church's canon law, her form of service, and her long inheritance of traditional legislation? The Prayer Book is evidently no guide or summary of our faith, and the *lex orandi* of Anglicans is far from being our *lex credendi*.

The kind of authority recognized by the great mass of the people in the Anglican Church, as in the Protestant bodies generally, is not an objective authority, bringing the conscience

under obedience to law and order; but a subjective and personal authority, which makes for that individualism which seems to the writer a most pernicious principle, and the deadly foe of all genuine Christianity. We have the forms and semblance of power without the reality.

The Prayer Book, like the Scriptures, is a dead letter, and needs the living voice to interpret it. That living voice with us is the individual exponent; for it will hardly be denied that the very lofty claims put forth by Browne in his Commentary on the XXth Article are entirely ignored. Now, in a church where individual teaching is the only teaching really given, one must of course pick and choose according to one's individual judgment; and that, I take it, is the habitual wont of Anglicans, priests and people. But to relegate the truth of a doctrine to the authority of individual teaching—that is to say, to mere opinion,—is to extinguish at one blow both church and faith.

How any one can read this indictment without realizing that Anglicanism is a religion of mere forms and platitudes is past our understanding.

The American idea of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, so far as one may judge from critiques in American magazines and the more literary among our newspapers, seems to be that the English writer in question has more eccentricity than excellence, that he is a mental acrobat rather than an intellectual force, and that, while his style is readable, his matter is negligible. Our countrymen are not alone in holding such opinions, as is evident from the strictures of such English journals as the *Academy*. The editor of the *Dublin Review* does not, however, agree with the depreciators of the brilliant G. K. C.'s genius; and, as his opinion deservedly carries weight, such of our readers as do not see the *Dublin* may be interested in this extract from its pages:

The present writer has often had animated discussions with some of his friends on the nature of Mr. Chesterton's gifts as a writer. And it is curious that the books of one man should provoke such opposite judgments in his readers. Setting aside the epithet "brilliant," which seems allowed on all hands, the difference is very complete. The friends I refer to speak of his thought as "superficial"; I find it penetrating. They talk of him as asking us to believe

impossible paradoxes; I find him pre-eminently the propounder of the maxims of common-sense,—of maxims and principles so clearly true when they are stated that they might be called truisms. My friends regard him as primarily a purveyor of acrobatic feats of the intellect—exciting and enjoyable, as any amusing “show” is enjoyable, but not to be taken seriously; I have found him, before all things, quick to defend truths of great practical moment, and the effective opponent of plausible and misleading theories,—a very serious and important rôle. They class him with brilliant writers of the hour, such as Mr. Wells, who have no claim to teaching the age a serious lesson, or doing more than interest us in their own whims and prejudices by stating them with lucidity and enforcing them by telling epigrams; I associate him with those writers of the past who have decried mere ingenuity in theorizing, and striven to find the path of philosophy traced by Nature herself. I class his thought—though not his manner—with that of such men as Burke, Butler, and Coleridge.

Individual readers who have some acquaintance with Mr. Chesterton's literary output may or may not agree with this estimate of Dr. Ward's; but even the most authoritative among them can hardly, hereafter, dismiss the author of “Orthodoxy” with the supercilious remark that his work “is not really worth while.”

Reviewing the English translation of Dr. Bertrin's book on Lourdes, the *Bombay Gazette* says in conclusion:

As to the fact of cures having taken place at Lourdes which are unaccountable by natural laws, there is evidence in this book to satisfy the most sceptical. Even Zola was staggered by what he witnessed on the spot, though it did not convert him to Christianity. This record of cures, supported by the certificates of countless medical men, is unassailable. But it will probably leave the intellect of the average Englishman (even of him who is a believer in supernatural happenings) untouched, so far as the logical conclusions of Dr. Bertrin are concerned.

“That,” comments the *Bombay Examiner*, “is just the funny thing: *why* it should leave the average British man—or any other man—untouched. There is no doubt about the fact; but *why* is it? Serious-minded people, even unbelievers, have sometimes been struck with such

overwhelming evidences of the supernatural; and, by taking the matter to heart, have come to realize the logical conclusions which follow, and have in turn followed those logical conclusions into the Church. If the average Britisher does not do the same, our only conclusion is that he is wanting in earnestness of purpose where religion is concerned. If so, all the worse for the average Britisher.”

When one comes to think of it, this failure of convinced sceptics to follow up their convictions to logical conclusions appears to be not the least wonderful of the matters connected with Lourdes.

We fully agree with the Rev. Father Cleary, the able editor of the *New Zealand Tablet*, that a course in conjury would be a very desirable equipment for any one undertaking to investigate the phenomena produced at spiritistic séances. The idea, however, is not a new one. Mr. David P. Abbott, widely known as the author of “Behind the Scenes with the Mediums,” is now prominent among students of the occult, and has lately published a history of what, in his opinion, is one of the strangest cases ever brought to the notice of the Society for Psychical Research. If he continues his investigations, it will not be long, we think, before his opinion undergoes a change. We could refer him to numerous cases far more extraordinary than the one by which he has been so profoundly impressed. There are phenomena and phenomena in spiritism. Most of those to which Father Cleary refers, and rightly attributes to natural causes, have become commonplace. But we should be grateful to him or to any one else who would explain to us how a letter in the unmistakable handwriting of a person long dead—a well-written letter, of much interest to the receiver—could have been produced through a medium who was an utter stranger to both persons and who never for an instant had possession of the materials employed. The thing was done in broad daylight, only the

medium and the "sitter" being present. A copy of this letter is in our possession; it was accompanied with a simultaneous message to ourselves, purporting to come from a deceased priest; and a token, still preserved, which would be quite as difficult to account for as the handwriting itself. The medium was no less surprised than the "sitter" on seeing what had been done. Until some investigator is found to explain this performance, and to duplicate it with all the details, we shall be disposed to attribute it to the preternatural.

Of a recent book on modern spiritism, published with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster and just honored with a special blessing by the Pope, the editor of the *New Zealand Tablet* says: "The best service that the author could do to his hearers and readers would be to suppress his book, call in all the copies that he can gather together, and make a good, wholesome bonfire of them." Which goes to show that the attitude of many Catholics toward spiritistic phenomena is precisely that of most Protestants toward miracles.

"The piling on of epithets, it is sometimes forgotten, is an element of weakness rather than of strength." Taking these words of Canon Connelly for a text, a correspondent of the *London Tablet* discourses excellently on the English translation of the *Salve Regina*, showing how the addition of words has not only marred the beauty but weakened the force of the original. The following translation of the anthem, copied from a manuscript book of prayers nearly two hundred years old, is cited to prove that, for fidelity and taste, our forefathers in those dark and dreary times were much better translators than we, with all our modern lights:

Hail, O Queen, O Mother of mercy! Hail, our life, our comfort, and our hope! We, the banished children of Eve, cry unto thee! To thee we send up our sighs, groaning and weeping in this valley of tears. Come, then, our Advocate,

look upon us with those pitying eyes of thine! And after this our banishment shew us Jesus, the blessed Fruit of thy womb! O merciful, O pious, O sweet Virgyn Mary!

The *Inter-Ocean* is moved to commend the Rev. Dr. Munhall, of Philadelphia, for his views on the still opportune subject of non-attendance at church. Says Dr. Munhall:

People don't care two raps for the preacher's opinions. What they want is to hear the voice of God speaking to discouraged hearts and grief-burdened souls. It is God's message and not the preacher's that the people want to hear. Give them that message and there will be no lack of hearers.

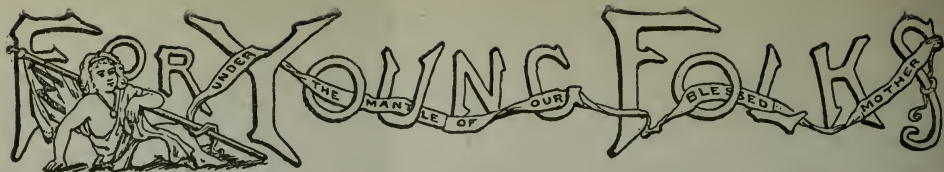
The Chicago journal fully endorses that opinion; and, after condemning the preacher's seeking to speak with authority on matters foreign to his calling, adds:

When the preacher speaks of what he does know—of what he must be assumed to know, else is his office an inhuman mockery, and his presence in it a blasphemy,—when, with the faith that knows no wavering and with the fear of God that is the beginning of wisdom, he delivers God's message,—he speaks as one having authority, and he is heard gladly, and will never lack hearers, because to discouraged hearts and grief-burdened souls his voice comes as the voice of God.

Not disedifying reading to find on the editorial page of one of our leading secular journals.

A valuable contribution to the current *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is Mr. John J. O'Shea's paper, "A Summons to Irish Scholarship." The establishment of the new Irish University is, of course, the occasion for the paper; and Mr. O'Shea's summons is thus formulated:

The need of the time, so far as the vindication of Ireland's fame in the past is concerned, would appear to be a class in the new University for the special study of Irish archæology and a commission for the quest after Irish manuscripts all over the world; for indeed the dispersal of these precious legacies was for a considerable period world-wide. The stage is now clear for the work—a work of love it surely ought to be,—and the actors ought soon to be ready to play their honorable parts.



Star of the Sea.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE long pier jugged out into the bay, the soft waves plashing against the piles on which it was built. At the other end stood the restaurant, general store, and assembly hall of the village, that looked out upon the whole expanse of water, the foothills for background and the blue sky overhead. These buildings were all on a solid foundation of land; but the diminutive house behind the store had been tacked on, so to speak, and rested only on some stout posts driven deep into the water.

All day long Mrs. Blake or her husband—generally both—stood behind the counter selling groceries or dealing out luncheons; for there was much traffic to and from the Fort, and the workmen who had been building the railroad and boulevard to the Point were constant patrons. Yet husband and wife always had time to run in once in a while and chat with their crippled boy, who bore so bravely his enforced solitude, supplemented as it sometimes was by periods of pain. But now Mr. Blake had been offered the position of timekeeper to the railroad men, and had concluded to accept it. Though business at the pier was very good, seventy-five dollars a month extra was not to be despised.

"Mother," said Blake, as he and his wife sat in the restaurant one evening after their patrons had departed, "I've been thinking it will be hard on you doing all the work here."

"Only on account of Perry," replied his wife. "I can't attend to him so much. He'll be a little lonely."

"I wish there was some child we might take in to play with him,—some nice little girl."

"Where could we put her to sleep?" asked his wife. "And she'd be almost a bother."

"Yes, that's true. But—do you know?—I've been thinking of that orphan of Bob Martin's. She's like a little old woman. She's over there staying with those Portuguese, and Manuel says they're looking out for a good place for her."

"She *might* do," answered Mrs. Blake. "She's a good little creature, and it would be a charity. Her father was very fond of her. But we've no place for her."

"That's so. Still, something might be contrived. And Perry seems to like her. But she's such a tiny, weazened thing! I wonder if she's strong?"

"Strong enough. She used to do for her father, you know."

"Poor fellow! Too bad he was drowned. A good man and a good sailor too."

"He was Portuguese, wasn't he?"

"No, but his wife was. Suppose I fetch the little one over to-morrow, when I go to the Fort?"

"Very well. 'Twon't hurt to try her," said Mrs. Blake.

The next afternoon the child came. She was very small and slight, with great dark eyes, and a quantity of straight black hair which gave her a weird appearance, that vanished altogether when she smiled. Her voice was like a bell,—so clear, so sweet, so true. She was delighted with the prospect of living with the Blakes, and at once solved the problem of a bedroom by casting her eye upon a disused sentry box, in which she said a chair and cot would fit beautifully. Obedient to her order, Blake put up a shelf for washstand, with one underneath it for extras. Some hooks on the wall

and a soap box under the cot held her small stock of clothing.

After she had been with the Blakes a few days, they did not know how they could ever get on without 'Nita. She could cook, sew, wait on customers, read aloud to Perry, and amuse him with various games. More than that; she taught the child to read, and persuaded his father to rent a wheeled-chair, in which she conveyed him about when she had leisure, and from which she taught him to fish through the railings of the pier. On a lot near the wharf, she had a little garden, in which she raised vegetables and flowers. The boy knew no greater pleasure than that of watching her at work in the garden.

'Nita was scarcely twelve years old when she began to teach Perry Catholic prayers, and to explain all she knew about God and the saints. The father and mother—good people in their own way, but ignorant of all religious truths—became deeply interested; so much so that the zealous priest, who came twice a month to say Mass for the Portuguese fishermen, began to have strong hope of adding them to his flock.

At the end of six months Blake's "job" was finished, but there was no thought of discharging the little helper.

"What we have, we'll share with 'Nita, Father," said Blake to the priest. "She seems most as near to us as Perry. And now that I'm home again, she can go to school for the winter. She's so bright it's a pity not to give her some advantage."

It had been raining hard for three days all along the coast; an unusually fierce storm was abroad in the Pacific waters. Huge waves rose and broke against the pier at La Punta, on the opposite side of the island. The stone bulwark had been torn away by the fury of the tempest. Some one mentioned this to Blake, but he was not alarmed.

"It could crumble a stone pier over on that side, when it wouldn't touch us here,"

he rejoined. "That's the ocean side, and this is the bay."

"But look at those waves!" said the man. "They are like mountains. The launch has never been put out of commission before. I doubt if it wouldn't be completely overturned if they tried to reach the mainland to-day or to-morrow."

"That's different," said Blake. "The waves are bad enough to swamp it. The captain would be a fool to try to put off in such a storm; but right here we're sheltered, you see; and we have the land at our back and the foothills behind that. They cut off the backwater of the ocean."

"All right," said the man. "But if I were you, Blake, I'd move on to land for the present. Too bad they can't have the ball up at the Fort to-morrow night, isn't it?"

"Oh, they'll have it all right!" said Blake. "Of course there won't be many from town, but there are enough soldiers and their families to have a good time."

"Are you going?"

"I think so. You know I play in the band sometimes. They've asked me for to-morrow night."

The storm abated as suddenly as it had risen, but not until another night of wind and rain had shaken the pier to its foundation. The next day, however, was clear and bright; the sun shone, the meadow lark chirped through the springing grass, all Nature was alive and singing. Mrs. Blake made ready for the party. The launch was dancing back and forth over the sparkling, sunlit waters. After an early supper, the husband and wife prepared to set out for the Fort, about five miles distant. The shop was securely fastened, the great doors that opened on the pier held together by heavy blocks of wood, and those that faced landward equally secured.

As Mr. and Mrs. Blake turned to say a last "good-night" to 'Nita and the boy, the little sitting-room, not more than nine feet square, presented a cosy picture. On the swinging couch, where he spent

three-fourths of his time, lay Perry, comfortably swaying to and fro; beside him, at the table, sat 'Nita busily mending stockings. Perry was peeling an apple.

"Remember, 'Nita, you're not to go out to your own room till we get back," said Mrs. Blake. "When you feel sleepy, you can lie down on our bed."

"Yes, ma'am," answered 'Nita.

Then the father and mother kissed the boy and left them.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when 'Nita finished her mending; Perry was already asleep. She arose, went to the little window and looked out. The tiny house projecting from the centre of the pier behind the store and restaurant, was surrounded on three sides by water, above which it rose, on its pile foundation, perhaps ten feet.

As the child stood at the window, a cloud dark and heavy passed over the moon; and at the same instant the waves of the bay, until then but gentle reminders of their more boisterous brothers on the other side of the island, began to break heavily and rapidly against the pier. Then a sudden and fierce gust of wind shook the place to its foundations; and the next moment, with a great splash and fall, the little dwelling slid from its foundation into the water. The shock, for the instant, was great,—so great as to throw 'Nita to the floor.

The boy awoke and cried out: "'Nita, what is it? An earthquake?"

"I think it must be, Perry," replied the girl, calmly, as she rose to her feet.

"Isn't it over? Why are we rocking?" asked the boy.

"Perry, don't be frightened," said 'Nita. "We are in the water. The house is off the piles, and we are in the water."

The child began to cry, but 'Nita took him on her knee and soothed him.

"I think the storm yesterday weakened the piles," she said. "They must have started, and the earthquake threw us off. Sit there a moment and I'll look out."

The first rocking motion of the im-

promptu boat had subsided, and the sickening feeling induced by it was passing away. It seemed to be floating quietly now; the motion was rather pleasant than otherwise. As 'Nita glanced from the window, the cloud passed from the moon, the bay was illumined. She could see the pier behind them; already they had drifted some distance away, in a nearly straight line. The tide was ebbing, so there was little danger that they would be dashed on shore; and the child felt that before they could have drifted far down the bay, help would arrive. What she dreaded most was that the water would rise to the level of the floor.

She went to the other window and saw that they were floating farther and farther away from their former moorings. She knew that the Blakes must soon return, as they never stayed later than one o'clock. She went back to Perry, bade him lie down on the couch, and asked him if he did not want her to read to him.

"No," said the child, still crying. "I want my father and mother."

"They will come; they will find us, Perry dear!" said 'Nita, cheerily. "And now see what I am going to do."

Taking from her pocket a little image of the Blessed Virgin, such as every devout Portuguese always carries about, she placed it on the shelf above the couch, between the vases of flowers she had herself planted and gathered. Kneeling before it, with her hand in that of the crippled boy, she said:

"Now we will sing our little hymn, Perry; and we will sing it with all our hearts, with faith and trust in our dear Mother, who never abandons us when we are in danger."

"All right!" sobbed Perry; "I'll try."

Faintly at first, but, as they went on, more distinctly, hopefully and even joyfully, the two voices blended. They were alone on the waters, drifting hither and thither; but their prayer ascended to the heavenly throne, where Mary, close to her Son, smiled down upon the castaways:—

Star of the Sea, unfading Star,
Through shipwreck, storm and night
We hail thy shining from afar,
And bless thy beacon light!
In life, in death, we turn to thee,
Star of the Sea!

Mary, Mary, Star of the Sea!

Star of the Sea! No night so dark,
No path so bleak to roam,
But thou wilt steer our lonely bark
And guide us safely home.
In life, in death, we turn to thee,
Star of the Sea!

Mary, Mary, Star of the Sea!

"I think we must have sung it a hundred times," said 'Nita afterward. "But it kept us up; and we both knew she would save us, the Blessed Lady! And then we heard the shouts, and I looked out and saw the two boats; and I opened the door, and there was Mr. Blake and Manuel in one, and Pedro and Marco in the other. And I wasn't a bit afraid that I'd let Perry fall when I dropped him into Pedro's arms. He didn't seem a bit heavy—"

"'Nita wasn't one mite afraid," interposed Perry from his father's lap, as they sat in Manuel's cottage. "She's the bravest girl that ever was."

"And wasn't it funny, after all our floating about," resumed 'Nita, "we were just like a cork? We'd been bobbing up and down quite close to home all the time. But I know,—I know that it was Our Lady, Star of the Sea, that saved us; for it wasn't natural that we shouldn't have drifted far away."

And so thought Mr. and Mrs. Blake. 'Nita is to them like their own child, and the whole family are devout worshippers in the little church of La Estrella,—the church of Our Lady Star of the Sea.

At the coronation of Charles I. the royal robes were of white satin. The previous sovereigns had always been attired in purple; but Charles, being crowned on the Feast of the Purification, deliberately elected to be robed in white in honor of Our Lady's feast-day.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—NEW LESSONS.

Kitty began "lessons" next day. A little covered porch off the kitchen served as schoolroom; and here the young teacher brought slate and books, and began a struggle with difficulties unknown to the calm, well-ordered ways of St. Ursula's. For poor Tim, though close to sixteen, knew no more than the little "Primes" of six. He had 'larned himself after methods not taught in schools or books. Spelling was bad enough; he mixed his *i*'s and *y*'s hopelessly, and left out all silent letters as useless impediments in his scholarly career. Reading was worse; at the sight of the pictured page, his imagination kindled, and he made up the reading lesson, regardless of printed text. Of arithmetic Kitty's pupil had some stern, practical knowledge, acquired by a close counting of pennies and dimes; but there were other problems ahead, with which the young teacher had never wrestled. When, true to the methods at St. Ursula's, she produced her little catechism, Tim's face was a blank indeed. "Catechism?" he said. "What's that?" "Oh, don't you know, Tim?" was the shocked question.

Tim shook his head. "I never heerd of it. If it's one of them books that tell you about cats and critters, I don't want to larn out of it. Know a plenty now."

"O Tim!" the young teacher could only gasp, unequal to further remonstrance.

"I do," said Tim, decidedly. "Any chap that's been rizzed in the mountains don't need to larn that. That's a girl's book, I guess, and we'll jest cut it out."

"O Tim, you don't understand! It isn't what—what you think at all," said Kitty, almost tearful in her dismay. "Did you never hear of a catechism, Tim? It's a book that all boys and girls study. It teaches them all about God

and heaven, and how to be good and do what is right."

"It does?" said Tim, staring. "Mighty little to do all that. But I ain't in for that nohow. Ain't ever got religion, and don't want to. Mam says 'tain't no use she kin see. She got it once at camp meeting, and couldn't keep it; so I ain't for trying."

"O Tim!"—and again speech quite failed Kitty.

"Well, it ain't boy's larning nohow," continued Tim.

"Oh, yes, it is,—it is!" the young teacher broke out at last, passionately. "O Tim, don't you ever go to church or say your prayers or—do anything?"

"Naw," replied Tim, stolidly. "What's the good? Ain't you going on with that there spelling, Missy?"

"Oh, I can't—just yet!" she murmured.

At this moment, all the fire and smoke and hideous gloom of Blackstone Ridge seemed less dreadful than this glimpse poor Tim had given her of a darkened, neglected soul. How to deal with this stolid, wilful darkness was a problem that has perplexed older and wiser heads than little Kitty's. But happily she was too young to see all its difficulties. She tackled it with simple decision.

"I promised to teach you, Tim, and I must do it right. You'll have to learn catechism with the rest."

"All right, then," said Tim. "Fire away at it, Missy!"

And Missy "fired away" with a missionary zeal that reached its mark. The very first announcement of the little catechism, that he was made to "love and serve God in this world and be happy with Him in the next," made poor, benighted Tim stare. Love, service, happiness, were strange words to his dulled ears, his darkened mind. And when the lesson was ended, Kitty turned, to find Cripps standing at the kitchen window with a queer look on her hickory-nut face, as if she, too, were learning strange things. She had been cleaning

up Kitty's room, and held the sprig of rosebush in her hand.

"Got any use for this, or must I throw it out?" she asked grimly.

"Oh, no, not yet!" said Kitty, feeling that this bit of green was the last link to dear St. Ursula's. "Maybe the little buds will open, Cripps."

"Well, they won't," was the blunt answer. "They can't, cut hard and green like that. But it's a right good live shoot. If you plant it, it might grow."

"Oh, it couldn't—here!" said Kitty, looking at the black, hard wastes stretching around her.

"There's some good earth under them cedars," said Cripps. "The dogs scratched it soft playing with Tim. And there's an old flower-pot here I grew some parsley in last winter for the soup. If you'd like to have it—"

"Oh, I would!" said Kitty, eagerly. "Let us get the flower-pot and fill it, Tim, and see if my little shoot will grow."

And, with crooked Tim's rude gardening knowledge at her service, the tiny twig of green was planted in a big, cracked flower-pot, where it drooped hopelessly, to Kitty's unpractised eye.

"It will die, I know," she said sadly.

"Mebbe not," said Cripps. "Leave it in the dark a bit to take root. I used to raise green things myself long ago; had a garden full of them. Tim was a baby then and straight,—straight as a line. Seems as if I could see him now, running along, his fat hands catching at my pinks and petunias. Ah, look at him now!"

And, looking at him as he scurried over the black ground, his Buddies yelping at his heels, Kitty could understand why poor Cripps' hard lips twisted and her dim eyes blinked.

Altogether, Blackstone Ridge was a sad, dreary change from the glad playground at St. Ursula's; or the sweet, dim sacristy with its tender shadows, its holy peace. The long days were very lonely and dull for Kitty. There was only Uncle Dave, who came home from the Works

to snatch his hasty meals, often in unbroken silence, sometimes with a few brief, curt remarks to the little girl who shared his repast.

"Another piece of beef, Niece Katherine? It is good for you. Drink plenty of milk; it costs nothing, girl. Getting used to things a bit, are you? The dumps don't scare you now?" And then again he would seem absolutely unconscious of Niece Katherine, his frowning brow and stern, set lips forbidding all approach.

June had come, and all the beautiful summer lands Kitty had known until now were sweet with roses; the green slopes of dear St. Ursula's were glad with sunshine; the birds were singing in the full-leaved woods; the Queen's Promise, over the chapel, in full rich bloom. But no bloom or beauty had come to Blackstone Ridge. The black smoke flags still waved from the tall chimneys; the great furnaces glared and roared; the night glowed with eyes of flame and leaping tongues of fire; and Uncle Dave seemed to grow grimmer and gloomier every day. Homesick and heartsick as Kitty often was, she kept bravely to her self-imposed task. For two hours every morning she taught crooked Tim. It was slow work, but Tim was quite unconscious of any shortcomings. He had reached two syllables now, and felt that his claim to a judgeship was secure.

They were down by the creek this June morning. Lessons were informal these lengthening days; for, as Kitty recalled, even at well-ordered St. Ursula's, last examinations were prepared in the maple grove, and final problems solved in the shadows of the rose arbor. So it did not seem amiss for the young teacher to be seated on a flat rock arched by the spray of the waterfall, with Tim and the dogs stretched out in easy attitudes at her feet. Strong in her sense of duty, Kitty was going through the catechism page by page; and, insensibly both to pupil and teacher, poor Tim's dull, darkened soul was turning to the light. They were at

the "Creed" now; and Kitty had amplified the brief text of the lesson into a simple story of Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary, that held Tim breathless with interest.

"Land, it must have hurt!" he said, in a low, awed voice,— "hurt worse than being mashed crooked like me. Tell me some more, Missy. I like that catechism story first-rate."

And Kitty told more catechism stories, to the soft music of the falling waters and the murmur of the little creek, as it found its winding way over rock and ridge to meet the broad, shining river far below. Behind them, the roar of Uncle Dave's furnaces might shake the mountain; his black chimneys belch forth their fire and smoke, dimming the sunlight sky; but in the green nook of the waterfall the white spray shimmered into rainbows, and the little streamlet sang a joy song as Kitty taught and crooked Tim learned.

In the midst of Kitty's catechism story, Ming and Max started up with bristling ears and sullen growls, as a tall, gaunt, sandy-haired man came shambling around a bend of the rocks.

"Down, you brutes!" he said fiercely,— "down, or I'll put a bullet in you!"— and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

Tim sprang to his feet, a strange light blazing in his sunken eyes.

"Don't you dare, Buck Benson,—don't you dare to hurt them dogs! Down, Buddies!—down, down, I say!"

The dogs sank down, still growling at the stranger's word.

"Oh, it's you, Crooky, is it?" said the stranger, with a harsh laugh. "You'd better keep those brutes of Dillon's closer, or he'll be a dog or two short. I'm not over good-tempered, as you know."

"Aye, I know" (Tim's crooked form was trembling from head to foot),—"I know you and your temper, Buck Benson! If you hadn't skeered me into running agin the roller, I wouldn't be the bent, twisted thing I am. But I ain't skeering of you now. Jest touch them dogs—"

"Blow away, Crooky!" interrupted the

other, with his harsh laugh. "It's all such a ram's horn as you kin do. My compliments to your boss. You kin tell him I ain't forgotten my obligations to him. He'll hear from me later." And, with another discordant laugh, the speaker strode away down the mountain path.

Tim stood staring blankly after him a moment.

"Now, I wonder what he means by that?" he said, in a low, troubled voice. "I jest wonder what Buck Benson means by that. 'Tain't manners, sure. Come, Missy, let's go home,—let's get back home right away." And Tim gathered up books and slate with nervous haste.

"Who is that horrid man, Tim?" asked Kitty, as they turned homeward.

"That's Buck Benson," answered Tim, in an odd voice. "'Twas he skeered me into getting mashed five years ago. Said he was going to put my eyes out with a bar of hot iron for turning over his oil-can, and I run—run like the fool kid I was—straight into the rollers. I'd like to kill him for it!"

"Oh, no, no, you wouldn't, Tim!" said Kitty, in dismay.

"Yes, I would," repeated Tim, sturdily. "And mam would too. She says she'd like to get her hands round that there red neck of his and choke him till his eyes popped clear out of his head."

"O Tim! How dreadful! You and Cripps ought not to feel like that."

"Why oughtn't we?" asked Tim, as he made his crippled hop-and-slip way up the mountain. "If it hadn't been for Buck Benson, mam says, I'd have been big and straight and strong,—a six-footer man like my dad was. And look what I am now" (Tim gave a fierce shake of his hunched shoulders), "with Buck Benson laughing at me for it and calling me 'Crooky'!"

And Tim's young teacher, looking at the bent, distorted figure, and recalling Buck Benson's mocking laugh, felt the case was difficult indeed.

"Poor, poor Tim! I know it's very hard," she said softly. "And I'm afraid I'd feel just the same if anybody bent and crookened me."

"You!" Tim paused to stare at the pretty little figure beside him. "Land, that would be terrible, sure 'nough!"

"But I'd—I'd try to forgive! O Tim, I'd *have* to forgive!" continued Kitty. "Our Lord said we must; and He showed us how, you know."

"On that cross?" Tim's tone softened. "That's so, Missy. It was worse than being mashed all crooked. But I ain't forgiving Buck Benson like that"—the speaker's voice hardened again. "Your uncle druv him off the Ridge three years ago, and he ain't back agin round here for no good, you kin bet. Me and the dogs mean to watch him,—don't we, Buddies? Yes, we mean to watch him close."

And Kitty, being a wise little teacher in her simple way, felt it was no time to push her pupil's lesson further; so she said no more.

Together they took their way up the smoke-darkened Ridge, past the roaring furnaces, the belching chimneys, the black sheds, where crowds of dull, grimy figures were panting, sweating, toiling over forge and oven and caldrons of boiling metal, where all was harsh and hideous, and discordant to eye and ear and mind and soul. Truly it was like the *Inferno* of the Italian poet that Sister Carmel read to the senior class, thought Kitty, as she hurried up the black cinder path to be in time for dinner.

Cripps was on the covered porch, lifting a flower-pot out into the sunshine. The little sprig of the "Queen's Promise" stood upright, alert, life in every fresh green leaf.

"It's tuk root," said Cripps, with a grim smile, as Kitty sprang forward delightedly. "I told you it would. Green growing things is shy of light at first. It's tuk root there in the dark."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Spring publications of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. include "True Manhood," a little book of inspiring thoughts, for young and old, by Cardinal Gibbons. "No one can read it carefully without becoming conscious of a new sense of duty—a feeling that, in justice to himself and to others, he should put forth his best efforts to be a man."

—Mr. W. T. Stead is not announcing any particularly novel theory in the following statement appearing in the *Windsor Magazine*: but it is an interesting one, nevertheless:

The Irish are much the most eloquent of the English-speaking nations. Even in America, Mr. W. J. Bryan is of Irish descent. In the eighteenth century the great Parliamentary orators were Irishmen. Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and Flood were all Irish. In the nineteenth, Plunkett, Shiel, O'Connell, Magee, A. M. Sullivan, and Sexton all stand in the front rank. In the present Parliament Mr. Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and T. M. Healy are the most effective speakers.

—Cordial tributes to the late Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett continue to appear in the leading English journals. He is referred to as a genial personality, and seems to have had a host of friends and admirers. For many years he was on the staff of *Punch*, and won distinction as a novelist and dramatist, as well as a journalist and author. His best known books are "Recollections of a Journalist" and "The A'Becketts of *Punch*,"—the story of his family's journalist association with that periodical. Mr. A'Beckett became a convert to the Church in early life. *R. I. P.*

—"Verses," by Theodore F. McManus (The Blade Printing & Paper Company, Toledo), is a collection of some sixty poems in various keys,—those of religion and patriotism being not least in evidence. If, as we are inclined to think, this is the author's first published volume, we venture to congratulate him on having produced some verses that have the true lyric ring, and—as was to be expected from a singer, with a patronymic such as his—with the genuine rhythmic swing as well. The book begins with a tender dedication to the writer's father, and concludes with several pages (in prose) of "Leaves from an Old Man's Note-book."

—Now that English writers have discarded French words and phrases, French writers have adopted English ones. It is considered "just the thing" by Parisians to employ even the slang of England and America. One can hardly pick up a French book or newspaper that is not sprinkled with English, pure, defiled, or badly mixed. Of course the newspapers lead in the fashion. One of them reports that at a soirée

of the Marquise de X., a game long popular in the best society of the United States was introduced with great success,—the game of *pokère*. We learn also that an unusually large number of *five-o'clockards* (young men fond of afternoon tea) were present at the *five-o'clock tea* of Madame de Z. Without the least intention of using slang, a serious writer warns his readers not to "get left." A famous military man, extending an invitation to some American friends to visit him at his country home, concludes cordially with, "And don't you remember it!"

—The Australian Catholic Truth Society deserves hearty congratulations on its notable success in diffusing good Catholic literature over its chosen field. This paragraph from the Society's last annual report is illuminative:

In our last report we recorded the fact that our Society had published 382,000 pamphlets during the three years of its existence. That total is now increased to 502,000. Of this number, 95,782 pamphlets have been distributed during the past twelve months, whilst last year only 62,000 went into circulation. Of the various editions of the Society's prayer-book, 33,437 copies have been sold; of this total 6952 copies have gone into circulation during the present year. Of the Archbishop's "Lectures and Replies," 2000 were published, of which 668 have been placed,

—The Rev. F. X. Lasance, through Benziger Brothers, offers to the faithful another manual of devotions—"My Prayer-Book," which is, as well, a book of reflections on spiritual subjects and counsels in the way of sanctification. Among the thoughts presented for practical meditation and inspiration are: The Quest of Happiness, The Spectrum of Charity, Don't Worry, The Power of a Smile, Promote Happiness in Your Homes; and Reading, a Molder of Character. The prayers include those usually found in manuals of devotion. The size and binding of this book of prayers are all that could be desired; but the print seems rather fine except for young eyes.

—The *Dublin Review*, so often quoted and commended by us, is the oldest and unquestionably the ablest Catholic periodical in the English language. Indeed, its high standard of literary excellence and critical scholarship is probably unsurpassed by any periodical in the world. English-speaking Catholics may well feel proud of this review. Under the able editorship of Dr. Wilfrid Ward, whose program from the first has been guided by the desire to combine close attention to the intellectual and literary movements of the day, with absolute loyalty to the Church and the Holy See, the historic *Dublin Review*, as Newman called it, has begun a new era of prosperity and progress

Its circulation is increasing among English-speaking Catholics everywhere; and its influence on those outside the Church becoming more and more marked. It is almost a reproach to any club or reading-room not to be provided with the *Dublin*. Mr. B. Herder of St. Louis is the American Agent. Yearly subscription, free by mail, \$5.

—With the purpose of dispelling "a certain gloomy mist, darkening the minds of many, in regard to the adorable person of our Blessed Lord," Father Gallerani, S. J., wrote an excellent little treatise, which F. Loughnan has translated, and P. J. Kenedy & Sons have published, under the title "Jesus All Good." All through the different chapters, the author inculcates the necessity and congruity of our reposing in our Divine Lord that confidence, which consists in a loving and friendly intercourse, in which love dominates over hope. This extract from chapter xiv, on "The Tribulations of Life," will illustrate the direct and graphic style of the little volume:

And now I am going to propose to you an easy way by which you need have no more crosses in life: There are two beams that make the cross, one upright and the other across. Now, if you take the cross beam and lay it straight along the upright one, the cross has disappeared. Do in like manner with your own cross. The two beams that form it are the Divine Will, ever upright, and our human will, always across the Divine Will. But if we make this perverse will of ours lie straight along the Divine Will, then the two beams will be only one; the two wills will be but one single will,—namely, the blessed Will of God,—and the cross will have disappeared as if by magic.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Jesus All Good." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
 "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 2 vols. \$3.
 "Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
 "Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.

- "The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson \$1.50.
 "Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.
 "Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.
 "The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.
 "The Greek Fathers." Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
 "Four Square, or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.
 "The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.
 "The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.
 "The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.
 "The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.
 "The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.
 "The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.
 "Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.
 "Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.
 "Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.
 "A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.
 "Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.
 "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I. Lower California. \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Van Ness, of the diocese of Rochester; Rev. Charles Judge and Rev. Henry Chapins, SS.

Sister M. of the Holy Innocents, of the Religious of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Joseph Benk, Mrs. Mary Nelson, Master Thomas Owens, Mr. John Higgins, Mrs. R. B. Swift, Miss Henrietta Bryan, Mr. A. J. Bracken, Mrs. W. A. J. Sparks, Mr. P. F. Ryan, Miss S. Kibbey Kinsey, Irene M. Sheerin, Mr. William M. Bates, Mrs. Harry Wilson, Mr. Thomas J. Carley, Mrs. F. J. Shaffer, Mrs. Mary Flynn, Mr. Ferdinand Benz, Mr. Henry Rieseck, Mr. William Martin, Johanna Powers Martin, Mrs. Elizabeth Moeller, Mr. John Miller, Mrs. Denis Nugent, Mr. Joseph Weber, Miss Sarah Gannon, Mr. Edwin Bisch, Mr. Joseph Gillingering, also Mr. W. C. Kettle and family.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Angelus Bell.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

CAIM, calm is the twilight, the billows at rest,
The sea rocking gently the boats on her breast.
But hark! In the distance the sound of a bell—

Ave Maria!

Now, now at its summons, six dark heads are bent,
The voice of the chimes and the boatmen are
blent;

From the soul of the men and the soul of the
bell—

Ave Maria!

Tears, tears in mine eyes as I watch from the
strand

The dark heads uplifted, as each brawny hand
Sets the Sign of the Cross on the forehead. For aye
My heart shall remember the close of that day:
The still, rosy twilight, the ocean's soft swell,
The Portuguese fishers, the Angelus Bell—

Ave Maria!

Past and Present.

BY T. G. D.

“**N**OW splendid it must have been for those who lived in the Ages of Faith,—in the times when saints walked the earth!” How often one has heard words like these used by pious people. Once when I heard them from the pulpit, I could not help asking myself what particular period in the past nineteen centuries the speaker would select if he were compelled to be a little more precise. Personally, I do not mind confessing that

I am quite satisfied with the present; and the more I study the history of the past, the more I feel confirmed in this optimist opinion. We pray daily for the coming of God's Kingdom. Now, it is quite certain that never in the long past was it so widely extended as at the present moment. This surely is reason enough to thank God that our lot is cast in days that the men of future centuries will look back to as a time of marvellous growth, of intense and fruitful activity in the Church,—the period of some of her most wonderful triumphs.

One of the wisest and holiest men it has ever been my good fortune to know was a professor, who died not many years ago, after ruling a great diocese, where his name is held in loving veneration. He was gifted with a practical common-sense that made him heartily dislike vague oratorical phrases, and he was deeply versed in the Church's history. I remember how I was impressed by hearing him say that he would always protest against the comparison so often made between the past and present of the Church to the disadvantage of our own time. “We see now,” he said, “the results of centuries of progress. There have been temporary and local setbacks, but after such interruptions the next onward wave has gone farther than the last. So there has been a continuous growth of the Kingdom of God. His great work is not a failure. Those who talk of the Ages of Faith in earlier times being something greater and grander than our own, do not realize the nature of this continuous

growth, and do not recognize the manifest fact that we have the good fortune to live in times when, after the temporary setback of the disastrous eighteenth century, there is a most wonderful world-wide advance. The truth is that they do not know either past or present in its reality. I do not refer to this or that country, but to the Church as a whole, when I say that her progress in our own time is something like a miracle. The record of the nineteenth century is that of the conquests of God's Kingdom, the earnest of still greater things to come in the twentieth."

His words were addressed to a group of students, several of whom are now priests, and all of whom cherish his memory as that of a teacher whose personal character gave special weight to all he said. Often when listening to well-meant jeremiads on the evils of our day, I have wished that we had more teachers like him,—full of the same lively sense of the great things that God is doing in our own time through the ministry of His Church, and as openly confident as he always was that in the great battle of the "Two Standards" we are on the winning side.

Without for one moment depreciating the glories of the Church's past, I maintain that the serious study of history shows that the popular view of certain periods in that past is not wholly accurate, and is at times simply misleading. Hence come ill-judged depreciation of the present and discouragement as to the immediate future. Let me take some instances. Most of us English-speaking Catholics have drawn our first vivid impressions of the times of the early martyrs from the pages of Wiseman's "Fabiola." What a picture we have there of an age of heroic sanctity! Almost every Christian is eager for the supreme trial and triumph of martyrdom. They are saints, who think no more of facing the persecutors and dying for the Faith in the Forum or the Arena than a good soldier thinks of going under fire. Poor Torquatus breaks down

for a while, but atones for his fall by heroic penitence. It is a splendid, an inspiring picture.

But, historically, it is not quite true. There are too many lights, too few shadows, for reality. The persecutions were, as Lowell says of other crises in history,

God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly.

Those who had been faithful to grace bore the test; others fell away. On the day the edicts for the last great persecution were published (the persecution that Wiseman tells us of), there was at least one city where the public officials could not find incense enough for the faint-hearted Christians who trooped into the Forum, eager to save their lives and goods by offering prompt sacrifice to false gods. Martyrdom was God's crown for His chosen ones, who, having been faithful in little things, were given the opportunity and the grace to be faithful in the last supreme trial.

But even if all had been faithful, think how narrow were the limits of the Church's sway. All round the Mediterranean there were Christian communities. Beyond the frontiers of the Roman Empire, the Church had few disciples. By far the greater part of the Old World, more than half of Europe, four-fifths of Africa, the teeming millions of Eastern and Central Asia, were all sunk in darkness. The New World beyond the ocean was still unknown, undreamed of by the heralds of the Good Tidings.

Then let us go on to the first centuries after Constantine gave peace to the Church. The period opens with a challenge to the doctrine of Our Lord's divinity, flung out, not by a few obscure teachers, but by patriarchs and bishops of famous Sees. The first Christian Emperor was anything but an ideal protector of the Church. It seems fairly certain that he was baptized only on his deathbed, and then by an Arian bishop. The age of the Fathers had its dark shadow in the wide-

spread prevalence of the Arian heresy. The Kingdom grew through a series of storms that would have utterly wrecked any institution that was not upheld by the hand of God. Each of the great Councils was followed by a revolt of malcontent prelates. When the deluge of Mohammedan conquest poured over the Mediterranean lands and the near East, whole nations accepted the new order and the new creed, because their faith was already utterly sapped by heresy.

The Middle Ages are often spoken of as pre-eminently the "Age of Faith." Here, too, we are tempted to idealize, and lose sight of dark features of the time, that would horrify us if we saw them shadowing the present. One need only allude to the scandals of the tenth century. We think of the Crusaders as saintly warriors, whose good swords saved Europe from the domination of Islam; but, when we read the detailed story of the time, we find that few of them were like Godfrey or St. Louis. In Europe, the royal and imperial "protectors" of the Church were too often little better than tyrants. There was a splendid array of saintly figures; monasteries and cathedrals rose up, and the Christian schools had their great teachers; but the average standard of the Christian life was certainly not what it is now. Even St. Louis had to be content with three Communion in the year. In more than one life of a mediæval priest it is noted as something remarkable that he said Mass daily.

I do not for a moment lose sight of the fact that through all these periods there was growth and progress. But I point to the shadows in order to justify my statement that the panegyrists of the past are too ready to paint everything in colors of unbroken light. From the later mediæval period up to the early years of the nineteenth century, the shadows often deepened into widespread darkness. There was first the outburst of semi-paganism in the Renaissance; then the revolt of the Reformation; then

the reaction of Protestantism on the Church. For Jansenism was a Calvinist poison infecting many; and Gallicanism, and the parallel movements in other Catholic countries, were in their essence that nationalism in religion that produced the Established Church in England. The eighteenth century brought the flood of indifference and irreligion that culminated in the pagan aspects of the Revolution in Europe, and crippled the mission work of the Church by the wholesale destruction of the religious Orders.

But from the early years of the nineteenth century, amid the gloom of the Revolutionary wars, a new revival began. I often wish that some competent Catholic writer would tell the wonderful story of the progress of God's Kingdom on earth in the last hundred years. There is the marvellous extension of Catholicity in America; the new birth of the Church in France, its triumph in Germany; the Tractarian Movement in England, with all its results, not for England only but for all English-speaking peoples; the reorganization of the missions of the East under Gregory XVI.; the great work done by Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X.; the consolidation of the Church's organization, and the deepening of the spiritual life of her children. Look at the story of the Vatican Council. In the early centuries, after each Council faithless prelates all but tore the Church asunder and defied the Popes. In the great Council of the nineteenth century, not one of the assembled bishops was found faithless to the newly-defined dogmas; and the miserable failure of the misnamed "Old Catholic" movement in Germany and Switzerland, backed as it was by the most powerful statesman in Europe, served only to make more clearly evident the close-knit unity of the world-wide Church.

We see another proof of the vigor of Catholic life in the fact that, in the last sixty years, more new episcopal Sees have been erected than in the six hundred

years before the accession of Pius IX. And the same comparison could safely be made of the erection of new altars and sanctuaries; and, as Cardinal Manning used to say, wherever an altar is set up, a congregation soon grows up around it. Then there have been the numerous foundations of new religious Orders of men and women, side by side with the vigorous life of the older institutes. The local suppressions of convents and monasteries have resulted only in sending numerous communities to labor in other lands.

Catholics are often strangely ignorant of what is being done in the mission field. Few realize that during the pontificate of Pius IX., Corea reproduced in the nineteenth century the heroism of the early martyrs; and the Christians of Japan were "rediscovered," and the remnant that had kept the Faith, though left without priests and subject to persecuting edicts for three centuries, became the nucleus of the revived Church of the Island Empire. During the last three pontificates, the missions have been extended into the heart of Asia and Africa, and each year their converts are numbered by tens of thousands. In our days the prophecy of Malachias has at last its literal fulfilment.* The Holy Sacrifice is offered all over the world. There is not a moment of the day or the night but somewhere in East or West it is morning, and priests stand at the altar.

And with this widespread extension there has come intensification of Catholic life. We have a proof of it in the ever-deepening devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the most recent development being the decree of Pius X. that makes access to daily Communion, not the privilege of a few saintly souls, but the right of every Catholic who lives

in a state of grace. That the Holy Father should have taken this step shows how great the progress of what I may call the average good Catholic life has been since the days when St. Louis had to be content with Holy Communion at Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas.

For the moment the trials of the Church in France appear to many to be a proof that we have fallen on evil times. But the truth is that the French Church has escaped from bondage, and is at last free to reap the full results of the hundred years of devoted labor that has slowly built it up again after the ruin of the Revolution, when the churches had been closed for more than ten years, and half the land had fallen almost into paganism. Lourdes, with its astounding series of miracles, is there as a proof that God's hand is ready to help France through a trial that will be for her what the Bismarckian persecution was for Germany, the herald of days of triumph.

I think enough has been said to show that ours is a time when we should rejoice in the mercies that God is showing to His Church. She may well make her own the words of the *Magnificat* and glorify her Lord; "for He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name; and His mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear Him." The spirit of grateful joy in God's mercies in our day would do much to give us the courage and zeal that would strengthen our own spiritual life. It needs heroism to be constant in defeat; but even the laggard feels ashamed to be idle or to hang back when he finds himself in a great army that is moving on from conquest to conquest. This is why, while not closing our eyes to the fact that there are so many local and individual failures and weaknesses, it is well to look sometimes at the wider field of Heaven-given success; and not to undervalue the great things of the present and their earnest of the future, through mistaken comparisons with the glories of the historic past.

* From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation; for My name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of hosts. (Mal., i, 11.)

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IX.

THE beautiful day had mellowed to a golden afternoon—one of those perfect October afternoons when the earth seems transformed into a magical world of burning color—when Desmond found himself whirling along the road from Hillcrest to Kingsford in the motor car of his newly discovered kinsman, who, learning after lunch that he intended going into town, insisted upon having the pleasure of taking him there.

Desmond, on his part, had no objection. He was modern enough to like the swift motion, the sense of power, in the car which, in its ugliness, its utility, and its capability of ruthless action, typifies the spirit of modernity more thoroughly than any other invention of the time. He was, besides, not averse to seeing more of one who struck him as being as much a product of new conditions as the machine he drove. Certainly there was nothing even remotely suggestive of the old South, with its high ideals, its dignity and repose, in the alert young man, with his outspoken materialism, his admiration of "progress," and veiled but unmistakable contempt for all the standards of the past.

"Yes, it's a pretty country," he temperately remarked, in answer to some expression of admiration from his companion; "and a fine estate, though poorly managed. I hope you'll make a change in the last respect when it comes into your hands."

To this Desmond replied that he trusted it would be a long time before it came into his hands, and further pointed out that, even when it did so, his power to make changes would be very limited.

"You are mistaken about that," Selwyn answered. "You will probably have power to do whatever you like, short of

alienating any of the property. I have made inquiries; for, you see, there was a chance—in case anything happened to you—that I might be inheritor. I'm the next of kin after yourself; and, although the Judge dislikes me, I was pretty sure he wouldn't disregard the injunctions of the Trust about selecting an heir."

Desmond reflected that it was not his place to tell him how sure he might be of this, and merely remarked that he had come very near finding himself the next of kin without any one intervening.

"If my Pullman had gone over in the wreck yesterday, as it was perilously close upon doing, the way might have been cleared for you," he added.

"I'm extremely glad that it wasn't," Bobby handsomely assured him,—"glad not only for your personal escape, and to have the pleasure of knowing you, but glad also to be spared an embarrassing position. If the Judge had been obliged to leave the estate to me, he would have bound it up in every possible way that the law permits, and I'd have no more liberty when it came to me than a legal infant. That wouldn't suit me at all. I'm a keen business man—everyone will tell you that,—and I don't want to handle anything that I can't make the most of, from a business point of view. So you may feel quite certain that I'm not envying your position as the Wargrave heir; and I'm honestly delighted that you seem so well fitted to please the old Judge, who isn't easy to please, I can tell you."

Desmond laughed, remembering the expressively caustic glances with which Judge Wargrave had regarded the speaker during their brief interview.

"I sincerely hope that I shall please him," he said. "But I can't forget that I am necessarily an unknown quantity to him; and it is perhaps fortunate that I may not be here very long, since points of difference might possibly arise between us."

Selwyn flashed a round-eyed stare at him.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked. "Aren't you going to stay, and take up the duties of heir apparent? I know that is what the Judge expects."

"I hope not," Desmond answered,—"I mean I hope that he doesn't expect anything of the kind; for, if so, I shall have to disappoint him. I have no intention of giving up my profession at the present time, and I am here only on a visit."

"Why, that's really too bad!" Selwyn exclaimed,—but Desmond's quick ear detected something of relief in the voice. "The Judge will be awfully disappointed, I'm confident. And we all hoped you were coming to remain. I can imagine, however, that it might readily seem a trifle dull to you here, after the life you've lived. You are a newspaper man, aren't you?"

"I am one of the stormy petrels who are sent wherever trouble is brewing," Desmond told him. "In times of war we are called war correspondents; at other times we are ordinary correspondents of the papers with which we are connected. I was in the Balkans, studying conditions when my uncle's summons reached me."

"Oh, I see!" Bobby's tone was rather vague,—perhaps because he was conscious of a large ignorance regarding conditions in the Balkans, or perhaps because he had just narrowly missed collision with a wagon, the driver of which scowled at him with the animosity which the motorist is accustomed to inspiring, and apparently finds a source of keen enjoyment. "Here we are in Kingsford!" he remarked. They were, in fact, whirling into the town, without any lessening of speed in consideration for the traffic of the streets. "Can I take you to any place in particular, or will you come immediately home with me? My mother will be delighted to see you."

"I shall be very glad to call on her a little later," Desmond replied; "but just now I will ask you to be good enough to set me down at the Catholic church."

"At the—er—" Selwyn's stare this time was wide indeed.

"Catholic church," Desmond quietly repeated. "There must be one, since there is a resident priest here."

"Oh, yes, there's a Catholic church, and a priest too!" Selwyn said. "I was only a little surprised; but now I remember. You're a Romanist yourself, aren't you?"

"I'm a Catholic, yes."

"Beg pardon! The other name slipped out. By George!"—the speaker ruminated,—"that's a point that won't please the Judge."

"No," Desmond agreed, "it doesn't please him at all; but he is kind enough to overlook what he knows can not be changed. Is this the church?"

The question was natural, since they had drawn up before a building which, but for the cross over it, might have been taken for a factory, with its plain red brick walls and utter absence of any architectural pretension.

"This is it," Selwyn answered. "And there's the priest's residence next door. Well, shall I wait for you, or where can I meet you? I want to take you back to Hillcrest, you know."

"Oh, thanks! You are very kind," Desmond responded. "But Edith said she would be driving in later, and I will return with her. As soon as I have paid a short visit to Father—what is his name?"

"Martin, I believe."

"To Father Martin, then,—I will meet you at your own house, where I wish to call on your mother."

"Better let me come for you. It's a long way from here to our house. Won't half an hour be enough for your visit? All right," as Desmond nodded assent; "I'll be back in that time."

The car whizzed away, and the young man left standing on the pavement, after regarding for an instant, with an expression of extreme disapproval, the hideous erection before him, moved forward and entered its open door. However much his æsthetic taste revolted from this

manner of housing the Presence that dwells in Catholic sanctuaries, he knew too well what that Presence was to fail in paying his first visit there. And if failure had been possible under other circumstances—for faith is one thing, and fervor another,—it was not possible in the light of that delayed duty of thanks of which he had spoken to Edith Creighton.

Fervor being considerably less than faith, however, it was not a very long time before he was ringing the bell of the priest's residence. The door was opened by the same tall, spare man, now wearing a cassock, whom he had met at the railway wreck. Recognition was mutual, and Father Martin cordially put out his hand.

"I am very glad to see you again," he said. "I have been regretting that we parted without my learning your name."

Desmond mentioned his name; and when, in response to hospitable invitation, he followed the priest into a pleasant, book-lined study, and sat down, he was struck by something unusual in the personality facing him. It was not only that the sacerdotal stamp was so strongly set on it—that stamp which attracts a Catholic as much as it offends and repels in its aloofness those outside the Church,—but there was an expression at once keen and reserved—the expression of one who observes shrewdly and speaks little—in the deep-set eyes and on the high-featured, thin-lipped countenance. Those eyes now plainly asked, "What can I do for you?" and Desmond made no delay in stating his business.

"I have come, Father," he said, "to ask you to say a few Masses for my intention; and I would also like you to say one or two for the repose of the soul of the man—I don't know his name—who died just after you reached him at the railway wreck yesterday."

"Yes." The priest elevated his brows slightly, as he glanced at the numeral on the bill handed him. "You want all of this applied in Masses?" he inquired.

"If you please," Desmond replied. "I feel," he explained, "that I owe something more in the way of thanks for my escape from injury or death than my own poor words can express; and it's a great thing to have a religion which offers one a complete mode of expression."

A smile curved the priest's thin lips.

"It's a convenient thing occasionally," he remarked. "But I don't suppose you altogether neglect the duty of personal expression, however poor in form it may be. Your thought of the Requiem Masses," he added, "is very kind and charitable. The man's name, by the way, was Tracy. You didn't know anything about him, then?"

"Nothing in the world, except that he asked for a priest, and so was clearly a Catholic."

"And he owed to you the chance to reconcile himself with God before he died,—I heard that later. Well, he got his absolution; and we'll hope it was effective, as he had the intention, at least, to repair whatever wrong he had committed against others."

"It was most unfortunate his failure to mention an essential name," said Desmond. "I couldn't help hearing as much as that, you know."

"Of course not. It was indeed unfortunate, since it renders the reparation he desired to make impossible."

"I have been wondering a little about the matter," Desmond said,—"especially as I lay awake last night; for my nerves were out of order, I suppose, and I found it difficult to sleep. Every time I closed my eyes I waked with a start, to see all the horrors of the wreck before me again, to hear the cries—" he broke off, shuddering slightly. "It was partly to distract my mind by thinking of something not wholly horrible," he went on, "that I fell to reflecting upon the man of whom we speak, and the wonderful expression that came into his face when he saw you. He may have been a poor Catholic, and he was certainly a careless

one; for he didn't know even as much as *I* do about some things—how to make an act of contrition, for example,—but I wish I could hope that I had half as much living faith as he showed then.”

“It is likely,” observed Father Martin, who found the simplicity and frankness of this young man very attractive, “that if you were placed in his position, you would discover that you did have it.”

“I’m afraid not,—at least not in such a degree,” Desmond answered. “But to return to my point. I began to wonder about his confession, the desire to make reparation for some wrong, the name unintentionally omitted; and it occurred to me that I would ask you if there is no way of finding out what he meant—of supplying the name,—and so accomplishing what he desired?”

The priest shook his head slowly.

“But he begged you to tell something—to make reparation to some one!” Desmond urged. “Even before you came, he had spoken of a wrong that was on his conscience. It seems to me that if we could help him in this way, now that he is no longer able to help himself, it would be the greatest charity one could do for him.”

“It would be a great charity, and most desirable in every way,” Father Martin admitted. “But I don’t see—however, I will think of it further, and consult the bishop. Meanwhile there is no harm in making a few discreet inquiries about his life. Here is all I have been able to learn concerning him.” He turned in his chair, took up a notebook from the desk beside which he sat, and glanced at an entry. “‘James L. Tracy,’” he read, “‘travelling salesman for an importing house of wines and liquors in New York.’ This is what the letters and papers in his pockets showed him to be. There was, it seems, no personal data of any kind. The house has been communicated with; but if they can give no information about his family or friends, his body will be buried here. I

may add”—he glanced up from the book—“that I said Mass this morning for the repose of his soul, and this sums up all that is known about him at present.”

“I will try to find out something more,” Desmond said, with an air of determination. “I can not forget how anxious he seemed that this thing, whatever it was, should be done. He told us—the nurse and myself—before you came, that he wasn’t thinking only of absolution for himself, but that there was a wrong on his conscience that he must set right before he died. I can hear his voice now as he said: ‘I can’t face God with *that* on my soul.’” There was a brief pause, and then, “Don’t think me fanciful, Father,” the speaker went on, in a lower tone; “but all last night I had a feeling as if he were in some way influencing, appealing to me. It may have been only my vivid recollection of what he really did say, of his earnestness, his urgency; but it seemed to me as if he were saying again, from some vague, remote region—I’m expressing myself very badly, but perhaps you’ll understand what I mean,—‘You helped me before; help me again, who can no longer help myself.’”

The voice dropped; but, despite the hesitation and evident difficulty with which the words had been uttered, the sincerity and feeling behind them were evident to the priest. He had certainly not expected to find as much perception of spiritual things as they implied in this young man, on whom the habitudes and marks of a world which recognizes nothing spiritual sat so lightly and easily; but he was too wise, in his experience of matters which relate to the mysterious soul of man, to be incredulous.

“It is possible,” he said, “that God may have permitted you to be influenced by, or on behalf of, the poor soul; or it may be only a charitable impulse of your own soul. But in either case you can’t go wrong in trying to help him in the manner indicated,—that is, by finding out something which would open the way

for the reparation he desired to make."

"You can't give me any clue to work on?" asked Desmond.

The priest shook his head again, smiling a little.

"*Non possumus*," he said. "Besides, even if I were at liberty to speak, I don't think I could give such a clue. It was all very vague—what he said,—as is generally the case near death. Often one hardly knows what one has or has not heard; and one gives absolution at last with only a great hope in the mercy of God. But if you can learn anything that might throw light on the confession, I shall be very glad to be informed of it. You are staying in Kingsford?"

"For the present," Desmond answered. "I am a stranger myself, but I have relatives here, some of whom you may know. Judge Wargrave is my uncle."

"Oh, Judge Wargrave!" Father Martin's glance spoke his surprise. "Everyone in Kingsford knows Judge Wargrave and esteems him highly. In fact, Kingsford is very proud of him—there are few such representatives of the old social order left,—and there was general deep regret at his late illness. We are all glad to learn that he is better, and—are *you* the nephew of whose expected arrival we have heard so much?" he broke off with a flash of sudden illumination.

"I was not aware that much had been said of me," Desmond replied; "but I am no doubt the person to whom you allude, since I am Judge Wargrave's only nephew."

"And the heir of the Wargrave Trust!" Father Martin considered him now with a regard that was frankly curious. "Yes, of course everybody has heard of that. But how does it come about that you are a Catholic?"

"Doesn't my name tell you?" Desmond asked. "My father was an Irishman."

"Ah, if you knew the number of Irish names scattered over this country, borne by those whose parents sold their Faith for a mess of worldly pottage, you would

not think that told much!" the priest rejoined, a little bitterly. "But I congratulate you on having had a father of a different mettle, and I am very glad to welcome you to Kingsford, Mr. Desmond."

"I shall not probably be here very long," Desmond began, when a sudden "honk! honk!" made him rise with a quick "Pardon!" and glance out of the window. Yes, Selwyn and his car were awaiting him; so, bidding the priest good-day, and promising to report anything that he was able to learn about the dead man in whom they were both interested, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)

To a Young Poet.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THERE are two portals set before thy heart,
O poet yet uncrowned!

One reared in radiant noon, the other bound
In rust and glooms apart.

Round one, with sway of civic chant and chime,
Wind throngs of youths and maids,

With garlands through the soaring colonnades
In Druid rite sublime;

The lictors pass; the harvest hymns are sung;
High flame the hero pyres;

While hands prophetic sweep the sacred lyres
Of hope forever young.

But where the other postern lurks below
Amid the briar and weed,

White bones lay strewn and venomous monsters
feed

Beneath the marshlamp's glow.

There stealthy murmurs—cheeks like snow-
drift—call

Thy fevered senses out,—
Far pulse of dancing feet and satyr shout,—
Vague breasts that heave and fall.

There madness waits,—O heart, thy mission own
Among the sons of day!

Forth with the throngs upon the sunlit way,—
Walk not the fens alone!

"The House of Molaga."

BY CORNELIUS DORGAN.

TOWARD the close of the sixth century there was born, on the confines of the counties of Cork and Limerick, one who was destined to be raised to the dignity of the Altar, and whose name and fame as a missionary were to endure for all time. At the present day in his native place, Kildowery, a holy well, considerable monastic ruins, and other ecclesiastical vestiges, attest the piety of St. Molaga, and the veneration in which his memory is still held by the peasantry; while the thriving market town of Timoleague, on the south coast of Cork county, in the diocese of Ross, derives its name from him — *Teach Molaga* ("The House of Molaga"), from the fact that the saint built a cell or founded a monastery there, the site of which is occupied by the ruins of the historic abbey which forms the theme of this article.

The holy man in those far-off times did not, however, confine his pious labors solely to his own Province. Inspired by the missionary zeal, he yearned for and sought other and new fields of Christian conquest. So, quitting his southern home, he travelled northward. Traversing the Midlands, he ultimately arrived in Ulster. Here he tarried; but in Ulster, as elsewhere throughout the other Provinces, he found the Faith which Patrick had, comparatively, so recently planted wondrously flourishing, the saving truths which the great Apostle had inspiringly taught bearing goodly fruition; and already the laborers were many and sufficient. Other scenes, too, seemed to invite his presence, other people to cry to him for succor from the spiritual bondage which enthralled them. Accordingly, this intrepid soldier of the Cross—a grand, heroic figure, assuredly—passed over to Scotland.

Athirst for the redemption of souls,

Molaga knew not aught of fear, committing himself unreservedly into the hands of the one true God, in whose name he came to dethrone the demon of gross error and superstition in the hearts and from the altars of the pagan race. And he—this solitary missionary, one of the innumerable bands of Irish Christian pioneers—preached the sublime doctrine of the God made Man, of the crucified and risen Christ, with convincing testimony of his divinely appointed apostolate, before the Druidical priests and bardic minstrels, and in the sight and hearing of the assembled multitudes. Thus, discoursing, with luminous power and effect, Molaga traversed Scotland, and then passed into Wales.

The people of the ancient Cymri were also enslaved by the yoke of pagan worship; and Molaga came among them, with indomitable zeal and courage, to dispel the terrors of the nightmare spiritually oppressing and debasing them. He preached the love and mercy of the one true God, and the wickedness of a plurality of false deities; and showed, by the example of his own life, something of the simplicity, beauty, and truth of the religion whose doctrines he so zealously labored to propagate. His life was a sacrifice of labor and of love. He went up and down the country, through the highways and byways, refuting, instructing, exhorting, converting, till finally, feeling his mission accomplished in the lands of the stranger, he returned to his own country.

At this far-off period, St. Fachnan ruled episcopally in the See of Ross. According to Colgan, St. Fachnan had been abbot of Molana, a monastery on the Blackwater, near Youghal. As many as twenty-seven prelates of the same family ruled successively in the See of Ross after the saint's death,—a fact brought forward by some writers as a proof that the ancient Irish clergy married; not knowing that, among the ancient Irish, all professions and employments were generally hereditary or confined to certain families, so that

the monopoly of a mitre, any more than the wearing of a cassock, or a broadsword by members of the same tribe or clan, by no means implied a succession from father to son. St. Fachnan was a contemporary of St. Fin Barr, and the school of Rossailthis ("The Wood of the Pilgrims") was almost as celebrated as that of Cork.

Archbishop Usheir, in his "Primordia," quotes a passage from the Life of St. Mocomoge which highly eulogizes the school of Ross, and mentions the city that had grown up there through the great influx of scholars from all parts. In the ancient "Book of Leinster," there is preserved in Irish a venerable treatise entitled the "Geography of Rossailthis," written about the tenth century by an author named MacCossa. It is a remarkable work, describing, as it minutely does, the author's knowledge of the then known world: its products, peoples, climates, and territorial divisions. It enumerates the different countries, with their boundaries; and contains a wealth of other information, astonishing for so remote an age.

But the ancient glories of Ross are little better than a name; a narrow, shapeless pile, and a waning tradition, are all that remain to tell of its one-time learned splendor. Even the name of Fachnan, with its long line—twenty-seven prelates of the same clan and kindred ruling successively over the ancient diocese,—is quite forgotten save by the student of ecclesiastical history. Not so, however, that of Molaga,—the simple, humble missionary, who, building his cell in an obscure corner a few miles removed from the cathedral town of Rossailthis, laid the foundation of what in time, by a process of progression, became, in the words of Father Mooney—a Franciscan friar, who had been a soldier with O'Neill at the battle of the Yellow Ford, and who, as Provincial, visited the various houses of the Order,—“one of the noblest houses of the [Franciscan] Order in Ireland”; and beside which grew and vigorously

flourishes to-day a town which perpetuates the name and sanctity of Molaga,—Teach Molaga; Anglicized, Timoleague.

Timoleague was mentioned in Papal documents of the years 1199 and 1291, and had certain privileges and customs granted to it by Kings Edward I. and II.,—when brute force and alien domination had usurped the place of right. The abbey, according to the "Four Masters," was founded for Franciscan friars by MacCarthy Reagh, in 1240. The MacCarthy sept were indifferently styled Kings of Desmond and Cork, and Barons of Blarney and Carberry. The ancestor of this once powerful family was Eogan More, son of Oliolum Ollum, a celebrated chieftain, who exercised a sovereign sway in Munster in the second century. Like most, indeed all, other Irish septs, the MacCarthys were generous patrons of learning, while their religious munificence is attested by the storied ruins of many a venerable fane and monastery, notably the venerable pile which, raised on the site of his cell, was dedicated to St. Molaga.

The abbey is still in a remarkably good state of preservation, and is crowned by a handsome Gothic tower, standing about seventy feet in height, and dividing the nave from the choir. Here, amid all that was elevating, inspiring, spiritually ennobling, the friars, for two hundred and fifty years, regulating their lives in accordance with the rules and spirit of their Order, pursued undisturbed their life of penance, prayer, and helpfulness. They were unmolested, singular to relate, even during the gory reigns of Henry and Elizabeth; in fact, a provincial chapter was held there in the early part of the latter's reign. But troubled times were near at hand,—times of ruthless oppression, licensed and unlicensed spoliation, sacrilege, massacre, and extermination; and the House of Molaga shared the fate of all that was Catholic and national throughout the land. The abbey and abbey lands were seized and leased; Lord

Inchiquin, the infamous Murrough of the Burnings, was granted the lands, which consisted of only four and a half acres; and to Trinity College, Dublin, were given the tithes.

All Ross was up in arms now, fighting, alas! a lost cause against the common and hereditary enemy. The redoubtable O'Neill had come south, and joined forces with the local chieftains — O'Sullivans Beare, MacCarthys, O'Driscolls, O'Learys, and the rest who risked, and subsequently sacrificed, their all for the maintenance of religion and national principles. The fate and fortune of English dominion in the south were at stake, and every species of barbarity was allowed, and was practised, by the British soldiery in order to assert the mastery.

Nor, sooth to say, was the abbey of Timoleague, dear to the memory of St. Molaga, spared in the ruin and riot of indiscriminate destruction. The abbey was broken into by a company of English soldiers, who smashed the stained-glass windows, wrecked the altars, and otherwise polluted and desecrated the sacred edifice. But the impious wreckers counted without their host. The very next day, on their departure after completing their execrable work, they were intercepted by Donal O'Sullivan Beare, with his gallows-glasses, and cut to pieces.

The abbey was now (1601) one of the outposts of the scene of battles fiercely raging at Kinsale, a few miles to the southeast. Don Juan de Aquila, "Generall of the armie to Philip, King of Spaine," with a force of 3000 men, aided by O'Neill and his veterans from Ulster, and by most of the local chieftains, was besieged, but kept at bay for two months the English army, with its inexhaustible resources in men and money, under Mountjoy and Carew. Yet amid all the tumult and carnage, the venerable edifice seems to have suffered little; not only then, but during the intervening six years, when, in 1608, Father Mooney found it standing in every part; though it should have been

pointed out that, on the death of Elizabeth, the friars had taken possession, and, obviously, put the House of Molaga in order, repairing and restoring what had been dismantled and overthrown.

The friars were left unmolested for a time. Catholic worship was resumed, the Holy Sacrifice was again offered on the altars so recently desecrated, and the chant of the assembled choristers rose in unison with the devotional aspirations of the kneeling worshippers. An era of tranquillity, it appeared, had opened for the religious of the Abbey of St. Molaga. But it was only as the lull in the storm. In the final effort for freedom of country and Catholic worship, in 1641, and the brief period succeeding the beginning of hostilities in south Munster, the abbey was burned down by the English under Lord Forbes. With the burning of the abbey and the complete overthrow, in the great national upheaval of that year, of the local chieftains, who had always defended it as a sacred duty, the ancient fane may be said to have been no longer used as a place of public worship. But though it ceased to be a place where the living assembled in public worship, still they were not to be denied its hallowed precincts in death. Henceforward the abbey was used as a place of burial.

In the northwestern angle of the cloister there lies buried the most distinguished, whether ecclesiastical or lay, of all the silent tenants of this celebrated valhalla. It is Dr. Owen MacEgan, who, appointed by Pope Clement VIII. Vicar Apostolic of the diocese of Ross, took a leading part in the war of 1601 and 1602. Those were stirring and stormy times; and the newly created prelate, to rule the destinies of the See which was the theatre of the warring elements engaged in deadly strife, was a man of indomitable will and martial spirit. On his way from Rome he visited the court of Spain, and supported O'Neill's and O'Donnell's appeal, to Philip II. for help. Pursuing his homeward journey, he landed from a Spanish ship

of war in Kenmare Bay as the siege of Dunboy Castle was about to begin.

This warlike prelate brought with him £12,000 in gold, besides arms and ammunition, which he quickly distributed. Nor did his unflagging spirit waver when Dunboy was captured and its garrison put to the sword; but rather did he urge the Carberry chieftains to greater effort, unequal though the struggle was. Neither did he abate, till his death, one jot of his' opposition to the enemy. Owen MacEgan fell while leading his countrymen in person, as ready to ply the sword as to hold aloft the sign of our Redemption against the common enemy.

It is peculiarly pleasing to be able to record that the cause of the beatification of Dr. MacEgan, as virtuous as he was valorous, is now before Rome; together with the equally gratifying fact that the cause of the beatification of two other bishops of Ross is also at present under consideration at the Vatican. These are Dr. Thomas O'Herlihy and Dr. Bœtius O'Egan. Dr. O'Herlihy was one of the three Irish prelates (Ross, Raphoe, and Achonry) who attended the Council of Trent; for which he was declared a rebel and outlawed; and, having been seized, was consigned to the Tower of London, where he spent three and a half years in close confinement. His venerated remains were interred in 1579, in the south transept of Kilcrea Abbey. This abbey, nine miles from the city of Cork, was dedicated to St. Brigid as a Franciscan friary, and was founded in 1465, on the ruins of the nunnery of St. Cyra, dating from the seventh century, by Cormac MacCarthy-Laidies, Lord of Muskerry, who lies buried in the choir, and who was a direct descendant of the founder of the other Franciscan abbey raised on the site of St. Molaga's cell. A fragment of a large tombstone, adorned with a floriated cross, marks Dr. O'Herlihy's grave.

Dr. Bœtius O'Egan, who, it is to be hoped, may soon be canonically numbered among the elect, had assembled under

him, May, 1650, in Macroom, twenty-four miles from Cork, a force of 4000 foot and 300 horse, with the object of relieving Clonmel, then hardly pressed by Cromwell. He had not yet set out when Lord Broghill, with 2000 horse and 1600 foot, of the Parliamentary army, rode in sight. A general action then ensued, with disastrous results; for the Irish were routed and the Bishop taken prisoner. A few days afterward the Irish were besieged in Carrigadrohid Castle, to-day a picturesque ruin, like the celebrated Mause-Thurm on the Rhine, and standing on a steep rock in the midst of the River Lee, some seven miles east of Macroom.

Broghill, with his dauntless Roundheads, was directing operation with a view to dislodge the defenders, who stoutly and stubbornly resisted the attack. So successfully, indeed, did the besieged garrison defend their position that Broghill, despairing of force, sought to attain his object by gentler methods. With him he held in bonds his illustrious captive of a few days before—the soldier-prelate Dr. O'Egan. To him Broghill now promised freedom, unconditional pardon, if he would use his all-powerful influence with the besieged garrison to surrender. For answer the Bishop desired to be brought before the castle; but, instead of exhorting the defenders to capitulate, as was sanguinely expected of him by his captors, he urged them, with all the ardor and eloquence of his soul, the daring of his unconquerable spirit, and the inspiration of his personality, never to lay down their arms save with their lives. The result was only what must have been expected from such an enemy by the heroic prelate himself. He was straightway hanged before the eyes of his faithful people—the horrified besieged garrison.

The ecclesiastical ruins of Ireland are the records of the most heroic virtues perpetuated, so to speak, in stone; and those of the House of Molaga, assuredly, are not the least inspiring and instructive.

The Romance of the Flowers.

I.

AFTER a six months' visit with relatives in the East, Margaret Ellis was returning to her home in one of our most enterprising Western towns. Old schoolmates in Chicago and Indianapolis had persuaded her to spend a few weeks with them on her way; and, being thus delayed in reaching her destination, she found herself more and more eager to join the fond father and devoted brother awaiting her return.

As Margaret sat looking out upon mile after mile of fresh meadows, rich fields, and fruitful orchards, each seeming to vie with the other in giving to the land a richer shade of green, and in softening the deeper, glowing tints of the western sky, her heart welled with a deep sense of gratitude and reverence toward the Giver of all.

For the past few years Margaret's mind had been so occupied with thoughts of society and worldly pleasures that she found a new delight and amusement in going back in fancy to the happy summer vacations when she and her brother Ralph, exulting in the freedom of a few months in the country, left no nook in meadow or woods unexplored; for each held in store an unlimited source of fresh wonders, only awaiting their discovery. But the dear old grandparents who had so petted them, and the sweet mother under whose wise guidance they had derived so much knowledge in those days, had gone to their reward, and the old homestead was in the hands of strangers.

Could the present associates of the young girl have read her thoughts on this evening, they would have been surprised to find her so in touch and sympathy with a class of people whose mode of living and environments caused them to have so little in common with their fellow-beings of the city. For, in spite of her higher education and extensive travels,

her heart went out to the barefooted little urchins waving their sunburned hands so frantically at the passengers; and to the sturdy, earnest farmers pausing a moment in their various occupations to see the train glide swiftly through the fields made fruitful by their efforts and toil.

Margaret was aroused from her reverie by the call of "Carlisle station"; and, turning in her seat to watch the coming and going of the occupants of the car, her attention was drawn to a sweet-faced, elderly lady, whose manner at once indicated that she was an inexperienced traveller. Somehow, the kind, gentle face under the quaint little black bonnet impressed the girl strongly, and she could not but feel how well this motherly-looking person fitted in with her line of thought. In fact, so interested was Margaret that she at once offered to share her seat with the stranger,—an unnecessary courtesy on her part, there being several unoccupied seats about her, which no doubt the old lady felt would serve her better, giving her ample space for her numerous bundles. But something in the bright young face of the girl pleased her, and she accepted the seat with a quiet "Thank you, my dear! You are very kind."

Before the stranger had time to arrange her bundles comfortably on her lap, Margaret arose to assist her, hanging up her umbrella, and carefully placing the packages in systematic order as directed. Both were silent a short time; for both were good readers of human nature, and found in each other something of interest and pleasure. But, glancing out of the window again on the twilight shadows growing deeper, and fast hiding from view the scene that had so enchanted her, the young girl turned to her companion and told of the many pleasant memories brought to her mind by the beauty of the surroundings.

"I am sorry it is growing dark," she began. "I have been so interested in everything through which we have been passing: the farms, the wheat-fields, the

white houses embowered in trees, the smoke rising from the chimneys. It is beautiful. Don't you think so?"

"You live in the country, then?" inquired her listener. "I would not have thought it."

"No," was the smiling reply, "I have never really lived in the country: my home is in the city. But I used to spend my vacations with my grandmother and grandfather, and I have always loved country life."

The old lady glanced, with a little sigh, at the fashionable attire of her companion.

"When I was a young girl," she said, "country life was different. Everything was very simple. And yet I can understand how, even with everything changed and modernized, a young girl like you might welcome some slight return to the simplicity of country ways, as apart from the rush and luxury of the city."

Margaret laughed. "Oh, you are altogether mistaken!" she said. "It is real, genuine, old-fashioned country life that I remember with such pleasure and longing. My grandfather was a farmer, my mother taught the village school. A young engineer who came that way saw her and fell in love with her. They were quite poor at the beginning; but, later, success came to him; and though my mother had everything that her heart could desire, her thoughts always turned with the greatest affection to the old farm. And I think I must have inherited that affection."

"Is your mother living?" asked the old lady.

"No: she died ten years ago, when I was twelve. But I have such a good, kind father; he has tried in every way possible to take her place. I am afraid he has spoiled me."

"I do not believe it would be easy to do that, my dear," rejoined her companion. "It is pleasant to meet such a fresh, unspoiled nature in such—such a fashionable—"

Margaret interrupted her with a deprecatory gesture of the hand.

"Fashionable!" she repeated. "I hate the word."

"Well, I hope you will forgive me. I did not mean to offend you."

"And you have not offended me in the least," replied the girl, quickly. "I am a worldling, I know, and suppose I must look like one; but I believe I was born to lead the simple life. Circumstances have made me—what you see."

She laughed again, and the old lady said:

"And a very pleasant and pretty picture it is. I did so dread this journey, though it will last only two hours. I have not been to the city for twelve years."

"How strange!" responded Margaret. "Have you no friends there?"

"I have one—my only son. He comes home for a few weeks in the autumn. I have never been to visit him before since he went to the city to live. But I suddenly took a notion to go to see him. I couldn't resist, and here I am on my way."

"Married, I suppose?"

"No, he is not married—yet. But from his letters lately, I have begun to think that he is interested in some one. It has worried me a little; for, much as I should like to see him settled in a home of his own, a great deal depends upon a proper choice. Don't you think so, my dear?"

"Of course I do. Everything depends upon that."

"He is such a good boy, it would be a dreadful thing if he did not get the right kind of a wife. You don't mind my talking about him, do you?"

"On the contrary, I am anxious to hear all that you may choose to tell me about him," said Margaret, feeling that the mother could have no greater pleasure than the recital of her son's virtues, whether they existed in reality or only in her own imagination.

"There never was a better boy," continued the mother. "When his father died, there was a mortgage on our little

farm and we were very poor. I was a plain country girl, but my husband had been an architect. He worked too hard, and the doctors had told him that outdoor life was the only chance for him. So we came down to Greenfield and bought the farm from my uncle, a man well-to-do, but miserly,—a man who would exact the last farthing. The change prolonged Robert's life for a few years, but he had to go at last. My boy worked after school hours and in vacation, and I sewed and went out nursing till that mortgage was lifted."

"How much was it?" asked Margaret.

"Four hundred dollars."

"Four hundred dollars!" echoed the girl.

"Yes; it seems a good deal of money, but we paid it at last," rejoined the old lady, simply; unaware that the girl beside her had been thinking how small it appeared,—not more than her father had often paid for some garment or trinket she admired.

"When my boy was free at last," resumed her companion, "he let me know for the first time that he intended to go to the city. For the last two years he had studied evenings, and in the daytime was working in the general store at Carlisle, where our home is. We live a mile or so outside of the village—or small town, I suppose you might call it. One of the drummers that came for orders noticed him and made friends with him. And the end of it was that he went to the city, where he has had a fine position for five years now. He writes regularly, and sends me more money than I really need. I have more than three hundred dollars put by."

"Three hundred dollars!" repeated Margaret, as before. She was beginning to understand values.

"Yes; that has often been enough to buy a partnership in some little business, or it would be a good partial payment on a cottage, or it would furnish one beautifully for a young couple."

"Do you live alone?" asked Margaret, after a slight pause.

"No: I have an old cousin who has lived with us all my life. She is very good, and we get on nicely. I have a fine vegetable garden and a lot of fruit trees. I wish you could see my little orchard. My boy thinks there's no place in the world like it. He would not ask me to leave it, and I would not care to. Still I sometimes think maybe I ought to come and make a home for him in the city. But he won't hear of it. That's why I should like him to be married, so that he might have a home."

"Does he live in a boarding house?" asked Margaret.

"No: he has a room in a nice private family and takes his meals at restaurants. He gets dreadfully tired of them, though; you should see him eat when he comes home for his vacation."

"I suppose he will meet you at the station. We are nearly there."

The old lady laughed a sweet, rippling little laugh.

"No," she replied. "You forget I told you he isn't expecting me. I just thought I would surprise him. I have his address."

Margaret knitted her brows.

"I'm afraid you may have trouble," she observed. "There is always such a crowd when the trains arrive, and you're not accustomed to that. Being a stranger in the city, it will be a little hard. If you don't mind, we can see you to your destination. My father or my brother will meet me with the carriage."

"Thank you very much!" replied the old lady, with the sweet simplicity that made her so charming. "I shall be very glad to accept your invitation, my dear."

She began to look wistfully up at her bundles, which Margaret had placed in the rack above them.

"Shall we get ready?" asked Margaret, beginning to take down the various packages. One of them seemed to be a hat; it was in a thin, brown paper bag.

"Your best bonnet, I suppose?" said Margaret. "Let me carry it for you. I have only this small satchel."

"It isn't a bonnet," rejoined her travelling companion. "Guess what it is." She held it up to the girl's face.

"Flowers!" exclaimed Margaret. "How sweet!"

"Want to see them?" asked the other.

She untwisted the bag and drew forth a huge bunch of flowers,—roses, carnations and mignonette, purple, yellow, pink and white.

"If it was autumn," she said, "I'd have brought a lot of my chrysanthemums. They're the finest anywhere around Carlisle," she added proudly. "They grow in a sheltered spot in my garden, where they get all the morning sun there is late in the fall, and the wind never touches them. They outlast all those in the other gardens. And my boy loves them."

"So do I," said Margaret. "Their pungent odor has always been delightful to me. There is something so wholesome about it."

"That's just about what my boy says. I'm going to give you some of these flowers."

"Thanks, if you can spare a few!" replied the girl. "I shall be glad to have them as a souvenir,—on your account, after you have left me; and for my own sake, because I love them."

"Isn't it strange, and isn't it too bad," remarked the old lady, as she divided the flowers with deft and loving fingers, "that so often in the world we meet people, and take a fancy to them, and then in a little while we each go our separate ways, and never meet again? Like as not, you and I shall never see each other again after to-day."

"Yes, that is probable," answered the girl. "But we may. One can never tell."

A fleeting impulse to ask the old lady to spend the day with her crossed her mind, but she did not encourage it. Her days were very full at holiday time, and she could not see where or when her new acquaintance would fit in.

When they reached the station, and she found only the coachman awaiting

her—her father being slightly ill, and her brother out of town,—she carefully helped the old lady into the carriage, and, having learned her address, bade the man drive there. He stopped at last before a respectable house in a respectable neighborhood. Margaret shook hands with the old lady, who patted her gently on the shoulder, and then, bending forward, said timidly:

"My dear, I must kiss you,"—leaving the touch of her lips on the girl's soft cheek.

"You are a dear!" said Margaret impulsively as they parted.

The coachman rang the bell and waited until the door was opened. Margaret caught a glimpse of a pleasant, well-lighted hall before the door closed on her late companion. Then they drove rapidly homeward through the sunset glow.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Emmanuel Movement.

BY ALFRED DE ROULET, B. S., M. D.

RATHER more than two years ago, Dean Elwood Worcester, of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church in Boston, proclaimed his theory of religio-therapeutics, and, in connection with his church work, established a clinic for the treatment of functional nervous disorders and petty immorality by a form of Episcopalian mind-cure. Without questioning his motives in establishing this work, it was undoubtedly part of an effort to awaken from their lethargy the members of a church which, under existing conditions, was rapidly becoming moribund. The Dean himself says that he derived his inspiration from Dr. Weir Mitchell, and that the work was inaugurated with the hearty approval of the leading neurologists of New England, special credit being given to Dr. J. J. Putnam, of the Department of Neurology of Harvard University. It is strange, however, that both Dr. Mitchell

and Dr. Putnam seem restive under this soft impeachment, and that both have taken occasion publicly to repudiate any connection with the Emmanuel Movement, as it is now called. Mother Eddy, who might reasonably be expected to protest against this apparent infringement of her carefully copyrighted system of therapeutic theology, or theological therapeutics, remains strangely silent.

Dean Worcester lays great stress on the Christian and philanthropic aspect of the movement, declaring that "the Christian character of the movement is guaranteed by the fact that it is absolutely disinterested." Nevertheless, at their various meetings, funds are collected with such Christian disinterestedness that the Boston cult has already accumulated a very respectable fund, with which it is proposed to build an Emmanuel sanitarium in some salubrious locality, stimulating to the body, soothing to the soul, and—may we infer?—profitable to the management.

In New York, the atmosphere being more sordid and mercenary than in esthetic Boston, the disinterested factor is not so widely advertised. In fact, the father of the cult in Manhattan has issued a circular in which he defines his position in the most unmistakable manner:

We are ready for the very rich or the very poor, and the majority that are neither the one nor the other. And most people do not want free service. Their wishes are right and will be respected. Ours is no free clinic, except to the very poor; save to them, there will always be charges and offerings.

Apparently in New York faith is expected to pay dividends.

The leaders of the cult also insist upon the scientific basis of their movement, and point out that they have either associated physicians with themselves in their work or that they are working in harmony with physicians. While their work may have a scientific basis, more or less remote, the work itself is certainly far from scientific. The later part of their claim, as regards their association with physicians,

is in a measure true, especially of the clinic in Dean Worcester's own church in Boston. In other clinics, however, the much vaunted medical approval turns out to be that somewhere some doctor said he 'guessed there might be some good in the movement'; and the idea of the function of the physician in this harmonious association is that he examine the patient, make a diagnosis, and turn him over to the Emmanuel clinic for treatment; the "cultists" assuming in some incomprehensible manner that, absolutely unfitted and untrained as most of them are, they possess some wonderful and mysterious power of healing which the ordinarily well-trained medical man can not acquire.

From a physician's standpoint, such a plan of work is absurd and on a par with an arrangement by which an electrical engineer, after preparing the plans and shop drawings for a powerful dynamo, would entrust its construction to an unskilled laborer. Some eight hundred years ago, during the pontificate of Calixtus II., the first Lateran Council decided that Holy Orders and the practice of medicine were two separate and incompatible vocations. In this day of specialism, I, for one, can see no reason for doubting the wisdom of that Council.

As yet, the cult has limited its healing virtues to a large and vaguely defined group of disorders—the so-called functional nervous diseases,—because, to quote from one of Dean Worcester's little gems of science, "disorders of this nature are peculiarly associated with the moral life. An attack of typhoid fever may spring from no moral cause and have no perceptible effect on character; but neurasthenia, hysteria, psychasthenia, hypochondria and alcoholism are affections of the personality. They spring from moral causes and produce moral effects."

In thus tracing disorders to the personality rather than to the person, the intangible rather than the tangible, lies the keynote of the various systems of

supernaturalistic therapeutics, as mental healing, faith-cure, Christian Science, and Worcesterism.

The idea that the mind is a thing apart from the body, and that functional disorders are not pathological entities, but rather manifestations of instability of character, of perversity, or even of disordered imagination, is an ancient fallacy long since exploded. Even the term "functional disorder" as used by physicians is only a makeshift, and is employed only to signify that such and such a disease exists without any alteration in structure *which we are able to detect or appreciate with the means now at our disposal*.

Again Dean Worcester instructs us:

The plain truth is, moral maladies, whatever they may be, require moral treatment. Physicians apprehend this, and usually abstain from administering medicines in cases where they will do no good. The difficulty is that, on account of their ignorance of psychological methods, few physicians feel themselves competent to undertake such treatment.

After this graceful compliment to a learned profession, he further instructs us:

One reason why American physicians are so slow to avail themselves of psychic influences in combating disease is that they have been educated in a too narrowly materialistic school of science, which assumes that only material objects possess reality, and which thinks the mind can be safely ignored.

As to the physicians' ignorance of psychological methods, the ordinary busy practitioner may not have the profound academic information of some of his clerical critics, but he has certainly a good working knowledge of the subject. Neither are American physicians slow to avail themselves of psychic methods of treatment, as they constantly employ psycho-therapy to supplement other forms of treatment; but they rarely use it to the exclusion of other remedies, as there are few diseases amenable to purely psychic methods which are not even more amenable to material ones.

The statements of sundry of Dean Worcester's followers as to the nature

and prevalence of functional nervous disorders and their wonderful success in the treatment thereof, is probably the best evidence we have of their unfitness for their assumed function of healers of the sick. Any man who can, calmly and in cold blood, assert that he can cure eighty per cent of all cases of alcoholism by Worcesterism alone, either does not know what he is talking about, or else, to express it as gently as possible, he is inflating his statistics. The fortunate individual who discovers a method by which eighty per cent of all cases of inebriety can be cured will certainly fill a niche in the medical hall of fame along with Jenner, Morton, Simms, Lister, Koch, Holmes, Roux, and Pasteur.

But preposterous as are the claims of some of the lesser lights in the Emmanuel Movement, they are equalled by statements in an amusing little book of iridescent dreams, "Health and Happiness," by Bishop Samuel Fallows, the Chicago champion and sponsor of the cult. He says in one paragraph:

The functional disorders of the nervous system are quite modern. They appeared some time in the last century, and were never known before in the history of the human race. They are so common now that the physicians designated as neurologists could not take care of one-tenth of one per cent of these cases.

Personally, Bishop Fallows is a most charming and delightful gentleman; but what he does not know about medicine almost comprises the field of that science. In the first place, the so-called functional nervous disorders are not modern but are as old as history. In Grecian history, it is recorded that in the epoch immediately preceding the Trojan war, Melampus cured the daughters of Proteus, King of Argos, of hysteria by the administration of white hellebore boiled in goat's milk,—rather heroic treatment to be sure, but one likely to prove most effective. The Phrygian bacchantes are described as being frequently subject to "furious uncontrollable automatic movements, with or without disturbances of conscious-

ness,"—a condition which we recognize as chorea, or St. Vitus' dance. The same condition was prevalent among the members of the Sufite sect in Persia shortly after the introduction of Mohammedanism into that country; and outbreaks of the same condition, as described by Paracelsus early in the sixteenth century, were common in Europe during the Middle Ages, especially famous epidemics having occurred in 1257 and 1374. At the same time this condition was common in Southern Asia, where it was called "Latah"; while the Eastern Siberians, who were also subject to this disorder, called their affliction "miryachit."

Palsy, which we know as *paralysis agitans*, is still classed with the functional nervous disorders; and it is certainly mentioned in both the Old and the New Testament with sufficient frequency to preclude any pretensions to modernity on its part. Epilepsy was described by Hypocrites, as well as mentioned in the Bible. Catalepsy was described by Philip of Cæsarea in the middle of the second century. Many of the world's most famous men were subject to functional nervous disorders. Any student of medical history would have little difficulty in defending a thesis that functional nervous disorders were as common in Rome under the Cæsars as they are now in New York and Boston; and an Egyptologist would probably have little difficulty in proving that the same class of disorders were as common in the days of Rameses as in the days of Edward VII.

Poorly qualified as are some of the leaders of this cult to act as healers, they at least have some vague realization of their limitations and responsibilities, which the rank and file of their followers have not. Even now some of the lesser lights are shouting their declarations of medical independence, and are loudly proclaiming that a "minister has power to heal disease far beyond that of a mere medical man," who has made the subject a life study; and that "a minister has an

insight into people's minds, and an ability to affect them emotionally, which physicians as a rule do not possess." I do not believe either of these contentions can be maintained. To treat properly a case in which psycho-therapy is indicated requires an amount of tact, technical skill, patience, and trained powers of observation, which would tax the resources of even the most resourceful neurologist; and this line of work certainly does not coincide with the mental habit and training of the ordinary sectarian clergyman. In the sick room the clergyman's rôle is not the practice of medicine, but is rather the encouraging, the comforting and the counselling of the sufferer, and the seconding of every effort to cure or relieve his malady. Beyond this he should not go.

The consolations of religion are full of peace and hope to many people, and their power to increase fortitude and courage in bearing disease or misfortune can not be overestimated. But giving instruction in firmness and serenity to the sick is not a new discovery or even a new application of an old idea. Thousands of parish priests in the last two thousand years have encouraged the sick to triumph over ills which could not be cured but could be endured cheerfully. Compare the kindly rebukes or the hearty words of encouragement constantly heard in our confessionals and in our sick rooms with the methods used in the Emmanuel clinics! "Little Reginald must not say what is not true. You have been in the habit of telling stories, but you will not do so any longer. It is wicked. Nobody trusts story-tellers, and this naughty habit grieves papa and mamma. You love them and wish to make them happy, and will do it by telling the truth. Something within you will say, 'Be truthful, Reginald'; and you will obey, and never again tell an untruth."

Or maybe little Reginald's papa is bilious; and, instead of dissipating his gloom and temper with a liberal dose of castor oil, he goes to an Emmanuel clinic for a little Christian Science with Worcester

sauce. "Now, my dear brother, when you begin to feel discouraged and worn out, and racked with nervousness, and out of accord with Cosmos, just think of a placid pool in the lovely woodlands, with blue sky and white fleecy clouds reflected in the ripples, and imagine you hear the sweet notes of a beautiful bird calling to his mate —" and so on *ad nauseam*. Of course if "my dear brother" is interrupted by the insistent notes of his own mate demanding that he go and rake the furnace, or "just hold the baby a minute, dear, while I run down and see about supper," the pool remains just as placid and the bird song just as sweet, but somehow it doesn't soothe.

Physicians have been accused of entertaining an unalterable prejudice against psycho-therapy and of wilfully misinterpreting the Emmanuel Movement. As to the charge that they are prejudiced against psycho-therapy, it certainly is ungrounded. We may not always call it psycho-therapy: we may call it faith-cure or suggestion or hypnotism. But, call it what you will, there has never been a time when psycho-therapy has not formed a part of the actual practice of medicine; and to-day its possibilities and its limitations are as clearly defined as those of Epsom salts, and it is used in suitable cases in exactly the same matter-of-course manner as any other remedial measure. On the other hand, the extravagant claims and absurd practices of the various schools of supernaturalistic therapeutics, as exemplified in the cults founded by Quimby, Mrs. Eddy, Weltmer, Dowie, and others, certainly receive the unqualified condemnation of all intelligent physicians. Psycho-therapy is to be regarded strictly as a scientific practice and not as a religious rite, and its employment is the function not of the clergyman but of the physician.

THE agonies which men inflict on the beings they love best must occasion perpetual astonishment in heaven.

—Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Next Sunday's Mass.

QUINQUAGESIMA.

THE name given to the Sunday immediately preceding Lent accurately expresses the length of the interval to elapse before the feast of the Resurrection. From Quinquagesima to Easter (both included) there are fifty days.

On the eve of Lent, the Church is impressed with the misery of mankind, for the most part blind and wretched as the poor man of Jericho mentioned in the day's Gospel. Accordingly, the Introit is a prayer for pity, guidance and sustenance: "Be unto me a protecting God, and a place of refuge, that Thou mayst save me; for Thou art my strength and my refuge, and for Thy name's sake Thou wilt be my leader and wilt nourish me. (Ps.) In Thee, Lord, have I hoped; let me not be confounded forever. In Thy justice deliver me and free me."

The Collect is brief, but, as usual, comprehensive in its scope: "Do Thou, we beseech Thee, O Lord, graciously hear our prayers; and, having freed us from the bonds of our sins, guard us from all adversity. Through, etc."

In the Epistle, taken from St. Paul's first instruction to the Corinthians, we have his magnificent eulogy of charity,—not the charity which is nowadays synonymous with almsgiving, liberality, generosity, or kindness; but the virtue which comprises the love of God and that of our neighbor. Without this virtue, we are in reality, despite all our good qualities, our apparent piety, and regular life, merely "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Good works wrought by one in mortal sin—that is, by one who lacks charity—are without merit for the other life, since dead trees can not produce living fruit; and a soul in the state of mortal sin is emphatically dead, is deprived of that sanctifying grace which constitutes its spiritual life.

The Gradual is a proclamation of God's

power and wondrous works,—works which warrant the tone of the Tract: "Sing joyfully to God, all the earth; serve ye the Lord with gladness. Come into His presence with great joy..."

In the first part of the Gospel, Jesus predicts His Passion to the Apostles, who, however, "understood not the things that were said." The narrative of that same Passion often leaves us equally insensible; but, whereas the cause of the Apostles' insensibility was ignorance, the cause of ours is often perversity of will. In the blind man of Jericho mentioned in the second part of the Gospel, all commentators see a figure of the blindness into which men are plunged by love of the world and by long indulgence in sin. The slaves of criminal habits are frequently unable to perceive the light of religious truth. The terrible prospects of certain death, rigorous judgment, and endless punishment, make little or no impression upon their minds. Their only hope lies in humble prayer: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!"

The Offertory blesses God, and entreats Him to teach us His precepts that our lips may pronounce all His commandments,— "all the judgments of Thy mouth." "May this offering, we beseech Thee, O Lord," says the Secret, "cleanse away our sins; and sanctify the bodies and souls of Thy servants, to prepare them for worthily celebrating this Sacrifice."

The Communion commemorates the miracle of the Manna, the celestial food which, nevertheless, did not preserve those who ate it from death; different in that respect from the Living Bread given to us, the partakers of which shall never die. Yet again, in the Post-Communion, is there a reference to that frequentation of the sacraments which is especially to be recommended during the holy season of penance and mortification about to begin: "We beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who have received celestial food, may be defended by it against all adversities."

The Restored Masterpiece.

THE most extraordinary event which occurred in the artistic world last year was the successful restoration of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," perhaps the most popular picture in the world. Like a few other masterpieces, it has a literature all its own. The event has been celebrated in all the art circles of Europe, notably, of course, those of Milan.

The great masterpiece of Leonardo was completed in 1497; but, to the sorrow of the multitudes who flocked to see and admire it, within a few years it began to show signs of disintegration,—due, presumably, to some technical fault in the materials used. From that time until within recent years, this wondrous painting has been the victim of "restorers" of all sorts, and every known method has been tried in a vain endeavor to stay the ravages of decomposition. Indeed, it is said that not a single complete inch of the veritable work of Leonardo was visible to the eye of the spectator. The greatest wall-painting in the world seemed doomed. After four hundred years it had apparently yielded to the tooth of Time, and hope of saving it for posterity was abandoned.

There was, however, in Italy a little band of artists, fine enthusiasts, who steadfastly maintained that there was one man who could save the "Last Supper" from extinction. This man was Luigi Cavenaghi, a modest gentleman, who had already shown the greatest skill in similar attempts. There were several difficulties which bade fair to prevent him from undertaking the work,—the jealousy of other painters, his own excessive disinclination to put himself forward, and the somewhat strained terms he was on with the Italian Government, by whom, in fact, he had refused to be employed. These matters were satisfactorily arranged at last, and he was permitted to make a series of experiments, which convinced

the judges that the condition of the great painting was desperate, and that he, if any one, might be trusted to undertake its restoration.

Last June permission was accorded him to begin his work,—a work which, it is interesting to note, was done for love alone, as he would accept no remuneration. His careful and delicate task was finished within a few months; the picture was favorably received by its custodians, and his official report has now been given to the world. This report is necessarily too minute for quotation, but is of extreme interest even to those not versed in the terms employed.

The immensity of the task of Professor Cavenaghi may be imagined when one considers that the painting measures thirty by twenty-seven feet, and that every square inch of it had to be submitted to the most careful manipulation. Every sort of oil and paint and varnish had been applied, by previous restorers; all of which, together with the mold and dust of four hundred years, had to be removed. But at last it was done; and, after some light *tempera* touches where the original color had entirely disappeared, the "Last Supper" as Leonardo painted it was given again to an admiring world. Of course there were at first invidious remarks from captious critics, but these have entirely ceased.

It may not be amiss in this connection to mention that Leonardo, if he had not been so great an artist, would have won distinction in the realm of science. Many so-called modern discoveries were, in theory, familiar to him. The navigation of the air was to him a solved problem, as the models of his flying-machines prove to those who care to examine them. He lacked only a suitable motive power to make his invention practicable; but, nevertheless, he was familiar with all the principles of aviation, and was the forerunner of those who in the twentieth century have learned the secret of the flight of the bird.

Notes and Remarks.

Two points in connection with the Child-Caring Congress recently held in Washington are especially noteworthy: the insistence of President Roosevelt on a full representation of Catholics in the Congress proper, and the probable establishment of a Federal Bureau dealing with the multifarious interests of children. The President's action is all the more creditable as, at this time, it can hardly be distorted into "a bid for the Catholic vote." The proposed Bureau, according to the *Standard and Times*, will have for its immediate purpose the collecting and disseminating of all information affecting dependent child life, and its ultimate purpose to discredit and abolish as far as possible the system of "overinstitutionizing" that is so prevalent in the United States. We are not unduly fond of governmental paternalism, but we welcome any Federal action that will terminate a number of abuses connected with the care and upbringing of little ones deprived of the world's best educators, a good Catholic mother and a good home.

Calling attention to the fact that many subscription lists, among others a Government one, have been opened in Paris for the benefit of the Sicilian sufferers, the *Annales Catholiques* asks the question: "To whom should our offerings be sent?" And it answers in this wise: "If it were a question merely of honest political adversaries, we should say, 'To no matter whom.' But the honesty of our adversaries has often been conspicuous by its absence; so we say, 'To the Archbishop of Paris or to the bishops, who will send the offerings directly to the Holy Father.' While putting aside our political discussions and animosities, we must, nevertheless, bear in mind the cases of Martinique and Courrières, in which the victims received only a portion of the amount which was subscribed for them,

and which the Government undertook to forward. Accordingly, under no pretext should Catholic offerings reach the hands of our Government, lest the half or more of the sum total should be forgotten in the pockets of its members."

Not a very flattering reference to the ruling body of France, but all the more likely on that account to be true.

The quality that outstands in all that has been said or written of Abraham Lincoln, at least by discerning eulogists, is humility. He never forgot his lowly origin, his many limitations, his dependence on others, or his need of light and strength from God. No enemy ever accused Lincoln of pretence or arrogance. At the height of his prosperity and popularity, he was no less simple and lowly-minded than in his poverty and obscurity. The triumph of the Union cause, which he, more than any other man, was instrumental in bringing about, Lincoln attributed to an overruling Providence. His one ambition, when the Civil War had ended, was to see the Southern States on the way to reconstruction, and then to retire to his humble home for peaceful rest. To one who suggested a tour of the world, he said in his whimsical way: 'You wouldn't have me go into the show business in my old age; besides, I haven't got the money, the manners, or the languages that would come in handy.'

In a pamphlet dealing with the religious views of Lincoln, published some years ago by Gen. Charles Collis, his intimate friend, we find abundant conclusive proof of the great President's belief in immortality, in special Providence, in the power of prayer, and the divinity of Our Lord. The address delivered by Lincoln on leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., is too well known to need quotation; but what he said to Gen. Sickles on the Sunday after the Battle of Gettysburg is less familiar. We quote from the pamphlet referred to:

When Lee crossed the Potomac and entered Pennsylvania, followed by our army, I felt that

the crisis had come. I knew that defeat in a great battle on Northern soil involved the loss of Washington, to be followed, perhaps, by the intervention of England and France in favor of the Southern Confederacy. I went to my room and got down on my knees in prayer. Never before had I prayed with so much earnestness. I wish I could repeat my prayer. I felt that I must put all my trust in Almighty God. He gave our people the best country ever given to man. He alone could save it from destruction. I had tried my best to do my duty, and found myself unequal to the task. The burden was more than I could bear. God had often been our Protector in other days. I prayed that He would not let the nation perish. I asked Him to help us and give us victory now. I felt that my prayer was answered. I knew that God was on our side. I had no misgivings about the result at Gettysburg.

The assertion that the religion of Lincoln was the religion of Voltaire and Tom Paine is too absurd to call for refutation. The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth has established the fact that he was "a Christian at heart as well as in form."

Our quoting the following extract from a New England Protestant's editorial in the *Mexican Herald* may appear to some of our readers as unduly emphasizing a point frequently made in these columns; but just so long as ignorance prevails, enlightenment is necessary; and such estimates of a Catholic country by those outside the Church are likely to be more effective with certain classes of ignorant or prejudiced persons than would be our own. "Mexico," says this non-Catholic writer, "is frequently reproached for tolerating bullfighting, though some of the States of this Republic do not allow the ancient Iberian-Carthaginian sport. But what would this country's watchful critics say were the press telegrams going out of here to relate that lawless men were taking women out of their homes at night and cruelly whipping them? Yet up in the State of Tennessee, a region all peppered over with schools and churches, and contributing money to foreign missions, the night-riders about Reelfoot Lake

have been guilty of dragging women from their homes and flogging them in true Cossack fashion! Frankly, we prefer bull-fighting with all its barbaric splendor.

"There comes to our attention every week a denominational journal, published in Tennessee, which often dilates on the religious backwardness and the imperfect civilization of Mexico,—a clear case of looking for the mote in the eye of the neighbor when one's own eye is darkened by the proverbial beam. Is not this an outrageous instance of canting hypocrisy?"

We are a great people, and this is a great country; but—there are others.

"Was it merely a coincidence that the earthquake followed three days after a blasphemous parody printed in a Radical paper of Messina, inviting Heaven to send an earthquake?" asks the London *Evening Standard* in the course of some very proper observations on the disaster in Southern Italy. The same question has been asked many times and answered with flippancy only by those destitute of faith or reverence. "We are glad to notice," says the *Academy* in reference to the *Standard's* remarks, "that a workaday evening paper is not above confessing to a belief in the possibility of the supernatural even in this enlightened generation of 'intellectuals' and 'stalwarts.'" And it is gratifying to us to find this observation in a literary journal of the *Academy's* high standing.

A singularly holy death, fitting crown of an exceptionally holy life, was that of the late Father Pardow, S. J., widely known throughout the United States as a zealous and eloquent preacher. His immediate preparation for the other world was as simple as for a short absence from home. The securing of a substitute for the next duty that devolved upon him, the dispatch of a few letters and messages, his regular confession, the reception of the last Sacraments, and he was ready. The time that remained was spent

in prayer, with no vain regrets or weak craving for comforts. His whole life had been a preparation for the journey to eternity, and in this case it was robbed of its terrors. No one who knew Father Pardow could for a moment doubt that he as faithfully practised all that he preached as he firmly believed all that he professed. A son of St. Ignatius in whom St. Ignatius himself would have been well pleased, his memory is in benediction wherever he passed. *R. I. P.*

There are both food for thought and incentive to action in this incident related by Father McGinnis in an address on the work of the International Catholic Truth Society. Apropos of a successful effort on the part of the Knights of Columbus to have an anti-Catholic textbook removed from the public schools, the speaker said:

Another history of education was recommended by the Truth Society, which, while not free from serious errors, was not permeated with anti-Catholic virus. Subsequent negotiations led to a meeting with the author of this work, a gentleman and a scholar. We pointed out in his text fourteen distinct misrepresentations and misstatements of things Catholic, and we gave the names of Catholic books that were classics on these subjects. He accepted corrections, and added: "Father, I was perfectly honest in writing that work. I spend my life in the public library here, and not one of the books you have mentioned have I ever come across."

One excellent work for Councils of the Knights of Columbus, and other Catholic societies as well, to engage in is to see that Catholic literature is represented, at least with a shadow of adequacy, in every public library of the Republic.

In a recent pastoral letter of Archbishop O'Reily, of Adelaide, Australia, we find this paragraph:

The Dominican Sisters at North Adelaide have been singing the Gregorian music for years,—for years even before the *Motu Proprio* of Pope Pius saw the light. They continue, of course, to sing it; and to those who,

like the sceptics of old with their conviction that nothing good could come out from Nazareth, doubt the merits of Gregorian song, I would say, Go and hear the chanting at North Adelaide on the occasion of a religious reception or profession, and then decide whether the Gregorian chant is artistic music; whether it is capable of touching the heart or not. I have often heard grand Masses rendered by grand choirs, but no grand Mass or grand choir ever moved me as does the simple chanting by the Sisters at North Adelaide of the Gregorian melodies of the venerable Dominican rite.

This simple statement would seem effectively to dispose of the contention, so often expressed, that Gregorian music is not suited to women's voices.

A London paper, quoted in the *Sacred Heart Review*, publishes an interesting study of Edward Harrison Barker's recent work "France of the French." We have been particularly struck by this characterization:

Behind this abominable system, and inspiring and directing its working, is Freemasonry. Catholics are laughed at when they say this; but they have all along had facts as the basis of the charge, and Mr. Barker backs their verdict. "Freemasonry in France," explains Mr. Barker, "is not, as in England, a non-political, friendly organization, with conservative tendencies; . . . it is a militant, political organization, with anti-religious objects that admit of no contradiction." The ideal of French Freemasonry is a State absolutely secularized, one in which only the forces and virtues inherent to human nature have any recognized authority and merit. This ideal has been officially brought as close to the point of realization as the sentimental respect for traditions, which is not dead in the nation, will at present permit.

Coming from a non-Catholic journal's review of a non-Catholic book, the foregoing may perhaps impress in some slight degree the avowedly broad-minded Catholics who, with an air of authority explicable only on the assumption of their infused omniscience, superciliously pooh-pooh the idea that Freemasonry is at the bottom of France's miseries.

In an audience granted to the students of the English and Beda Colleges in Rome

on the 22d ult., the Holy Father spoke at length in praise of the British Navy and the help given at Messina; he dwelt especially upon the kindness of the officers in command in taking care to bring priests in every ship from Malta to aid the dying, — which reminds us that, during the Boer War, the British authorities sent a priest seven hundred miles by special train, to hear the last confession of a dangerously wounded private soldier. The French government, on the contrary, does all it can to prevent its soldiers and sailors from having the consolations of religion. And some of the Italian authorities are accused of having placed obstacles in the way of hundreds of priests and nuns who promptly volunteered their services for spiritual and material aid at the scene of the recent catastrophe. Those Frenchmen and Italians who compare the government of their own country with that of England and the United States must realize what what would be the natural result of any international conflict.

In a neatly printed booklet of a dozen pages, entitled "Does Christ say Go to Church?" and constituting what is styled a "vest pocket sermon," the Rev. Felix J. O'Neill, of the diocese of Hartford, says:

A dangerous error of our day is this: that sermon-hearing is the only object of church-going; no thought of personal prayer or sacrifice. Besides preaching, Our Lord held devotional exercises, with the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the Law. On the birth of the Church, the old ceremonies were changed for the new. Preaching is not worship; listening is not worship. . . . The Founder of Christianity . . . desired good, solid instruction, not omitting eloquence of course; but especially did He demand piety, simplicity, sincerity, and zeal.

The truth of the foregoing, while incontestable, does not, of course, exonerate from blame those Catholics who make it their invariable practice to attend an early Mass on Sundays solely to escape the longer service — and sermon — of a later hour. Father O'Neill is nothing if not practical.



The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—A BREAK IN THE GLOOM.

THE little streamlet that leaped a foaming waterfall over Blackstone Ridge, as if flying from the smoke and flame and gloom, rippled musically through the "Notch," where the mountain sides went down in rocky steeps, all carpeted with mosses and vines; where the air was spicy with the breath of thick-growing pines, and where the old "Injun trail," winding in stealthy curves over heights and depths, was the only road. Here, "holding the pass," as Judge Markham laughingly declared, was the Lodge; its big windows always open to the breeze and sunshine; its porches scattered with cushions, hammocks, books, blocks, and dolls; its rooms echoing with gay voices and merry laughter from May until October every year. His big house in the city was elegant, as became one of the foremost lawyers of the State; but there was no style at the Lodge,—no lady's-maid or French cook or butler, no course dinners or trailing gowns; only Mammy to take care of the baby; and Jim and Chloe, who came from their own little cabin "up de mounting" to furnish corn-cakes and fried chicken and beat biscuit, and various other things that Phil declared "Pierre, with all his monkey tricks, couldn't touch." And with the little ones turned loose in rompers and jumpers, mamma free from visiting lists and receptions, dad in a slouch hat and shooting jacket, life up the Injun trail was easy-going indeed.

On this pleasant June evening, Mrs. Markham and the Judge were seated on the porch, watching a spirited game of

tennis on the grounds just levelled for that sport. Letty, with rosy cheeks and flying hair, was a pretty picture to her mother's eye.

"She is looking so much better already. I am glad we brought them up early this year, even if they did lose a few days' school. It is such a long journey on a hot summer day. I wonder" (the gay group on the tennis court recalled a lonely little figure that often flitted through the gentle speaker's mind),—"I do wonder what has become of that dear little girl who travelled up here with us, or how she is getting on with that grim, gruff old man?"

"What little girl?" asked the Judge, leisurely puffing a cloud of smoke from the corn-cob pipe that was one of his indulgences at the Lodge.

"Mr. Dillon's niece, poor Captain Jack Dillon's orphan daughter. Don't you remember my telling you about her, Wynn? Such a pretty, pathetic little thing in her black dress and hat! When I looked around at our crowd and thought of the difference, my heart ached for the child. I've a mind to go up and see how she is getting on. I'd like to bring her down here for a while."

"I don't know about that, my dear," said the Judge, doubtfully. "Dillon is a crusty old customer, and might resent your meddling. We are not on very neighborly terms, as you know, since I have taken the case against his water rights."

"I know it's just like him to want to turn the creek off all those little farms in the valley for his own use. I'd fight him to the end, Wynn," said the lady, her pretty cheek flushing.

"Your soldier-father's blood has not cooled in your veins, Bess," said the Judge, laughing. "You still fire at a fight.

Now, I don't: I keep a cool head, as a judge must. But, all the same, as that pigtailed laundryman of yours used to say when he returned the wrong collars, the fight with Mr. Dillon is on, and I am afraid any friendly advances on our part would receive scant encouragement just now."

"That poor, dear little girl!" said the lady, pitifully. "I wish I could steal her away from the old ogre, if only for a week. But I suppose you are right, Wynn: he might be dreadfully rude to us."

"Let me tackle him, mamma," said Phil, who had come up unobserved behind the speakers. "It will take a pretty heavy knockdown from old Flint to floor me. I'd like the fun of it. I'll ride over this evening and

Beard the lion in his den,
The Dillon in his hall,"

paraphrased the boy. "Honest Injun! Mamma, we ought to ask her to the picnic to-morrow. After all the nice things I heard you say to her at the junction, I don't see how you can cut her out like this."

"And we won't,—we won't," said his mother, eagerly. "Really, Wynn, Phil is right. A few gruff words won't hurt him."

"As you please, my dear," said her husband, lightly. "Keep your temper, Phil,—that's all. Remember, Dillon is a sour, lonely, loveless old man; and be a gentleman, even if he is not."

"All right, sir," was the answer; and Phil, who had pleasant memories of the pretty little girl to whom he had given his place in the lunch room, was soon cantering off over the old Injun trail on his own bay pony, as gallant a young prince as ever essayed to dare an ogre in his mountain den.

Though "Markhams" was the next station to Blackstone Ridge on the railway, the mountain road was a much longer route, and it was fully an hour before the boy reached the smoky heights that Uncle Dave and his Works held for their own.

"My, but it's tough luck on a girl to

live up here," was Phil's mental comment, as he guided his pony over the black cinder road, past the roaring furnaces, the belching chimneys, to the tall, grim house behind the spiked iron gates.

A sweet young face was pressed against the bars. "Lessons" were over for the day, and Kitty was watching for the postman, in hopes he would have a letter from St. Ursula's. Mother Paula had written twice,—sweet, bright letters that had seemed like stars in the little exile's night. And last week there had been a six-page epistle from Jeanie Riggs, brimful of news, over which Kitty had laughed and cried at once. But there was no letter to-day. Uncle Dave had gone off somewhere with his old carpet sack, and said he would not be back to-night. Cripps had one of her grim, silent spells, and would not talk; so it was rather a sad, wistful little face that, looking out of the iron bars, saw the "Prince" riding up to the "dungeon doors." So the old fairy stories would have said; but as Kitty did not live in fairy times, all she saw was a sturdy, rosy-cheeked boy in a gray sweater, who drew up his pony at her uncle's gate.

"How do you do?" he said, a little shyly. "I suppose you don't remember me, but we all met down at the junction. I'm Phil Markham."

"Yes!" answered Kitty, quickly. "The nice boy who gave me his place at lunch."

"Oh, any boy would have done that!" said Phil. "But we—mother, I mean, has been thinking a lot about you ever since, and wondering how you can stand it up here; and we are going to have a picnic to-morrow, and thought maybe you'd like to come."

"A picnic! Oh, I'd just love it! I'll ask Uncle Dave. But I forgot: he is gone away."

"He is! My, that is luck!" exclaimed Phil, in frank relief. "Where?"

"I don't know, but somewhere far off. He won't be back until to-morrow night."

"Whew!" whistled Phil, triumphantly.

"Then we are all O. K., sure enough. Mother wants you, and so does father and everybody. We are going to Castle Rock and will have a fine time. Chloe has been frying chicken and making cake and turnovers all day. I'll call for you early—before eight o'clock."

"Oh, I'll be ready,—I'll be ready, you may be sure!" said Kitty, delightedly.

"Good-bye! Then look out for me at eight," said Phil, nodding and smiling as he rode away, quite charmed with the success of a mission that had seemed doubtful, to say the least; while Kitty fairly danced back to the house to tell Cripps of this wonderful break in the dull gloom that had enwrapped her young life for the last four weeks.

That there could be any objection to a picnic sanctioned by such high parental authority, Kitty never dreamed.

"Never did see no sense in picnics," said Cripps, gruffly. "Kerrying cold victuals miles away, when you kin have a hot dinner at home. But 'tain't none of my business, child, whether you come or go."

And, as it really seemed no one's business but her own, Kitty went. After the long, lonely days and dark, dreary nights of the last four weeks, what a gay, glad, bright going it was! Phil came early, as he had promised, in a sturdy little wicker pony cart that could defy the rocks and ridges of the mountain road. Kitty, in a white sailor suit that belonged to the old holidays with papa, was waiting for him at the gate. With a gay good-bye to Tim and the dogs, who were wistfully watching her departure, the little teacher was borne away from the smoking, flaming Ridge into the morning dew and sunshine. When the last tattered rags of Uncle Dave's black smoke banners vanished in the sunlit air, Kitty felt as if she were in another world of life and joy.

Such a merry drive as it was, with the little pony cart jolting and jumping over the rough road; the arching trees shaking down showers of jewelled dewdrops as they passed; the birds singing; the little

bushy-tailed squirrels frisking from bough to bough; the bright, beautiful morning sunbeams dancing over all!

And when they reached the Lodge, what uproarious welcome waited them! Mamma drew Kitty to her side with a loving kiss, and dad's hand-clasp was quite as warm and hearty; while the young Markhams buzzed and swarmed about her like bees around a new-found flower. There were Letty and Rose, somewhere about her own age; Dick and Lou, nine and seven; Jo and Co, as dad had nicknamed the inseparable twins of five; while cousin Rob and cousin Tom, and other cousins of various ages and sizes, filled up the background. Two big covered wagons were waiting; and in ten minutes after Kitty's arrival the whole assembly had piled in, amid boxes and hampers and berry baskets, and were rolling along the Injun trail (widened now into a fair-sized road) to the picnic ground beneath Castle Rock.

It was a fitting name for the beautiful spot where, after about half an hour's journey, the merry caravan paused. In towers and pinnacles that seemed wrought by human hands, the great stone cliffs rose above the wooded gorge where the little stream burst a crystal spring from the rocks, widening at their base into a tiny lake, as if pausing for thought and strength ere it took its winding way through the mountain.

After four weeks under the smoke of Uncle Dave's chimneys, that day under Castle Rock seemed almost a glimpse of heaven to the excited Kitty. There were games of all kinds under the big trees and down the green banks of the stream; even a merry half hour of "Follow my Leader" up the steep rocks. There were swings and hammocks and piles of cushions to rest and nestle in when tired. There was a luncheon spread on a snowy white cloth upon the green grass,—sandwiches of every known variety, fried chicken and beat biscuit and raisin bread; bowls of strawberries, bottles of cream.

But, above all, there was Letty! After all these long, lonely weeks without a girl to speak to,—there was Letty, the most betwitching of chums; Letty, with her mop of chestnut curls that no ribbon could keep in place; with two roguish dimples playing hide-and-seek in her pretty face, and her brown eyes dancing with mischief; Letty, who, though the oldest girl, had promptly handed down all the responsibility of that position to quiet Rose, and thought of nothing but fun and frolic. Before the day was half spent, heart-hungry little Kitty felt she loved Letty already.

Lunch was over, and, with their arms entwined girl fashion, they were strolling under the frowning rocks, when Letty paused suddenly and put her hand to her neck.

"Oh, I've lost it!" she gasped.

"What?" asked Kitty, sympathetically.

"My locket—grandmother's locket. She gave it to me my last birthday, and I told her I'd keep it as long as I lived. It has a picture in it of the dead aunt I was named for. And, oh, grandmother will never, never forgive me if it's gone,—never!" concluded Letty, tragically clasping her hands.

"Maybe we can find it," comforted Kitty.

"Oh, no, no, we can't! And I don't dare to tell mamma; it will spoil the whole day. She told grandma not to give it to me; for I lose everything,—rings and pins and everything. They just seem to spill and scatter from me. But there! I remember now" (Letty's brown eyes flashed triumphantly). "I know just where I lost it. When we were following my Leader up the rocks, I stumbled and felt something about my neck break. O Kitty, don't tell any one else, but let us go and look for it!"

Kitty agreed; though the steep, rugged cliffs rising before them seemed anything but promising for a find. But Letty's bright eyes could always find rainbows. Cheerily she led the way, Kitty following unquestioningly; both girls being too

eager in their search to note the darkening sky and gathering clouds, to hear the low rumble of the rising storm.

Higher and higher Letty led on her hapless guest, until, startled by a sudden thunderclap, both young wanderers paused in affright.

"O Letty, let us go back!" cried Kitty.

It was too late. With the roar as of a thousand batteries, the swift mountain tempest was upon them.

(To be continued.)

An Artist's Eccentricity.

Paul Veronese, like many other great painters, was given to eccentric moods and odd habits. On one occasion he accepted the hospitality of a family at their beautiful country villa. He assumed many liberties during his visit, claiming absolute possession of his room, not even allowing a servant to enter. He would not have his bed made, and the litter of the room was left every morning outside the door for the maid to remove. On the conclusion of his visit, he slipped away without bidding the family good-bye. On entering the room after the artist's departure, the servant found one of the bed sheets missing, and at once reported that the artist must have taken it. After careful search there was found in a corner a roll, which proved to be a magnificent picture of "Alexander in the Tent of Darius." It was painted on the missing bed sheet, and the artist had chosen this strange way of showing his appreciation of his hosts' generous hospitality.

Halcyon Days.

The expression "halcyon days" is said to come from the fact that the kingfisher, or halcyon, sits upon her nest seven days in winter as it floats upon the sea; and during this time the turbulent waters are always calm. Halcyon days, therefore, are days of peace and prosperity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The *Dial* having referred to "biographized" as a word not found in the dictionary, a correspondent informs its editor that the word is, and has been since 1887, in the greatest of dictionaries—the Oxford: with examples from Southey (1800) and the *Spectator* (1868).

—Two pamphlets that will especially interest readers engaged in, or sympathizing with, social reform movements, are issued by the London Catholic Truth Society: "Workingmen as Evangelists," by the Rev Charles Plater, S. J.; and "A Dialogue on Socialism," by the Rev. J. B. McLaughlin, O. S. B.

—Among the early MSS. on exhibition in the new buildings of the Royal, or National, Library of Copenhagen, is a Latin Gospel of the tenth century, with English decoration; and another work by an English artist, "Les Matinées de Notre Dame," a prayer-book probably made for the queen of Henry IV., Mary of Bohun, mother of Philippa of Denmark.

—The first publication of the British Society of Franciscan Studies, is the "Liber Exemplarum ad Usus Prædicantium," edited by A. G. Little. The author of this little-known work was a Franciscan friar, a native of England, who spent some years in Ireland. He studied in Paris, and was a friend of Roger Bacon. The original MS. is preserved in the Durham Cathedral Library.

—In a charming letter of travel, published a few months since, William Dean Howells, describing his feelings in approaching Gibraltar, writes:

There is nothing strikes the traveller, in his approach of the Rock of Gibraltar, so much as its resemblance to the trade-mark of the Prudential Insurance Co. This was my feeling when I first saw Gibraltar, four years ago; and it remains my feeling after having last seen it four weeks ago. The eye seeks the bold, familiar legend, and one suffers a certain disappointment in its absence.

The identification of the Rock of Gibraltar with the Prudential Insurance Co. is the supreme triumph of modern advertising.

—The North American Review Publishing Co. have brought out "The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States," by Victor Morawetz. The work is that of a specialist in finance, and discusses the problem of the National Monetary Commission appointed by Congress. The author writes interestingly of money stringencies and panics, indicating the underlying causes of such financial disturbances. In the line of constructive criticism, he advances a plan for co-operation between the banks and

the Treasury, which includes a note-redemption fund—to be elastic, regulating the uncovered volume of notes outstanding, thus giving stability to financial institutions generally. The volume is informative, and not duller than its title would suggest.

—The Adorable Sacrifice of the Altar can never become too well understood and appreciated; and, accordingly, "The Meaning of the Mass," by the Rev. M. J. Griffith, D. D. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), ensures its own welcome. Beginning with an explanation of the use of vestments, candles, etc., the author discusses consecutively the different portions of the Sacrifice; and the reader of his different chapters can not but be benefited by the instruction which they afford and the salutary thoughts which they suggest.

—"Labourers in God's Vineyard," by the well-known English nun, Madame Cecilia, is a brochure of one hundred and fifty pages, being a collection of eight lectures originally addressed to the Catholic Women's League. The titles of the lectures will best indicate the scope of the excellent little volume: Christian Feminism, God's Vineyard, Women's Spheres of Labour (I. Home Duties; II. Social Works), Qualifications of a Labourer in God's Vineyard (I. Natural; II. Supernatural), Difficulties which Beset, and, finally, Encouragement, for the Labourers. Readers of this excellent little book will fully agree with Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who says in an appreciative preface, that it is calculated to do much good. R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Brothers.

—Conclusive evidence of the awakening of China is furnished by the facts relative to the new journalism in that land of hoary civilization. More than two hundred newspapers, we are told, have been started within the last few years; and active measures are taken to ensure their being not only published but read. In some of the provinces, the viceroys provide public halls where the illiterate gather to hear the news read aloud. Hitherto the chief newspapers of China were conducted by foreigners, and were mostly in the English language; and even now many native newspapers publish a column or more of matter in English. A recent issue of one of these, the *Hoei Pao*, of Shanghai, which has a large circulation among the official as well as the mercantile classes, contains a tribute to the Chinese and their official representative in the United States, translated into Chinese, from THE AVE MARIA, by a young Chinaman

in Government employ who for several years has been numbered among our readers in the Orient.

—In an interesting paper on the Crow Indians, contributed to the *Indian Sentinel* by Father Vrebosch, S. J., we find this Crow version of the Hail Mary, in the form of a hymn:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| I. Dikhiemázi Máry, | Be glad, O Virgin Mary, |
| Ahbatatdía diágpak, | God is with thee, |
| Andináshde ahúk, | Thou art full of grace, |
| Di awázishik kfishik, | I love thee exceedingly, |
| Zinétta Máry! | O Virgin Mary! |
| II. Zinétta Máry, Massaké, | Virgin Mary, my Mother, |
| Mia gágda ére fze wahssé | Among all women thou art the |
| dik, | first, |
| Danáke Jésus kuh fze | Thy child Jesus, among men |
| wahssák, | is the first, |
| Jésus kuh awázishik, | Jesus also do I love exceed- |
| | ingly, |
| Zinétta Máry! | O Virgin Mary! |
| III. Zinétta Máry, Massaké, | Virgin Mary, my Mother, |
| Mi arakav-fbishim Ziv- | For me a sinner, do pray, |
| kah, | |
| Kambash-vfávrak, | And when we are going to die, |
| Zivakah, Mirikiu, | Then also pray for us, |
| Zinétta Máry! | O Virgin Mary! |

As will be seen, the prayer, though amplified, is substantially that authorized by the Church. As for its popularity, the missionary says:

No matter where you go over the reservation, the sound of this pious hymn will strike your ear; men sing it, women and children sing it. Those who don't know it will leave no stone unturned until they have learned it, and even the pagan begins to sing it. The children of the different schools are singing and humming it all day long. The men are vying with the women to see who shall sing it best; and the children, among themselves.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Jesus All Good." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
 "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 2 vols. \$3.
 "Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.
 "Labourers in God's Vineyard." Madame Cecilia. 75 cts.
 "The Meaning of the Mass." Rev. M. J. Griffith, D. D. \$1.

"Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.

"The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.

"Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.

"The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.

"The Greek Fathers." Adrian Fortescue. \$1.
 "Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Coin of Sacrifice." Christian Reid. 15 cts.

"The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.

"The Sunday School Teacher's Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism." Rev. A. Urban. \$1.

"The Catholic Church and Science." \$1.

"The Story of St. Francis of Assisi." M. Alice Heins. 75 cts., net.

"The Veneration of St. Agnes, V. M." Rev. T. Shearman, C. SS. R. 45 cts., net.

"Ideals of Charity." Virginia M. Crawford. 75 cts.

"Gabriel Garcia Moreno." Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. 86 cts.

"Helladian Vistas." Don Daniel Quinn, Ph. D. \$1.65.

"A Maiden Up-to-Date." Genevieve Irons. \$1.60.

"Auriel Selwode." Emily Bowles. \$1.60.

"The Missions and Missionaries of California." Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. Vol. I Lower California. \$2.75.

"Of the Imitation of Christ." Thomas à Kempis Translated and Annotated by Fathe Thaddeus, O. F. M. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Urban Raskiewicz, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. John McKeon, diocese of Brooklyn and Rev. Joseph Schaefer, diocese of Covington Brother Basil, C. S. C.

Sister Mary Austin, of the Order of Mercy.

Mr. Thomas Cacciola, Mr. George A. Rice Mrs. James Long, Col. William Clark, Mr. Amelia Clark, Mr. John P. Keane, Mrs. Juli Sparks, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Mr. A. A. Gerbe Mrs. M. Kelly, Mr. Charles Reiser, Mrs. Bridge Roche, Mr. C. H. Schaffer, Mary A. McCarthy Mr. Charles Trentmann, Mary L. Hughes, Mr. B. F. Fleming, Mr. Robert Keleher, Mrs. Phil Fay, Mr. H. J. Hackenberg, Mrs. F. Brown, and Mr. Joseph Wernert, Sr.

Requiescant in pace!



THE DEPOSITION.
(Giotto.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1909.

NO. 9.

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The Nun Flower.

BY EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

DEEP in the heart of a wooded dell,
Where satin-footed fairies dwell,
There is a cloister, green and cool,
Beside a silver, forest pool.
Intruders never pass this way,
Except the tiny folk o' fay;
And on the cloister's farthest sward
A white-faced nun keeps watch and ward.
A dark green gown,—'most black it seems
Beneath the Day's thrice-filtered beams.
And there, upon her down-held head,
A crown of gold glows dully red.
And so within the soft, rich glooms,
The fragile, nun-like flower blooms,
And folk o' fay alone can tell
Why she has come to the cloistered dell.

On Turning to the Lord.

A LENTEN HOMILY OF ST. BERNARD.*

WHAT is the meaning of Our Lord's precept, my most dearly beloved, that we should turn to Him? † For He is everywhere, and filleth everything, at the same time encompassing the whole. Whither shall I turn, O Lord my God, that I may turn to Thee? If I climb up into heaven, Thou art there; if I go down to hell, Thou art there also. ‡ What wouldst Thou? Whither shall I turn to Thee? Above or below? To the right hand or to the left? This is His

counsel; it is a secret, to be entrusted to none but His friends; it is a mystery of the Kingdom of God. It is revealed in the ear to Apostles, for to the multitudes nothing is said without a parable. "Unless you be converted," saith He, "and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." § Acknowledge, without doubt, whither He would have us turn. We must needs turn to the little Child, that we may learn of Him; for He is meek and lowly of heart; since for this purpose to us the Child is given. Verily this same is also great, but in the city of the Lord, to which also it is said: "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Sion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." || Why art thou puffed up, O man? Why boastest thou thyself without a cause? Why searchest thou out deep things? And why beholdest thou with thine eyes every high thing that is not for thy good? The Lord is high indeed, but He is not so set before thee: to be praised is His greatness, not to be imitated. Exalted is His greatness, and thou canst not reach it; no, though thou exhaust thyself, thou canst not lay hold thereof. Man, saith He, shall come to a deep heart, and God shall be exalted. ¶

For though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly; as for the proud, He beholdeth them afar off.

* Translated by F. O.

† Turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning. And rend your heart and not your garments, saith the Lord Almighty. (Joel, ii, 12, 13.)

‡ Ps. cxxxix, 8.

|| Is., xii, 6.

§ St. Matt., xviii, 3.

¶ Ps. lxiii, 7, 8.

Humble thyself, and thou hast laid hold of Him. This certainly is the law of piety; and "by reason of Thy law I have waited for Thee, O Lord."*

If, perchance, the way proposed had been one of exaltation, and if thither led the road wherein the salvation of God was to be shown,—what great things would men do that they might be exalted! With what cruelty would they lay each other low, and trample on each other! With what impudence would men creep aloft, and with hands and feet strain themselves to rise, that they might raise themselves above the heads of others! And he, truly, that strives to excel his neighbors will experience many difficulties; he will have many rivals; he will certainly have to endure many opponents rising up against him. But nothing is more easy to one that has a good will than to humble himself. This is the word which leaves us so wholly without excuse, that it suffers us not to hide ourselves behind even the very thinnest veil.

But let us now see how we must turn to this young Child, this Master in meekness and humility. "Turn ye," saith He, "to Me with all your heart." Brethren, if He had said, "Turn ye," and had added nothing more, we might perhaps have been free to answer, "I am turned; issue now another command." But now He admonishes us (as I take the words) of spiritual conversion, which is not the work of a day. Oh, that it may be consummated even in our whole life, whilst we abide in this body! For the mere conversion of the body, if that be all, will be of no avail; since this is indeed the outward show, but not the reality of conversion, which hath the appearance of piety without its power. Miserable is the man that occupieth himself wholly in external affairs, and is ignorant of his own interior; that thinketh himself to be something, when he is nothing, deceiving himself. "I am poured out like water," saith the Psalmist in the person of such

a man as this, "and all my bones are out of joint."* And another of the Prophets saith: "Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not."† For he looks upon his outward form, and imagines all to be safe, feeling nothing of the hidden worm that is consuming his inward parts. . . .

Look well to what thou lovest, what thou fearest, what affects thee with joy or sorrow; and under the habit of religion thou wilt find a worldly mind, a perverse heart under the ragged garments of conversion. For the whole heart exists in these four affections. And it is of these, I think, that should be taken which is said, that "with thy whole heart thou be converted to the Lord." Henceforth let thy love be turned to Him, that thou love nothing whatever besides Him, or except on account of Him. To Him also be turned thy fear; for what fear soever thou entertainest for anything beside Him, or not on account of Him, is a perverse fear. So also thy joy and thy sorrow; be they no less converted to Him. And this will be accomplished by thy admitting neither joy nor grief, but according to Him. For what more perverse than to rejoice when thou doest ill, and to exult in the greatest evils? And the sorrow also which is according to the flesh worketh death. If thou weep for thy own or thy neighbor's sin, thou doest well, and this sorrow is to salvation.‡ If thou rejoice for the gifts of grace, this is a holy joy, and a secure joy in the Holy Ghost. Thou art also bound, for the love of Christ, to rejoice in the prosperity of thy brethren, and to condole with them in their adversities; as it is written: "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."§

But neither is even that external conversion to be little thought of, since it is known to be no slight help to this that is spiritual. Hence it is that in this place,

* *Ib.*, cxxix, 4.

* *Ib.*, xxii, 14.

† *Hosea*, vii, 9.

‡ *I. Cor.*, vii, 10.

§ *Rom.*, xii, 15.

when the Lord had said, "with all thy heart," He straightway added, "with fasting"; which is wholly external. Yet I would have you observe that this fasting is not to be from meats alone, but from all allurements of the flesh and all carnal pleasures; yea, verily, you must fast far more from sins than from food. But there is a bread from which I would not have you fast, lest perchance you faint by the way. If you know not what bread I mean, I will tell you—the bread of tears. For the words follow, "with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning." For repentance as to past conversation requires us to mourn; and desire of future beatitude obliges us to weep. "My tears have been my meat day and night," saith the Prophet, "while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?"* Little pleaseth him the newness of this life who mourneth not yet his old things, mourneth not yet the sins he hath admitted, mourneth not yet his lost time. If thou weep not, thou plainly feelest not the wounds of thy soul, the hurts of thy conscience. But neither art thou sufficiently desirous of future joys, if thou askest them not daily with tears; thou knowest but little of them, unless thy soul refuses comfort until they come.

Lastly the Prophet adds, "and rend your heart, and not your garments." By which words that former people of the Jews is clearly convicted both of hardness of heart and vain superstition; since rending of the garments was common enough with them, but not of the heart. For when could their stony hearts be rent, seeing that they could not even be circumcised? Who is there among you whose will is wont to be more than ordinarily obstinate upon some one point? Let him rend his heart with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Yea, let him rend it; let him make haste to tear it into the smallest fragments. Turn to the Lord with his whole heart and can not, except with a rent heart.

For until thou hast attained that compactness of excellence which is found in Jerusalem—the city at unity in itself,—many things are meantime commanded thee; and if thou offend in one thing, thou art guilty of all. "The Spirit of the Lord is manifold," saith the Wise Man;* and thou canst not follow the manifold but with a manifold rending. Harkener, then, to the man whom God found according to His own heart. "O God," saith he, "my heart is ready, my heart is ready!"† Ready for adversity, ready for prosperity; ready for what is lowly, ready for what is exalted; ready for all things whatsoever Thou orderest. Wilt Thou make me a shepherd of sheep? Wilt Thou appoint me king of the people? "O God, my heart is ready, my heart is ready!" Who is faithful as David, going out and coming in, and advancing to the empire of the kingdom? And concerning sinners he said: "Their heart is curdled like milk,"‡ but I have meditated on Thy law."§ For from hence cometh hardness of heart, from hence obstinacy of mind, because men delight not in the law of the Lord, but in their own will.

Let us therefore rend our hearts, that so we may also keep our garments whole. For virtues are our garments. A good garment is charity; a good garment is obedience. Happy he that keepeth these garments, that he walk not naked. Lastly, "Blessed is he whose sin is covered";§ and, "charity shall cover a multitude of sins." Let us rend our hearts, as we are commanded, that we may preserve these garments entire, in like manner as the Saviour's coat was kept whole. Nor doth the rending of the heart keep the garment whole only, but maketh it also long and flowing, and a coat of many colors, such as from the holy patriarch Jacob the son received who was beloved above the rest. Hence verily perseverance in virtues; hence the parti-colored unity of a fair conversation; hence that glory

* Ps. xlii, 4.

* Wis., vii, 22.

† Ib., cxix, 70.

† Ps. lvii, 8.

§ Ib., xxxii, 1.

of the King's daughter in golden borders, clothed round about with varieties.

This rending of the heart may, however, be also otherwise understood; as, that if it be depraved, it may be rent to compunction; if hard-hearted, to compassion. Why should not the ulcer be cut, that the foul matter may run out? Why should not the heart be rent, that it may flow forth with bowels of pity? Useful truly are both rendings, that neither the poison of sin may be concealed in our heart, nor our bowels of mercy be shut against our poor neighbor; that we may ourselves also obtain mercy from our Lord Jesus Christ, who is over all God blessed forever.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

X.

"BOBBY," Desmond said, as he stepped into the waiting car, "will you be kind enough to take me to the shop of your principal undertaker?"

"Well, by George!" Mr. Selwyn, hand on wheel, paused to stare helplessly. "Where will you want to go next,—to the cemetery?"

"Not yet," Desmond replied, with a laugh. "It seems odd, no doubt; but I suppose I shall find at the undertaker's the body of a man who was killed in the railway wreck yesterday."

"And why on earth should you want to find it? Shouldn't think you'd ever want to be reminded of that wreck again."

"I've a reason for desiring to learn anything I can about this particular man. I was with him when he died, and he wanted something done. I have just learned from Father Martin that the body is held while efforts are being made to hear from his friends, and I want to find out if they have been heard from."

"I see." Without more words Selwyn sent the car spinning down the street, flashed around corners, and finally reached

the business part of the town, where he paused before a large furniture shop. "I fancy you'll find what you want here," he said. "There's an undertaking establishment connected with this, and an—er—apartment which bears the awful name of a 'mortuary parlor.'"

He proved to be right. The head of the establishment—a sallow, black-eyed man, whom Nature appeared to have fashioned for funereal purposes—came forward, and, in reply to Desmond's inquiries, stated that the "remains" in question were indeed in his mortuary parlor, awaiting the final orders of the railway officials for their disposition. Nothing, it seemed, had as yet been heard from any relatives.

"If you were a friend of the gentleman," he remarked to the young man, "perhaps you would like to look at the corpse. It has been very nicely embalmed and placed in a good casket."

"Oh, no! Thanks!" Desmond replied a little hastily; for it is rather a curious fact that cultured human nature is as anxious to avoid all sights and suggestions of death as uncultured human nature is eagerly attracted by them. "I was not a friend, not even an acquaintance of the man," he explained; "but I was with him when he died; and, in order to fulfil a last wish which he expressed, I should like to know who his friends or relatives are. If any are heard from, may I beg you to communicate with me? Here is my card, and you will find me at Hillcrest,—the Wargrave place, you know."

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Simpson knew very well; and his manner took an additional shade of *embressement* as he assured Desmond that he would certainly let him know as soon as anything was heard from or about Mr. Tracy's friends or relatives.

"Well, that being settled," Selwyn said, as they drove away, "is there any reason why you shouldn't go to see my mother now? She is expecting you."

"On the contrary, I was about to ask

you to take me to see her at once," Desmond answered.

Back they whizzed, into the residence part of the town, and on its extreme verge entered the open gates of a large and ornate modern house—a granite and brick imitation of a French château,—which stood in the midst of wide, handsome grounds, with a fine view of the open country behind it.

"I don't think," Desmond remarked, "that this is where you lived when I was here before."

"Oh, yes!" Selwyn replied, as they drew up under the *porte-cochère*; "this is where we lived; but it's a different house, you see. We built this a few years ago. It's the finest residence in Kingsford now."

"I should think it might be," Desmond observed, suppressing an expression of regret for the old Southern mansion, full of unpretentious dignity, which had been destroyed to make way for this costly erection without any suggestion of the country or its past. As he followed his cousin in, and noted how everything spoke of wealth, lavishly applied in the most modern manner, he began to understand the light in which Bobby was regarded at Hillcrest.

It was quite evident, however, that no doubt of himself or of his residence entered the mind of this extremely self-satisfied young gentleman as he led the way into a luxuriously furnished sitting-room, opening on one side from the spacious hall, where they found a distinguished-looking woman of middle age, who greeted Desmond warmly.

"Not 'Mrs. Selwyn,' but cousin Elizabeth," she corrected him in his greeting. "We are very nearly related, you know. Your mother and I were first cousins; and Robert here is as much of a Wargrave as yourself, though I am sorry to say he doesn't look it as you do."

"It's a standing grievance with my mother that I don't resemble her family," Selwyn told him. "And she's shocked

when I say that I'd rather not resemble them than have to take some of their qualities with their looks."

"Robert, I *am* shocked!" his mother declared. "There are no Wargrave qualities that you might not be proud to have."

The young man shook his head, a rather pugnacious expression on his face, which, with its blunt features, its aggressive chin, its total lack of intellectual character, notwithstanding a certain keen brightness of expression, and general resemblance to the "business"—that is commercial—type, was certainly far removed from the clear-cut distinction and intellectual character of the Wargrave type.

"Very fine qualities, no doubt, from the ideal point of view," he conceded; "but not the kind that make for success in this day and generation. It's all right as long as they have Hillcrest and its great entailed estate at their back; but fancy the Judge, with all his old-fashioned ideas of 'what is honorable between gentlemen,' having to come into the modern world and hustle for a living!"

"Robert, you know how I detest slang. And I can not endure for you to talk in this way, and imply that you—er—"

"Have to hustle, according to the new ideas and methods," Robert laughed. "Well, if I *hadn't*, all I can say is that you wouldn't be as comfortable as you are at present; and I've never heard you object to the comfort."

Mrs. Selwyn flushed slightly, not so much from a consciousness of her own inconsistency in being proud of her son's business success and enjoying its results while deprecating the methods by which it had been achieved, as because, like many other people, she was not pleased to have her inconsistency pointed out. She therefore changed the conversation by addressing Desmond.

"We are all so glad that you have been able to come to your uncle," she told him. "There seemed a little doubt whether you would care to do so, being so far away."

"I promised my uncle a long time ago

that I would come whenever he sent a really urgent summons for me," the young man answered; "and therefore I had no alternative, although it was inconvenient for me to leave my work at this time."

"Oh, your work!" Mrs. Selwyn lifted her brows. "That would seem of slight importance compared to the Wargrave inheritance, I should think."

"But, you see, I had never given a thought to the Wargrave inheritance," he replied. "It was a great surprise to me to find how matters stood, and that my uncle proposed to make me his heir. I did not even know that his son was dead."

"Did you not?" Something of the shadow came over her face that had fallen on that of Mrs. Creighton at mention of Harry Wargrave. "Yes, it has been several years since we heard of his death. It was a great shock to the whole family connection; for he was a person whom we all loved, and we had hoped that some day the unexplained breach between his father and himself might be healed."

"I don't see how you could have hoped it," her son remarked. "The Wargrave qualities that you admire so much were all enlisted on the other side. For a reconciliation, somebody would have to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and no Wargrave could ever do that. I certainly can't imagine the Judge doing it."

"Well, now do you know, I'm not at all sure that he wouldn't, if he were once convinced that he was in the wrong?" Desmond said. "Of course the difficulty would be in convincing him; but his sense of justice is so strong that if it were made plain to him that he had wronged any one, I do not believe that he would hesitate at any reparation."

"If it were made plain to him!" Bobby repeated. "As you observe, that is where the insurmountable difficulty would come in. But we needn't discuss the point, since — luckily for you — Harry Wargrave is dead and buried."

"Robert!"

"There's no good in being hypocritical, mater! It is lucky for him. And I shouldn't be surprised," the speaker went gloomily, "if there was even more luck on in store for him."

Desmond stared a little.

"I don't know what you mean," he said; "though I am prepared to admit that finding so many new and charming relatives is rare good luck."

"Listen to the blarney on his tongue!" the other chaffed. "No, my boy, I wasn't alluding to the mater and myself, charming as we undoubtedly are; but to a family effort, which I clearly foresee, to make a match between you and Edith Creighton."

"Really, Robert—" Mrs. Selwyn began.

But Bobby waved remonstrance aside.

"I believe in being open and above board," he stated. "Any one could see it with half an eye. I don't doubt that cousin Rachel and the Judge have both set their hearts on it. They won't say anything to Edith, for they know her too well. But they'll bring all the pressure they can to bear on Desmond; and he'll be rather a remarkable kind of person if he needs any pressure."

Desmond laughed.

"This is anticipating things indeed," he said. "We aren't living in an old-fashioned romance; and, although Edith is very fascinating, I can't imagine myself yielding either to pressure or to her fascinations."

Bobby eyed him sardonically.

"That shows how much you know about it," he said. "I'll bet you anything you like that you'll be her abject captive before a week is over—unless" (hopefully) "your affections are already engaged."

"No," Desmond laughed again. "I can report myself quite heart free."

"Then in that case there's simply no doubt of it. No man could be closely associated with Edith Creighton and not fall in love with her, unless he were—"

"More sensible than you are!" Mrs. Selwyn broke in impatiently. "You really

provoke me past endurance by your ridiculous infatuation about that girl. To hear you talk one would think that she was absolutely irresistible, instead of being a very ordinary and badly spoiled person, in my opinion."

"But, you see, you are quite alone in that opinion," her son informed her. "Everybody else acknowledges that she is irresistible. I frankly confess that she has made a door-mat of me for a long time, and that the chances are that she will keep on doing so—at least until she promises to marry some other man. If you are the man" (he turned again to Desmond), "I'll try and support it philosophically; but I thought I'd just let you know how matters stand."

"You mean," said Desmond, "that you are good enough to warn me that if I fall a victim, as you anticipate, I shall not be without a rival."

"Just that," Bobby agreed. "I think it's always well to make things clear, you know; although, with regard to this matter, my mother considers me to be altogether without proper pride."

"I certainly do," his mother crisply agreed. "I confess myself unable to understand how you can be so poor spirited as to continue to dangle after a girl who has, by your own account, again and again refused you."

"It's dogged as does it!" Mr. Selwyn cheerfully quoted. "Some day, perhaps, she will grow tired of refusing, unless the Wargrave Trust interferes. Meanwhile—talk of angels'—here she comes now!"

He bolted from the room as a carriage was heard to drive up to the door; and Mrs. Selwyn looked at Desmond with the air of one who apologizes for the misbehavior of a child.

"I hope you won't take Robert's nonsense in earnest," she deprecated. "He really isn't so foolish as he pretends to be. Of course he admires Edith Creighton very much, and I suppose he has asked her to marry him. But it's all done in a way that no girl in my time would have

considered serious for a moment, and I can't believe that it is serious."

"If his own account of the affair is to be relied on, it is to be hoped that it isn't serious, since there doesn't seem much hope of his success," Desmond said, with a smile.

"Oh, I'm not sure of that either!" Mrs. Selwyn returned, in a slightly piqued tone. "Perhaps if he were more serious, she might answer differently; although there's no doubt that she has an opinion of herself that hardly appears to me to be justified. Her stepmother and your uncle have both spoiled her dreadfully, and—well, Edith, how are you to-day, my dear?"

"Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Selwyn!" Edith answered blithely, as she entered, with Bobby in her train.

And perhaps it was from the conversation he had just heard that Desmond's eyes seemed freshly opened to her striking beauty, or perhaps the drive in the fresh air had brought the glowing roses to her cheeks, the diamond-like brightness to her glance. She nodded to him gaily.

"So here you are!" she said. "I didn't know whether I should find you or not, but I thought I could pay a little visit to Mrs. Selwyn while waiting. I hope you transacted all your business satisfactorily?"

"I transacted it both satisfactorily and speedily, thanks to Bobby and his car," Desmond answered.

"Odd kind of business it was!" Bobby commented. "First he wanted to go to a church, and then to an undertaker. I thought I should have to end by carrying him to the cemetery."

Mrs. Selwyn looked a little surprised.

"I never know when Robert is in earnest and when he isn't, she complained. "But did you really want to go to such—er—extraordinary places?"

"I really did," Desmond assured her; "and there wasn't anything very extraordinary about it. Catholics are quite in the habit of going to their churches, you know."

"Catholics!" The surprise deepened,—became, in fact, somewhat shocked. "Oh,—ah—I remember! Your father was a—"

"Catholic? Yes. And so am I. But, besides paying a visit to the church, I wanted to see the priest, and make some inquiries about one of the victims of the wreck yesterday."

"Some one you knew?"

"So far from that, some one I never saw before the accident. But I chanced to be with him when he died. I was able to get the priest for him, and there was something he wanted done, which of course we are anxious—Father Martin and I—to accomplish if possible. That was why I went to the undertaker's, where the body is held, to learn if anything had been heard from his friends or relatives."

"It was certainly very good of you," Mrs. Selwyn observed; "for everything connected with undertakers and death is so horrible that one shrinks from it as much as possible."

"But, you see, I came so near being a subject for the undertaker myself, that I can't afford to shrink," said Desmond. "The least I can do is to make every effort to fulfil the wishes of one who was less fortunate than I was."

"You were certainly very fortunate in escaping from so terrible an accident without any injury at all," Mrs. Selwyn agreed. "If you had been killed, it would have been a dreadful thing for—"

Her son's explosion of laughter, in which it was impossible for Desmond and Edith not to join, obliged her to pause with a rather offended expression.

"Excuse me, mater!" Bobby gasped. "But Desmond has heard nothing else since his arrival but how dreadful it would have been for his uncle if he had been killed; and you'll admit that it would have been slightly dreadful for *him* also."

"I could hardly have meant anything else," Mrs. Selwyn was beginning, in a dignified manner, when the sound of a telephone bell ringing sharply in the hall cut into her speech. Without waiting for the servant whose duty it was to answer such calls, Bobby rose and went

to the instrument. His voice being anything but dulcet in tone, what ensued was very audible.

"Hallo! This is Selwyn! Who is speaking? Oh, Simpson! Yes. Yes, he's here. I'll call him." Then, in a louder tone: "Desmond, you're wanted. Simpson, the undertaker," he went on, handing the receiver over as Desmond came up to where he stood, "says he thought he might catch you here before you left town. He's heard something about that dead man you're interested in, since we were in his shop."

Yes, Mr. Simpson told Desmond as soon as the latter signified that he was listening, he had just heard from the railway officials that the body of Mr. Tracy was to be forwarded to his sister, Mrs. Sarah Barnes, of Baltimore, Maryland; and was there anything that Mr. Desmond would like to see about, in connection with the matter, before the order was carried out? Desmond replied that there was nothing at all, thanked Mr. Simpson, took down Mrs. Barnes' address, and, when the undertaker had rung off, asked Central to give him the Catholic rectory. A moment later Father Martin's voice answered, and he communicated the news he had received.

"I knew you would be interested in hearing at once, Father," he said, "since it may be the means of learning something about the man's past life."

"It may," the priest replied, "and I am much obliged to you for telling me, though I shall no doubt hear from Mr. Simpson a little later. I will write to his sister, who, if she is a Catholic, will undoubtedly be glad to learn that her brother made his peace with God before he died."

"And will you kindly let me know if there is anything in her reply to throw light on his—dying request?" Desmond asked.

"Yes," the quiet tones answered, "I will let you know as soon as I hear from her; but I hardly expect any light on the point you mention."

Waiting.

BY C. E. F. C.

I DO not know how all the lines of light
 Cross and recross among the wheeling stars;
 Into what ether seas the cusped moon
 Sinks at her setting; what Olympian jars
 Are opened that the clouds may fill with rain.
 These mystic things I seek to know in vain,
 But God knows all.

How morning woke the song on Memnon's lips,—
 Cold, stony lips no mortal touch could thrill;
 If some great planet suffer an eclipse,
 What handwrit light its cresset shall refill;
 These things I know not, do not need to know,
 If they relate to me, God made it so,—
 I'll wait on Him.

God woke the light to being. He is light,
 But only tempered darkness suits our eyes,—
 Poor purblind eyes, that glimmer in His dawn,
 And would be stricken blind should He arise
 And sweep all shadows from our twilight skies.
 So if my little life should go awry,
 I will not vex my soul by asking why,—
 I'll trust in God.

The Coming of Nora.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

I.

A FINE, bright, smiling morn near
 the end of March. The breath of
 spring in the air, whispering messages
 of hope and cheer to many a heart the
 winter has oppressed and clouded. The
 signs of spring struggling everywhere to
 assert themselves after a dark and weary
 bondage. Men yoking their horses to
 the plow. Carts rumbling over the lanes
 that lead to the fields. Boys hallooing
 and waving their hands, to hunt away
 the greedy crows from the lately-sown
 seed. Birds chirping in every bush their
 welcome to the beautiful spring that is
 here, and the still more beautiful summer
 that is to come. Life, light, gladness and
 an exhilarating freshness everywhere,—

in the air, on the earth, in the sky; in
 all places save one sorrow-clouded spot—
 Dan Maguire's cottage in Glen-na-Mona.

In Dan Maguire's cottage there is no
 gleam of the hope of spring; there is no
 gladness, no sunshine, no laughter, no
 thought of anything only one gloomy,
 sorrowful subject—the departure of Nora
 Maguire for America, this very morning
 in the glorious springtime.

No wonder old Dan and Kitty—the
 girl's father and mother—are weeping
 bitter tears; no wonder they cling to
 her and fain would keep her near their
 fond and sorrow-seared hearts forever.
 No wonder they bemoan the black day
 that brought with it the letter from
 Nora's aunt in America, which gave
 birth in her mind to the wild longing for
 a glimpse of "life" in those grand places
 far away, of which Delia Quinn (who
 had been in America) had told her many
 a time. Delia hadn't gone back to "the
 other side," as she called America; but,
 all the same, she never tired of saying
 that it was "the only place for a girl
 to see life"; always adding, with a dis-
 dainful shrug of her stooped shoulders,
 "there isn't much life to be seen in
 Glen-na-Mona!"

So Nora and many of her young com-
 panions had got into their hearts the
 ceaseless longing "to see life"; and when
 the letter came from Nora's aunt, offering
 to pay her passage out, all the entreaties
 that all the tongues in Ireland could
 address to her would have been of no
 avail in striving to keep her at home.

Dan and Kitty felt it sorely. She was
 the last of all they had reared (the others
 had gone out into the world already);
 she was their pet and the light of their
 lives; and they fondly dreamed always
 that when the message came for them
 to leave earth and its worries behind,
 she would be by their side—their own
 Noirin Ban*—to close their eyes for the
 last long sleep. That dream is shattered
 now,—gone forever; and only the sad,

* Fair-haired little Nora.

slow years — few or many, as God willed it — lie before them. Every child they have watched growing up around them, and above all their *Noirin Ban*, gone from them far away, and the old hearth drear and lonely!

No wonder, indeed, that they cry aloud this bright March morning; no wonder that, as Nora comes down from her little room, ready dressed for the train, looking prettier than ever, but with the hot tears which she can not restrain burning her cheeks like flames of fire,—no wonder the poor old couple's weeping rises to a wild wail that is akin to a dirge for the dead.

"O *Noirin*, *Noirin Ban*!" Dan Maguire cries, like one in the grip of despair, as he grasps her little hands tightly in the rough palms that have toiled for her through many a year, while the tears blind his eyes, and his strong face and mouth quiver under the leash of the pain that fills his heart, and his throat seems ready to burst with the something that has welled up into it. "O *Noirin*, *Noirin Ban*!" He can say no more; but the words fall upon Nora's heart like a scourge, and nearly dislodge the longing for the world that is there. Many a time afterward did that cry come to her ears, above all the noises of a great city, and bring into her world-weary eyes the tears of remorse and bitter sorrow.

"O loved one of my heart!" sobs poor old Kitty, her wasted arms around the young girl's neck, her withered cheek pressed close to the fresh, sweet face, her frail frame trembling with the awful grief that has stolen into every fibre of her being. "O darling! shall I ever see your face again this side of heaven? May God look down on us this day, and help us to do His holy and blessed will! O *childeen*! *childeen*! *childeen*! shall I ever see your face or hear you speak again? You'll come back to us,—won't you come back to us before we die, and drive the sorrow out of our hearts,—the sorrow that will be in them from this day? Won't

you come, darling, to close our eyes when God is ready for us above? Say you will, *Noirin*,—say it before you go, *childeen* of my heart!"

It is hard to say it; for Nora is convulsed with grief now, and the words almost refuse to come. But say it she does, somehow; and with it, too, she says she will bring with her shining gold to give them comfort in their declining days; and that she will be their "*Noirin Ban*" always, no matter where she may go or whom she may meet; and that she will be home sooner than they expect; and that their names will be on her lips and in her heart every time she kneels to pray.

They become more calm after this; and Nora kneels and receives their blessing, spoken as fervently as blessing has ever been spoken in this world. Then, with a lingering kiss, she goes from the house to where a little group of boys and girls, who are to be her fellow-passengers, wait for her at the end of the *boreen* leading out to the highroad. One last wave of her handkerchief, at the turn of the *boreen*, one last kiss wafted on the morning breeze, and the old couple standing in the doorway feel the earth and sky grow suddenly dark, and the breeze that was kind a moment before now sharp and cold. Their *Noirin Ban* is gone!

II.

It is two years later, but the scene is far away from *Glen-na-Mona*. The exact time is the late afternoon of St. Patrick's Day; and the exact place is a grimy, gloomy tenement house in a certain city of America. There are more families in this house than one could imagine possible; but they might as well be half the world apart—some of them—for all they know of one another. They are mostly exiles from other lands, who left their homes in the hope of winning a fortune in the great American Republic, and who have failed in the fight which the attainment of that fortune would entail,—a fight through many a year against adversaries

trained from childhood in all the wiles and all the craft of the world of to-day,—adversaries drawn from all the cities of the earth."

To this house, and to houses like it, the beaten ones have drifted, hopeless and dispirited, to wear out in dismal poverty the remainder of the lives that would have been useful in the lands for which the Creator destined them, but which are here a curse to the fallen fighters, and to all with whom they come into contact.

Away up at the top of this many-roomed and overcrowded tenement there is a poor bare little box of an attic, not fit for human habitation; but on this St. Patrick's Day it contains a bed, and on the bed is stretched the worn, wasted form of a girl upon whose face and in whose eyes are imprinted the heraldic signs of approaching death. It would be difficult to recognize in this thread-bare remnant of crushed and shattered humanity the young, handsome, healthy girl who only two short years ago stood at the turn of a certain breen in far-away Ireland, waving a white handkerchief and wafting a last kiss to a sad and sorrowing old couple at the open doorway of the house in which she had been born and had spent happy, cloudless years, and which she had just left of her own free will—never to return.

It would be no easy task, indeed, to recognize her; but, nevertheless, the worn creature who lies helpless upon this wretched bed, who gazes with sad, expectant look toward the door, whose face is drawn and haggard, whose hands are wasted and almost lifeless, whose breathing is hard and short, whose frame is racked now and then by a merciless and persistent cough,—this suffering, worn, dying creature is none other than Nora Maguire—Noirin Ban,—the light and hope of the hearts of poor old Dan and Kitty in lonely, far-off Glen-na-Mona.

This is the ending of the dream whose false light lured her over three thousand

miles of ocean, from the peaceful home beside the winding breen. This is the ending: death in the stranger's land; death without one beside her—priest, mother, or friend,—and on St. Patrick's Day, above all the days of the year!

Her dream was shattered before she had been a week in America. The aunt who had paid her passage wanted her only as a servant, even a slave. Her husband was a coarse, brutal fellow, and little Nora heard nothing from morning till night but quarrelling, oaths and curses. She stayed only two months, and then went as a servant to other people, who treated her less harshly. After a time she was able to send a few pounds home to the old people, and she told them in her letters that she would stay no longer than two years in America; that, although it was a "grand place," and she was earning much money (it was only by depriving herself of necessities that she was able to send them the little she did), she would rather be with those she loved in the dear old Glen, every inch of which came before her mind whenever she closed her eyes.

The months passed on; the longing "to see life" died, and in its place there came the unquenchable desire to see home again. In the winter of the second year Nora's health began to fail, and she made up her mind to return home in the summer. She went from one place to another, in the hope that change might benefit her health; but the cough became worse and worse, until, finally, one day her mistress informed her, coldly, that she 'couldn't listen to that horrid cough any longer,' and so she had to go. Her health failed completely then, and the drifting process began. Nobody would employ her, and at last her residence became the attic in the gloomy tenement,—all she could afford to pay for. And all the time her cheery letters went across the sea to the old people, and all the time she was "going home in the summer."

Lately Nora has been growing worse; for the past five days she has not left her bed; and were it not for the kind woman in the room nearest to the attic, who gave her a drink now and then, and who brought the priest to her, she might have died unknown to all the world. Of course the owner of the tenement sent up weekly for her rent; but the messenger who came for it had scant pity for tenants dying of consumption; to get the rent money was his chief concern.

The kind-hearted next-door neighbor was with her this morning before she went out to her daily work as charwoman; and she promised to visit her on her return in the evening, and to bring up any letters that might come for her. Nora asked her more than once to remember the latter; for she knew well there would be a tiny box for her, full of shamrocks plucked by her father's hand beside the little murmuring stream in Glen-na-Mona. And, oh, she is longing for a sight of the little green leaves, with their message of never-dying love from the fond hearts she had hurt so cruelly!

It is late in the afternoon now, and every moment seems an hour, as she listens for the woman's footfall on the creaking stairs, and watches for her face at the door. She feels that she is dying; but she wants to see, before she goes, the shamrocks that will tell her of home and of the old times. "O my God," she murmurs brokenly, between her long-drawn breaths,—"O my God, let me see them, and then I'll die happy!"

A tiny, trembling ray of sunshine comes in at the skylight, and falls across the bed. A smile flits over the face of the dying girl as the ray reaches her, and her eyes close. A sort of wakeful slumber comes over her, and all the suffering of the present, and of the weary months of her exile, is blotted out. She is in Glen-na-Mona, and there is no thought in her mind of America, no longing "to see life." The boys and girls are down at the end of the breen, under the old ash tree—a

big, laughing group of them,—with hands joined, ready to dance on the grassy sod. Mahon the piper is getting his pipes in tune. Fergus McDonnell is twining a spray of shamrock in Nora's hair, and whispering that "Noirin Ban is the queen of them all." It is the happiest St. Patrick's Day that has ever come. Now the dance is finished, and she is coming up the breen to her own home. Her father and mother are standing in the doorway.

"Dad — mammy — home — at — last!" she murmurs with a smile, as she opens her eyes. "But the place — is — very — dark — and —"

Somebody comes in at the door. It is the woman for whom the poor exile had watched so eagerly. In her hand she carries a tiny box. But she is alone in the room. Just as she entered, a white soul met her in the doorway, — a white soul speeding away to Him who had sent it into the world. Noirin Ban is among the dead.

On this same evening — the evening of St. Patrick's Day — in a little home at the end of a winding breen in Glen-na-Mona, an old man and an old woman sit beside the fire in the gathering twilight, speaking softly and lovingly of some one far away. They have conned over for the tenth time, at least, a letter that came to them this morning from Noirin Ban, — just a few words of love, and the assurance that she is counting the days until she shall come to them, up the winding breen, in the glorious summer time. And they are happy beyond all telling.

Poor Kitty! Poor Dan! Little do you think, as you smile over the cheery words, that Noirin Ban lies dead in the land of the stranger; that her white soul has been with you for one brief moment on its way to the Throne of God.

REPENTANT tears are the waters upon which the Spirit of God is ever ready to move.—*Samuel Butler.*

The Romance of the Flowers.

II.

IT was not until the next evening, her father better, and her brother returned, that Margaret at the dinner table, as a finish to her recital of what had occurred during her absence from home, related the story of her meeting with the attractive old lady. Both father and son were interested; but when her brother inquired as to the name of her travelling companion she replied:

"What an oversight! I never thought to ask her."

"Natural enough," said the elder man, "as you never expected to see her again."

"But I should very much *like* to see her again," rejoined Margaret. "She was so *unique*, so sweet in her old-fashionedness—if I may coin a new word,—so winning that I can not forget her. And, more than that, she reminded me every now and then of some one,—some one whom I am sure I must like, the resemblance was so very pleasant."

"Have her here, then, whenever you wish," said her father. "I do not doubt that the attraction was mutual."

He looked fondly and proudly at his daughter as he spoke; in his eye she was perfection, and there was nothing within his power he would not have granted her.

"I think I will," answered Margaret, musingly. "If it were not that she has a son, and a home of her own in the country which she could not be induced to leave, and which no one but a selfish, cruel person would think of asking her to leave, there is nothing I should like better than to ask her to come and live with us. She has captured me, heart and soul. But what a very curious thing it is that neither of us knows the other's name!"

Richard Dorr had just settled himself in an easy-chair in his pleasant room, prepared for a quiet evening alone. Of late, business cares had been so absorbing

that he had found little time for reading; but to-night he purposed spending several hours with his books, of which he had a fine collection.

And as he sat there, reluctant to move from his comfortable position, many thoughts began to crowd upon him,—thoughts of the past, of his mother, of a hardly possible future which had just begun to take shape in his mind, but the realization of which seemed so far from attainment that he dared not allow himself to dwell upon it.

Yet the spell was upon him, nevertheless; and to-night he gave himself up for a few moments to a pleasant, if morose, reverie. Suddenly he became aware of a timid knock at the door. Rising to his feet, he opened it. With one surprised and joyous exclamation of "Mother!"—"Richard!" the two were folded in each other's arms.

"I could not help it, Richard," began the old lady, apologetically. "I wanted to see you in your own place; to know how you were situated,—if you were fairly comfortable. The temptation came, and I could not resist."

"Temptation, mother! Say 'inspiration,' rather. It is so good to see you here in this room! And I had just been thinking of you,—I always do, though, at this time of the day—or evening. Sit down and take off your bonnet. You haven't had dinner?"

"Dinner, Richard! You know I couldn't possibly eat a heavy meal at this hour. We had a nice little lunch on the train. If you don't mind, and it won't be too much trouble for your landlady, I would like a cup of tea."

"She will be glad to wait on you," Richard replied. "She is a very kind-hearted woman. And there is a little room next to this just vacated to-day. Everything is all right. And we are going to have a fine time together, I promise you."

He rang the bell, and presently the landlady appeared.

"This is my mother, Mrs. Crisp," said

Richard. "She has come to visit me unexpectedly, and could you give her a cup of tea?"

"Could I give her a cup of tea, Mr. Dorr!" answered Mrs. Crisp, in a reproachful tone. "I will give her the best I have in the house."

The two women had already clasped hands and were looking into each other's face,—the mother in gratitude for the appreciation of her son which the landlady's tones betrayed; the other, in kindly, genuine welcome.

"Thank you! But I can take only some tea and a little piece of toast. It is all I ever want in the evening."

When the arrangements for the adjoining room had been completed, and the landlady had departed and again returned with a teapot of tea and two cups instead of one, supplemented by a plate of toast and a dish of strawberry jam, which she assured her guest was homemade, mother and son sat down together to a cosy *tête-à-tête*.

After all the home news had been discussed, and Richard's business affairs touched upon, the young man asked:

"You spoke of having lunch on the train. Did any of the home-folks come with you?"

"Oh, no! And, Richard," she said, leaving her place at the table, "I have brought you some flowers. I must put them in water. Here! I'll just set them in this little pitcher. The bouquet was twice as large; but before we got to the station I divided it, so that I might give half to the loveliest girl I ever saw."

"The loveliest girl you ever saw!" exclaimed Richard, laughingly. "Who was she, mother?"

"Why, that reminds me," said the old lady, "I forgot to ask her name! And now it is more than likely that I shall never know it. She was beautifully dressed; one could see that she had everything in the world her heart could desire. And she was as kind and sweet and agreeable to me as though I had worn

diamonds and satins. When she got to the station, there was a carriage waiting for her, and she insisted on fetching me here."

"A nice girl," replied Richard, warmly; "and a very unusual one, I should judge. What a pity you didn't learn her name!"

"I just overlooked it in my hurry and excitement," said Mrs. Dorr. "O Richard, if I thought you could ever win such a girl—or *that* girl—for a wife, I should be the happiest woman in the world!"

Richard laughed aloud.

"Mother," he answered, "you are too ambitious. Probably your girl would not look at me a second time."

"And why not, I should like to know?" said his mother, indignantly, as she set the pitcher containing the flowers on the table. "I think you are good enough for anybody."

The young man laughed again, but this time a little sadly. At that moment a vision flashed across his fancy,—a vision beautiful but elusive: the picture of a fair young girl that had lately occupied many of his moments of leisure. And he wondered what the fashionable young lady had thought of the flowers.

"I love the dear things!" he said aloud. "There are no flowers anywhere like yours, mother."

"And she really loved them," said his mother. "She used to visit her grandfather's farm when she was a child, and she said she thought there was no place in the world like it. I told her all about our little home, Richard, and she was so interested. I am very sorry I forgot to ask her name."

"Well, I am deeply grateful to her for her kindness to you," said he; "but we shall have to be content with dwelling on her memory, I suppose. Come now, have your tea, mother. It is getting cold."

A few days after this, as Richard Dorr was hurrying homeward, he was greeted with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo, Dorr!" said a pleasant voice.

Turning, he met the smiling gaze of an

old acquaintance who had formerly been interested in the company by which Dorr was employed.

"Hallo, Ralph!" said Richard, with a cordial shake of the hand. "I haven't seen you for some time."

"No. I've been wondering if you were never coming down again in the evening as you used to do," rejoined Ralph. "My sister has been away; but she's at home again, and we'll both be glad to see you."

Richard had never enjoyed anything as he did his visits to Ralph's home, but for a particular reason he had gone there less often than formerly. What that reason was he alone knew. At the moment, however, glad to meet his friend, and not wishing to appear ungrateful for generous hospitality, he threw aside the prudential armor in which he had encased his truant thoughts, and replied:

"I shall be delighted to call any evening this week that may be convenient to you. My mother is visiting me now, but for the next few days she will be absent at the home of an old friend, who discovered that she was in town."

"Come to-night, then," said Ralph. "We have no other engagement."

"Very well," replied Dorr. "You may expect me."

That evening when he reached his friend's house he was greeted by Ralph's sister, who, he thought, had never looked so charming. She seemed unaffectedly pleased to see him; and invited him to the library, which overlooked the garden, as being "more cosy and homelike" than the large drawing-room. The note of intimacy in the suggestion pleased her visitor, who was in his heart already her devoted but hopeless slave. The next moment, however, he was plunged from joy to despair as he reflected that if she felt the slightest interest in him other than friendly, she would have been altogether more impersonal. But his countenance betrayed none of these conclusions. He followed his hostess to the library, which was unoccupied.

"Ralph was very sorry," she announced. "He had a telegram from New York this evening, which obliged him to leave on the six o'clock train; and my father is attending a meeting of bank directors. So you must needs be content with my company, Mr. Dorr, for once."

"And more than content," answered Dorr, so impulsively that the girl's cheek flushed slightly, though she smiled; and the young man could have bitten his tongue out for his momentary indiscretion.

But they were soon at their ease, the conversation flitting from one subject to another, till he asked her to sing.

"Yes, if you wish it," she said simply.

Lifting the portière, she passed into the music-room, followed by Richard. The piano was open. On top of it stood a vase of old-fashioned garden flowers, the counterpart of those now slowly fading in his own room. She saw him looking at them, and said:

"Aren't they lovely?—or, rather, they *were* lovely when I first got them. They are fading a little, and I am very sorry; for, apart from their beauty, I love those old-fashioned flowers; they are the souvenir of a delightful experience I had on my way home. They were given me by the sweetest old lady you ever saw. I met her on the train."

The young girl's face was partly averted as she spoke; she was tenderly removing some withered blossoms from their brighter companions. And Dorr was glad of the respite, that gave him time to conceal his surprise and the emotion that filled his heart. In an instant she turned to him smilingly, and continued:

"Shall I tell you about it? I am full of it, and I made such a blunder, never asking her name. Frankly, I had thought of inviting her to spend the day with me; but I did not do it, and I am sorry. Still, I suppose I could find her. I think I know the place, and I'm half determined to do it. But you don't know at all what I am talking about; do you, Mr. Dorr?"

Without giving him time to answer,

she seated herself beside him and told him the story of her meeting with his mother.

"If you could only know how that little incident rejoiced and comforted me; if you could but guess how I welcomed into that day's life that sweet breath of sincerity, goodness and simplicity, you would know me for something better than the frivolous girl I am sure you take me for, Mr. Dorr."

"I have never taken you for a frivolous girl," said the visitor. "What reason have you had for thinking I so considered you, Miss Ellis?"

"Simply this," she continued. "When you first came home with Ralph, you seemed so different from the rest that it was a pleasure and a relief to meet and converse with you. You were so sincere and direct—a little like my dear old lady, indeed,—that I welcomed you as one might an oasis in a desert land. But very soon you grew tired of coming, and I was disappointed. Now tell me, didn't you find us—*me*—wearisome?"

Frank as she was—frank to the verge of imprudence, for the false conventionalities had never had much hold on the heart of Margaret Ellis,—until the present moment she had no thought in her mind deeper than she had uttered, no reserve behind her outspoken declaration. But as she met the speaking gaze of the young man before her—a gaze which, unconsciously to himself, betrayed his inmost feelings,—there came to her own heart a sudden revelation: she realized that in the depths of her soul there lurked a sentiment in his regard which he did not share, and had never shared, with any other of her masculine friends. She blushed crimson, and lowered her eyes. He was more self-possessed.

"Miss Ellis," he began, "I am going to say something which I never intended to tell you, because I thought it would be not only presumptuous, but hopeless. My world has been so different from yours that from our very first meeting I fully

realized, or thought I did, how far apart we were in all that makes mutual intercourse agreeable and reciprocal. If I have seemed irresponsive to kindness graciously bestowed, believe me it has been only because I have felt myself to be out of your sphere of interest; if I have, as you are pleased to assert, seemed indifferent, it has been partly, solely, in self-defence."

"In self-defence?" she repeated slowly, with wondering eyes. "In self-defence? I do not understand."

"I am glad that you are, for once, a little obtuse," he said, now fully master of the situation; and, manlike, pleased that it should be so. "I have been going too fast. And let me tell you something. It was my mother who gave you those flowers,—my incomparable mother, who is the pride and joy of my life; for whom and through whom all my highest ambitions have been conceived; who has been my prop, my guide, my strength and glory all my days. I had never thought of her in connection with you; but if I had, I should have believed that to you, and such as you, she must be very plain, old-fashioned and uninteresting. Now I see that I have judged wrongly, and I ask your pardon."

"Indeed you *have* judged me wrongly," she replied slowly. "By what right have you done so? What am I but a simple, ignorant, unsophisticated girl,—rich in the material things of life perhaps, but poor in those that really count: the experience, the selflessness, the hundred things that make a woman what she ought to be? But men are so dense, *so* stupid." Then her face changed, bright smile after bright smile illumined it, and her eyes beamed as she looked at him. "And she is *your* mother,—that darling old lady is *your* mother. How strange that I should have met her! How lovely that I know her! How proud, how very proud and happy you must be to have her for your mother!"

"You know how I feel," he answered. "And she will be so glad, so very glad! For she was delighted with you, and has talked

about you every day since she came."

There was no singing that evening, but they talked long and earnestly. It was late when the visitor rose to go.

There was never a prouder, more joyful old lady than Mrs. Dorr when her son related the adventure of that evening. Seldom in her beautiful, devoted, useful life had she been so entirely happy, and seldom could she hope to be more so,—except, perhaps, on that joyful day of days in early June, some months later, when she received them with welcoming arms on the threshold of her cottage,—the son and daughter who that morning had taken the solemn vows that united them forever, and had come home to her to spend their first days of wedded happiness.

(The End.)

The Apostle of the Holy Eucharist.

IN the splendid church of the Blessed Sacrament in Montreal, coincidently with various similar celebrations throughout the Catholic world, took place, in the early days of this month, a triduum of thanksgiving for the introduction at Rome, during the month of August last, of the Cause of Father Pierre Julien Eymard, founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, who was signalized by the Cardinal Prefect of the Pope as "the most beautiful figure amongst those saints whom France has given to the Church during the past century."

The ceremonies of those three eventful days consisted of Pontifical High Mass on the opening day, with Masses, Vespers and Benediction on the following days, and sermons by eminent preachers. It was a veritable festival of rejoicing for the people of Montreal, and especially for those in the immediate vicinity of the stately temple on the mountain slope. The triduum, which likewise commem-

orated the baptism of the Apostle of the Eucharist—a grace for which in his lifetime he had never ceased to thank God,—gave emphasis to the solemn approval of the Church on the life and works of the "St. John Baptist, the precursor of the Eucharistic reign of Jesus Christ." Cardinals Svampa and Andrieu, two of the principal members of the commission, expressed the opinion that Father Eymard was "raised up by God in our epoch to rekindle in souls the love of the Holy Eucharist," and that his initiative was "the origin of the Eucharistic movement which in the last fifty years has been daily growing in the Church." The founder of that new Congregation was, in fact, to quote a high authority, "a priest of unbounded faith, who in the last half of the century had the holy audacity to undertake, in honor of the Divine Sacrament, something which seemed impossible, but which has been realized,—namely, the giving of the Perpetual Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, and the procuring of the unfailing attendance of adorers all day long and all night as well."

It would be impossible to estimate by any human standard the work, so clearly providential and Heaven-inspired, that has been already accomplished by this herald of the Most High, or indeed the other works which he initiated. Few things in ecclesiastical history are more remarkable than the wonderful outburst of Eucharistic devotion that, during the closing years of the last century and the opening decade of the new, has swept as a wave from continent to continent. Not, of course, that devotion to the Blessed Sacrament had ever waned and died. It was ever, and must be ever, the central point, the cardinal principle of the religion of Christ. It is the sacred vestal fire that has been kept alive through the ages, in the fire of persecution, in the chill of indifference, or in the obscurity of ignorance. It has given to the Church its martyrs, its virgins, its confessors. It alone has made possible the realization of that one

immortal promise linking God with man, "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world"; and it has shone round the Church of God as a glorious aureola, marking her out from all spurious imitations, all heretical claimants, to wear the garment of the Bride.

But with Father Eymard sprang into being a concentration of energy in the direction of the Holy Eucharist,—one of those providential movements that are adapted to each particular epoch of ecclesiastical history, and are so clearly Heaven-directed as to afford in themselves a proof of the truths of revelation. The "good day-laborer of Jesus Christ" was prepared and strengthened for his sublime vocation by an apparition of Mary Immaculate, who approved of his purpose, saying that all other mysteries of her Son's life were commemorated by a religious Order, but that the Blessed Sacrament alone had none. The future apostle was, moreover, presented by that Mother to the Lord of the Tabernacle Himself, who accepted Pierre Julien's consecration. Thenceforth the young levite, all on fire with the sacred flame of his ideal, gave himself up entirely to the service of the Eucharist.

"I made a vow," he says, "to devote myself to death in a society of adorers; and promised Our Lord that nothing should stop me. . . . Where is Jesus, my Saviour? In heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament. Heaven is but for angels and saints; the Blessed Sacrament is for me." With such sentiments, it is not surprising that he accomplished such wonders in the fifteen years of his sacerdotal ministry. At its outset he addressed a touching supplication to the Holy Father, with an outline of the Constitutions of his Order; and received from Pius IX. the warmest encouragement and approval, that saintly Pontiff declaring that the Blessed Eucharist should be made better known and loved by every possible means, and that Father Eymard's idea was evidently from Heaven.

What glorious results have followed from the devotedness, the fiery ardor of that single priest, who was so humble that he wished to be forgotten after his death, to be confounded with the poor, and also to die, if it so pleased God, upon the roadside or in a stable! He founded, in the first place, a Congregation of Priests Adorers, who, as an eminent contemporary expresses it, are "the chamberlains in regular attendance upon the Eucharist; the guards who relieve each other at the foot of the altar." In the second place, Father Eymard founded a community of women, "the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament," who should assist in the carrying out of his grand ideal. And, that the laity might not be excluded from the special service of the Tabernacle, he established an archconfraternity on the easiest conditions. Merely one hour of adoration in any church or oratory, every month, suffices, to enroll a member. This organization, daily on the increase, has been enriched by successive Pontiffs with wonderful indulgences. Added to all this came the Sacerdotal League, binding its priestly members to the propagation of frequent and even daily Communion. This, too, has, of course, received the specific approval of Rome, accompanied with the exhortation of the Holy Father to the practice amongst the faithful of this apostolic and primitive devotion.

Everywhere the Eucharistic movement has seized upon the people, and has resulted in such splendid manifestations of faith and fervor as that witnessed in London last summer and wherever Eucharistic congresses have been held. It is as if those hidden springs of love, which everywhere and always kept green the piety of the peoples, suddenly burst forth into a torrent, which must eventually sweep before it those fearful evils that obstruct the path of life. For thus is being realized the sublime dream of Father Eymard—"to group society, re-animating by a new fervor, around the

Emmanuel." "The worship of the Exposition," cries the apostle himself (and that is the central ideal of all he has planned), "is the crying need of our time. It requires this solemn protestation of the faith of the nations in the divinity of Christ, in the truth of His Sacramental Presence. It is the best possible refutation of the arguments of renegades, of the impious, the indifferent. It is necessary in order to save society."

And Father Eymard left it as a glorious heritage to his sons to promote this public adoration of the Sacred Host by every means in their power, and to exhaust themselves in propagating the Eucharistic cultus from one end of the earth to the other. He exhorted them to press into that service science and literature and art, to preach without ceasing the divine mystery of the Altar, to provide for retreats and novenas and triduums. And this work, the very epitome of spirituality and holiness, is being proclaimed, as it were, from the housetops by that devoted band of men who, in the splendid churches they have erected, perpetually adore, and cause multitudes of their fellowmen likewise to join in adoration.

It is fitting, in the words of one of the sweetest singers* of religion and its mysteries, that the children of Pierre Julien Eymard, so soon to be raised to the altars of the Church,

Should bear his message, speak his grand design

To all mankind, that every soul might bless,
Adore and thank the Sacrament Divine,

And serve It with love's true devotedness;

Might grave the motto of the great Eymard

On every Christian heart, from shore to shore:
Thy Eucharistic Kingdom come, O Lord,

And triumph everywhere for evermore!

* Eleanor C. Donnelly.

Next Sunday's Mass.

FIRST IN LENT.

LENT is a season for special struggle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. The arms which the Church would have us bear and effectively use throughout the struggle's forty days are fasting and abstinence, prayer, and a congruous restraint from certain pleasures and amusements not inherently wrong. The keynote of the season is mortification, corporal and spiritual, — chastisement of the body and contrition of the soul.

This first Sunday of the holy season ranks as one of the most solemn of the year. Like Passion and Palm Sundays, it yields precedence to no concurrent festival, be it that of the patron, titular saint, or even the dedication of a church. In the older calendars the day was called *Invocabit* Sunday, from the first word of the Introit; just as three weeks hence we shall have *Lætare* Sunday. The name Brand, or Torch, Sunday, given to it during the Middle Ages, arose from the penance of publicly carrying torches, imposed on young people guilty of excesses during the preceding Carnival.

Having, on Ash-Wednesday, impressed on her children the warning lesson of their mortality, "Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return," the Church to-day bids them confide in the divine aid; and, in the Introit, quotes God Himself promising that aid: "He shall call upon Me, and I will hear him; I will deliver him, and glorify him; with length of days will I fill him."

The Collect is a specific petition proper to the season: "O God, who purifiest Thy Church by the yearly observance of Lent, grant that what Thy children endeavor to obtain of Thee by abstinence, they may secure by good works. Through, etc."

What some of these good works are St. Paul makes evident in the Epistle, wherein we are exhorted that we "receive not the grace of God in vain." During this

How cheering the reflection that the golden link of prayer unites you still to those who fall asleep in the Lord, and that you can still speak to them and pray for them!—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

"acceptable time," this "day of salvation," we should be especially concerned to set a good example to all, "giving no offence [scandal] to any man," through our anger, resentment, uncharitable discourse or selfishness. So, also, should we signalize Lent by practising an unwonted degree of patience, in supporting as coming from God not only tribulations, sorrows, misfortunes of all kinds, but personal affronts, detraction, injustice, and similar injuries, of which our fellowmen are the immediate agents.

The Gradual, Tract, Offertory, and Communion are taken, like the Introit, from Psalm xc, the whole tenor of which is admirably appropriate to the spirit of the Church during this liturgical period. Engaged in earnest strife with the world, the flesh, and the devil, we have urgent need of encouragement; and the various extracts from this beautiful psalm emphasize the consoling truth that the just are secure under the protection of God.

The Gospel, with its narrative of Christ's being tempted by the devil, furnishes several lessons too obvious to necessitate any extended comment. That all who have come to the use of reason are subject to temptation; that, since Christ the Sinless One was tempted, temptation itself is not sin; that Providence in permitting us to be tempted is furthering our salvation; that, as Christ prepared for temptation by a fast of forty days and forty nights, so corporal mortification is one of the most efficacious preservatives against temptation, and more especially the multifarious ones of the flesh,—all this is patent to the least intelligent reader of this extract from the fourth chapter of St. Matthew.

The practical inference from the Post-Communion is that our reception of the sacraments should not be delayed until Easter: "May the holy oblation, O Lord, of Thy sacrament give us a new life; that, by laying aside the old man, it may bring us to the participation of this saving mystery. Through, etc."

Notes and Remarks.

The plea so commonly advanced that artistic manipulation of an intrinsically revolting theme removes or condones its vileness, is combated not only by all moral censors but by true artists themselves. Witness this declaration of Reginald de Koven, relative to the unspeakable "Salome":

The question as to what may or may not be a proper subject for artistic treatment is too long to be discussed; but all those who witnessed the performance to-night would readily grant that the Wilde drama as a subject for musico-dramatic treatment is well-nigh impermissible. A sewer is certainly a necessity of our everyday life; but the fact of its existence does not also create the necessity for us to bend over its reeking filth, to inhale its mephitic vapors.

We must grant to the Wilde drama poetry of language and poetic imagery in the expression of the thought, intensity of physical passion, and a force and emotion of dramatic action which reaches out in compelling fashion and takes us by the throat; while the positive nastiness, perverted and morbid degeneracy, pestiferous, unnatural, unhuman and vicious uncleanness of the motif-thought make our gorge to rise in repulsion and disgust.

Allowing that such abnormal instincts and distorted passions are occasionally attributes of our frail humanity, it were merciful to spread over them a pall of deepest silence rather than to flaunt their unclean and filthy ceremonies in the face of a world which can only be degraded by the guilty knowledge of their furtive existence.

The foregoing criticism, though touching a specific "work of art," may in its main lines be generalized and applied to much of twentieth-century drama, fiction, painting, and even poetry. "Art for art's sake," "to the pure all things are pure," and similar shibboleths, need far more restrictions than it is customary to use in their everyday application.

"What we have chiefly noticed when a motor-car thunders by in a cloud of dust on the high roads are the quick-moving legs of the peasants, while the cattle, including pigs, dogs, and poultry, disarrange their drowsy grouping in similar

terror of their lives." Thus heartlessly writes one with whom speed is evidently a supreme joy, and to whom the lives of peasants and cattle, "with their slow-moving eyes," are of no account. The motor-car is an emblem of modern civilization, which dashes on to the object of the moment, intoxicated with its own speed, and reckless of all consequences. Let us hope that the creatures of this so-called civilization anywhere may not discover what the despised peasants can be if they ever rise in rage to assert their common rights.

It is a wonder to us that books like "The Cradle of the Rose"—there is an ever-increasing number of them,—in which the plain truth is told about the French Government, are allowed to circulate in France. "You are severe to us," remarks a Senator, in the volume named; to which Lady Clanvowe replies: "No: just,—which is terribly difficult in the face of what one sees. You are making France the laughing-stock of Europe—France which was once the greatest country of all,—and that must cause all decent people, whatever their creed or nationality, to look askance at you."

Brittany has always been the little handful of salt leavening all France. Should that salt ever lose its savor, we shall despair of what was once a great nation. In reference to the crowning mistakes of the French Government in dealing with what it is pleased to call "a rebellious province," the anonymous author of "The Cradle of the Rose" makes the heroine say, with fine scorn, still addressing the Senator:

Had you, who are at the head of affairs, troubled to use a little judgment and tact—a very little, mind you,—you would have seen at once that you are doing your best to break the real backbone of France, with the usual crippling result. Your shortsighted policy—if one can ennoble wild work of that description by so high-sounding a name—has overlooked the fact, patent to all intelligent statesmen—or there are still a few foreign ones,—that

Brittany, with a trifling amount of humoring, might have been made to play the useful part in your none-too-healthy system that a well-set-up backbone always does. Now, however, you have antagonized your best province—since province you call it—past all possible reconciliation. The deliberate effort to destroy one of the oldest and finest languages in Europe, which you graciously describe as a "patois," the blows dealt at the beautiful and helpful faiths which are mere "odious superstitions," according to you, are your crowning mistakes.

It is to be hoped that there are some representatives of the Government among the many Frenchmen who now read English, and that books like the one from which we have quoted sometimes fall into their hands.

Concluding an excellent sociological paper contributed to the current number of the *Catholic World*, Dr. William J. Kerby has this strong paragraph:

Society is suffering likewise from congestion. Wealth and learning, leisure and opportunity, sympathy and hope, are congested in a small portion of the social body, while millions starve and suffer and cease to hope. It is the indirect function of charity in the scheme of God to restore normal circulation; to relieve congestion where the body is burning, and vitalize where the body is starving. Granting that Christian virtues have definite functions in the Christian body, charity has this great office to perform; and they who are most blessed by charity are they who give, not they who receive. The strong and well-to-do need neighbors in Christ's sense quite as badly as the weak and suffering need them. The rich need neighbors in order to adjust themselves to eternity, the poor need them in order to adjust themselves to time and the world. Contact with the poor, thought of them, sympathy for them, is a better corrective of selfishness in aims, narrowness in views, materialism in motives, than are preaching and missions and lectures. Some apostle is needed to impress this lesson on modern society. The strong need the weak as much as the weak need the strong. It is unnecessary to insist that the poor do not exist for the sake of inviting virtues in the rich. Many are selfish because experience of life has developed selfishness. The way back to normal Christian views and conduct is by paths of unselfishness.

The mutual needs and reciprocal obligations of rich and poor, strong and weak,

great and little, and, in a wider sense, of capital and labor, employers and employed, can scarcely be insisted upon in our day with undue emphasis. A thorough appreciation of such needs and obligations will constitute the most effective offset to the inroads of that socialism whose triumph would be speedily followed by anarchy.

Notable among the innumerable tributes paid to Abraham Lincoln on occasion of the centenary of his birth was the appreciation contributed by Bishop Spalding to the *Peoria Journal*. It deserved to be faultlessly printed. But in the best sentence of all, and in the concluding lines, which we quote with corrections, appear typographical errors that, in a measure, destroy the sense and mar the beauty of the Bishop's words:

As the centuries pass, we shall love and exalt him more and more as . . . our greatest man, wholly free from our greatest sin, the worship of mammon, which makes the worship of God impossible.

In the Civil War, a woman, whose son, having entered the army, and been condemned for whatever cause to be shot, hearkening to her mother-heart, resolved to make personal appeal to Lincoln. As she came out of his room, evidently in a highly excited state of mind, she exclaimed: "It's all a Copperhead lie!" And when one of the bystanders asked her meaning, she replied: "They told me he was ugly. It's a Copperhead lie! He is the most beautiful man in the world." Plato says beauty is the splendor of truth, and she had seen the truest man on earth, and therefore the most beautiful. So the greatest sit immortal in the halls of fame, transfigured by the light of eyes aglow with love and gratitude.

Men of great worth are probably as numerous, in all epochs, as men of high stature; but men of Lincoln's breadth of mind and depth of heart are ever few and far between. They are the immortals.

There is one point about England which no fair-minded American will deny is worthy of admiration. President Roosevelt, President-elect Taft, and any number of other less prominent citizens of the

United States, on recent occasions have praised the English administration of justice. Says a contributor to *Scribner's Magazine*, writing from England:

You may do as you please unmolested, uncriticised, unreported, unphotographed, unheralded, unnoticed even, as in no other country in the world; but the moment you do what you ought not to please to do, from the policeman to the court, and thence to the jail, is a shorter road here than anywhere else. So much personal liberty is only possible where justice is swift, unprejudiced, impartial, and sure. The lord, the millionaire, the drunkard, and the snatch thief are treated the same. Within the same six months a great financial schemer and the son of a great nobleman were ushered behind the bars with almost as little ceremony and as little delay as are required for the trial of a wife-beater or a burglar. Personal freedom has this serious responsibility: its misuse is promptly punished, and there is no escape. They even behead a king on occasion.

This last touch is excessive. They haven't beheaded any kings over there lately. We do not, of course, mean to imply that any blame attaches to Englishmen for this abstention.

The Bishop of Wheeling lectured recently, in Chicago, on Socialism and Divorce. As was to be expected, he not only had something to say, but said it very effectively. The *Inter-Ocean* was moved by his discourse to make this comment:

The Rt. Rev. P. J. Donahue differs mentally in one important respect from quite a number of clergymen. Before speaking about Socialism, he has learned what it is from the authorized writings of its acknowledged leaders. He gave evidence of such study in his address before the Catholic Woman's League when he said:

If I understand the Socialists' doctrine as to marriage, they would simply abolish it and substitute free love. Indeed, some of their leading exponents have reduced this doctrine to practice. I forbear to give names. I also forbear to enter into details of their doctrine on this head. I simply state that, to minds imbued with Christian ideals, they are inexpressibly shocking. Yet these ideals are the logical outcome of their economic system.

We have frequently deplored the lack, in non-Catholic clergymen, of that mental quality which the Chicago paper concedes to Bishop Donahue. We long ago discovered that very imperfect knowledge, not to say crass ignorance, of a subject

apparently constitutes no reason why a professed minister of the Gospel should not expatiate upon it at length. As for the particular subject of Socialism, the *Inter-Ocean* thus adequately characterizes many of those who talk upon it:

The amazing thing about the attitude of certain preachers toward Socialism is that their utterances, accepting and approving its ideas, either absolutely stultify their every Christian profession and prove them hypocrites, or else prove that they do not know what they are talking about. As many, if not all, these preachers are personally good and honest men, of whom it is impossible to think as wilful and arrant hypocrites, the Christian layman in observing their antics is obliged to concede their ignorance. That is the only charitable supposition possible.

The old saw that there are two sides to every question has application to that of Woman Suffrage. Our readers have heard one side; here is what Cardinal Moran has to say on the other, and it is well said:

What does voting mean to a woman? Does she sacrifice any dignity by going to the polls? The woman who votes only avails herself of a rightful privilege that democracy has gained for her. No longer a mere household chattel, she is recognized as man's fellow-worker and helpmate, and credited with public spirit and intelligence. As a mother, she has a special interest in the legislation of her country; for upon it depends the welfare of her children. She knows what is good for them just as well as the father; and the unselfishness of maternity should make her interest even keener than that of man, who is naturally more self-absorbed. It is natural for every woman to look forward to the day when she will mould the future of young children; and she should deem it one of the grandest privileges of her sex that she can now help to choose the men who will make the laws under which they must live, and exert her purer influence upon the political atmosphere of her time.

How can she sacrifice any dignity by putting on her bonnet and walking down to the polling booth? Women think nothing of transacting ordinary commercial business, of working alongside men, of playing their part in the practical business of life. They do not mind going to the box office of the theatre to purchase tickets for the play. There is very little difference between doing that and putting their vote in a ballot box. The men about booths show

them every courtesy, the officials are anxious to make things easy for them, and the whole business of voting will not occupy more than five minutes.

Of course the Cardinal writes for the people of Australia, where conditions differ from our own. We have heard that the men of the Southern Continent are notably remiss in the duty of voting, so the women are under the necessity of performing it for them,—as women fulfil many other obligations which the lords of creation frequently neglect.

The following interesting and important information we find in the fifth annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, New York:

In nine months we built six chapels. With the exception of one, which cost \$1500, all cost but \$500 each. It might be urged that it is useless to spend money putting up shacks which will disappear in a few years; but if they serve God's purpose for even that time, they are worth while.

The work of gathering old vestments and putting them into shape has been a pleasant part of our task. The appeal made to our priests and Sisters for old vestments brought more than three hundred sets. Our Tabernacle Society fixed the best of them, and in the latter part of December we sent the last of our vestments and altar fixings to the poor missions here. Approximately, we supplied 1000 pieces, comprising vestments, altar furnishings and ornaments, beside 27 chalices, 15 ciboria, 3 ostensoria, and 12 oil-stocks.

Realizing the needs of the people in the sparsely settled parts of our country, we have given attention to the Catholic literature department, which has grown so rapidly within the past year as to require the help of one person to receive and pack and express Catholic books and pamphlets.

It is an established rule of the Society to deal directly with the bishop of the diocese. He knows the needs and circumstances better than we could, and can therefore dispose of the money judiciously and to the best advantage. When, however, a sum of money is sent to a specified priest, the money is sent to the bishop, but it is designated for whom the money is intended; and thereby both conditions are fulfilled.

We quote the foregoing simply to show that such work as many readers possibly consider confined to the Catholic Church

Extension Society has not been neglected by others of our religious organizations.

Apropos of the newly established Roman periodical *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, it is interesting to note that the sole mode of promulgating ecclesiastical laws is henceforth to be the insertion of such laws or Papal enactments in the periodical in question. Commenting on the inconveniences attached to the former methods of promulgation, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* says:

All this has now come to an end. In this first number of the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, in fact, an important declaration of the Secretary of State is published, by which all bishops and other Ordinaries are warned that henceforth no copies of Acts of the Holy See will be sent to them as before; and that Church laws enacted for the whole Catholic world and other important acts of the Apostolic See will be published and promulgated only in and through the new periodical. This, of course, will necessitate on the part of diocesan superiors subscription to this new bulletin.

The first number, as might reasonably be expected, contains the Apostolic Constitution *Promulgandi*, which founded the periodical and constituted it as the sole mode and official organ of promulgation of Church laws; it contains also all the documents relating to the recent reform of the Roman Curia, and a list of all the superiors and officials connected with it.

And so end not only a number of inconveniences inseparable from the old style of making known Rome's enactments, but also innumerable questions discussed by experts as to the proper method of promulgating them.

Of suggestive interest at the opening of the Lenten season is this item appearing in the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*:

A remarkable story comes from Korea. It is told by the Rev. Father Dershayes, who writes: "I have had the good fortune to find a Christian who was lost among pagans for eight years. Philomena was her name. She had not abandoned her religion. Not being able to obtain a calendar, for seven years she abstained from meat, lest otherwise she might unwittingly violate the law of the Church by eating meat on Friday."

Notable New Books.

Some Notable Altars. By the Rev. John Wright, D. D., LL. D. The Macmillan Co.

The principal feature of this handsome quarto volume of 378 pages is the plates, which number 114, all being full-page half tones, skilfully printed on heavy plate paper. The descriptive text in most cases is very brief. The object of the author, he tells us, was to present as much variety as possible, so that the clergy who anticipate the building of new altars, or the enrichment of old ones, might derive suggestions. The views are all of altars in the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. A few examples are given of unrestored English screens, "as showing the devastation wrought by vandal hands at the Reformation," — the hands of the forefathers in heresy of those who now express beautiful thoughts on the significance of the altar. Says Dr. Wright: "The Holy Communion is the great central act of worship in the Christian Church, and the only form which our Divine Master directly commanded to be observed. . . . Associated with it is the Altar, without which a church building has no meaning."

From the description of a beautiful large altar and reredos in St. Stephen's Church, Providence, R. I., erected in honor of a former pastor, we learn that 'some quiet hearts were troubled' by his works of restoration — 'the Daily Service in the season of Lent, the weekly celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the teaching of the joy of absolution, and the comfort of prayer for the faithful dead, — works in which he himself was called to endure grief deeply, to the shortening of his days.' Dr. Wright, let us hope, will sometime come to understand the grief of Catholic hearts at the thought of the many beautiful cathedrals in England now in the hands of Protestants; and the many more desecrated and ruined beyond restoration, in a vain attempt utterly to abolish "the great central act of worship," which is nothing else than the Mass, though the description of it familiar to members of the Establishment is couched in far different words.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Volume IV. Cland-Diocesan. Robert Appleton Company.

The high praise given to the preceding volumes of this great work is fully merited by the present one, which extends far into the letter "D." The importance and excellence of the Encyclopedia become more and more apparent as it advances. Of the editor's painstaking, there is evidence everywhere in Volume IV. The

contributors in most cases are the very persons whose names one would expect to see in connection with the subjects treated. For instance, Bandelier was selected to write of Cortes, Columbus, Coronado, etc.; Dom Fernand Cambrol, for articles on Complin, Cross and Crucifix; Countess de Courson, for an account of the Martyrs of the Paris Commune; Dom Columba Edmonds, for sketches of SS. Columbanus and Columba; Edmund Garrett Gardner, for the appreciations of Dante and Vittoria Colonna; Mr. Gilliat-Smith, for a notice of the Brethren of the Common Life; Father Hagen, for a biography of Copernicus; Dr. Henry, for articles on Congregational Singing and the *Dies Irae*; and so on throughout the volume, we find the most careful selection of contributors. One is seldom disappointed in the articles, except in the particular of length. Let us observe here that in all four of the volumes there might have been a better allotment of space. The amount devoted to Ambrose Philipps de Lisle, for instance, is four times greater than that given to Vittoria Colonna; Père Cohen has considerably fewer words than Mrs. Craigie; Ludovico Cornaro is not mentioned.

But, for completeness of treatment and accuracy of information, there seems no room for improvement in numerous cases. The article on the Deluge by Father Maas is a notable example of full and exact knowledge, admirably condensed. In the bibliography of Dante, we notice that Dr. Moore, of Oxford, is the name that first appears, which is proof to our mind that the writer of the article on the great Florentine was happily chosen; for Dr. Moore is unquestionably foremost among Dantean scholars. As showing how the Encyclopedia discusses questions of present interest, we should instance Dr. Shahan's article on Co-education. Did space permit, there are many other articles to which we should like to refer: Conscience, by the Rev. John Rickaby, S. J.; Demonology, by the Rev. William H. Kent, O. S. C.; Counter-Reformation, by the Rev. Father Pollen; Social Contract, by the Rev. George Sauvage, C. S. C., etc.

The illustrations of this volume, including three colored plates, are of varied interest, carefully chosen and excellently printed. There are six colored maps, too, all of which will be useful to the average reader.

The Son of Siro. A Story of Lazarus. By the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The author of this interesting novel says in the foreword: "The greater number of writers who have entered this fascinating field [of the Gospel period and characters] are afraid to avow openly Christ's divinity, and for this reason

their works are mutilated and shorn of their strength." Naturally, the present story suffers from no such handicap. The Christ who figures in its pages, whether as boy, youth, or man, is avowedly "the Christ, the Son of the Living God"; and all His actions are in keeping with that sacred character. Mary Magdalen, whose rôle in the narrative is not inconspicuous, is identified as the sister of Martha and Lazarus; and her character is drawn with considerably more verisimilitude than marks some other delineations that have been offered of that historic penitent.

Whether or not Father Copus, in this book for the "grown-ups," has achieved as great a success as has come to his stories for the young folks, will probably be questioned; but our readers will find "The Son of Siro" an excellent novel, all the same.

The Saint of the Eucharist. Adapted from the French of the Most Reverend Father Louis-Antoine de Porrentruy, Order of Friars-Minor Capuchins. By Father Oswald Staniforth, O. S. F. C. R. and T. Washbourne.

The appearance of a new edition of the Life of St. Paschal Baylon is timely, and should be warmly received by the friends and clients of the humble but singularly favored Franciscan whom Leo XIII. named patron of Eucharistic works. Until that time St. Paschal Baylon was comparatively unknown, save to his own brethren and his native countrymen; since then the story of his wonderful virtues has been told and retold, until, from the depths of obscurity where it lay hidden for more than three hundred years, the light of his sanctity has emerged to shine upon a world which never more than now needed the illumination of profound faith and fervent piety.

From cover to cover, the Life of St. Paschal breathes the fragrance of devotion and sanctity, making it welcome not only to members of the Eucharistic League and other Eucharistic associations, but also to every Catholic who seeks guidance and consolation from our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament.

Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer. By the Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S. J. Fordham University Press.

An intimate friendship, of twenty-eight years' duration, admirably fitted the author of this biography to tell the life-story of the late Father Van Rensselaer, S. J., — or, perhaps we should say, to edit the letters in which the subject of the biography tells his own life-story. About one-half of this interesting volume is taken up with the career of young Van Rensselaer as an Anglican student in New York,

Germany, and Oxford; the biographer for the most part contenting himself with giving the letters in which the future Jesuit informs a bosom friend of his daily life, his impressions concerning Oxford notables, his plans and hopes. Letters also detail the greater part of what we learn of his novitiate as a Jesuit, his sojourn in Woodstock College, and his early years in the priesthood. The last fifty pages of the volume are more particularly the work of Father Spillane, who is to be congratulated on permitting the general public to become better acquainted with the charming personality of his friend, the scion of Dutch aristocracy who developed into the devoted "Father Van" of the New York firemen and police.

The Martyrdom of Father Campion and His Companions. By William Cardinal Allen. Burns & Oates; B. Herder.

This volume comes to us with a special interest, for it is a reprint from the only copy of the original, — which copy is in the British Museum. The substance of the work, as the editor of the present volume, the Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J., tells us in his introduction, is well known; for Cardinal Allen's book was translated into Latin, Spanish, and Italian. Furthermore, it is, in effect, the germ of all the martyrologies that have been written about the sufferers under Queen Elizabeth.

Father Campion and his illustrious fellow-martyrs, of the sixteenth century, were written of with a brother's sympathy. The Cardinal's reason for giving to the world a record in print of their martyrdom is thus stated in a letter to a friend:

About your brothers and yours who have lately been murdered, I have already written you; and, deeply grieved though I am, I am now constrained to compose the history of their deaths and of the others. It must be written in English first; for our people desire this very much, and send me information for it. You will see in it a constancy quite equal to that of the ancient martyrs. Their fortitude has marvellously moved and changed all hearts. . . . Ten thousand sermons would not have published our Apostolic faith and religion so winningly as the fragrance of these victims, most sweet both to God and to men.

It is this history which is now placed before us. And, as we read of the heroism, the noble faith, the deathless love for God of these holy confessors, we feel that England must yet return to the Church; for the very flowers of her fields have sprung from soil drenched with martyrs' blood.

The Spiritual Ascent. By Gerard of Zutphen. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This treatise is translated from the book entitled "Blessed is the Man," by Gerard Zerbolt, of Zutphen, a devout member of the Brother-

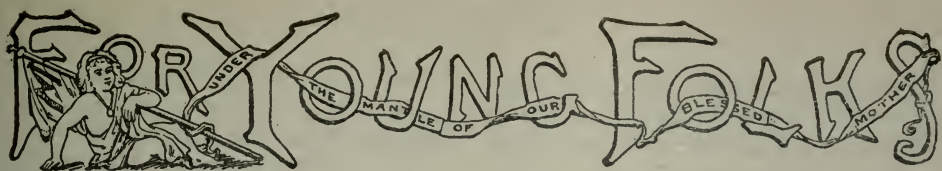
hood of the Common Life, and a companion of Thomas à Kempis. "The Spiritual Ascent" treats simply and directly of the things "needful for them that order themselves for progress in the religious life." It includes instructions on the avoidance of sin and the acquirement of virtue, on contrition, penance, charity, etc., and concludes with reflections on the Passion, death, and Resurrection of Christ. There is a quaint simplicity of expression in the truths propounded that savors of the "Imitation." The book opens with a short sketch of the life of Gerard by Thomas à Kempis.

Laws of Spiritual Life. By B. W. Maturin, formerly of Cowley St. John, Oxford. Longmans, Green & Co.

In the nine lectures, or sermons, of this book, Father Maturin gives us an exposition of the Eight Beatitudes, the fundamental laws of the spiritual life, preceded by general considerations on the existence, importance and character of law in the spiritual life. The following passage expresses well the spirit which animates and directs his treatment:

There is in all the teaching of Our Lord a singular absence of detail; great principles are laid down, but each has to work them out for himself. It is all-important that those who are striving should have very definitely before them what it is they are striving for. And the Beatitudes considered as the laws of perfection reveal this, and make both the end, and the means of attaining the end, quite clear. A harsh asceticism may end in stripping one of everything in this world and giving nothing in its place, but an asceticism that has as its end the possession of heavenly riches can be neither harsh nor fruitless. Self-repression, self-effacement, self-distrust, practised for no definitive end, or on the general principle that one ought to annihilate oneself, often ends in making a person feeble and characterless, and one that is generally and rightly annihilated by those around him; but that self-conquest fought for in the name of meekness makes one strong, and gives as its reward the possession of the earth. Mourning for mourning's sake, and with the fundamentally false idea that God is more pleased with us when we are sad than when we are glad, produces the grumbler, the cynic, and the pessimist; but the mourning that looks for, and will be satisfied with, nothing but the Divine Comforter takes all the bitterness and gloom out of sorrow.

In the course of his sermons, Father Maturin takes successively the divers Beatitudes, opens their true evangelical sense, and makes their proper application to the different situations of life. So they appear, not as abstract axioms or select rules adapted only to the few, but as the very soul of Christian life; not as suppressing or ignoring the natural virtues, but as uplifting and supernaturalizing them; not as elements of inertia, but as principles of fruitfulness. All this is made very clear in the author's presentation and explanations, and is often forcibly expressed in short and striking sentences. We hope that this book may find many readers.



Religion in Rhyme.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

I.—THE CREED.

I.

I BELIEVE in God, who made all things—
The earth, the sky, the sea;
Far greater than the greatest kings
Or presidents is He.

II.

I believe that He is Father true
Of everyone that lives;
He made us out of nothing, too;
And all we have He gives.

III.

I believe in Jesus Christ, His Son,
The Second Person He
Of what is called the Three in One,
The Blessed Trinity.

IV.

I believe that Jesus is Our Lord,
His Father's equal, quite;
And that of His own sweet accord
He once left heaven's height.

V.

He came on earth mankind to save
From sin and death forlorn;
So, of Our Lady in a cave,
A baby, He was born.

VI.

He lived and suffered for all men,
Then on a cross He died;
Was buried, but arose again
With body glorified.

VII.

To heaven then did He ascend,
To come again, He said,
To judge, when time has reached its end,
The living and the dead.

VIII.

I believe in God the Holy Ghost,
Third Person of the Three,
And in the Church whose proudest boast
Is His true bride to be.

IX.

I believe God's friends, no matter where,
Can one another aid;
I believe no sinner need despair,
For he can be new-made.

X.

I believe our bodies all shall rise
As Christ's rose once before,
And that the good will win the prize
Of life for evermore.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—"ANITA."

AND such a storm! On the soft, sheltered slopes of St. Ursula's, Kitty had never seen anything like this. Crash after crash of thunder shook the mountain, rolling and reverberating continuously from ridge to ridge; the blackened sky was rent with forked fire; the wind burst like a wild beast from its lair, howling and wailing in its wrath.

Cowering in speechless terror on the rugged steep of Castle Rock, Kitty felt the day of judgment had surely come; but Letty, who had seen mountain storms before, kept her wits.

"Kitty dear, come, come!" she cried, grasping her companion's nerveless hand. "There's an old house up here somewhere. Let us run for it. Quick, quick! We'll be struck if we stay out here."

Even as she said the words, there came an awful crash, a blinding blaze, and a great mountain cedar was riven by a thunderbolt from root to crown. The two girls fled shrieking through the rain that was coming down in a drenching flood. Over rocks, stones, and through brambles and briars, with the thunder shaking the mountain tops, the lightning

kindling the blackened skies into flame, they sped; Letty dragging her almost senseless companion onward, until they stumbled into the shelter of a broken porch, behind which stretched a low-roofed, half-ruined house. As a thunder-bolt seemed to cleave the heights asunder, Kitty's guide led her into the shaken door, which she burst open with scant ceremony. There was a startled cry in the darkness within, and then a blaze of lightning showed the intruders that their shelter was already occupied. A woman had started up at their coming, and was staring at them with wide, frightened eyes. She held a ragged little bundle to her breast, and clutched it tighter as she asked in tremulous, broken English:

"Why you come here like dis, like dis? What you want in dis house?"

"Oh, just to get in from this awful storm!" panted Letty, breathlessly. "We didn't know there was anybody here; there hasn't been anybody for years. We shall have to stay a little while, until the worst is over."

"Stay!" In the semi-darkness they could see the woman shake her head. "You must not stay. No: you must go! Go, I say it,—go!"

"Goodness!" gasped Letty; "out in a storm like this! Why, we'll be killed!"

"Oh, let us stay here, please,—please!" cried Kitty, trembling. "I am frightened to death now."

"My husband, he say no—no let people in here!" murmured the woman, in her low, broken voice. "He strike, he beat me, signorina."

Kitty was quite speechless at this statement; but Letty, more accustomed to mountain domesticity, interposed:

"Oh, no, he won't; for we shall be gone before he comes back! And neither you nor your husband has any right here, anyhow. This house belongs to the Peytons, and they don't rent it, I know."

The woman's dark eyes shadowed with a new fear.

"Signorina, I had to stop, to stay. I could not go. My little Pietro so seek,—ah, Santa Maria, so seek!"

She turned the ragged bundle to the girls as she spoke, showed a puny baby, its face yellow and shrivelled as a withered flower, its black eyes rolling piteously from side to side, as if begging help.

"Oh, poor, poor little thing!" cried Kitty, touching the tiny claw of a hand tenderly. "It is sick indeed."

"It is dying," said the more experienced Letty. "It can't even cry."

"My Pietro,—my little Pietro!" The hapless mother seemed to have forgotten the unwelcome visitors' presence as she bent her anxious face over the poor little creature in her arms, murmuring low Italian endearments. "My bambino, my little bambino! Ah, Mother of God, spare him! He is so little, so seek! Santa Maria, Santa Lucia, San Giovanni, have pity, have pity!"

The broken words fell like a strain of familiar music on Kitty's ear.

"You are a Catholic," she said, with quick sympathy.

The woman looked up with dark, hopeless eyes.

"No, signorina; no, no!" she answered.

"Oh, you must be!" said Kitty, thinking the other did not understand her. "A Catholic—like this—" she made the Sign of the Cross.

"Signorina Catholic, too?"

"Yes, yes," answered Kitty, nodding; and she showed the little pearl rosary she wore beneath her sleeve.

With a hoarse sob, the woman fell on her knees, and, catching the silver cross, pressed it to her lips. Then she dropped it, all a-tremble.

"Ah, I forget,—I forget! I am Catholic now no more—no more. He, my husband, Pietro's father, Americano. I can be Catholic no more."

"Oh, but you can—you *must*!" said Kitty, appalled at such apostasy.

"American husband say no, no, no," repeated the other, shaking her head.

"What is she talking about?" asked Letty, curiously.

But Kitty was listening breathlessly to revelations that were dreadful indeed to her simple faith.

"No church, no priest, no blessing," continued the poor woman; "no baptism for the poor bambino; nozing, nozing, nozing, signorina, — nozing good."

"Your baby hasn't been baptized!" exclaimed Kitty, in new dismay.

"Baptized! Why, of course it hasn't," said Letty, lightly. "It isn't more than six months old."

"Oh, but it ought to have been baptized long ago! Now it is going to die without baptism. And there is no priest or church or anything near. O Letty, what can we do?" said Kitty, desperately; a sudden sense of responsibility falling heavily upon her young soul.

"Nothing," answered Letty. "See how the poor little thing is gasping! It is dying now."

"My baby, my baby!" wailed the poor mother, as she sank upon her knees, holding the struggling little form to her breast. "Ah, Mother of God, help him,—help my little Pietro! Santa Maria, help!"

The wind shrieked down the ruined chimney as if in mockery of the cry; peals of thunder shook the mountain; the lightning flamed. It was as if all the powers of evil ruled this pitiful death scene, and defied the frightened little girl who stood there, with the sweet old teaching of faith and hope echoing in her heart and soul. She was young for so solemn a duty, but there was no one else. She could baptize the dying little baby; she should, she must.

She glanced around the wretched room, where the rain was pouring in half a dozen places through the leaking roof, and recalled the baptisms she had witnessed at St. Ursula's, when little girls had sometimes been received into the Church; how Sister Felicie had heaped the altar with white flowers, and Sister Carmel had led the joyous music of the

choir, and Father Anselm had poured the saving water from a silver vessel over the fair bowed heads; while all the girls looked on in solemn awe at the holy rite, that, as they knew, made the little ones "children of God and heirs of heaven."

Kitty fairly trembled as she thought of her weak young hand daring to assume such holy power, and yet the words of Father Anselm's little sermon were clear and strong. "You should all learn how to baptize, my children; for it is a sacred duty when there is not a priest at hand and there is danger of death." Surely, with that gasping little form before her, it was a "sacred duty" now.

And then all Kitty's trembling ceased, and she grew strong and calm. She took the broken pitcher from the table and filled it with the clear rain water that came pouring through the roof; and, while Letty stared in amazement, she knelt down at the poor mother's side.

"I am going to baptize your baby," she said softly, "so that it can go to heaven and be happy there with God and our Blessed Mother."

The light of the old forgotten Faith flashed back into the dark, startled eyes lifted to Kitty's face.

"Signorina, yes, yes!" she said, in a broken voice.

And then it seemed as if for a solemn minute the shriek of the wind and the crash of the storm were hushed as the little girl poured the water reverently over the death-pale baby brow and spoke the holy words. For a second the struggling little form was still, the black eyes were uplifted to Kitty in a look she never forgot, and then, with a feeble tremor, the baby was dead. The unhappy mother burst into a wild passion of grief as she held the tiny lifeless form to her breast.

"But it has gone to heaven,—it has gone to heaven!" comforted Kitty, with a strange sense of joy in her own heart.

"Ah, signorina, yes, yes!" the woman paused in the midst of her piteous outcry. "The blessed baptism was his, my sweet

bambino, at last, at last! Signorina, it was you—you came, the good God's angel. And Anita will never forget, — she will never, never forget."

And while the two girls still spoke soothing words of consolation to the poor mother, a chorus of shouts resounded without; and Phil and cousin Tom and Bob, who had been sent to look up the wanderers, burst in upon the mournful scene.

"We told mother you were here, girls!" exclaimed Phil. "But, my, you've given us a scare! We piled into the wagons at the first rumble of the storm and made for the Peytons, and thought you were with us until we counted heads there. Mother is almost dead, and father and Mr. Peyton are scouring the roads below; but I remembered this old roost, and thought you might have broken in here—but, hallo! whom have you got with you?"

"O Phil, hush, hush!" said Letty, softly. "It's a poor woman, and her little baby has just died. We've had an awful time, Phil. Kitty and I were out looking for something I had lost."

"Your chain and locket," said Phil, promptly. "I found them in the sandwich basket, and mother says—"

"Oh, I don't mind what she says," interrupted Letty, "just so they are found! I could never have looked grand-mamma in the face again if I had lost poor dead Aunt Letty's picture. We can go home now, Kitty" (and Letty drew a sigh of relief),—"we can go home with easy minds."

But Kitty's eyes were fixed pityingly on the poor mother who sat in one of the broken chairs, the cold little form stretched in her lap.

"Oh, I hate to leave you like this!" she said, laying her hand on the woman's shoulder. "Will there be no one to give you any help?"

Anita, as she called herself, roused with a shiver.

"Yes, signorina,—yes; he will come, my husband, my little Pietro's father,—

he will come to help. O signorina, if you will go,—go now! It is best."

And then Kitty made a big sacrifice indeed. She loosened from her wrist the dear little pearl rosary that had been Sister Felicie's parting gift, and pressed it quietly into Anita's hand.

"Keep it," she whispered; "and don't forget that your little baby is in heaven."

And then she was gone with the rest into the breaking sunshine; for the swift storm had already spent its rage; the black clouds were scurrying in scattered drifts down the valley; the wind, softened into a playful breeze, was scattering the glistening drops from leaf and bough, and a glorious rainbow arched the mountain. As the young people hurried down the narrow path to rejoin the rest of the anxious party waiting at Mr. Peytons, about half a mile from Castle Rock, a big sandy-bearded man, striding up the heights, stepped aside to let them pass, and stared with hard, curious, unfriendly eyes as they went by.

"It is the baby's father, that poor thing's husband, I am sure," said Letty. "He is going home to her."

"O Letty, do you think so? Poor, poor Anita!" said Kitty, pitifully; for she recognized the coarse, hard face that had roused Tim and his "Buddies" into such fierce antagonism. The "father" and "husband" taking his way to the desolate mother's side was Buck Benson.

(To be continued.)

A Curious Origin.

Saying of an idle, dull fellow that he will never set the Thames on fire has a curious origin. The word Thames should be temse, the name of a sieve used in olden times to separate the flour from the bran. If it was moved backward or forward too rapidly, the friction sometimes set fire to the rim; and so a good-for-nothing was said to be too lazy to set the temse on fire.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The English Catholic Truth Society has just published "A Spiritual Calendar: A Selection of Thoughts for Every Day of the Year, from the Works and Letters of Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity."

—The only remaining unpublished novel of the late Mr. Henry Harland, author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," "Lady Paramount," and other charming books, is announced for publication this week by Hutchinson & Co., London. It is entitled "The Royal End."

—Lovers and students of the sonnet will welcome a new collection by Lord Alfred Douglas, author of "The City of the Soul," "Sonnets" is issued by the Academy Publishing Co.; which also announces "The Catholic Anthology," a collection of lyrics selected from Catholic poets by T. W. H. Crosland.

—All interested in art will welcome "Vasari on Technique," translated by Louisa S. Macle hose, edited, with introduction, commentary and notes, by Prof. G. Baldwin Brown. The publishers (J. M. Dent & Co.) state that this important work—the introduction to Vasari's well-known "Lives"—has never before been translated out of the Italian into any other European language.

—"Early Christian Hymns," by Daniel Joseph Donahoe (the Grafton Press), is a collection of translations of the verses of the most notable Latin writers of the Early and Middle Ages. The hymns are one hundred and sixty odd in number, and include selections from Saints Hilary, Ambrose, Gregory the Great, Bernard and Bonaventure; from Prudentius, Fortunatus, Paul the Deacon, Rabanus Maurus, À Kempis, Pope Urban VIII., and other writers specifically named; as well as from a number of unknown authors. The Roman Breviary is the chief source of the translator's gleanings. As for the literary merit of these English renditions, it must be premised that really good translation, even of prose, is a rare enough achievement; and that well-translated poetry is necessarily a good deal rarer. On the whole, Mr. Donahoe's work, if not always marked by the note of literary distinction, is almost uniformly above the plane of the commonplace, and never descends to the trivial or inane. Hampered by the limitations of English rhyme, the versifier is often tempted to shirk the rigorous demands of technique; and so this writer occasionally rhymes not only "heaven" with "given," but

"faith" with "death," "earth" with "forth," "glory" with re-"store me," and the last syllable of "mystery" with "high." These blemishes do not, however, substantially affect the genuine merits of the volume, which, it should be added, is attractively brought out.

—"The Human Body and Health," by Alvin Davison, M. S., A. M., Ph. D., professor of biology in Lafayette College, is a 12mo volume of 320 pages, with 200 diagrams and illustrations. The sub-title of the work calls it "an elementary text-book of essential anatomy, applied physiology, and practical hygiene for schools"; and the publishers (the American Book Co.) add that the book is intended for grammar grades. While we are not particularly fond of seeing text-books multiply in any grades of our schools, public or parochial, we readily admit that the subject-matter of this volume is distinctly worth while. It is, moreover, of so interesting a nature that in all probability average boys and girls in the grammar grades will assimilate the pith of the work, even if it be presented to them merely as supplementary reading-matter, instead of a class-book on which they must perforce stand an examination. Happy is the man who "doesn't know he has a stomach"; but as that organ insists on recognition by the majority of mankind, 'tis well to know something about its constitution, its functions, its likes and dislikes; and Prof. Davison's book will supply the knowledge.

—"The Letters of a Noble Woman" (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown, Ireland), edited by Margaret Ferrier Young (George Allen & Sons), will have interest chiefly for the relatives and surviving friends of Mrs. La Touche. General readers, however, will welcome certain of the letters and the poems included in this handsome volume. From the long poem entitled "A Life's Lesson" we quote the following lines:

Let me record what Life has taught me
In the lapse of its five and forty years;
Evil and good those years have brought me,
Sunshine and gladness, rain of tears;
Its flowers are faded, its wine is spilled:
Alike are banished and unfulfilled
Its noblest hopes and its darkest fears.

I have learned that our wisdom and skill and knowledge
Are the efforts of children here below,
On the lowest benches of Truth's great college
To guess at what grown-up angels know.
As the child of five to the child of four
Is the Sage to the Fool, and our deepest lore
Is the lore of a babe that begins to grow.

I have learned that the commonest gifts and graces
Are the best and noblest, when all is said;

That peace and kindness, on homely faces,
Are a glow from heaven directly shed;
That the Devil disguised as Angel of Light
Has much to do with the soaring flight
Of the restless heart and the seething head.

I have learned that Pleasure is far more pleasant
When it grows from some common and costless thing
That is offered alike to prince and peasant,
Than from such as our wealth and toil may bring;
That we ought to play with the playthings given
For His children's use, by Our Lord in heaven,
Which never wear out, nor fail, nor sting.

But the happiest lesson my life has taught me,
The one that my heart has learned the best,
Through all the pain that the years have brought me,
Through disappointment and sore unrest,
Is to love and rejoice in, more and more,
The treasures of Nature's boundless store,
The innocent things that God has blest.

For if Thou, O Framer of Souls, hast "made me
Glad through Thy works," as indeed Thou hast;
If this gladness and hope has ne'er betrayed me
But is stronger now than in bright days past;
Hast Thou not taught me to understand
A part of the joy of the Promised Land,
And wilt Thou not lead me there at last?

Many persons' years get nearer to ninety
than five and forty before they learn such happy
lessons as these; while the great majority, alas!
never learn them at all. It is easy to believe
after reading these letters and poems of Mrs. La
Touche that she was indeed "a noble woman."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Early Christian Hymns." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$2.

"The Human Body and Health." Alvin Davison, M. S. 80 cts.

"The Martyrdom of Father Campion and His Companions." William Cardinal Allen. \$1.25.

"The Saint of the Eucharist." Father Oswald Staniforth, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.

"The Son of Siro. A Story of Lazarus." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"Some Notable Altars." Rev. John Wright, D. D., LL. D. \$6.

"Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer." Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S. J. \$1.25.

"Laws of Spiritual Life." B. W. Maturin. \$1.50.

"The Spiritual Ascent." Gerard of Zutphen. 85 cts., net.

"Labourers in God's Vineyard." Madame Cecilia. 75 cts.

"The Meaning of the Mass." Rev. M. J. Griffith, D. D. \$1.

"Jesus All Good." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.

"The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 2 vols. \$3.

"Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.

"Discourses and Sermons." James Cardinal Gibbons. \$1.

"The Conventionalists." Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.50.

"Friendship Village." Zona Gale. \$1.50.

"Child Study and Education." C. E. Burke. 75 cts.

"The Story of the English Pope." F. M. Steele. 86 cts.

"The Greek Fathers" Adrian Fortescue. \$1.

"Four Square; or, The Cardinal Virtues." Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Young Converts." Rt. Rev. L. De Goesbriand. 85 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Coppens, S. J.

Mother M. Austin, of the Congregation of the Holy Family; Sister M. Raymond, Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Hilda, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Clark, Mr. Charles Clark, Mrs. Ellen Heffernan, Mr. James Wrinn, Mrs. Alice McCarten, Mr. Thomas Fortier, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Mr. Henry Bennett, Mr. Harry Ryan, Mr. M. G. Wolf, Mr. James C. Kelly, Mrs. George A. Markle, Mrs. Elizabeth Tierney, Mr. Charles Mitch, Mr. Jacob Beiler, Miss Sarah T. Donnelly, Miss Philipanna C. Donnelly, Mr. Edward Armitage, Miss Annette A. Kilpatrick, Mr. Henry Rochford, Mrs. Eugene Lynch, Mr. Franklin Terrell, Miss Anna T. Fitzgerald, Mr. John C. Gillespie, Mrs. Teresa Condlon, Mr. George Smyth, Mr. B. S. Kimball, Mr. Patrick De Nash, Mrs. Edward Kelly, Mrs. Bridget McHugh, Mr. Joseph Henrion, Mrs. Catherine Healy, Mr. John Mayhoffer, Miss Elizabeth Walsh, Mr. Frederick Nugent, Mrs. Helen Harbacher, Mrs. Alice Dunphy, and Miss Emily V. Mason.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Little While.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

THE darkest hour the winter sends
Can never quench or cloud the thought
That summer-days, like smiling friends,
Are hast'ning hither, favor-fraught;
That, howsoe'er the snow may drift
On windy mountain, moor and fen,
A little while, and flowers will lift
Their faces to the light again.

A little while,—a little while!
What comfort in the thought we find
When life itself has ceased to smile,
And all the world has proved unkind!
A little while of grief and gloom,
A little while of sorrow's sting,
And then—the fadeless flow'rs that bloom
For us in God's eternal spring!

On a Popular Mistranslation.

BY T. G. D.



IN the Little Office of Our Lady, the *Te Deum* is not said during the seasons of Advent and Lent, except on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin. When it is thus omitted, a versicle and response take its place. In the versicle, our Blessed Lady is thus invoked: "*Ora pro populo, interveni pro clero, intercede pro devoto femineo sexu. Sentiant omnes tuum juvamen quicumque celebrant tuam sanctam commemorationem.*" The translation given in our prayer-books runs thus: "Pray

for the people, mediate for the clergy, intercede for the devout female sex. Let all experience thy assistance, whoever celebrate thy holy commemoration."

In one book *devoto* is translated not "devout," but "devoted." "Devout female sex" is, however, the popular version of *devoto femineo sexu*. I have heard a preacher argue, from this passage in the Office, that the Church recognizes "devotion" as characteristic of women. The phrase has almost passed into a proverb. This would not much matter, if there was not a tendency tacitly to accept as a corollary of the proposition that "devotion is characteristic of women," the further assertion that "it is something strange in men."

But have we not here a mistranslation, so long accepted that it goes unchallenged? Before suggesting another meaning for these words of the versicle, let me call attention to a passage in a much older and still more solemn Office, the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday. Amongst the prayers for all orders and conditions of men there offered, each preceded by an invitatory phrase of the priest, there is one for all degrees of the clergy, and for the consecrated virgins and widows, and the confessors of the Faith; this last intercession for those in prison showing that the formula goes back to the days of the early persecutions. The priest says (to take the usual translation): "Let us pray for all bishops, priests, deacons, subdeacons, acolytes, exorcists, readers, doorkeepers, confessors, virgins, widows, and for all the holy people

of God." And the prayer asks that "all orders" in the Church may "each serve God in their several degrees."

Many excellent people, as they read the Office in their Holy Week Book, suppose that the "acolytes" are the altar boys; the "doorkeepers," the good men who usher the congregation to their seats; and the confessors, the priests who hear confessions. They either do not stop to think why the exorcists and readers should be brought in, or they wonder who they can be.

The prayer that precedes this is for the Pope. Then comes this intercession, first for the bishops; then for those in Holy Orders—priests, deacons, and subdeacons; then for those in Minor Orders—the four grades, now usually conferred on the same day: acolyte, exorcist, reader (lector), and doorkeeper (*ostiarius*). This last order carries us back to the time when it was the duty of the *ostiarius* to take charge of the catechumens and penitents, and see that they were excluded during the Canon of the Mass; and when, too, it would seem that all those not so excluded communicated.

The prayer for the "confessors" was for those in prison, perhaps awaiting martyrdom. Though not belonging to the clergy, they are grouped with them among "the people sacred to God,"—sacred by this consecration of suffering for the Faith. Finally, two other classes of consecrated servants of God are added—the "virgins and widows," as we would now say "the religious women" of our convents. In the early Church, women who had chosen a life of perpetual virginity, and widows who took a vow of chastity, lived not in community, but with their friends.

Now, I suggest that in the Little Office, we have in the versicle to which I have called attention, a parallel prayer, not for the clergy, and for women in general as being more devout than men, but for all men and women who have specially consecrated themselves to God. It is a

prayer for the clergy as thus consecrated among men; and then for the women who are not merely "devout" but *devotæ*—i. e., consecrated by a *votum* (a "vow"). A free translation would express the sense if it ran: "Pray for the people, mediate for the clergy, intercede for the women consecrated to God"; or, more literally and less elegantly, "those of the female sex who are vow-bound." If this is the meaning—and I feel certain it is,—we get rid of silly jests about "the devout female sex"; and still more foolish talk about the Church's supposing women are devout, but not expecting much devotion from men.

This ignorance sometimes takes the form of a stupidly false idea as to what devotion really is. The Spanish Jesuit, Nierenberg, wrote a book "On True and False Devotion." I read it many years ago, and have not it at hand to refer to; but I think I can sum up its common-sense teaching in a nutshell. False devotion is the multiplication of external practices, many vocal prayers and the rest, without any real earnestness in it all that tells upon one's daily life. Real devotion is the state of mind that makes a man "devoted" to God, conforms his will to the divine will, makes his life a reality, so that every prayer—even if prayers are few—is a living prayer, every external act has its high purpose and its effect. There can be no delusion, no mere emotion, about this. It will make women womanly and men manly in the best and truest sense of the words.

There is nothing in this peculiar to Father Nierenberg. It is, after all, the common doctrine of all teachers on the inner life whose books are worth the paper they are printed on. I named the quaint old Spanish writer because the very title of his book focuses one's thoughts on the fact that there can be a deluding false devotion, just as base coin can get into circulation. But five minutes of clear thought would surely be enough to convince any one that there is the highest

manliness in guiding one's life by this true devotion,—that is, by the light of everlasting realities, and living so that one need not fear to die.

There are some broad facts in the history of nineteen hundred years that point to devotion being thus a factor of manliness. The martyrs were certainly manly folk to a heroic degree. But one point about them is often lost to sight. When a cabinetmaker polishes a panel, or a mason works a block of marble to an even surface, a splendid pattern makes its appearance. The wood or the stone becomes beautiful. But the grain of the wood, the veins of the marble, were there before the process, which has only brought them to light. So, too, almost invariably, when we have the full story of a martyr's life, we find that it was a "devoted" life before the final trial revealed the strength of soul, the heroic fortitude, of the man who had, perhaps for long years, prepared to conquer death by conquering himself. The legend of St. Polycarp tells how, as the fagots were being heaped up in the market-place of Smyrna to burn him to death, a voice from heaven was heard saying: "Polycarp, play the man!" It is a pity it is not more often realized that "playing the man" is an essential of religion, and not merely of such rare occasions as martyrdom.

One sees its manifestation also not only in the lives of canonized saints who were not martyrs, but in those of God's servants whose heroic lives are made known to us almost by accident. Father Damien's self-sacrifice has become world-famous; but how many more brave men have for the same high motive faced the dangers of death and disease in obscure, unrecorded devotion? All such lives show that the spirit of faith and charity can inspire unflinching courage of the highest type. This courage to endure not only great things, but the wear and tear of minor miseries, is the most familiar result of a man's having cultivated the spirit of faith, and it surely is true manliness.

Nor is this the only characteristic of the manly type that is formed by true devotion. In the light that comes from the other world upon the things of this earth, there grows up a spirit of kindly tolerance for human failings, a readiness to hold out a hand to others, a slowness to judge any one harshly, a corresponding care for the good name of everyone. Self-control and self-denial mean not gloom but cheerfulness; and we find this cheerful spirit in good men. Courage, cheerful good humor, kindness, the ready performance of duty,—all these are qualities that go to make up the ideal man.

But there is perhaps an idea that, while all this is manly, the emotional side of devotion, and the readiness to pray and trust to prayer have something about them that is more characteristic of women. To hear some men talk, one would think the ideal man must be a being of mere unemotional reason. Yet a man who was all syllogisms would be a kind of monster. Feeling rightly motivated and properly controlled and directed, is, after all, a necessary and proper part of human nature. Men feel strongly about politics, and do not mind showing it often in somewhat eccentric fashion. There is surely nothing unmanly about the expression of feeling that is justified by fact and reason. Indeed, the highest expression of feeling and emotion seems to belong to men rather than women; for all the great masters of poetry and oratory were men.

As for prayer, it is certainly remarkable that in a moment of intense danger and anxiety words of unaccustomed prayer spring to the lips of reckless and even unbelieving men. But if such prayer is something that seems natural in the circumstances, it is because we recognize that the crisis has forced such men to remember for a moment God and the unseen world. For reasonable men, the way that "best befits a man" must be to keep these great realities in mind at other times, and regard prayer not as

the last resource in dire emergency, but as a power in the normal course of everyday life.

So to those who suggest that devotion is a thing for the "devout female sex," but not to be expected from men, unless perhaps they are priests or monks, I would say: "You are appealing to a hackneyed phrase that is a mistranslation, and you seem not to have a very clear idea as to what devotion really is. The Church certainly nowhere even hints that it belongs to one sex more than the other. She expects it from both. It brings out the best qualities of both. If you want to find a thoroughly manly man, you can not look for a better type than the truly devout man—the man 'devoted' to God and living consciously in His presence."

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XI.

WHEN, a few days later, Sunday came around in the weekly procession of days, Desmond drove into Kingsford with his aunt and Edith, dropped them at the Episcopal church—an edifice of severely ecclesiastical Gothic architecture, with spire as lofty as the doctrines preached in it,—and then, with a somewhat chastened spirit, took his own way to the rectangular building, without grace of form, either outward or inward, which enshrined the living Mysteries of the ancient Church from which both architecture and doctrines had been derived. Vainly questioning why it should be so hideous, since simplicity does not of necessity mean ugliness, he went in, dropped on his knees before the Tabernacle, and tried to abstract his mind from the details of ingenious bad taste around him. To a certain degree he had succeeded, when a touch on his arm made him lift his head from his hands with a start. A pretty, curly-haired boy, in cassock

and lace-trimmed cotta, stood beside him.

"You're Mr. Desmond?" he whispered, and then, as Desmond nodded, "Father Martin says will you please come to his house after Mass; he wants to speak to you."

Desmond nodded again, the boy hurried back to the sacristy, and a few minutes later Mass began.

Perhaps it was because everything around him was so little conducive to devotional feeling that, in endeavoring to forget these things—in sending his mind back to the splendid fanes of the Old World, where he had seen the great Sacrifice offered with all imaginable pomp of worship, or to simple chapels, full of the spirit of faith, where the people knelt on the floor in humble devotion,—he grasped as never before the idea of the unity of this stupendous action. No many Masses, but just one continuous Mass,—one continuous Sacrifice offered to Almighty God, under conditions as diverse as the habits of men, but the same in essence as the same in form. That figure, wearing strange archaic garments, which stood at the altar, was merely a unit in the long succession of figures ever standing before an altar, ever offering the same Victim in the same manner, which stretched back to the upper room in Jerusalem, or higher yet to Calvary, where alone Priest and Victim were one. Vision after vision rose before him,—scenes in the catacombs, in the marvellous Ages of Faith, in the worldwide Church of to-day; and as in imagination his thoughts swept the globe seeing ever the same altar, the same figure, he realized not only the majesty of that unity of that which was taking place before his eyes—the mysterious Miracle of miracles,—but he was able to feel that it mattered little whether one knelt under Michael Angelo's great dome before the supreme altar of Rome, or the poorest and ugliest of the churches which materialized, art-blind America builds for the King of kings.

Nevertheless, when he found himself at last in Father Martin's little study, struck by the aspect of this unpretending apartment, and by the refined face of the priest, Desmond could not forbear a question.

"How do you endure it?" he asked, with a gesture toward the church,—"all the ugliness, the rampant bad taste?"

The thin, ascetic lips curved into a smile.

"At first it was rather hard to endure," the priest confessed. "But I have grown accustomed to it now, and hardly see the things that seem to you so dreadful. Of course they *are* dreadful; but where there's no remedy, you know, even dreadful things must be endured philosophically."

"But is there no remedy?"

The smile was whimsical now.

"Do you see any, short of a complete conflagration? The church is new, was built by my predecessor a few years ago. He was an excellent man, and the people adored him. But you can judge for yourself what his ideas of ecclesiastical art were." The speaker paused meditatively, and arranged his cassock over his knees. "Fortunately," he observed, "one can go to heaven without æsthetic cultivation. In fact, it is sometimes a misfortune to have that cultivation, I am inclined to think."

"Oh, no!" Desmond disagreed. "What is needed in this country, and needed desperately I should say, are priests who love such cultivation, and who will suffer under these awful erections until they are swept away. There might be a fire here some day," he added hopefully.

"Don't use a torch, I beg!" Father Martin laughed. "It is better to have this church than none at all. And now let us come to the subject for which I asked to see you. I have had a letter from Mrs. Barnes,—the sister of Tracy, you know."

"Ah!" Desmond was interested at once. "And is she able to throw any light on the dying request?"

The priest shook his head.

"No—or else she does not wish to

do so. She is rather noncommittal on the point; in fact, ignores it, and only thanks me for letting her know that her brother remembered his religion before he died. It appears that he had forgotten it for a long time."

"So I inferred," Desmond remarked.

"But," Father Martin went on, "this is not so much what I wished to tell you as that I have had another visitor, who came to inquire about the man and about his dying request—of which, oddly enough, she seemed to know."

"*She?*"

"Yes, it was the trained nurse, who did such admirable work at the time of the accident. Her name is Miss Landon."

Desmond stared for a moment, and then, "I can tell you how she knew," he said. "Before you arrived, the man was talking to both of us—saying that he wanted a priest, not only to obtain absolution for himself, but to repair a wrong he had done another person. And she was with him, you know, while I went to send the message. So she certainly heard as much as that; but it is rather singular she should have been interested enough to come and inquire about it."

"Particularly as she does not appear to be the kind of person to be afflicted with curiosity in acute degree."

"Not at all the kind of person, I should say. May I ask what reason she gave for the inquiry?"

"I don't remember that she gave any. She simply explained that she had learned the man's name from the published list of those who were fatally injured in the wreck, and, knowing the reason why he wished to see a priest—she seemed to think it was the only reason,—came to ask if I would tell her what the matter was which had been on his conscience."

"Naïve!" Desmond commented, as they laughed together. "Of course she meant no harm; one has to allow enormously for the ignorance of even intelligent people outside the Church. But the

question is, *why* did she wish to know? It looks as if she had some knowledge of Tracy. And yet the man was clearly a complete stranger to her that day."

"She intimated that she had some knowledge,—not of the man personally, but of somebody bearing the name; and she evidently wished to learn if the victim of the wreck was the Tracy of whom she knew."

"And you were not able to help her in deciding?"

"Naturally not in the smallest degree, since all that I know of the man—and that I can assure you is extremely little—was learned under the seal of confession. But I mentioned having written to his sister, and she asked me to let her know when I heard from the latter. It struck me, therefore, when I received this" (he turned and took up a letter from the desk beside him) "that if you still feel the interest which you expressed the other day in this man, and his thwarted reparation—".

"You may take for granted that I feel just the same interest," Desmond said a little hastily. "The impression of which I spoke when I saw you before was too strong to be forgotten, even if it stood alone. But it has been renewed more than once. I can not escape the feeling—though it may, of course, be all imagination—that some outside influence, something apart from myself, is urging me to action in this matter."

"Well, then," Father Martin resumed, "I was going to say that if you were still interested, you might like to take this letter to Miss Landon, and find out, perhaps, what she knows of Tracy,—of *some* Tracy, at least. Her knowledge might prove the clue needed for the fulfilment of his last request, but I could not ask more than she volunteered to tell. It's possible, however," (he smiled as he looked at the attractive personality before him), "that she might volunteer more in talking to you, or perhaps you would not object to asking—"

"Not in the least," Desmond assured him cheerfully. "I'll ask her to tell me all that she knows, and explain why it is that I want the information. I don't think she'll refuse when I make her understand that it may be the clue needed to fulfil the poor devil's dying wish, and repair whatever wrong was on his conscience. Is this Mrs. Barnes' letter? Do you mean me to read it?"

"Of course," Father Martin replied. "I should like to hear how it strikes you."

"It strikes me," Desmond said, after he had read the letter, "that there is some knowledge suppressed on her part. If she had no idea of anything in her brother's life calling for reparation, she would be quick to say so. But she doesn't say so, you'll observe; and, moreover, she expresses no surprise or concern: she simply puts the matter aside, and thanks you for letting her know that he died within the Church. Now I take it that to give her this consoling information was not your chief object in writing to her."

"So far from that, I told her distinctly that I was anxious to obtain some knowledge of her brother's life for the reason which I mentioned; and I asked certain questions which she has not answered."

"And clearly does not intend to answer. Well, I will take this letter to Miss Landon and find out what she knows. When can I report the result to you?"

"When are you going to see her?"

"Immediately, I think."

"Then you can call here after you leave the hospital, or any time this afternoon that suits you. Our services are not until evening."

When Desmond left the priest's house a few minutes later, he expected to find the Wargrave equipage waiting for him; but since there was no sign of it, he walked on down the quiet street, under an archway of golden maple boughs, toward the Episcopal place of worship. The congregation were just issuing from the pointed Gothic doorway as he approached, and he soon perceived his aunt

and Edith, with Selwyn in close attendance on them.

"Hallo! Here's our Papist!" was Bobby's cheerful salutation at sight of him. "Your rites appear to be shorter than ours," he remarked, not without a tinge of envy.

"Considerably shorter," said Desmond. "I've been talking to Father Martin for at least half an hour, and was rather afraid" (he spoke to his aunt) "that you might be waiting for me."

"Oh, no!" she replied; "we are never earlier than this in coming out. I am always able to tell Hiram exactly when to be here with the carriage, and yonder he comes now."

"I'll ask you to excuse me from going with you," Desmond said, as the carriage drew up beside them. "I have something to do in town this morning; but I will return to Hillcrest this afternoon."

"When shall we send for you?" she inquired.

But before Desmond could answer, Selwyn interposed.

"Don't send at all. I'll bring him out in my car. I know the Judge doesn't like either horses or servants to be called upon much on Sunday, and the beauty of an automobile is that it's always ready for use without disturbing anybody."

Here Desmond remarked that he had intended to walk; and that nothing would give him more pleasure than to do so, the day being so fine.

"Well, that's not my idea of pleasure," Selwyn observed. "Tramping five miles over dusty roads! No, no! The motor's the thing to put one where one wants to go. You really ought to have a car at Hillcrest, cousin Rachel!"

Mrs. Creighton shook her head, as she was assisted into the waiting carriage, and sank back on its luxurious cushions.

"Never while my brother lives," she said. "He adores his horses as much as he detests what he calls the last invention of the devil. There's no denying that they *are* very convenient, however;

and so if you'll bring Laurence out this afternoon—"

"Oh, yes, I'll certainly bring him out!" Bobby assured her, as he handed Edith to her seat. "Too bad you won't both stay, take dinner with us, and let me whirl you home when you are ready to go," he added regretfully.

"I'm afraid there would be too much whirl about it for mamma," Edith laughed. "Her admiration of automobiles is tempered with a good deal of fear; and, personally, I prefer the pleasure of motion behind these dear horses to a frenzied, breathless rush in your car. We'll look for you both."

The carriage rolled away down the golden archway of the street, and Bobby heaved a sigh as he looked after it.

"The Judge has made Edith almost as rabid about some things as he is himself," he complained. "The idea of a modern girl not liking automobiles!" He mused darkly for a moment on such unaccountable perversity; and then, brightening again, "Look here!" he said. "What are you staying in town for? I mean, have you anything you really want to do, or is it just for a little change of scene? Hillcrest is delightful, but I can imagine life there becoming a trifle monotonous."

Desmond laughed.

"I'm not seeking change of scene on account of the monotony of Hillcrest," he said. "I really have something to do in town. I want to pay a visit at the hospital."

Bobby regarded him with a surprise in which incredulity was largely mingled.

"You are either a very odd chap," he remarked, "or all this is a joke,—the kind of places you want to visit. Now, whom are you going to see at the hospital?"

"I am going to see one of the nurses. Her name, if you wish to know, is Miss Landon."

"I didn't wish to know, but I remember the name. She's the nurse of the railway

wreck. The newspapers say she saved a lot of lives."

"I think it likely that she did save some; and there's a matter connected with the man Tracy who was killed, whose body you remember was at the—er—"

"Mortuary parlor? Yes, I remember."

"That I want to see her about: By the by, I suppose I had better make an appointment. Where's the nearest telephone station?"

"Just around the corner," said Selwyn.

A little later, when Desmond, after calling up the hospital and asking for Miss Landon, presently heard himself answered, he was startled by an effect as singular as it was unexpected. It seemed to have to do with the timbre of the voice which struck on his ear; but he was conscious that it was not altogether due to this, exquisite as it was. He was well aware that the great difference in voices is never so perceptible as when they are heard, disembodied as it were, over the telephone. But he had never before heard a voice which seemed to convey so much of personality as that which spoke to him now. It was not only that it was beautifully distinct and clear, with a crystalline quality which suggested the water of a mountain spring, but there were, he felt assured, forces of character behind it—forces both of reserve and strength,—which were as unusual as they were striking. And yet the words which this voice uttered could not have been more simple, so that the effect which startled him did not proceed from them.

"This is Miss Landon," it said. "Who is asking to speak with me?"

"Laurence Desmond," the owner of that name replied. "I don't know whether you remember me, Miss Landon, but I was with you in the railway wreck."

"Oh, it is *you!*" the crystal voice returned. "I did not know your name, but I certainly remember yourself. What can I do for you, Mr. Desmond?"

"You can be kind enough to give me

a little of your time," Desmond answered. "I want, with your permission, to call to see you; and I shall be glad if you will let me know at what hour you will be at liberty to receive a visitor."

There was a slight pause, and a shade of more crystalline coolness seemed to come into the voice when it answered:

"I am afraid that I shall hardly be at liberty to receive a visitor at all. I have very little time for social—"

"Pardon me!" Desmond broke in hurriedly. "But I should have mentioned at first that my visit has more than a social purpose. One might call it business. I have been asked by Father Martin—the Catholic priest, you know,—to convey a letter to you,—a letter from the sister of Tracy, the man who was killed in the wreck."

"O—h!" The pause was longer now, as if to consider this information; and then the cool, clear tones said: "In that case it will give me pleasure to receive you. I am at liberty from four to five o'clock this afternoon. If you call at any time during that hour you can see me."

"I will call at four o'clock, if that suits you."

"It suits me perfectly."

"Thanks, very much! Good-bye!"

As he hung up the receiver, Desmond added to himself:

"By Jove, that was a close call! Only the mention of the Tracy letter kept her from declining to see me. I ought to have remembered that it would seem a piece of cheek for me to propose to pay her a visit without any explanation of a reason for doing so. But with what a princess-like tone the permission was given. There's something extraordinarily striking and uncommon in the character behind that voice. And what a voice it is! Either I'm developing wonderful psychical qualities, or else it indicates—yes, Bobby, I've just finished; made an appointment with Miss Landon for this afternoon, and I am now at your service"

A Home Heroine.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

PRUDENTIANA ZAGNONI.

FROM among the poor and the lowly the saints are chiefly chosen. Even those born in opulence and high station, who have sanctified themselves, have voluntarily embraced poverty and identified themselves with the poor. Sanctity is a great leveller; it emphasizes that equality before God which is of the essence of Christian ethics. That touch of nature which, as the great English poet says, makes the whole world kin, is, in the lives of the saints, sublimed by grace into that charity which is the perfect bond that unites the elect; the complete fulfilment of the divine mandate, *sint unum*, — two words of mystical meaning which express a vast deal.

Leona Prudentiana Zagnoni was one of those who have shed the lustre of high virtues upon a lowly station of life. One of a large family born to Carlo Zagnoni, a tailor in Bologna, and his wife, Barbara-Tolo, she lived from 1583 to 1608. Handsome, intelligent, and vivacious, she was much admired for her beauty and winning ways. But the beauty of her soul surpassed her physical charms. A model of perfect obedience, ever ready to do the roughest work of the house, she was idolized by her parents. She had a very sympathetic heart, and her compassion for the sufferings of others drew tears from her eyes. Often, when her sisters committed any fault, she took the blame and punishment on herself. Blinded for nine days by small-pox when she was eight years old, at her mother's instance she made a vow that, if cured, she would visit the tomb of St. Catherine of Bologna; whereupon the saint appeared to her, and, taking her hand, said: "Open your eyes, you are cured." Henceforward she had a great devotion to St. Catherine, and resolved, like her, to consecrate herself to God.

Her resolution was put to the test some years afterward, when she had reached the age of womanhood and they thought of getting her married. To interpose an obstacle to her mother's wishes in this regard, she prayed that she might be visited with some malady, and a painful inflammatory tumor in the right arm made its appearance. She endured it not only courageously but joyfully, regarding it as a heavenly favor, observing to her sister: "When one wishes to please our Saviour, one should find pleasure in suffering. A time will come," she added, "when you will understand me better." When she was cured, she was again urged to marry. Though, in obedience to her mother, she dressed prettily and went into company, she adhered to her resolution; and, again praying Heaven to aid her, was attacked with laryngitis and fever, which left her with acute pains in every part of her body.

Her mother, notwithstanding her piety, could not view things in the same light as her daughter, observing that she would make herself ill with her austerities, which she besought her to moderate if she did not wish to trouble the whole family. "Good mother," she replied, "pity me. I know I am a cross to you, but God wishes thus to try your patience." The mother occupied the same room with her daughter to prevent the latter's sleeping upon the stone floor. One night, when Leona rose to pray, her mother awoke and saw her in ecstasy, her features luminous, and heard a voice say: "Hinder not pious souls from serving Me." From that moment she never interfered with her daughter's pious practices, contenting herself with remarking that the body was not made of iron.

She spent nearly every night in ecstatic contemplation. One day her room was, as it were, enveloped in light, when her sister ran to her mother, crying out: "Leona is on fire! Leona is on fire!" The light suddenly vanished. She was in ecstasy and seemed to be holding converse with saints from paradise. These

ecstasies became very frequent, and a delicious perfume accompanied them. Light seemed to come from her countenance and illuminate the whole room; and sighs and tears and sometimes complete insensibility coincided with this supernatural state. God manifested in other ways His love for this chosen soul. Once, when she and her sister were out walking in the fields, the latter fell into a stream. Leona threw her apron to her. She clutched it, and was able to regain dry land without her garments being in the least wet.

Seeing that her health was a barrier to her entering a convent, she wished at least to become a Franciscan tertiary, encouraged thereto by a friar, who assured her that her vocation came from God and that she would triumph over every obstacle. Her mother would not at first consent; but, when, finally, she granted permission, Leona went to Father James Bagnacavello, who gave her the habit of the Third Order and the name of Prudentiana. Soon after her younger sister followed her example.

But fresh opposition arose. Her family thought the friary too far off, and her mother forbade her to frequent the Franciscan church; but Father Bagnacavello told her sister that Prudentiana would one day be a saint, and that neither her mother nor her friends could prevent her from following the exercises of the Rule and obeying the superiors of the Order. Prudentiana committed the affair to God. This Father having left, she chose another confessor, Father Silvius Bruni, a Theatine, who was very zealous for the perfection of souls. She obeyed both her mother and her confessor. The former, knowing that she lay every night on the ground, ordered her to undress and go to bed, which she did. To satisfy her mother, she sometimes compromised her health, employing remedies that were repugnant to her. Her limbs were covered with sores. The doctor applied something that eat into the flesh even to the bones. She

endured these sufferings without uttering a complaint, obedient in all things, persuaded that sanctity consists above all in submission.

Thinking that Father Silvius, who was a very austere director, was imposing too severe penances on her, her mother did not wish her to go to this priest, and on a certain feast forbade her to go out, desiring her to perform her devotions at home. Her sister murmured against this prohibition; but Prudentiana silenced her, telling her that it was the will of God, leading her to her own room, where Leona remained a whole hour in ecstasy. The room was full of heavenly light, her face shone, and, bowing her head, she said: "Now I am going to receive my God!" She raised her head, opened her mouth, and a luminous ray descended upon her. She again passed into the ecstatic state, in which she remained for some hours, conversing with her Guardian Angel who had brought her the "Bread that cometh down from heaven"; her face and her whole person being resplendent like one transfigured. On the morrow her mother came and asked her daughters if they were not going to church. "Mother," replied Prudentiana, "we were waiting your orders." The mother, now softened, blessed them and placed no further obstacles to their devotions.

When Prudentiana's sisters were reprimanded by their parents and wished to answer back or exculpate themselves, she put her hand on their mouths to teach them to be humble and bear reproaches in silence. She delighted in humility and in conquering the spirit of pride. A woman under demoniac influence betrayed the greatest uneasiness when she saw this holy girl or even heard her name uttered. Once, on her way to church, a man knelt before Prudentiana, and with tears in his eyes entreated her to pray for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his son, who was in a very perilous position. She passed on, as if she had not heard him; but some

days afterward, meeting her again, he kissed the hem of her garments, thanking her for her prayers on behalf of his son, who was saved. These demonstrations so afflicted her humility that the next night, being in ecstasy, she earnestly prayed to God to open men's eyes that they might know that she was nothing, and that the credit of their cure redounded to Him. She was disturbed when any one attributed any favor to her intercession.

Her mother often spoke sharply to her. When out of temper one day she went to Prudentiana's bedside, she being ill, and reproached her with ruining her health by unreasonable penances and her family by the expense they were put to for medicine, cursing the day and hour her daughter entered the Third Order; and finished up by brusquely leaving the house, not knowing whither she was going. She had hardly gone a few steps down the street, when she met a lady who asked her where she was rushing to. She replied that she was fleeing from the house in despair at having a daughter who was always ill through her own fault, to the distraction of the family. The unknown lady said: "Go back quietly home again, and be at ease." She felt her heart entirely changed. On looking around, she could not see who had spoken. She returned, however, and asked her daughter's pardon; but the latter forestalled her and herself made her excuses. Then the mother burst into tears, and was, for a time at least, better disposed toward her daughter.

Prudentiana's whole life was a trial of patience. She rejoiced when God or her Angel Guardian announced to her that she would have to undergo some trial of this virtue; but when she received some consolation, she reminded Our Lord that He had promised to send her sufferings. "What have I done," she complained, "that Thou shouldst deprive me of the opportunity of imitating Thy patience. Turn away from me Thy anger; give me the occasion of carrying Thy Cross also."

When her mother desired that she

should have a nurse, she acquiesced; for God had taught her that obedience is still more acceptable than resignation in pain. During her last illness, though suffering acutely, she never showed the least sign of impatience. When she felt her end approaching, she did not, like other pious persons, ask to leave this world in order to be united to Christ; but was heard in the midst of her ecstasies to say: "My God, up to this I have done nothing; I have suffered nothing for Thee. Why give the palm so soon to a poor sinner? Rather prolong my days so as to prolong my sufferings. O my God, who hast suffered so much for me, would that I had two souls to offer Thee. Yes, it is for Thee I would wish to shed all my blood; for Thee I would wish to die."

In 1607, the vigil of the feast of St. Matthew, her sufferings had increased so much that she seemed to be *in articulo mortis*. Her sister prayed to God to alleviate her torments; but Prudentiana rebuked her, not wishing to lose any of that treasure of sufferings she had amassed, saying that the greatest favor God could grant a Christian was to send the trial of illness. She would have liked to suffer all that the martyrs endured, and often complained that God did not smite her hard enough. Father Silvius, seeing her one day very ill, told her that God would console her; but she replied, weeping: "Father, that is not what God has promised me. Far from me all consolation. It is upon a cross—yes, upon a cross—I wish to die with my Saviour."

One day Father Silvius asked how she endured it all. She replied that in her the senses were always subject to reason. Another day she exclaimed that she felt as if her head was pierced with thorns, her mouth and throat full of bitterness, her arms and shoulders broken, her heart, breast, hands and feet pierced with iron points; and that, in the midst of these tortures, she experienced ineffable satisfaction in bowing her head under the will of God. She said that in order that a

soul may repose on the bosom of its Saviour, it must have suffered much or done much good; those who will not carry their cross, shall not enter into the Kingdom of Christ Crucified. The cruelest maladies could not quench in her heart the thirst of suffering; so she added the rigors of penance to the pains of sickness. Her whole body was one wound, and her whole life one long fast; her stomach being so weakened by penances that she could digest neither meat nor milk. Her food consisted of vegetables, olives and some fruits, and she ate so little that it was a wonder she could exist at all. She derived new strength to endure this abstinence from the words of the Saviour, who sometimes appeared to her saying: "My daughter, it is I who will to-day be your food."

She had to engage in hot conflicts with the spirit of evil. The demon once appeared to her under the semblance of a celebrated physician, who counselled her to have compassion on herself and look after her health; but she saw the snare, called God to her assistance, and put him to flight. On another occasion he impersonated her confessor, extolled her virtues, her victories over self, over hell and over the world; but she made use of the means indicated by an angel to St. Anthony, and to his specious and delusive praises opposed humility, depreciating herself and speaking of her nothingness, which made him retire. She continually repeated to her sisters and friends that it is easy to chain the demon, and that a chained demon is no longer to be dreaded; that with the arms of humility and faith one can conquer all hell.

From her tenderest years she had a great attraction toward the angelic virtue. Once, after praying that this virtue might be rooted in her soul, she had a vision of the Blessed Virgin on the day of her Immaculate Conception, who also appeared to her on the ancient feast of the Purification, and assured her that not only would she preserve this virtue, but

would cause it to be respected by those who misunderstood it. It inspired her with a great love of little children, at whose sight she exclaimed: "Holy purity, why is my soul not as innocent as that of these little ones!" Meditating on the Incarnation, she felt herself inundated with heavenly joy; for she saw in the reunion of Jesus, Mary and Joseph the type of holy purity in all its splendor. In reward for her devotion, she twice had the happiness of receiving the Divine Infant from the Blessed Virgin and holding Him in her arms,—a favor preceded by strains of angelic melody. The purity expressed in her face passed into the souls of those who gazed upon her, and the objects she touched possessed a property of attraction which led back to the practise of this virtue those who had abandoned it. One day a female friend took a flower that lay on her pillow and hid it among her husband's garments. The man, who squandered his means, health, and happiness in follies, at once gave up his irregular way of living, and joy henceforward reigned in his house.

About a year before her death, fever forced her to keep her bed for five days, during which she remained more closely united to God, upon whom the eyes of her soul were ever fixed. As her sister was astonished at the way she mortified her senses, she said: "When one has Christ before the eyes, one can see nothing else." At work or in company she was always occupied with the thought of God, and never with the conversation when it turned upon subjects foreign to religion. She was, however, both vivacious and thoughtful; and her mother would have entrusted the management of the house to her, if the state of her health had not unfitted her for housekeeping. Her language was never harsh; it was always edifying, and her disposition eminently conciliatory.

Since she had made the sacrifice of her will to God, nothing in the world was capable of causing her uneasiness.

She gratefully received from His hand everything He sent her, convinced that God knows best what contributes to our eternal happiness. This complete submission to the divine will raised her soul in prayer to a degree of elevation which drew her nearer to God. Her whole life was one long prayer. She often remained six or seven hours kneeling before a crucifix, plunged in profound meditation. Once, on the Feast of the Epiphany, absorbed in contemplation, she was suddenly environed with a bright light, when a heavenly ray descended upon her, and she was heard conversing with the three Kings, and addressing an ardent prayer to the Divine Infant, whom she thanked for two particular favors she had received. She returned thanks for allowing the three powers of her soul—memory, understanding, and will—to be always naturally directed toward God and attached to Him; and then for having been given strength to carry her cross and suffer without needing human consolations. Through contemplation and prayer she had acquired so clear a knowledge of the profound mysteries of faith that, like St. Catherine of Siena, she had no longer any difficulty in believing. During her ecstasies she spoke of the power of God, of His immense love for humanity, of the dignity of the human soul, of the different operations of grace, of eternal glory, and various high subjects, in a style so marvellous and elevated that learned men were astonished, and declared that, without a special inspiration from the Holy Ghost, such language could not be uttered by human lips.

(Conclusion next week.)

Opportunity.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

IT is a chariot with wheels of gold;
And if it pause a moment at your gate,
Lay hold and enter; for it will not wait,
And back the golden wheels are never rolled.

Master or Slave.

BY JOSEPH F. WYNNE.

TWO young business men sat opposite each other at a little table in a cozy, out-of-the-way café. They were intimate acquaintances, and conversed as they discussed the midday lunch,—one served with a plentiful and most inviting repast, while the other nibbled at a cheese sandwich and sipped a cup of thin chocolate.

"What's the matter, Frank? Are you ill?" asked Roy Gilbert, half curiously, yet with spice of solicitude as he carved a choice morsel off the juicy porterhouse before him and glanced across at his friend's meagerly supplied plate.

"Ill? Why, no! Oh, I see! You wonder why I'm not eating a square meal as usual," replied Frank Delmar, amused at the riddle he was inadvertently proposing. "Well, I can't let your anxiety—or perplexity, which is it?—interfere with your appetite for that inviting spread you have there, so I'll have to explain. Short rations is an affair of conscience with me just now. This is Lent, and the Church commands that its followers deny themselves, both as to quantity and kind of food for the season,—in fact, practise fasting to an extent. You know, I believe, that I am a Catholic."

Gilbert's look and laugh held some suspicion of a sneer as he answered:

"Oh, come now, Delmar, you are surely not of the kind to take such mandates seriously! Leave that sort of thing for the extremists,—the devotees, etc. I would. You're too level-headed to be led away by senseless vagaries. What earthly good does it do one to pass up regular meals at times, or substitute one kind of food for another, as your church people do on Fridays?"

"Ah, that's where you don't understand, or stop to reason it out!" responded the

abstemious gentleman at the other side of the table. "There is very much good in these practices, and so self-evident it seems incredible there should be doubt or dispute on the subject. In the first place, compliance with the Church's ordinance is an act of obedience to divinely appointed authority,—a testimony of faith, a tribute of sacrifice; then the denial of appetite helps us to become masters of ourselves; while, finally, it is a penance for sins, and expiatory offering for offences for which satisfaction due must be paid somehow."

Mr. Gilbert was now giving attention to a plate of rich dessert.

"You've got your church doctrines down pat, all right, I guess," he said between mouthfuls. "But now see here. Let us put theory and guesswork aside, and take a common-sense, practical view of the thing. Can you see, any more than I, and millions of others besides, what benefit there is in—say, for example, prescribing the eating of fish instead of meat on Fridays?"

Frank Delmar laughed heartily.

"Prescribing the eating of fish instead of meat on Fridays! That *would* be something of a freak order, sure enough."

Gilbert's busy fork paused midway between plate and point of destination.

"Is it not a law that you must substitute fish for flesh at all your meals on Fridays?" he asked in amaze.

"Certainly not," responded Delmar promptly, his laughter subdued to a quizzical smile. "Where did you pick up that fishy notion, anyhow? No wonder you are at sea with—"

"Oh, that's it!" interrupted Gilbert. "I didn't state the proposition just right,—or rather, in fact, put it quite ridiculously. I understand very well that you Catholics are not bound to eat fish,—though you usually do on your fast days, I have noticed. But you can not have meat on those days. What I mean, then, is, why is meat prohibited thus? What is there about this particular variety of food

that makes it subject to condemnation at one time, while acceptable at another?"

"You are making a misapplication of terms again, but I can follow you all right, so here's the riddle's solution," replied Delmar, drawing out his watch. "Oh, twenty to two!" as he glanced at the timepiece. "We'll have to be moving. Come on! We have two blocks together, and can talk as we go along."

Resuming the subject of discussion as they passed into the street, Delmar said:

"We Catholics are forbidden meat on Fridays and certain other days of the year, because meat is usually the centerpiece of a meal and its withdrawal a distinct deprivation, more so with most people than any other item on the ordinary bill of fare; and no substitute is usually so satisfactory. The denial is, therefore, to an extent a mortification, or penance, as I said before. Then, further, those in good health and not overburdened with hard work, like myself, are required to fast as well, at certain times. By this I mean that we are commanded to omit some of our regular meals, or meet demands of appetite only according to absolute requirement. Now, with the exception of a cup of coffee and a piece of bread this morning, that little snack you saw me put away there is all I can have until dinner this evening. But I don't really mind it at all, beyond the kind of craving a child has for sweets, when I see others, like yourself, enjoying a lay-out of good things. In fact, I believe I feel all the better physically after Lent, just from having given the jaded digestive machinery a measure of needed rest. I believe fasting to be first-rate spring medicine."

"But it isn't for that reason you fast, though; and otherwise *cui bono*? Really I can not yet see the least use in the whole business," said Gilbert, with emphatic gestures of repudiation.

"Why, the use, or purpose, of the dispensation in its varied forms is just as I said before, and I fear I can not put it more plainly. But, to sum up, it is

obedience to the law of the Church, an acceptable tribute to divine authority; it is an expiatory offering, or sort of sacrifice, in satisfaction for sins; and, not least in merit, it is a discipline by which one gains control of the appetite, which otherwise to his harm might control him."

Mr. Gilbert shrugged his shoulders.

"It sounds quite high-minded and all that; but—but—well, why do you pick out one particular day of the week, and the time they call Lent, to put the uplifting régime into operation? I know Friday is usually considered an unlucky day. Is it just in order to pile on your hard luck upon it that you select the poor scapegoat of the week for the fasting program? Or maybe—"

"Pshaw, Gilbert!" his friend interrupted, "it surely can not be you are quite so dense as honestly to suppose that absurd suggestion has any application to the case. I don't know how much you ever learned of Scripture or Christian doctrine; but it seems you must have heard, and can scarcely have forgotten, that it was on Friday Christ was crucified. It is on this account we Catholics observe it as a day of abstinence. His fast of forty days in the wilderness is the exemplar of our season of Lent. But here we are at our parting of ways, old boy, and I'll bet I have had all my expounding for naught. Or who knows but I'll find you eating a scrap of dried herring and a cracker or two when we come to consult the menu card about this time to-morrow! Harder nuts than you have been cracked on the rock of truth and sound doctrine, and are still as an everyday occurrence."

Gilbert went off laughing and shaking his head vigorously.

"Cracked enough now," he called back. "Any more raps and I'd sure go to pieces."

One waning afternoon, two years later, Frank Delmar sat in his office closing up the work of a busy day. He was alone and

absorbed in arranging papers on his desk, when the door opened softly and a man entered with evident hesitation. The closing of the door was less quietly accomplished; and, Mr. Delmar's attention attracted, he turned in his chair, regarding the intruder with some disquietude. The man was shabbily dressed, and his face bore the stamp of confirmed dissipation.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" inquired Delmar, briskly, as the visitor stood distant and silent.

"Do for me!" the man said huskily. "Do for me!" he repeated. "You don't know me, then, Frank,—you really don't know me! Ah, God, has it come to this, that the first friend I meet coming back to my old town can not recognize an almost daily companion of only two years ago? Yes, I've gone down hill pretty far, sure enough; but I never realized I had gone so far as to be out of sight altogether of those I knew intimately so short a time since."

Tears trickled from the wretched speaker's bleared eyes, and he wrung his ungloved, begrimed hands in agony of despair.

Mr. Delmar went toward him and scanned the haggard face attentively. It was blotched with the drunkard's brand, where visible, but well-nigh covered with an unkempt beard.

"You're not—no, it can not be Roy Gilbert!" exclaimed Delmar after a moment's scrutiny. "I knew—"

"Yes, I'm Gilbert,—the Gilbert who was your chum little more than two years ago,—that is, I am what's left of the fellow you knew then. Thank you, Frank,—thank you! You're willing to recognize me as I am now,"—taking the hand cordially extended. "You needn't ask how I've come to this. I'm here just to tell you."

He took the chair offered him, and, throwing his battered hat on the floor beside it, went on.

"You know I left this town to go in with the Carson-Parker concern as

manager of the shipping department. Oh, yes! That part of it turned out all right. Too much of a plum for a poor wobble-shanks like me. Why, in six months I was given an interest in the enormous business, and made money hand over fist. That's where the trouble began. I was too flush; and did not know where to stop in the use—or abuse, as you would call it—of the bunches of coin that kept rolling in upon me. Very soon, however, I got in with a lot of high-rollers, who helped me over the difficulty, and down the incline from the start. I began to drink and gamble, going the pace generally, until here I am at the lowest limit—a sot and outcast,—yes, I will add, a criminal before the law too; for I robbed my business partners to feed the gaming fiends' hungry maw, when my own resources were exhausted. But they only sent me adrift; they wouldn't prosecute me, for the sake of what I had been to them before. There you have my story, Frank. Nothing very new about it, to be sure; but it does seem wofully strange, all the same, when it comes home to one."

The attentive listener, half dazed with surprise, attempted now to speak some words of sympathy and encouragement.

"No, no!" replied the wretched visitor. "It's no use, old man, I haven't the 'get up' in me. Why, I'm weak as water, and have no more will of my own than an actual imbecile. I can't resist even the hint of temptation. I'm simply not master of myself at all. I follow like a helpless fool wherever desire or appetite may chance to lead."

His friend was about to speak again, but Gilbert interposed with some vivacity:

"Say, Frank, do you know why I came straight to you on returning here—or, rather, the thought that brought me back here at all? Of course you can't even guess. Well, it's just a recollection, an odd sort of remembrance, that somehow has fairly haunted me of late. Can you recall a conversation we had one

day at lunch in Lambert's café, shortly before I left here? It was a sort of dispute over your observance of Lent. Can you believe that lately the thought of that little incident, and our talk over it, has been running through my mind almost constantly? You said then that fasting and that sort of thing was discipline of appetite that enabled one to get control of it and himself generally, instead of becoming the slave of the baser desires. Ah, how thoroughly I have learned since that you were in the right! I remember you sitting there nibbling at a bit of bread and cheese, while I, right before you, was feasting on the best. I couldn't have done what you did then, if health, even life, were at stake; and thus I have gone on since, landing where you now see me. But, O God, what wouldn't I give to have had the training you there exemplified, and which keeps you endowed with prosperous manhood, while I am a despairing wreck, though our ages are about the same! You thought your talk to me then went in one ear and directly out the other. Well; I can tell you your words came back again, and they have been steadfastly giving me pretty sharp taps on both ears ever since my downfall."

A happy thought had come to Delmar during the last part of the recital. He now sprang up, saying briskly:

"Come now, Roy! You've brewed a wholesome draught for yourself right there, and I insist that you let me take the case in hand and administer the medicine in proper doses. Yes, you'll do just as I say now, and not a word to the contrary. Come with me to-night, and we'll get you shaved and toggled out by to-morrow, so that the tramp phase of the thing will be done with. Then you'll stay right here under my thumb, doing such work as I will give you, until I pronounce you ready to take an independent position again. There, there, no nonsense now! "You're simply worn out with worry as with all the rest of it, my boy;

but you'll be all right, I promise you, when we get some few kinks out and things going smoothly once more.

Another lapse of years — nearly four of them this time, — and Roy Gilbert is once more a man vastly changed, in character and opinions as well as in appearance. It is often remarked that converts to the Catholic Faith are frequently more zealous and devout than the majority born and bred in it. This is not uncommonly said of Mr. Gilbert at the time we meet him again. He is one of the most capable and honestly enterprising men in the business world, where he occupies a high place. At the same time he is a most enthusiastic leader in church work, and an inspiring advocate of everything tending to religious advancement. Sometimes in-different friends, half jesting, half earnest, remonstrate with him on his intense devotion to the interests of religion. His reply is always serious:

"Why not,—why should not I, of all others, hereabout at least, lend every effort to spread broadcast that blessed influence which lifted me up from despair, gave me back my forfeited manhood, and guides me at every step in the way I now pursue? Ah, indeed the Church, the true Church of God, is a tender, fostering mother! She never leaves her weak children to stumble about unguided and alone. She watches over, trains, and provides for all needs from the cradle to the grave; yes, and follows with her gentle ministrations even beyond the barrier of death, where no other can penetrate. All I am, and all I ever hope to be here and hereafter, I owe to the Catholic Church and her ministry. I only comply with her teaching when I endeavor to share with others the gains I now possess, and the far greater ones it is my aim to win for the long afterward."

EVERYONE complains of his memory; nobody of his judgment.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Next Sunday's Mass.

SECOND IN LENT.

IN accordance with the oldtime practice of designating special Sundays by the opening words of their respective Introits, this second Sunday of the Lenten season used to be known as *Reminiscere* Sunday. Another name given to it by reason of the scene depicted in the Gospel of the day is Transfiguration Sunday:

In the Introit the Church inculcates the same lesson as that emphasized a week ago — confidence in God, who will deliver us from all our enemies if only we pray fervently: "Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy compassion and of Thy mercy, which are from the beginning; lest at any time our enemies rule over us; deliver us, O God of Israel, from all our troubles. . ."

The petition in the Collect is for the protection of our Heavenly Father: "O God, who seest us to be destitute of strength, do Thou both inwardly and outwardly keep us; that in body we may be defended from all adversities, and in mind cleansed from evil thoughts. Through, etc."

In addition to the principal Collect at the Sunday Mass, there are ordinarily one or two others to be said, and these supplementary prayers vary with different liturgical periods. From Ash Wednesday to Passion Sunday, for instance, the second Collect is this beautiful prayer: "Defend us, we beseech Thee, O Lord, from all dangers of mind and of body; and, by the intercession of the blessed and glorious ever-virgin Mother of God, Mary, and of blessed Joseph; of Thy blessed Apostles Peter and Paul; of blessed N. [the patron saint]; and of all Thy saints, graciously grant us health and peace; that, all adversities and errors being removed, Thy Church may serve Thee in secure liberty."

The Epistle, an elaboration of St. Paul's "This is the will of God, your sanctification," is a rather notable instance of the

truth that human nature is much the same in all ages. The Apostle of the Gentiles might well be addressing the Christians not of the first, but of the twentieth, century in this exhortation for purity of morals and for honesty and fair-dealing, "that no man overreach, nor circumvent his brother in business." The great outstanding truth of his instruction is that we are all, without exception, called to be saints. Our sanctification is to be accomplished, too, in this world, not the next; and it consists, essentially, in the perfect accomplishment of the everyday duties of our state in life.

"The distress of my soul," says the Gradual, "is increased; deliver me, O Lord, from my necessities." The Tract is an outburst of confidence that the foregoing entreaty will be heard: "Give glory to the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. Who shall declare the powers of the Lord? Who shall set forth all His praises?..."

Our Divine Lord's Transfiguration on Mount Thabor, narrated in the Gospel, had for its purpose the strengthening of His Apostles' faith, and consequently of our own faith, which is founded on theirs. The vision of their Master in His glory should have fortified His chosen three against the quasi-scandal of His cross, His passion, and His death. The divine words, "This is My beloved Son, . . . hear ye Him," are addressed to us not less than to Peter and James and John; and the Lenten season is particularly adapted for our listening with unwonted attention and fervor to the word of God in the various modes by which it is communicated to our souls.

The Secret, Communion, and Post-Communion are in harmony with the portions of the Mass already mentioned; all tending to bring about in us that state in which we can truthfully declare, as in the Offertory: "I will meditate on Thy law, which I have loved exceedingly; and I will practise Thy commandments, which I have loved."

The Genius of Da Vinci.

BEFORE Columbus set out upon the voyage which gave a new world to mankind, Leonardo da Vinci, another faithful servant of Our Lady, had, at least in theory, anticipated many of the great discoveries of modern times. To the author of one of the most perfect paintings in the history of art, painting was but an occasional pastime. He has left only a few pictures, many of those commonly credited to him being spurious; but he was a thoroughly qualified engineer, a writer of eminence, a gifted sculptor and architect, and among the foremost philosophers of his day. He was also a skilled musician, singing to the accompaniment of a lute which he made with his own hands. He built bridges and churches, and dug canals and tunnels; he was versed in the intricate laws of optics, acoustics and astronomy; he invented the camera and sawed marble and made ropes; he originated the science of hydraulics and restored the laws relating to hydrostatics; he possessed the theories of modern geologists, was accomplished in botany and physiology, and declared, in and out of season, that it was practicable to use steam as a motive power. His knowledge of anatomy was extraordinary; and there remain to us, rescued from the wanton spoliation which befell much of his work, his famous instructions to his pupils and many of his manuscripts, curiously written from right to left, and to be read only with the aid of a mirror. Meanwhile the social side of this versatile man was not neglected, and he delighted in improvising poems at the courts of kings, and leading in their innocent festivities in his own gracious way. Wanting all other gifts, he could have earned his bread as a professional entertainer.

It was, however, the subject of the conquest of the air which most interested Leonardo da Vinci, and he was the actual inventor of the aeroplane. For

many years he experimented with balloons made of waxed skins, which he filled with hot air and sent aloft; but finally, like our modern aeronauts, he abandoned the "lighter-than-air" theory and said: "Man must fly as the birds fly." Then he went straight to nature and studied the anatomy of winged creatures and the laws which govern their movements. His "Treatise on Flight" survives, as do the various designs of flying machines which he constructed. His principles were sound, but the mechanical resources of his day were limited. He had no motor with which to propel the flying machine of which he dreamed. He invented, but it was left for the belated wisdom of the twentieth century to make his invention of use.

After all, it was the calm philosophy of this gentle painter which will survive when the work of his hands is dust; for it was he who said: "Against injustice, long-suffering is as a garment against the cold. For as, when the cold increases, thou shouldst double the number of thy wrappings, so with the growth of injustice shouldst thou enlarge thy forbearance, as by so doing it shall not harm thee."

Ethical Culture and Religious Training.

THE insufficiency of merely ethical teaching as a substitute for genuine religious training is becoming more and more generally acknowledged by educationists and sociologists the world over. Loath as are many non-Catholics to admit that the Church has all along been entirely right, and her opponents wholly wrong, in the matter of preparing children for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, they are constrained to confess that experience is daily vindicating her theory and practice. While it would appear sufficiently obvious, on the face of it, that God-ignoring schools can not be fairly expected to turn out God-fearing graduates, that is just the paradox which the majority of more than one nation have

been looking for. That they are at last realizing their mistake and advocating the religious training of the young is one of the most promising signs of the times.

A somewhat notable recent utterance on this subject is that of the British Ambassador, Mr. James Bryce, at a session of the Religious Education Association in Chicago. Disclaiming any competency to decide as to the ways and means of securing a religious training in this country, Mr. Bryce said:

All I desire to do is to call attention to certain facts in the social and intellectual condition of modern countries, and especially of England and America, which make it especially needful now to take every possible means of impressing the fundamental truths of religion on the minds of the young. Ethical teaching, of course, could be given in schools, and to some extent is given; but ethical teaching would be far more impressive if based on religion.

While fully recognizing the increased activity of the churches, and of such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association and the Christian Endeavor societies, the tendency in large sections of a rapidly growing population toward indifferentism in religion, and toward a diminishing reverence for the sanctions which religion provides, is conspicuous enough to make it necessary for them to put forth all their exertion to vindicate for religion its place in the training of the young throughout the whole course of life.

"Ethical teaching would be far more impressive if based on religion. So," comments the *Inter-Ocean*, "Ambassador James Bryce mildly but firmly punctured, with a statement of universal experience, the bubble it has become somewhat fashionable of late to inflate and pursue—the delusion that it is possible to lead and keep human beings in the paths of right without religious faith,—without the conviction that there is, over and above the thoughts and deeds of men, a justice and mercy all-knowing and all-powerful."

A somewhat fuller description of the bubble to which the Chicago journal refers is found in this adequate response to an inquiry, addressed to the "Question Box" department of the *Apostolate*, as to the meaning of Ethical Culture:

It is a substitution of polish and human culture for religion and spirituality, a deification of duty, a kind of aristocratic morality. It is the result of a mistaken notion of the aims of Christianity. Christianity must mean creed, and deeds done according to the creed. The morality must go hand in hand with the faith, which is its best incentive and main support. The founders of Ethical Culture sought to deify good works instead of, and without, faith or creed.

The society was founded in New York in 1876 by Mr. Felix Adler, of Jewish descent, who is still high-priest of the movement. He writes a good deal on moral subjects, and very interestingly and with great sincerity. Similar societies have since been founded in other large cities.

As has been said, they have no creed, their supreme aim being "to elevate the moral life of the members and the community." No religion or dogma is taught except as the lecturer may inject his personal beliefs. They claim that ethics or manners or morals or good works are the religion that binds us to the Infinite. There is no question of God "as we know Him, of immortality, the future, hell or heaven; nothing about Christ or Christianity, except as these may furnish elevating examples of morality, social or personal, just as music or poetry. It is, therefore, a mere human polish. They have no prayer or ritual—nothing but fine speeches and altruistic conversations.... The whole theory, of course, rests on two false assumptions—viz., that the Christian religion is merely speculative and theoretical, and that there can be a morality without religion and God.

Apropos of this last statement, our readers will remember our quoting Dr. Adler's own declaration, at the recent Moral Education Congress, to the effect that moral education is inseparable from religion,—a rather notable admission from such a source. Less notable but equally true is the *Inter-Ocean's* summing-up of the matter: "Without the sanction of religion—without faith that looks beyond and above all human imperfection and injustice to an all-righteous and all-merciful Judge, by whose divine decrees all wrongs shall be redressed and all griefs assuaged—men have no hope of escape from evil and no light in their darkness. Only the morals that rest on religious faith can be really good; for none other have the strength that endures, none other can be the morals that wear."

Notes and Remarks.

The most timely and forcible commentary on the Gospel of the third Sunday after the Epiphany that was made this year was undoubtedly that of the Holy Father himself. Speaking on that Sunday of the new honors conferred upon Blessed Clement Hofbauer and Venerable Joan of Arc, Pius X. declared that "we have real need of the powerful intercession of the saints to obtain that the leprous and palsied society of the present day may come to see the evil it is doing, and turn to God to save it from ruin. Ungrateful for the benefits so lavishly poured out upon it, deaf to the loving invitations of Him who desires to set it on the right road, it has now reached the pass when it refuses to see God, not only in the graces with which He blesses it, but even in the chastisements with which He scourges it,—chastisements which it regards merely as inexorable phenomena of nature. God is no longer in public gatherings or in parliaments, because men are ashamed to name Him; no longer in the schools, except to be scorned or blasphemed; no longer in the family, for it has been laicized; in fine, God is no longer in society, which declares itself emancipated from the state of pupilage and without need of a teacher.

"And thus we see the youth, under the régime of so-called liberty of thought and of conscience, educated in atheism; a shameless press that wreaks ruin and havoc; the very arts made an instrument of corruption. Contempt is heaped on the good who observe the divine laws, now regarded as survivals of superstition and ignorance; the ministers of God are despised, and even thwarted in their works of humanity and charity; and religion, even in the asylums that still remain to it, the churches, persecuted by the tyrannical secret societies that now dominate.

"O Blessed Clement, O Venerable Joan, pray to God that this miserable leper,

the society of to-day, covered from head to foot with foul and cancerous sores, this paralytic which, with its continuous tremors and convulsive movements, is unable to advance a step on the right road, may see its sins and have recourse to God, who alone can heal it!"

The indictment is strong and specific, but no thoughtful observer of the world's doings in this twentieth century will characterize it as extravagant or unmerited. France and Italy, of course, were the countries which the Pope had particularly in mind.

It is pleasant to notice that the proposal to erect, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, a bronze statue of the Rev. William Corby, C. S. C., in the act of giving absolution to the Irish Brigade just before entering the fray, finds favor with all classes of citizens. The incident is a memorable one. Never before, perhaps, had such a scene been enacted on this continent. It was awe-inspiring, sublime in its simple grandeur. The men, who had been briefly exhorted to make a fervent act of contrition, fell on their knees, and the chaplain, standing on a rock, facing the army, pronounced the solemn words. He himself often declared that he had in mind not only the Irish Brigade, but all the soldiers of both armies about to engage in one of the most sanguinary conflicts in history. It lasted for three days, during which thousands of brave men were killed. Let us hope that, in some providentially merciful way, the absolution of Christ's minister was of eternal benefit to every one. The thought of death and of accountability to God was present to all; and at such dreadful times, we may believe, are wrought the greatest miracles of mercy.

One by one all the oldtime "abominations of Rome," over which the Reformers and their descendants long waxed wroth, are becoming rehabilitated in the estima-

tion of our Episcopalian friends. The celibacy of the priesthood, even, is becoming popular. The *Living Church* (Episcopalian) says that there are in the ministry "a larger proportion of married clergy than the needs of the Church require"; and that "what the Church needs is a greater number of clergy who are willing to remain unmarried, probably for their lifetime." That, in the expressive colloquialism of the man on the street, "beats the band." And here is a declaration still stronger from the same periodical:

When American churchmen become broad enough to study Church history in its true significance, they can not fail to discover that the real need of the Church to-day is for three thousand monks and six thousand Sisters to supplement the work of the married clergy.

The obvious Catholic comment is that when Americans do study Church history "in its true significance," they will join not *a* but *the* Church, and the Milwaukee journal will find its occupation gone.

Although John Ruskin wrote and said many beautiful things in favor of the Church, we are not aware that he was ever disposed to join it. In fact, he declared positively, in a letter recently published, "I have no 'verty' tendency myself." Perhaps Ruskin's most remarkable tributes to the Catholic Faith are those which he paid unconsciously. In the discourse, as he calls it, to which we refer, he says: "There are people I would gladly see received into the Catholic Church, because I think it would be good for their morals."

Apropos of a recent note on Freemasonry in France, some interest attaches to this declaration of his Eminence Cardinal Moran:

At the present day we find that the Freemasons, for instance, boast of the great success of Freemasonry in Australia. Some time ago they boasted that they had all the State Government Houses as centres of Freemasonry. If such be the case, my verdict would be that the sooner the State Government Houses are

swept away, the better for Australia, the better for the citizens, and the better for the wise government of our country. We all know the terrible results of Freemasonry in the home countries. We know that in Germany, great as is the military power of that country, it became imperative to sweep aside all the societies of Freemasonry, in order to secure discipline in the army, and success in the administration of the government.

There is interest, too, in this declaration of Sir Francis Burnand, once a Mason himself, in his "Reminiscences":

Logically, no Christian can be a Freemason unless he be the sort of hedging Christian who, imitating the liberal-minded emperor, Alexander Severus, included a statue of Our Lord among those of all the gods with whose names and attributes he was acquainted. As my eminent friend, Sir Chrichton-Browne, put the query very neatly to a well-known Mason holding high office in the fraternity: "If Masonry has a secret the knowledge of which would benefit all mankind, then for Masonry to keep such knowledge to itself is immoral. If, on the other hand, the 'secret' is not for the benefit of mankind, in professing it to be so Masonry is again guilty of an immoral act. If you Masons say that it is only to benefit certain persons who are prepared to receive such knowledge, then there is an end of the universality of the Brotherhood of Freemasonry." There was no answer to this; and, so far as I can see, there is none.

We notice that the dissimilarity of English and American Masonry with that of Europe is less insistently protested than was formerly the case; and that those who maintain that there is some solidarity in Masonry the world over, are being vindicated.

Lecturing recently in Paris on "The Pope and the Emperor," M. Frédéric Masson read a letter sent by Pius VII. to Cardinal Consalvi at the time when Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena was growing harder and more restricted. "The Emperor Napoleon's family," wrote the Pope, "inform us through Cardinal Fesch that the climate of St. Helena is deadly, and that the poor exile is visibly perishing. We have heard this news with infinite sorrow, and you will doubtless share it with me; for we must both

remember that, after God, it is to him principally is due the re-establishment of religion in the great kingdom of France. The pious and courageous initiative of 1801 has caused us long since to forget his subsequent errors. *Savona and Fontainebleau were merely mistakes of judgment and faults of human ambition.* The Concordat was an act Christianly and heroically saving." The letter concluded with these words: "It would give our heart unparalleled joy could we contribute toward the lessening of Napoleon's torments. He can no longer be a danger to any one; we trust that he may not become a subject of remorse to any one."

Even the bitterest anti-Catholic, conversant with history, will hardly question the magnanimity of the Sovereign Pontiff who penned the foregoing. Truly was he the Vicar on earth of the gentle, merciful Saviour.

Commenting on a lively and agreeable article entitled "Omens, Dreams, and such-like Fooleries," by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J., in a recent number of the *Month*, the writer of Literary Notes in the London *Tablet* makes these wise observations:

It may not be amiss to remark that this question of superstition in popular devotions is often a subject of unfortunate confusion. For the fact that many of our Protestant countrymen and certain critics with new or advanced ideas are disposed to regard legitimate Catholic devotions as essentially superstitious, makes it a difficult matter to deal with possible abuses. Here, as elsewhere, the exaggeration on one side provokes an answering exaggeration on the other. And the pessimist who maligns the faith and piety of simple Catholics has his counterpart in the controversialist who sees no danger of superstition among the children of the Church, and looks on all critics or reformers as suspicious persons.

If only for this reason, it is well to have a writer of such unimpeachable orthodoxy as this critic in the *Month* reminding us that alongside of legitimate devotions sanctioned by the Church there are such superstitious absurdities as the justly condemned "Snowball Prayer," and that even the legitimate devotions may be the

subject of abuses. Thus Father Keating says very truly: "The beautiful devotion of the Nine Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart may become a superstition, if one considers the ninth promise (*sic*) as equivalent to confirmation in grace. So of the Scapular, if importance is attached to the actual wearing of it rather than to the dispositions it is intended to create or maintain. The wide field of Indulgences may grow very ugly weeds if tilled in a manner unsanctioned by the Church. Even the doctrine of the Sacraments may be abused to superstitious ends.

On the other hand, as the *Month* writer remarks: "The blankest materialist will find nothing in his creed to save him from the wiles of the quack-medicine vendor; on the mere evidence of 'Before' and 'After,' he may think to cover a pitiful bald pate with the curls of Hyperion. And we doubt whether the gentleman who kindly offers such very high interest, the bucket-shop operator, does not sometimes entangle a sceptic in religion among his victims."

The third instalment of the *Dublin Review's* admirable study of Catholic social work in Germany deals with "Organization and Method," and is as interesting and instructive as have been the two former papers. These paragraphs on "the brain of the whole association," the Central Bureau of the *Volksverein*, are particularly worthy of note:

The Central Bureau is in close touch with every sound social movement or organization in the Empire, denominational or otherwise. It not only instructs its members in the latest achievements of social action, but sets itself to anticipate social problems, and to be ready with its solution when the need shall arise. It is by no means content to let the Socialist take the lead in new enterprises. It does not defer action until the secularist has got a ten years' start with a new method. "We do not wait to be pushed," as one of the staff observed. That the *Volksverein* should keep the lead in Germany in spite of the fierce competition of the Social Democrats indicates a mental alertness to which we can not hope to attain in this country at present. It is the reward of half a century of strenuous social study and action. But at least we may have the broad-mindedness to adopt good methods, of whatever origin. Too often is

our work disparaged by our co-religionists merely because we have not been the first in the field.

The work of capturing local public opinion in any particular district has been reduced to a fine art by the *Volksverein*. Indeed, such an operation presents little difficulty to an organization at once so strong and so supple. We may imagine, for instance, that the Catholics of a particular village are in need of support. Information comes from the promoters of a neighboring town that the Social Democrats are making a dead set at the village in question, and are carrying all before them, since the local Catholics are quite unprepared to meet such an attack. The Central Bureau is at once informed of the position of affairs. Lecturers are sent down, literature is circulated, and even pecuniary help offered if required. A nucleus of resident Catholics is formed by personal influence. A meeting is held with a view to introducing the *Volksverein* into the district. Membership forms are in readiness, and speakers of note are imported to give attractiveness to the movement. By degrees a Catholic phalanx is formed which, since it is backed by the resources, material, intellectual and moral, of the Central Bureau, will generally be able to hold its own against the forces which it has to meet.

The "mental alertness" which the *Dublin Review* considers unattainable for the present in England is, we fear, equally out of our reach in this country. In the meantime, however, Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic may well study the methods of their German co-religionists; and, inspired by the substantial success achieved by those sturdy followers of Windthorst, work strenuously in counteracting the baneful influence which is now being exerted by Socialism.

Here is a novel illustration by which Father Lambert, of the New York *Free-man's Journal*, seeks to make clear to a correspondent what a non-Catholic belonging to the soul of the Church loses by not belonging to the body as well:

Suppose you are an Irishman or a Frenchman. You have studied the principles and history of this Republic; you admire and fully approve of them. In a word, you belong to the soul of the Republic. Do you not see the difference between you and the foreigner who has been naturalized and belongs to the body of the Republic? Does not the latter possess rights

and advantages that you do not, — rights that your mere approval of Republican principles does not secure to you?

Says the *Pacific Calendar*, an interesting little church monthly:

It is no new charge against the present time to say that it is irreverent. The growth of the scientific spirit, with the stress which it lays upon individual investigation, and the methods pursued by the schools, all foster a spirit which, to put it mildly, is not the spirit of reverence.

There is, however, another and more offensive way in which this spirit shows itself: the habit of making sacred literature the source of ill-bred wit and parody; of twisting words or texts, about which cluster the most solemn memories, until they do duty as headlines for a newspaper or title for a cartoon.

The examples of this abomination cited in support of the foregoing contention, such as a parody of the Lord's Prayer, are little short of nauseating. While American humorists, as a body, are gratifyingly clean, free from suggestions of obscenity, they can not be acquitted of this flippant irreverence in dealing with sacred persons, books, and things. Mark Twain set a very bad example in his "Innocents Abroad," and it has been all too generally followed.

"Dwarfed creatures, covered with hair, half monkeys, half men, cowering for shelter beneath the burdock leaves in unapproachable forests,—such were the Ainus of which I learned at school," writes a correspondent of the *Athenæum*. "Ardent believers in Darwin's views of our ancestry quoted this race as affording a striking illustration of the truth of his theories; and some rumors reached our class that the small, hairy human creatures had tails." The illustration did not illustrate. Reliable authorities pointed out that the mental inferiority as well as the general hirsuteness of this aboriginal race had been greatly exaggerated by travellers. The *Athenæum* writer, however, who lately visited Yezo, the present habitat of the Ainus, proves that the portrait imagination had painted of them

was even more of a travesty than is generally realized. He writes:

The first Ainu man I saw reminded me instantly of the popular conception of an Old-Testament patriarch, and I thought at once of Abraham as he must have looked before his hair grew white. The fine face of this man of sixty years included a slightly Jewish nose and deep-set eyes, and was crowned by a halo of thick hair, which fell just to his shoulders and stood out bushily all round his head. Round his brow was bound a brightly colored handkerchief, which intensified the illusion. This type is common among the older men; and of all the Ainu men I saw, only one was ugly and unintelligent in appearance, and he was obviously the village idiot. The men are short, it is true, seldom exceeding 5 feet 5 inches in stature; but pygmies they are not, and so thickset and broad-shouldered that they have the appearance of great strength and manliness. . . .

Among the younger women who have not been tattooed, the bright expression of face shows them to be fit mates for the men. Sometimes the girls are most attractive; two of those I saw were distinctly beautiful, even according to our own standards; and all of them appear quick and vivacious in comparison with the inscrutable calm and apparent stupidity of the Japanese women.

Verily the travellers and scientists of the nineteenth century have much to answer for.

As the return of spring is sure to occasion a renewal of the familiar outcry against the persecuted sparrow and his alleged destructive ways, a recent work ("Birds of the Plains"), by Mr. Douglas Dewar, an eminent English ornithologist, may be quoted:

It is the custom to speak of the sparrow as a curse to the husbandman. The bird is popularly supposed to live on grain, fruit, seedlings, and buds,—those of valuable plants by preference. There is no denying the fact that the sparrow does devour a certain amount of fruit and grain; but, so far from being a pest, I believe that the good it does by destroying noxious insects far outweighs the harm.

No doubt there are seasons when the sparrows become so numerous as to cause damage to crops, but no sensible farmer will wish them exterminated on that account.

Notable New Books.

The Dark Night of the Soul. By St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis. Edited by the Rev. B. Zimmermann, O. C. D. Thomas Barker, London; Benziger Brothers.

That this is not altogether a materialistic age is evident from the fact that there is a steady call for books of a highly spiritual nature, such as this treatise by a master of the mystical life. The writings of St. John of the Cross are addressed to two classes of souls striving after perfection: those who attain a complete mortification of the senses, as far as, with God's grace, can be attained by man's own exertions; and those who have reached a stage where divine intervention steps in when human endeavors fail. "The Dark Night of the Soul" belongs to the second class. It is worthy of note, in considering these works on the mystical life, that bodily mortification is the foundation on which the devout soul must build; and this mortification it is which makes possible true growth in holiness. The contemplative life is never urged upon souls that have not walked along the common road of virtue and self-denial. Deeply mystical as is this work of St. John of the Cross, it makes clear to those who read aright that humility and self-annihilation are the wings whereby the soul is carried up to the regions of divine illumination.

How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy. By the Rev. J. Blackwhite. Edited by Monsignor John S. Canon Vaughan. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

A well-meaning but inexperienced Anglican clergyman vows and preaches celibacy until the right argument appears — she is extremely clever as well as beautiful — to convince him that celibacy is merely a clerical error, so to speak, or at least a matter of personal taste. After some years the clergyman, still well-meaning but with some financial and plenty of domestic experience, concludes that Divine Wisdom must have inspired the discipline of celibacy.

No one who knows Canon Vaughan need be told that he never would "edit" fiction for the sake of the fiction. This book is really a compact and convincing argument in favor of celibacy in the Catholic Church, and a good-natured *exposé* of the perils of playing at vows when one has no divine call to them. In this matter, as Canon Vaughan and daily experience show, there seems to be a necessary connection between the grace of state and the state of grace.

In the popular advertisement, a famous

humorist is represented as saying of a certain fountain-pen: "With one I have made a living; with two I might have grown rich." Canon Vaughan tells us that the production of this tactful and sturdy treatise was a bit of vacation sport; one wonders what he would do to this theme if he really worked at it. Good-tempered, well-written, logical, and by experience approved, this interesting story is one of the best defences of the discipline of celibacy that we know of. Such a book should never be illustrated.

The Orthodox Eastern Church. By Adrian Fortescue, Ph. D., D. D. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Dr. Fortescue's volume is, indeed, an important work; it supplies most interesting and useful information. Works about Protestantism and Protestant sects are not wanting; our textbooks of theology give us, at least summarily, what is to be known concerning them; but we seem either to ignore or, at best, to know very little about the vast mass of our fellow-Christians of the East, whom, as Dr. Fortescue very rightly says, "we confuse under the absurd name of Greeks." Yet acquaintance with a Church where so many traditions in liturgy and cult have been most jealously kept, even to the point of fossilization, is of immense value to the theologian; the study of the divers phases and conditions of existence of people in whose life religion has taken so prominent a place, of nations where Church and State have been, and are yet, so confusedly mixed, should excite the curiosity of the historian, profane as well as ecclesiastical; while a certain knowledge of the condition of a vast number of Christians who have preserved the greatest part of the Christian heritage and yet unhappily remain so arbitrarily separated from us, should appeal to the interest and charity of every educated Catholic.

This book is divided into four parts, exposing successively the situation of the Orthodox Church before the schism, during and since the schism, and at the present day. This last part, evidently of more immediate interest, contains five chapters, in which the writer exposes the constitution of the Orthodox Church, with its divers patriarchates and national divisions; the hierarchy with its degrees; the orthodox faith with its symbols and dogmas; the liturgy with its calendar, books, churches, sacraments, etc. The last chapter deals with the question of reunion.

The writer is very well informed about the past history of the Orthodox Church, and he is closely acquainted with its present situation. His narrations and expositions are accompanied by numerous references to the Fathers, the

Councils, and the ablest historians, as well as to the most recent theological orthodox works and the latest events and incidents. A careful summary, at the end of each chapter, will greatly help the reader to review and retain the chief points developed. The London Catholic Truth Society is to be congratulated on the material side of the work; it is very neat, and the printing admirably clear.

Claud Denvil. By D. Bearne, S. J. B. Herder.

This is a delightful story — or, rather, series of stories, — of which Claud Denvil is the hero. He is a man whom it is a pleasure to meet even in a book. He and his delightful family settle at Ridingdale — the scene of former stories by Father Bearne, — and from this sequestered little town the artist and his dear ones radiate all sorts of good. Charity which does not degrade the recipient, sympathetic understanding of the poor and the unfortunate, kindness toward the sinner without weakness toward sin, are among the characteristics of the good people to whom Father Bearne introduces us; and yet there is not a word of preaching or moralizing, as such; just fine, strong, Christianity. There is what might be called atmosphere in these interesting sketches.

Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy. By Johannes Jørgensen. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

To lovers of St. Francis, this record of a visit to Greccio, Assisi, Cortona, and Mount Alverna, will be as a pilgrimage which they will make in spirit with the fortunate convert pilgrim who visited these hallowed places, and who knelt in prayer, with the followers of the Saint of Assisi, in the very monasteries that knew his holy presence. The spirit of St. Francis is in the book; there is in every line a reverent, joyous love of nature, an inspiring faith, and a great love for the Saint of Holy Poverty. Readers of *THE AVE MARIA* have already enjoyed and profited by Mr. Jørgensen's narrative, which first appeared in English under the title of "A Pilgrim Convert in Italy."

The Boy-Savers' Guide. By the Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

We set out to read Father Quin's book with our pencil in hand, the intention being to mark here and there a brief passage or sentence, the reproduction of which would serve to eke out our notice of its contents. As a result, we find that we have marked extracts enough to occupy a dozen times the space that can be accorded to even so good a volume as "The Boy-Savers' Guide." That it is an exceptionally good volume, no connoisseur of the genus "boy" is likely to deny. It covers practically all the

ground to be traversed by those engaged in the unmistakably important work of preserving to the Church and to virtue the impressionable adolescent of from thirteen to eighteen. In the author's vocabulary, that period comprises the career of the "boy." Under thirteen, he finds children; over eighteen, young men. We commend the book unreservedly to the general reader; and, moreover, advise every city pastor to purchase a copy for his assistant, if he has one; or for himself if he has personally to face the boy problem. The volume is one of 400 pages, well printed and bound; and is supplied, we are glad to state, with an exceptionally full table of contents.

Here are a few of the many quotable things we had marked:

To ignore boys and enroll young men is the same blunder that would be made in the educational field by abolishing primary schools and placing higher training as the sole object of time, money, and care.

Of earnest workers free to choose their objects of labor, many injudiciously occupy themselves with slight gains, even though far greater results are clearly within easy reach. Theirs is the motto, *Ad gloriam Dei*; omitting altogether the potent word *maiores*, which really peoples heaven.

For city sodalities true to boy nature, here, then, is a motto: diluted asceticism and multiplied good cheer.

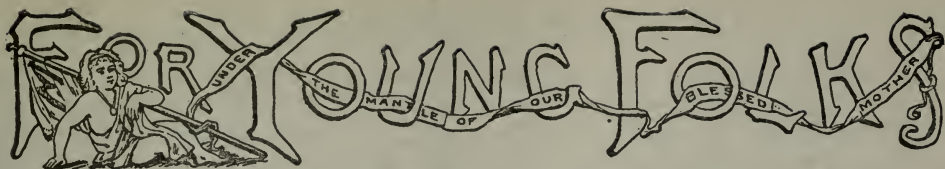
Priests, lay-workers, friends of God, one and all—which is the better: boyish piety presently thriving under modest showers of fun-promoting favors, or an apostate future of bloodshed and blasphemy? Which are preferable: baseballs now, helping devotion; or rifle shot later, sustaining anathemas?

Exhortations, say in favor of frequent Communion or of better attendance at religious meetings, be they, *per se*, ever so much disconnected from worldly things, will strike home all the more forcibly if delivered immediately after, *e. g.*, a thronged and rousing successful public field-day.

When Johnnie has received his diploma, it is important that all the world should be told thereof in black and white; for the larger the audience before which Johnnie has thus promised well-doing, the stronger our hope that he will always do well.

Christopher Columbus. By Lady Amabel Kerr. London: Catholic Truth Society; B. Herder.

Much as we admire the writer's works, we are not sure that this *Life of Columbus* was needed. As Father Thurston points out in a preface to the volume, the MS. was prepared some time ago, and since it was written "many important works on Columbus have seen the light." It is true, notes have been added in order to bring the book up to date; and, as Lady Amabel Kerr's style is pleasing, and as she has presented her facts in a way to enlist the sympathy of young readers for the great Admiral, it would be ungracious not to speak a word of welcome. The numerous illustrations, mostly taken from the collection of voyages of Theodore de Bry, the famous German engraver of the sixteenth century, add a quaint interest to the volume.



To St. Joseph.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

ST. JOSEPH, when the day was done,
And all your work put by,
You watched the stars come one by one
Out in the violet sky.

You did not know the stars by name,
But there sat by your knee
One who had made the light and flame
And all things bright that be.

You heard, with Him, birds in the tree
Twitter "Good-night" o'erhead,—
The Maker of the world must see
His little ones to bed.

Then when the darkness settled round,
To Him your prayers were said;
No wonder that your sleep was ground
The angels loved to tread.

So, save me through the darksome night
And all the sunlit day;
Be kind my words, my thoughts be white,
Christ's guardian, I pray!

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—STORM-BEATEN.

NOW the same rainbow that arched
the path of the gay little picnic party
as it made its way down the moun-
tain gleamed over Uncle Dave as he
re-entered the big iron-spiked gates of
his home. But he did not see its beauty
or its promise. The fierce storm that had
blackened the heights as his returning
train swept through crashing thunderbolts
and blazing light, had seemed a fitter
finish to a bitter day of strife.

He had been at a stockholders' meeting
in the city,—a meeting that had been

called to discuss the wave of discontent
that was sweeping over the mountain
region and affecting all its industries.
The men working in mines and furnaces
and forges were growing restless and dis-
satisfied with their condition. Sullen
threats and mutterings were heard on
every side. The meeting had been an
excited one, many of those present advo-
cating yielding to the demands of the
workmen, and giving better hours and
better pay.

But Uncle Dave had stood grim and
immovable.

"Not another cent of pay," he had
declared determinedly; "and not another
minute of time! Once we give those
foreign beggars their heads, we can never
draw them in again. Let them kick,
gentlemen,—let them kick! I have held
the reins for thirty years and can hold
them still."

"Are you quite sure of that?" one of
the objectors had asked gravely.

"Sure enough to risk my own neck and
head on my grip," Uncle Dave had replied
grimly; and he had turned the vote, and
carried his point against the earnest pro-
testation he could not altogether silence.

But the fight had been a close one.
There had been some plain talk about his
ways and methods that rankled in the
old iron master's after-thought. One
"beardless boy," as Uncle Dave had
called the thirty-year-old speaker, had
declared the days were past when, like
the giant in the child's fairy tale, the
strong and rich "grind men's bones to
make their bread." Uncle Dave had fired
up at this speech, and there had been hot
words between the old man and the young.
Altogether, it had been a hard day; and
though "Old Flint," as the meeting had
called him when his back was turned,
had come home a victor, his grim face

wore no signs of triumph, and he felt very tired and bitter and old.

The sight of his own black, smoking chimneys and fiery furnaces did not soften his fierce mood. Was it only his fancy, or did the grimy, half-clad hands, pouring out from the forges and coke ovens at the stroke of the bell, look at him with sullen, angry eyes? Did the others, turning in for the night "shift," glower at him defiantly? Were those gaunt, dark-faced women standing at the door of their cabins cursing him in their own tongue as he passed? Was the great black monster bestriding the ridge, with its fiery eye and smoking breath, indeed like the giant of the fairy tales "grinding men's bones to make his bread"? Growing fiercer and more savage at the thought, Uncle Dave strode up the black cinder path, "downed" with a muttered oath the dogs that came leaping to meet him, and stalked grimly into the gloomy house.

There was no one to meet him. Usually Kitty, striving bravely to keep her "Queen's Promise" to Mother Paula, was waiting in the gloomy hallway, wearing one of the white dresses bought last year for her summer outing with papa. The white dresses had been Cripps' suggestion.

And, almost unconsciously to himself, "David Dillon" had learned to look for the pretty, white-robed figure, with its friendly greeting to "Uncle Dave," as a very pleasant addition to his home-coming.

"Where is Niece Katherine?" he asked, when, according to the usual rule at his entrance, Cripps brought in the dinner.

"Gone off on a picnic," was the brief response.

"On what?" asked Uncle Dave, fiercely.

"A picnic," repeated Cripps, sourly enough, for she had been anxious all the evening; "one of them fool affairs where you take your victuals to the woods and get caught in the storm."

"In the storm! Do you mean to tell me that you let that girl go out in the storm we had to-day, woman?"

"'Twasn't any of my business to keep

her," answered Cripps, who had always been an equal match in temper for her employer. "And I wouldn't pen up a little creature like that in such a hole as this, anyhow; so when decent folks like the Markhams come for her—"

"The Markhams!" exclaimed Uncle Dave, fiercely. "She went with the Markhams, you say! Do you mean to tell me that Wynne Markham dared to come to this house and meddle with my family affairs after the stand he has taken against me? I—I never heard of such—such insolence!"

"I don't know nothing about it," said Cripps, grimly. "Never heerd you count that lonely little creature as your family. But here she comes back, anyway. And thank the Lord I say, for my heart's been jumping about her all evening," added Cripps under her breath, as at the sound of wheels crunching the cinder path, she hurried to open the door for Kitty, whose sweet young voice came clearly to Uncle Dave through the gathering darkness.

"Oh, thank you so much for bringing me home, Phil! And I'll send back the dry clothes your dear mother lent me as soon as I can. Oh, I've had such a lovely, lovely day in spite of the storm,—such a happy day with you all, Phil!"

"Try it again, then." And Uncle Dave caught a ring of his father's voice in Phil's manly tone. "Come and stay a few weeks. We'll give you the time of your life. My!" (and the speaker looked up at the grim, closed house), "I don't see how you stand it here, anyhow!"

"It is lonesome," said Kitty, truthfully.

"Lonesome! I'd as lief be in jail at once," was the frank reply. "I'd make a bolt from Old Flint if I had to tramp it on the highway. But you can't, of course; so I'll come and steal you away again," added Phil. And he lifted his cap in a gay good-night and drove off, leaving the unsuspecting little Kitty to face a storm far worse than that which had burst upon her in the mountain.

For every thoughtless, merry word had reached Uncle Dave's ear. He was sore enough already after the day's hard fight; now he was conscious of a strange new sting that goaded him into fury. They were turning her against him, this little white-robed girl who had brought a touch of light and sweetness into his grim, lonely darkness. They were turning her against him, too. And he had been good to her, he thought,—good after his own rough fashion. He had meant to be better still. Only yesterday, on his way to town, he had stopped at a stock farm and picked out a grey pony he had promised her, gruffly insisting that it must be gentle and sure-footed even at extra price. And she must have a safe sidesaddle, too; for the mountain roads were rough.

Through all the hard business of the day, the thought of these purchases came every now and then with an odd softness that he found strangely pleasant, like the touch of Kitty's little hand when she sometimes laid it shyly on his shoulder as she stopped in the grim study to bid him good-night.

But now—now all these thoughts and fancies were swept utterly away in the fierce, fiery flood of his wrath, as, all unconscious of any wrongdoing, Kitty, looking especially pretty in a white suit and flower-wreathed hat that Letty had lent her to replace her own storm-drenched clothes, fluttered into the gloomy dining-room. Uncle Dave's face blackened with a frown such as she had never seen before even on his grim brow.

"What do you mean by this?" he asked.

"Uncle Dave!" exclaimed Kitty tremulously, her soft blue eyes wide and startled at his greeting.

"What do you mean by it?" he repeated in a tone of thunder. "Don't gape at me, you mealy-mouthed little hypocrite! What do you mean by defying me like this,—stealing off without my knowledge, against my will, with an insolent young puppy that deserves to be caned from my door?"

"Oh, I don't know—I—I don't know, indeed, what you are talking about!" faltered Kitty, in bewilderment.

"You don't know,—you don't know!" roared the angry old man, lashing himself into greater fury as he gave way to his wrath. "Don't lie to me like that, Niece Katherine? Didn't I hear you talking to him just *now*? didn't I hear every word? You're like all the rest—all the rest,—ready to bite the hand that is feeding you. I might have known when I took you in out of that nest of Romish vipers that you would turn and sting."

But the cruel words missed their mark. Never in her wildest fancy could little Kitty associate a nest of Romish vipers with sweet St. Ursula's. She only stared in speechless terror now at Uncle Dave.

"If I could cast you off like the beggar you are, I'd do it!" he continued fiercely; "I'd do it gladly. I can't; for your dead father's sake, I can't. But if you stand up against me as he did, girl,—if you're fool enough to stand up against me as he did—"

"Uncle Dave," interrupted Kitty, her cheeks flaming, her blue eyes flashing, "I can't listen, I *won't* listen, if you say anything about papa — my own dear dead papa,—I won't listen to a word! I'll leave the room,—I'll leave the house!" she said desperately. "I'll get the Sisters to take me to the orphan asylum with the other poor girls. I'll scrub and wash and—"

"Not while I have lock and key to keep you here," said Uncle Dave, savagely. "No, Niece Katherine, you are to stay here, you understand,—to stay here. And I'm master here, I'll have you know; and what I say is the law!" (The speaker brought down his fist heavily to emphasize his words.) "I'll have no more running away; no more jigging and junketing with people who are doing their best to rob and ruin us both. You are to stay here until I find some school where you will be taught and trained as I want you taught and trained; and it won't be by

any Romish priests and nuns, you may be sure of that."

And Uncle Dave rose and stalked fiercely out of the room, leaving his dinner untasted; and Kitty, with the blaze in her eyes,—the flash that told Uncle Dave that he had roused the same spirit in her gentle breast that had parted the two brothers fifteen years ago.

"Land alive!" exclaimed Cripps, who had discreetly retired during the family storm. "Who'd have thought that a picnic would have roused up Dave Dillon like this? But he is sore against the Markhams about that lawsuit the Judge has brought against him; sore against the Peytons, sore against most everybody. Looks as if he was against the world, and the world against him. But sit down and eat your dinner, child. Land sakes, you're trembling all over!"

"Oh, I can't eat any dinner! It would choke me, Cripps. I want to go away from this dreadful place. I want to go away from Uncle Dave forever."

"Land, I don't wonder, child, — I don't wonder. Looks as if you had struck crooked ways. But you can never tell where crooked ways lead, child, if you follow them up patient; that's what I try to think when I look at my poor Tim. But they're hard walking, child,—hard walking, sure."

Kitty did not hear; she was standing by the window, looking out into the darkness, her whole being shaken with rebellion, revolt. Not a star in the summer night, that Uncle Dave blackened with the smoke of his chimneys; not a flower in the hard, bare earth that glowed and glared with the fiery eyes of his furnaces; not a gleam of light in her own young life; even the pleasant friends she had made to-day forbidden her. For a moment it seemed as if the sweet faith kindled in the sanctuary of St. Ursula's was fading. Sister Felicie's little sacristan felt deserted by heaven and earth. As for "loving" Uncle Dave, — cruel, unjust, hard Uncle Dave! Kitty clenched her little hands and

teeth as she stood looking out into the firelit darkness. Never, never again would she even try.

"Land! now, ain't that a shame?" Cripps' harsh voice came in a tone of lament through the open door behind Kitty. "When it was growing so pert and pretty too! Here's that little rose slip of yours, child, blown over and killed in the storm."

And Kitty turned with a start to see Cripps standing under the lamplight, the Queen's Promise all wilted and broken in her hand.

(To be continued.)

A Key-Word.

Those of our young readers who find a difficulty in remembering the appropriate symbol of each Evangelist will welcome the following mechanical aid to memory, supplied by the author of "Symbolism in Christian Art." If the word "aloe" be taken, it will be found to be composed of the initial letters of the four symbols: angel, lion, ox, eagle; and, in their proper sequence, for Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. This key-word will at once give the symbol desired. St. Matthew is represented as a man or angel, inasmuch as in his Gospel he dwells chiefly upon the manhood of Christ; St. Mark is shown as the lion, as he treats most fully of His rising again; St. Luke is represented as the ox, writing as he does more especially concerning the sacrifice and the priesthood; while St. John is the eagle, since in his writings he passes over many of the details given by the other Evangelists, and dwells most lovingly on the sacrament and the higher mysteries.

Another theory differs slightly from this, as it sees in the life of our Saviour Himself four great incidents which the forms symbolize: the man, referring to His human birth; the sacrificial ox, to His death on the cross; the lion, to His resurrection; and the eagle, to His ascension into heaven.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Volume III. of "The Catechism in Examples," by the Rev. D. Chisholm, deals with "Charity: The Commandments." Its contents are quite in keeping with the excellence that characterizes the two preceding volumes, noticed in these pages a few weeks ago. R. and T. Washbourne.

—"A Friar Observant," a new novel by Frances M. Brookfield (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons), is described by the *Observer* as "a thoroughly interesting picture of one aspect of the sixteenth century, and the state of chaos and general license which the example of Henry VIII. and his matrimonial variations caused in all civilized lands."

—"Phases of the Sacred Passion," a Lenten course, by the Rev. William Graham, is a brochure of fifty-eight pages, containing six excellent sermons appropriate to the current liturgical season. The publisher (Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, New York) is to be congratulated on the attractive form and make-up of the pamphlet, which, at forty cents, is as good a book bargain as we have seen in a long while.

—This year being the tercentenary of the invention of the telescope, Mr. Arthur Mee of Llanishen, Cardiff, has issued an interesting illustrated little "Story of the Telescope," in which a concise account is given of the successive improvements in the instrument, both of the refracting and reflecting kind, together with a list of the largest which are at present in use. It is to be obtained of the author.

—Mr. B. Herder has brought out a new edition of "Modern Spiritism: A Critical Examination of Its Phenomena, Character, and Teaching, in the Light of the Known Facts," by J. Godfrey Raupert. His claim that the contents of this work will be found to more than justify its publication is well established. Open-minded and unprejudiced readers will welcome the information regarding the modern spiritistic movement presented in this volume, which had been out of print for some time.

—From the Oliver Ditson Co. we have received a collection of arrangements of the *O Salutaris* and *Tantum Ergo*, which includes several favorites. These Benediction hymns are by Mr. George E. Whitney, the compiler of the series; and by Auber, Gounod, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, Rossini, Von Weber, and others. The same publishers offer "Chimes of Childhood," a collection of thirty "singable songs for singing children," by A. W. McCullough and I. M. Titus.

Several of the selections are action songs, and are accompanied with full directions as to costume, gestures, and stage arrangement.

—Recent issues of the London Catholic Truth Society include: "A Study in Bigotry," by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J.; "Ven. George Haydock," by John B. Wainwright; "Rome and Constantinople," by Adrian Fortescue; "The Use of Reason," by the Rev. P. M. Northcote; "The Great Supper," by the Rev. Edmund English; and "The Making of a Saint," by an anonymous author.

—From Mr. Elkin Mathews, London, we have received "Selections from the Poems of Lionel Johnson," with a short introduction by Mr. Clement Shorter. It is an unbound volume, tastefully produced. In both prose and poetry, Lionel Johnson showed unusual powers; but his true *metier* was poetry. A Celtic charm is over his lines, and through them flash the enthusiasm, the rapture of young strength. In subject and manner this poet, though done with life and poetry at thirty-five, reached a distinction not approached by many poets better known to the reading world.

—It is indeed true that it is hard to say what poetry is; but no one would hesitate to declare that "The Hound of Heaven," by Francis Thompson, is poetry, and, moreover, poetry of a very high order. Well may it be called "the profoundest spiritual hymn of its century." It is compelling in its wonderful concreteness, its reverent boldness of imagery, its touches of flower-like delicacy, its subtlety of suggestion, its infinite reach of infinite power. It is an act of faith, hope, love, and contrition all in one, offered to Him who is all love, all compassion. We are glad that Messrs. Burns & Oates have made this great poem available to all readers by publishing it separately. Though cheap, it is most attractively produced.

—Many of our readers will remember in what forceful terms Mr. Roosevelt urged the suppression of anarchist literature in the United States. More recently, it has been gravely proposed in England to check the dangers of pernicious novels and romances, by insisting on a license for works of the imagination before they see the light of day. This important subject is ably dealt with by Canon William Barry in the current *Dublin Review*. We quote the conclusion of his paper, which is entitled "The Censorship of Fiction":

Against such abuse of reading children ought to be protected, as well as those adult men and women who in under-

standing have not passed beyond childhood. The newspaper cries aloud for its own purification, by law if necessary, and without delay. We shall probably witness a first cleansing of that open sewer in Germany, where social science is not abandoned to private judgment, but is held to be a duty of the State. If democratic nations take liberty in the bare negative sense which absolves Government from ever meddling with anarchy, they may look forward to their own dissolution. No State will last long which has thrown the foundation of morals into a debating society composed of all its citizens. There must be a social creed with sanctions binding on the conscience; a religion of honor, purity, courage, self-denial, reverence for that which is venerable, and tenderness for that which deserves pity. You can not found a Republic on the license of sex, the aberrations of passion, the freedom of suicide. Luxurious America is rotting before our eyes. England, serious at heart, we will believe, with shining examples of heroism from the past, and guiding voices not yet wholly silenced, is nevertheless becoming to its own children a portent of frivolity. Christian or pagan, which will it be in another generation? Carlyle judged that all the churches would have lost their hold on the people in half a century from the time when he wrote "Shooting Niagara—and After." That was forty-two years ago. The changes we have lived to see point threateningly in the same direction. If literature be a symptom, we are destined to struggle for our faith in the furnace seven times heated of a pagan democracy. If it be a cause—and it surely is one of the greatest,—no efforts can be too speedy or too strenuous to prevent its chief instrument of propaganda, romantic fiction, from poisoning the sources of a better life by its atheism and ethical disease.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.
- "How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackswite. \$1, net.
- "The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.
- "Claud Denvil." D. Bearne, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Boy-Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jørgensen. 80 cts., net.
- "Christopher Columbus." Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1, net.
- "The Orthodox Eastern Church." Adrian Fortescue, Ph. D., D. D. \$2.25, net.

- "Early Christian Hymns." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$2.
- "The Human Body and Health." Alvin Davidson, M. S. 80 cts.
- "The Martyrdom of Father Campion and His Companions." William Cardinal Allen. \$1.25.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Father Oswald Staniforth, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.
- "The Son of Siro. A Story of Lazarus." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.50, net.
- "Some Notable Altars." Rev. John Wright, D. D., LL. D. \$6.
- "Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer." Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Laws of Spiritual Life." B. W. Maturin. \$1.50.
- "The Spiritual Ascent." Gerard of Zutphen. 85 cts., net.
- "Labourers in God's Vineyard." Madame Cecilia. 75 cts.
- "The Meaning of the Mass." Rev. M. J. Griffith, D. D. \$1.
- "Jesus All Good." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.
- "Rosnah." Myra Kelly. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Ludlow Lapham, of the diocese of Rochester; Rev. James H. Quested, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. T. F. Cusack, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. P. Donohoe, diocese of Salt Lake; Rev. William Mahony, diocese of Albany; and Rev. Telesphorus de Masini, S. J.

Brother John Joseph, C. S. C.

Sister M. Vincentia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph Mother M. Austin, Sisterhood of the Holy Family

Mr. R. M. Morton, Mr. Anthony G. Peil, Mr. James I. Gorman, Mrs. Elizabeth Lake, Mrs. J. C. Hannon, Mr. Francis Wittmer, Mr. Thomas McCabe, Mrs. Caroline Roth, Mrs. Mary Bestor, Mr. John Comerford, Mr. George W. Clark, Mrs. Margaret Gleason, Mrs. Mary Flood, Mr. Joseph Bernadi, and Admiral Samuel Franklin, U. S. N.
Requiescant in pace!

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Anticipation.

(Rondel.)

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

TO-MORROW'S needed grace
 I plead for, Mother dear!
 Oh, lend a willing ear!
 Thou knowest well my case,—
 How, after little space,
 Good cause is mine to fear:
 To-morrow's needed grace
 I plead for, Mother dear!
 The light of thy sweet face
 To-day upholds my cheer;
 But, though no foes appear,
 They still keep up the chase:
 To-morrow's needed grace
 I plead for, Mother dear!

The Bishop of London on American Ignorance of History.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

BR. WINNINGTON INGRAM is Bishop of London, in that "Protestant religion as by law established" which the Kings of England promise on the coronation day to "preserve and maintain." The Bishop is an earnest, zealous man, described by one of his own flock as "the most popular bishop in the world," and deservedly respected even by those who do not agree with his particular theological views. It is to his credit that he has never married. Celibate bishops have been rare

in the English Establishment, celibacy being regarded as a mark of "Popery." Dr. Ingram, however, agrees with St. Paul that a minister of the Gospel can do his work better for being free from family cares.

Americans know something of him, for he visited the United States in 1907; and, amongst other incidents of his visit, his tennis match with President Roosevelt attracted considerable attention, and helped to make the energetic prelate a popular figure. On his return to London, he spoke enthusiastically of his American hosts. But, he said, he found "one or two persons in up-to-date America a little ignorant about ancient Church history." Then he tried to explain in what this ignorance consisted. "Some of them," he said, "imagined that the Church of England began with Henry VIII. Then I went on to tell them how the bishops of London have sat in Fulham Palace without a break for thirteen hundred years. The very frogs in the moat at the palace know better than those bad historians; while the jackdaws in the tower are astonished that up-to-date America should make such a mistake."

Dr. Ingram appears to think this joke about the frogs and jackdaws of Fulham "a right merry conceit" (to use the words of an old-fashioned writer), and to regard the continued residence of the bishops in their Thames-side palace as a solid historical argument; for he repeated both the joke and the argument a few weeks ago in addressing a meeting at Bournemouth. But he no longer confined

the charge of historical ignorance to "*one or two persons* in up-to-date America." He is reported to have said that 'in America, where they thought they knew something, the idea was *generally current* that the Church of England was established in the reign of Henry VIII. In explaining to his Transatlantic friends during his late visit that for thirteen hundred years Fulham Palace had been continuously occupied by bishops, he told them that the frogs in the moat and the jackdaws in the tower at Fulham were laughing at the idea.'

Dr. Ingram is perfectly correct in saying that the idea that the Church of England, which he represents, had its beginning in Henry VIII.'s revolt against the Holy See is "*generally current in America.*" It is the idea of everyone in America outside the comparatively small Episcopalian Church. He might have added that it is "*generally current*" in the whole civilized world, and even in England itself outside the High Church section of the Establishment. Until a very recent date, it was accepted by all educated men. Americans who hold the view are in very good company, and need not be disturbed by the croakings of the frogs at Fulham.

Indeed, Dr. Ingram's own predecessors, for the greater part of three centuries, would never have thought of combating this generally accepted view; for the opposite theory, which strives to link the Church of England of to-day with that of pre-Reformation times in legitimate, unbroken descent, is a very modern theory. It would be easy to quote a whole series of English Protestant historians in proof that for hundreds of years Englishmen were content to date the modern Anglican Church from the days of Henry VIII. and Elisabeth, and had never "heard of the singular theory that the "Church in England was never Roman Catholic," and that the Establishment of to-day is identical with the Church of St. Augustine, St. Edward the Confessor, and St. Thomas Becket.

Let us see what was thought on the subject less than a century ago by men who, to say the least of it, were better informed than those wonderful frogs and jackdaws that agree so vociferously with Dr. Ingram. It was in 1827 that Henry Hallam published his "*Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II.*" The book is still the standard authority for the period with which it deals. The greatest tribute to it is that men like Stubbs and Erskine May were content to supplement it by dealing in the same way, — one with the preceding period, the other with that which followed. Hallam saw in the acts of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elisabeth, the creation of a new Church of England, and a complete break with the Church of its past. He does not put this view forward as a novelty: he takes it as an obvious accepted fact. Macaulay, in his essay on Hallam's work, discusses the origin of the Church of England. It does not occur to him for a moment that there is any question that it was something different from the Catholic Church of Plantagenet days, the Church of the first Tudor King, — nay, that of Henry VIII. himself in the days when he won the title of *Fidei Defensor*. Macaulay is concerned only to show how much the English Reformation was a political movement, and how the Church to which it gave birth was a compromise, begun in a mere revolt against the Papacy, drifting into the acceptance of much Protestant doctrine, and yet preserving some traditions of the past. In an oft-quoted passage he tells how—

A King whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament,—such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; and completed by Elisabeth, the murderer of her guest. Sprung from brutal passion, nurtured by selfish policy, the Refor-

mation in England displayed little of what in other countries had distinguished it,—unflinching and unsparing devotion, boldness of speech and singleness of eye. These were indeed to be found, but it was in the lower ranks of the party which opposed the authority of Rome,—in such men as Hooper, Latimer, Rogers and Taylor.

Macaulay shows clearly how the Church of England began in schism, but could not stop there. How it became a *Protestant Church*, and, thanks to its royal origin, was the obedient servant of the State, by whose decrees it was established:

The Catholic doctrines and rites were to be retained in the Church of England, but the King was to exercise the control which had formerly belonged to the Roman Pontiff. In this Henry for a time succeeded. The extraordinary force of his character, the fortunate situation in which he stood with respect to foreign powers, and the vast resources which the suppression of the monasteries placed at his disposal, enabled him to oppress both the religious factions equally. He punished with impartial severity those who renounced the doctrines of Rome and those who acknowledged her jurisdiction. The basis, however, on which he endeavored to establish his power was too narrow to be durable. It would have been impossible even for him long to persecute both persuasions. It was plainly necessary, therefore, that the Crown should form an alliance with one or with the other side. To recognize the Papal Supremacy would have been to abandon the whole design. Reluctantly and sullenly the Government at last joined the Protestants.

In forming this junction, its object was to obtain as much aid as possible for its selfish undertaking, and to make the smallest possible concessions to the spirit of innovation. From this compromise the Church of England sprang. In many respects, indeed, it has been well for her that, in an age of exuberant zeal, her founders were mere politicians. To this circumstance she owes her moderate articles, her decent ceremonies, her noble and pathetic liturgy. Her worship is not disfigured by mummerly; yet she has preserved, in a far greater degree than any of her Protestant sisters, that art of striking the senses and filling the imagination in which the Catholic Church so eminently excels. But, on the other hand, she continued to be, for more than a hundred and fifty years, the servile handmaid of monarchy, the steady enemy of public liberty. The divine right of kings and the duty of passively obeying all their commands were her favorite tenets.

Clearly, in the days of Hallam and Macaulay, England as a whole believed, with the rest of the world, that the Protestant Established Church of England was something utterly different from the Catholic Church of mediæval days, and that this modern "Church of England" did owe its origin to a series of events that began with King Henry VIII.

The wish to link the story of the Church of England with that of the mediæval Church (instead of merely reviling that Church and glorying in its abolition by law) arose during the progress of the Tractarian Movement. It was not enough to show that the Church of England was identical with that of the early centuries, the "Church of the Fathers." Those whose whole position depended on making her out to be a branch of the Catholic Church, had to trace some historical connection with the main trunk. They could not accept the old-fashioned Protestant view that there had been an intervening age of darkness, when, to use the words of that monument of the Reformation theory, "The Book of Homilies" (which the 35th Article of Dr. Ingram's Church declares "doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine, and necessary for those times"):

Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children, of whole Christendom (a horrible and most dreadful thing to think), have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested by God and most damnable to man, and this for the space of eight hundred years and more.

Disregarding this "godly and wholesome theory" of the total failure of Christ's promise for eight centuries, the Anglicans sought to trace their own descent from the Catholic Church of mediæval England. To make any show of doing this required some rough handling of historical facts; for the abyss created by the Reformation in England had to be bridged over, and the changes it produced whittled down into insignificance. Nowadays, when Anglican churches in

England, and Episcopalian places of worship in America, masquerade as Catholic churches, and so many of their pastors have adopted a close imitation of Catholic ritual, it is easier to persuade those who do not know the hard facts of history that only a trifling change was made by the English Reformers. And, then, there is the argument of continuous possession — Dr. Ingram's Fulham argument,—that the Anglicans hold still the same cathedrals and parish churches in which the men of mediæval England worshipped, though the monasteries are in ruins and the chantries disendowed. Still, it is something to have the cathedrals and churches and the bishops' palaces; and Dr. Davidson claims that he sits in the chair of St. Augustine as his legitimate successor, and tries to explain away that awkward gap between Reginald Pole, the Papal Legate, and Matthew Parker, the elect of Elisabeth and Burleigh, just as Dr. Ingram claims to be the successor of bishops of London like St. Mellitus and St. Erconwald; and apparently does not think that anything very important happened when Bishop Bonner was thrown into prison in the Marshalsea, and, by the good pleasure of Elisabeth, Edmund Grindal took his place at Fulham.

Strange webs of historical fancy can indeed be spun, if one will but close one's eyes to the meaning of world-famous events. The Anglican theory that, notwithstanding the Reformation, England was not severed from her old unity with the Church, might be paralleled by an argument that, notwithstanding the Revolution, the United States is still to be regarded as flourishing British colonies. This has been seriously argued in a very serious book, written to prove that unity of language is the most important factor of international peace. It came to me for review from a London daily paper. I showed a page of it to a friend and asked him what he thought of the argument, and he said: "The writer must be an Anglican!" Here is the passage:

The independence of the United States, far from being an event of great importance, was an occurrence of practically no importance whatever. The War of Independence raged for seven years, and therefore deserves recording in history as a "happen"; but that war was devoid of any serious result. A storm may rage on the ocean, causing a temporary tumultuous upheaval of the sea; but a few hours after the surface of the water is as placid as ever, no trace remaining. A storm has happened, but has left no effect. In the same way the American Revolution was a temporary stir without leaving a permanent alteration. It may be urged: There was a change,—a far-reaching change. From dependence, the Thirteen Colonies emerged into independence, to be followed shortly after by union under their own rule and flag, allegiance to the crown and flag of England being forever disowned. To that the reply is: All this alleged change was in reality no change at all. There was simply a change of *name*, but not of *nature*. The owners of a ship may wish to change its appearance. They repaint it and rechristen it, but it is exactly the same ship as before.

It is not true that England "lost" the American colonies in 1776. The United States to-day, after more than one hundred years of independence, is just as much an English colony as ever it was,—just as much as if the Declaration of Independence had never been heard of. After 1783 life in the new States went on, practically, exactly the same as it did before that date. Some men, who previously were not much in evidence, now occupied prominent positions; but to the vast bulk of the population it made no difference whatever. And it also left the vast majority of the people in England indifferent, only the English ministry and crown losing some empty trappings and consequence through the result of the war.*

Now, in all seriousness, this is the Anglican argument. Its absurdity is only too obvious when the fallacious appeal to a certain continuity of social life is used to prove that the American Revolution made no real difference to the Thirteen Colonies. But the fallacy is the same as that by which it is sought to show that the English Reformation made no essential and vital change in the English Church.

But the men of the Reformation period had no illusions on the subject. They

* "The Extinction of Armaments and War." By A. W. Alderson. London: King & Son. p. 37

knew what they were doing, and they were in deadly earnest about it. One can point to the very year when this momentous change was consummated,—the first year of Elisabeth, with its Act of Supremacy disavowing the Papal jurisdiction, and its Act of Uniformity forbidding the Mass and banishing the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord from the cathedrals and parish churches of England. There was a radical change in the government, liturgy, and doctrine of the Church in England. One important matter, however, was unchanged. The men who took their places as its bishops and pastors remained in possession of its material fabrics—cathedrals and churches, parsonages and palaces. But did this constitute a sufficient bond of unity with the past? Dr. Ingram's argument about Fulham Palace seems to imply that it quite sufficed.

"There have been bishops of London at Fulham for thirteen hundred years." Let us waive minor points of possible objection to this statement, and take it that it is true in the main. But have there not been *two very different kinds of bishops*? The bishops of London began with the Roman monk, St. Mellitus, in the days of St. Augustine. No one doubts that the line which began with Mellitus was made up of bishops of the same kind, till one comes to Edmund Bonner in the days of the Reformation. They were Catholic bishops who looked to the Holy See as the centre of Christian unity. They ordained priests to offer up the Holy Sacrifice; they consecrated altars for the same end. Bishop Ingram claims to be their successor, and points to his possession of their country house at Fulham. Now, his succession can come only through Edmund Grindal, Elisabeth's first Bishop of London.

Grindal was a bishop of a new kind. Instead of setting up and consecrating altars, he threw them down. In one night he removed every altar from his cathedral. What he thought of Mass and altars we know from his instructions to church-

wardens when he was promoted to the See of York. He ordered that the consecrated altar-stones should be not merely removed, but "*broken up or devoted to common uses.*" "A seemly table" for the "Lord's Supper" was to replace the altar consecrated for the Mass. He and his like had a deadly hatred for the Mass. The sacraments had been reduced by the new gospellers from seven to two, and Holy Orders was not one of the two. These new bishops had no idea of ordaining priests to offer sacrifice. They set apart ministers to preach and distribute the Lord's Supper. So little did they reckon of priesthood or sacrifice that John Cosin, the Anglican Bishop of Durham, a century later, said he could find only one case of a minister ordained in Geneva or Scotland who joined the Anglican ministry being reordained, and that was because this exceptional individual asked for it.

To say Mass, to hear Mass, was a crime; and the priests who came to England to offer it had a price set on their heads. From Tyburn gallows ran a stream of priestly blood, shed because there were still men in England who held that the Mass was the central act of Christian worship and well worth dying for; and the State Church of England held that it was an idolatrous form of worship, and that a sacrificing priesthood was a Papistical superstition. The men who died on that gallows were priests such as those whom the Catholic bishops of London had ordained for nearly a thousand years. The Anglican ministers, who often came to the gallows' foot to trouble their last moments with controversy, were some of those whom Grindal and his successors ordained to preach the Gospel and celebrate the Lord's Supper.


Yet we are asked to believe that this State Church is not a thing of yesterday, because bishops who ordained the mediæval "Mass priests," and bishops who ordained the gospellers of later Tudor and Stuart days, alike lived at Fulham and took the same title! Words are to take

the place of things, fancies of realities, if this is so. Bishop Ingram is a man of a different type from Bishop Grindal; but he is his successor, and he can not bridge the gap between the line of Edmund Grindal and the line of St. Mellitus merely by adopting, after centuries of disuse, the outward seeming of ceremonies and worship more like those of Mellitus than like those of Grindal. As Canon Hensley Henson, a dignitary of the Anglican Church, truly said at the last Church Congress, "revival is not continuity." The matter is too grave for the plea of continuous residence at Fulham, and a jest about frogs and jackdaws, to avail to settle it; and the little gibe about American ignorance of Church history is sadly out of place.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XII.

N the stroke of the hour of which he had spoken, Desmond rang the door bell of the hospital and asked for Miss Landon. He was shown into a small reception room, which luckily chanced to be empty; and here after a few minutes the nurse came to him.

That she *was* a nurse there was no mistaking now, as she entered, in her spotless white uniform, the crisp muslin cap resting on the soft masses of her brown hair. The dress was extremely becoming to her, accentuating the fairness and purity of her skin, which was of an ivory-like fineness of texture, with very little color, but that little of a wild-rose delicacy of tint, and the translucent clearness of her gray eyes. It occurred to Desmond, as he looked at her, that it would be rather an exquisite thing to have such a presence as this, so eloquent of all things refreshing and healing, about one's sick bed; and he felt almost inclined to envy the patient thus favored. In manner she was as quiet and self-possessed

as when he had seen her last among the dying and dead of the railway wreck. But when she held out her hand in greeting, she smiled quite charningly.

"How do you do, Mr. Desmond?" she said. "I am glad to see you again."

"I'm very glad to hear it," Desmond replied; "for I was afraid, when I first spoke to you over the telephone, that you were not going to allow me the pleasure of seeing you at all."

If he said this in order to discover if she would exhibit any confusion over her refusal, he was speedily assured to the contrary. The gray eyes met his with perfect calmness.

"I hardly think that requires an explanation," she told him.

"No," he said, "it requires no explanation from you; but it would require an apology from *me* if I had ever thought of offering to call simply because I felt that I should like to meet you again. But I hope you understand that I did not think of such a thing; although I was certainly glad when Father Martin offered me the chance to—renew our acquaintance, may I say?"

"I suppose one might call it an acquaintance," she replied; "although it was rather an unusual kind of one. And it was good of you to care about meeting me again. I should have thought that you would want to put everything connected with that awful wreck out of your mind."

"Not you!" he answered quickly. "I could never want to put out of my mind anything so wonderful as you were. One would have to be even a duller person than I am not to recognize heroism when one sees it; and, having recognized it, who could wish to forget it?"

The wild-rose color deepened a little on her cheeks, but the gray eyes continued to meet his with quiet steadiness.

"You really must not talk in that way, although I know you mean it kindly," she said. "It is absurd to speak of heroism in connection with the simple things I was able to do."

"Simple!" he repeated. "Oh, well! I suppose simplicity is a note of heroism. At all events, if it was simple to do what you did—to handle those crushed, mangled creatures, to bind their awful wounds, to hold that poor woman's hand while she died in agony,—then I can only say that simple things are the hardest, as well as the best worth doing, among the things of this world."

"Perhaps they are, in a certain sense, the best worth doing," she said. "At least there is a great deal of tangible satisfaction in relieving the sufferings of the body. The wounds of the spirit go much deeper, of course; but one could never be sure of relieving them." She paused for an instant. "And yet, do you know," she added, "it has occurred to me, since the accident of which we are talking, that if one could be sure—as sure as one is in the case of bodily ailments—of there being a way to relieve them, what a wonderful thing it would be!"

Desmond glanced at her curiously.

"What has made you think of that?" he asked.

"Why, the death of that man Tracy, of whom you have come to speak," she answered. "I can not forget how his physical sufferings, which must have been very great, were completely subordinated in his mind to the suffering of—I suppose one should say, his soul. And he seemed so certain,—so absolutely certain of the power of the priest to relieve that suffering!"

"Oh, yes, he was certain!" Desmond said. "He was a Catholic, you see."

"And are all Catholics as certain as that?"

"All who have faith are."

She seemed to reflect upon this for a moment.

"It is strange," she said then. "I suppose I have known all my life that Catholics did believe such things. Yet I never realized in the least what it meant until I saw that man. I could not forget it: his absorption in the thought of his

soul in the face of sudden, terrible death. It wasn't as if he had been a spiritual kind of person. One could see how very far from that he was."

"Very far," Desmond agreed. "One saw at a glance that he belonged to an extremely common class of worldly, careless men, who, when they are in health, forget that they have souls at all."

"And he was more than merely worldly and careless," she went on. "We know from himself that he had something on his conscience; and if he was the man I think him to have been, it was a heavy wrong indeed."

"Will you tell me," Desmond asked, "what you know of the man, and why you should imagine that you are aware of what was on his conscience? Your knowledge might be a great help in enabling Father Martin to fulfil his last request, and make reparation for the wrong of which he spoke."

"I suppose you know that I went to Father Martin when I saw the name of Tracy in the published list of victims of the accident?" she said. "But he would give me no information."

"He couldn't, you know," Desmond told her.

"Couldn't he?" She looked a little puzzled. "But what was the good, then, of the man's asking him to repair the wrong, if he can not speak of it?"

"You don't understand," Desmond said. "He could speak to the person or persons directly affected by the confession, but not to any others. He has no warrant to make the matter public, even if he knew who those persons are. But he doesn't know."

"No?"

He was startled by the energy of her tone, by the intense disappointment which seemed to lie behind, and be expressed by it. Plainly something in this matter touched her very nearly, and Desmond felt his desire to learn what it was sensibly increasing.

"No," he echoed, "he doesn't know."

And he is extremely anxious to learn anything that would throw light on that confession. You see, it was this way." He described in a few words what he had overheard, and in that manner learned of the pathetic failure of the dying man to mention an essential name. "If that name could be supplied," he continued, "it might make the reparation possible. Of course we can't tell. It all rests with Father Martin, and he can say nothing to us. But it is possible—"

"It seems to me absurd!" she burst out. "It is like a puzzle without a clue. He can not speak unless he knows something, which he can not learn unless he speaks. Don't you see how absurd it is?"

"I see that it might appear so to you," said Desmond. "But it isn't really so. It is a necessity arising from the inviolability of confession. Father Martin must be absolutely sure of what he is doing before he can reveal a word of what that poor dying creature told him."

"But how is he to be made sure?"

"Ah, that I can't tell! I wish I could. He hoped to learn something from the man's sister, but that hope has been disappointed. Here is the letter he has just received,"—he drew it from his pocket as he spoke. "He asked me to bring it to you, because he promised to let you know when he heard from her."

She took the letter from his hand; and as she opened and read it, he allowed his gaze to dwell on her with a consciousness of pleasure in the singularly harmonious details of her personal appearance. It was not beauty, in the ordinary sense of the term, which charmed the eye; but something more delicate and elusive,—something like the crystalline tone of her voice,—a quality which, as far as words can express it, was as if the finely finished physique were a rare instrument, perfectly fitted to express that nobler part of our complex human being which dwells in mind and soul. When she presently lifted the dark-lashed

lids of her eyes and looked at him again, he was sure that he had never met a gaze which expressed feeling and thought so lucidly.

"There is nothing here of what we want to know," she said. "Yet it appears to me that, although the writer meant to tell nothing, she has in some subtle fashion betrayed that she is withholding knowledge that might be useful if it were communicated."

"I thought you would perceive it," Desmond said. "The letter, with its studied evasion of the questions which Father Martin asked, does give just that impression. *He* felt it, *I* felt it, and now you feel it. But I don't see what we are to do. The woman can't be forced to speak."

"Perhaps she can be," the girl said slowly. "At least I shall try."

"You?"

"Yes. Don't you understand that I am deeply interested in this? You can't suppose that I would have taken such a step as to go to the priest and ask him what I did, if I had not had a grave reason for doing so?"

"On the contrary, I felt quite sure that you must have had such a reason," Desmond replied; "and I may as well confess that both Father Martin and I have hoped that you would tell us—or at least tell him—what that reason is."

"But what should I gain by telling him?" she asked. "It is something of which I do not wish to speak unless there were an object to be gained by doing so: unless I were sure that the man who lost his life in the wreck was the man connected with the matter of which I know. I hoped to learn at least as much as this from the priest, but he would tell me nothing."

"He couldn't," Desmond repeated. "I wish you would believe that, because then you might see that you who can speak should do so. And if you supplied the missing link in the confession, Father Martin might see his way to fulfil the

man's request that reparation for the wrong he had committed should be made. Consider," the young man went on, leaning forward in his earnestness, "that this poor creature can not help himself now, that he did what he could before he died, and that it is for us to do what we can to assist him in his present helplessness and suffering."

He stopped rather abruptly; for he saw gathering amazement in the eyes gazing so steadily at him.

"You talk," the girl said, "as if *you* knew something about him. What do you know?"

"Of the man personally, nothing," he answered. "I never saw or heard of him until he lay before us dying."

"And yet you speak as if you were vitally interested in fulfilling his last request. What difference can it make to you whether it is fulfilled or not?"

He did not answer immediately; for he had not the least intention of telling her what he had told Father Martin,—of the strong impression he had received that help was asked of him by or for the soul that, as he said, could no longer help itself. He did not wish to be considered either a visionary or a spiritualist, and he knew well that outside the Church there is little or no real belief in the continued existence of the individual spirit after death. He hesitated a little, therefore, before he said:

"Surely you recognize a duty of charity,—a double duty, one may say, since it includes aid for the dead and reparation to the living."

If Miss Landon did not echo Edith Creighton's words, and exclaim, "What an extraordinary young man you are!" her look said it very plainly.

"You seem to be talking in a language different from any with which I am familiar," she said. "It has never occurred to me to think of aiding the dead."

"Ah, that is where the Catholic is different!" he answered. "The dead are to us as living as they ever were, and to

help them in any way is an imperative duty."

"Just as you said it was an imperative duty to drop everything else and make a tremendous effort to get a priest for that man before he died?"

"Yes, just so. It all comes, you see, from the Catholic conception of the value of the soul."

"I see." As she gazed at him it was evident, from the wonder in her eyes, that new and strange ideas were unfolding before her. "I confess that I have never given a thought to Tracy's soul," she said. "And, if it is existing, you think that it is suffering still?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid there isn't much doubt of it," he replied. "We have to expiate, you know—or, rather, of course you don't know. And," he added quickly, "I feel as if I should not be talking of these things; because it looks as if I were religious or devout, and I'm really nothing of the kind."

She laughed a little, and he noted that the sound was as musical as her speech.

"Oh, I think you must be!" she said. "At least you must be aware that it is very unusual for a young man to know as much about religious matters as you do."

"It isn't the least unusual among Catholics," he assured her. "In fact, it would be a very ignorant schoolboy, who has studied his catechism, who did not know as much as, or more than, I do. But all this is beside the point, which is, will you tell Father Martin what you know of Tracy,—that is, of *some* Tracy?"

She considered for a minute before answering, while he watched her closely. Then she shook her head.

"I think not," she said slowly. "I would not wish to speak of what I know unless I were sure that this was the man connected with it. But will you tell me one thing: if the missing link in his story, the name he did not mention, were supplied, would Father Martin feel himself at

liberty to speak, and tell what he knows?"

"Yes," Desmond answered. "I am sure that he would be glad to speak to those who are concerned in learning the truth, whatever it may be. Indeed I can assure you that he is extremely anxious to have the opportunity. He has a duty to perform. That is why I am appealing to you."

"In that case I see clearly what I must do," she said. "I must learn beyond doubt whether this man was the Tracy of whom I know."

"How will you learn this?"

"By going directly to his sister, and asking her one or two questions which she can not refuse to answer, and which will establish his identity. May I keep this letter for the address? Thank you! And thank Father Martin, please, for sending it to me. Kindly tell him also that if I discover anything which I think would help him in his difficulty even if it does not help me in mine, I will let him know."

"And when," Desmond asked, a little startled by the rapidity of her decision, "will you be able to see the woman?"

"Not for some time yet," she replied, regretfully. "I have a patient whom I can not leave for a week or two. But then I will go."

"And will you certainly return?"

There was more anxiety in his tone than he was aware of; for he was surprised to feel how much he should regret it if this girl, who had so strangely entered his life, now passed completely out of it. She looked at him with something of the same surprise with which she had asked why he was interested in Tracy. It was evident that the question in her mind was, "What is that to you?" But she did not utter it. Instead, she said:

"I think that I shall certainly return. The reason for which I was coming here when the accident occurred remains in force; but on account of the accident, and the demands it has made upon me, I have not been able to do any of the things for which I came. I shall come

back on account of those things, even if I find that the man who was killed was not the Tracy of whom I know."

"And if you find that he *was* that Tracy?"

A sudden flash came into the lucent eyes.

"Then I will not be able to return quickly enough to satisfy my impatience to tell Father Martin what I know, and learn if it fits into what he knows."

"I hope that it will," Desmond said fervently. "And I believe that it will. I can not tell you why, but I do believe it."

"I wonder why you should!" Miss Landon remarked.

"Well, for one thing, because we seem so strangely connected together, that dead man, you and I," he said. "There we were, perfect strangers to each other; yet I got a priest for him, and you kept him alive until the priest came. Don't you see how fitting it would be if he, on his part, had something to tell which concerned one or both of us?"

"Fitting? Oh, yes, if it were a story we were putting together!" she replied. "But even in that event I think we should be told that we were working 'the long arm of coincidence' too far in imagining anything of the kind."

"I know," Desmond returned, contemptuously. "There's a lot of what the English call rot talked about the improbability of the long arm of coincidence acting in certain cases. I have not reached a patriarchal age by any means, but I have seen some astonishing things in my own experience of what we call coincidence, but for which I can't help thinking that a wider and higher vision may have another name."

"In other words, you really think that—er—Providence orders these strange happenings?"

"I can't see much use in a Providence that doesn't order things," he replied. "And as for talking about a difference between important affairs and trifles, why, we can't possibly tell until the end of everything what is important and what

is trifling. It's like this, that things are so linked together in ways unknown to us that one

... can not stir a flower
Without troubling a star."

"You have certainly given me a good many new ideas," Miss Landon said, as, with a glance at the clock, she rose from her seat. "It seems ungrateful that in return I should have to send you away. But I must now go back to my patient. You will be sure to tell Father Martin how much I am obliged to him for sending me this letter; and please believe also that I am deeply obliged to you for bringing it."

"There isn't the shadow of an obligation on the last score," Desmond assured her. "As I told you, I was only too glad of an excuse to come, and — you won't think me presumptuous, I hope — mayn't I come again?"

She shook her head, though the sweetness of her smile softened the refusal.

"I think not," she said. "You are really very interesting, and it is kind of you to want to come. But a hospital is not the place for social visits. It would excite remark, and — er — in short, you must excuse me."

"But a hospital nurse isn't a cloistered nun," he remonstrated. "And I—do forgive me my persistence!—I can not be satisfied to say good-bye without some hope of seeing you again."

"You forget your belief in the Providence that overrules coincidence," she reminded him, as she held out her hand. "If we are destined to meet again, we shall meet. Isn't that what you believe? I don't mind saying that I hope we shall. But we must—leave it to Providence."

"I'd really rather not," he objected hastily. "I mean, I would rather we arranged it ourselves."

"Under the circumstances, that is impossible," she said, a little more coolly and quite firmly. "Thank you again for coming, and good-bye!"

(To be continued.)

The Message of the Stars.

I WONDER if those worlds of light

That form the empire of the night,
Hold hearts that weary are and worn,
By storms of sin and sorrow torn?
And are the drops of dew we see
The tears distilled in agony
On some lone planet-world afar,
That is to us a shining star?
And does the laughter of this earth
Awaken echoes there of mirth?
Or do the sweeping tides of air
But sobs and murmurings upbear?

O Stars, give answer, do you know
That I am watching here below?
If we could only draw more near,
That each the other's voice might hear!
And yet, in solemn hush of night,
I sometimes catch on waves of light
A message meant for me alone,
That must have come from Love's own throne
Yes, God, who watches from afar,
Oft sends His bidding through a star.

* * *

A Home Heroine.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

PRUDENTIANA'S love of God was so great that it often oppressed her. She would prostrate herself and exclaim: "O my God, I can endure no more! Diminish the fire of Thy love which is burning me, if Thou wishest I should still live." Once, on the eve of the feast of the Blessed Trinity, after a long ecstasy, a ray from on high descended upon her, and her face seemed all luminous. She asked our Heavenly Father always to extend His protecting hand over her. A second ray descended upon her breast, when she exclaimed: "O my only treasure, my only love, take my heart and keep it forever!" She asked Our Lord that she might always remain nailed to the cross of suffering; and when He promised

her this favor she said: "It is a rare privilege. Thou art granting me, my heavenly Spouse. From this day forward, for me suffering no longer merits that name; it will rather be my pleasure and my happiness." Finally, a third ray descended upon her and enveloped her in light, her body disappearing in the midst of the heavenly radiance; whereupon she returned thanks to the Holy Spirit for promising continually to enlighten her soul and keep the fire of His love ever burning in her heart.

Her love of God increased her love of her neighbor, leading her to pray to Our Lady for the conversion of sinners and the deliverance of souls from purgatory. She was so sweet and attractive that she drew all hearts to her. From her earliest childhood she had the greatest compassion for all who suffered. She not only deprived herself of food to succor the poor, but influenced all those around her to pity the wretched. Her greatest pleasure was to solace the sick, to dress their wounds, and, by her attentions and her consoling words, to divert their thoughts from their maladies and revive their confidence in God.

Impressed by the superiority of the soul over the body, Prudentiana never lost an opportunity of administering spiritual succor to her neighbor, and often performed penances to obtain the conversion of sinners. For a nephew who, immersed in the pleasures of the world, was on the point of losing body and soul, she earnestly implored the divine mercy, and, during an ecstasy, prayed thus: "My God, Thou hast promised me the salvation of this soul, and I wish to save it by every possible means. Yes, I shall visit this unfortunate man; I shall succor him, I shall fortify him, and I shall leave him only when the angels shall have taken his soul to Thee." Following her advice, the sick man made his confession and received the last Sacraments with every indication of the liveliest faith. As long as the holy woman remained near

him, he was tranquil; but as soon as she left his side for a moment, he relapsed into despair; so she remained constantly near him until he died. God afterward made known to her that this soul was saved. Once, on Pentecost night, she saw in spirit a dying man in danger of falling into hell. Moved to compassion, she prayed for him and obtained his conversion.

To procure relief for the souls in purgatory, she imposed on herself the severest mortifications during certain days of the week, begging God to inflict sufferings on her in order to alleviate their torments. On the feast of St. Thomas of Aquin, after coming out of an ecstasy, she became sorrowful unto death, and wept and sighed at the sight of the purgatorial punishments she had seen in spirit. Praying for the deliverance of one of these souls, she prostrated herself and exclaimed in great affliction: "May all these torments to-day become my portion! I shall be resigned to endure them to save this unfortunate soul." She afterward arose joyously, and said to the liberated soul: "Blessed soul, you are now free: praise our Lord Jesus eternally." After coming out of another long ecstasy, she said to those around her: "If one knew all that those poor souls suffer, one would consent to endure many other pains for them."

Not to speak of the mysterious benefit of His bloody Sacrifice on the Cross, the greatest proof the Word Incarnate gives us of His love is to make us partakers of His flesh and blood in Holy Communion. It is a gift that merits all our love and gratitude. Prudentiana comprehended this truth from her earliest years. While still a child, she approached the Holy Table with a reverence and devotion far beyond her age. When she was seven, she knew so well the importance of the sacrament of penance that she made a day's preparation beforehand, with a searching examination of conscience and tears. On entering the Third Order, she confessed daily, and every week made a

general confession of all her sins and the least faults she might have committed during the seven days.

The Bread of Angels was to her such precious food that she would abstain from all other, if permitted to do so. On one occasion, during the entire Octave of Corpus Christi she took no other food than the Sacred Host, except twice, when, through obedience, she ate four or five almonds. During those eight days, at home or in the church, she was always in meditation. When she was in her last illness, her confessor, on great feasts, brought her Holy Communion, persuaded that it was for her the most efficacious remedy. On other days she assisted and communicated in spirit during Mass.

Among other favors she received, the most miraculous was the apparition of the nine choirs of angels, who, for nine weeks before her death, visited her, and, one after another, brought her Holy Communion, the Sacred Host being seen over her bed in the midst of a luminous cloud. On the ninth day it was escorted by seraphs. Her confessor and another priest, who were present, saw the room inundated with supernatural light. On another day the Sacred Host appeared in the midst of a glittering cloud surrounded with an aureola, as if her Heavenly Spouse wished, by this crown of glory, to reward the virtues of His betrothed.

She was also favored with apparitions of Our Lady, to whom from her youth she had a special devotion, realizing all that she owed to the "Woman above all women glorified." By a daily prayer of seven hours she prepared, eight days previously, to celebrate the feast of the Annunciation. On the Purification, the Blessed Virgin revealed to her that every year, on that day, a soul would be liberated from purgatory and a sinner converted through her intercession. Once, on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, she besought, through Mary's mediation, the divine mercy for a criminal under sentence of death. She prayed earnestly for him

three days before the feast, but nothing would soften his hardened heart. Prudentiana, nevertheless, persisted in praying night and day. Early on the morning of the feast she was rapt in ecstasy, and, knowing that her prayer was heard, said: "Now, my God, I am consoled; the sinner will not be condemned to eternal fire." On the day the criminal was to die, she offered Holy Communion for him; and that very instant the man, who had despaired of God's mercy, repented of his sins, and, by a miracle of grace, was saved from everlasting damnation. Some days afterward she was overheard thanking Our Lady, who, by her power, had miraculously saved this poor soul. During the last year of her life, on the feast of the Assumption, Prudentiana was rapt in ecstasy to heaven, where she saw the glory of the Blessed Virgin and the blissful state of the three souls who, on that feast, had gone to paradise.

She had also a great devotion to St. Joseph, to whom she owed special favors and victories over the evil spirit. Her devotion to the holy angels was likewise notable. From her childhood she made nine prostrations every day in honor of the nine choirs, asking their protection for herself and her spiritual and temporal superiors. When persons at a distance sought her prayers, it was to the angels she turned. Experience, she said, proved to her how efficacious was this means of obtaining what was asked. She always saw her Angel Guardian by her side. Every year she fasted in his honor from the Assumption until the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, when she was rapt in spirit into heaven and saw the souls of the blessed. She had a profound respect for the relics of the saints, from whom she received numerous favors and important revelations, with the assurance that she would soon go to swell the countless number of the *turba magna*.

Among other gifts, she possessed that of prophecy. She was only fourteen when she predicted her father's death, although

he was then in the full enjoyment of health. To her sister, who lived with her in the closest intimacy, she foretold the crosses and difficulties that would impede her following out her vocation. She prophesied to certain persons the day and hour of their death. The son of one of these fell ill; his father, who loved him very much, had recourse to Prudentiana's prayers; she reassured him, and told him that his son would not die of that malady, but that in a year's time he would go to heaven. The boy recovered then, but after the lapse of a year died of another disease.

One day, as she was conversing with her confessor, Father Silvius, she suddenly said to him: "Father, banish your uneasiness; for God's will must be done." Quite astonished, he asked her what she meant. She replied: "I know your reverence is very sad at seeing Father Lucchini pass from your Order into that of the Carthusians." It was true. God had called the young religious to fill an important place in the Carthusian Order.

A young girl who went to see her had an incurable disease in the hand. She took a piece of stuff the saint used, applied it to her hand, and it was healed. One day Prudentiana's attendant, or companion, was reading the Office of the Blessed Virgin, when she fell asleep, and the lighted candle dropped on her bed. The curtain took fire, and the terrified girl ran to Prudentiana, who scattered some drops of holy water on the flames, which were immediately extinguished, without leaving any trace of burning. On another occasion she was talking to this girl about the pains of purgatory, when the latter accidentally let some live coals fall out of a chafing dish on the bed where the sick saint lay. They burned through the coverlet and reached her body. As soon as her attendant smelled the smoke she became aware of what had happened. Prudentiana, smiling, said, "It is I who am burning," — taking the live coals up in her hand and replacing

them in the chafing dish. She extinguished the fire with some holy water, and pardoned the servant, cautioning her to keep secret what had occurred.

As a result of all these miracles, she acquired the reputation of sanctity, although she did her best to remain unknown to the world. The learned and the illiterate, religious and people of the world, all without exception looked upon her as a saint. Alphonsus Paliotti, Archbishop of Bologna, interested himself about her health and sent physicians to her. Doctors who attended her during her illnesses refused any fee, considering themselves sufficiently recompensed by the edifying spectacle of her virtues. During her last illness, the parish priest, who often took her Holy Communion, accompanied by a server ringing a bell, as was the custom in Italy, would be followed by large numbers of people.

Prudentiana predicted that she would die away from home, and her prediction was realized. In 1607 a slow fever obliged her to keep her bed. Near her house dwelt a relative, a blacksmith; the noise of his anvil being, in the opinion of the doctors, injurious to her, she was removed to the house of one of her nieces, not far off. At this time she was mystically espoused to our Saviour, like many other saints and especially favored souls. In the midst of the sufferings with which she was overwhelmed, she thanked Our Lord for His precious gifts, and often exclaimed: "O my God, O my Love, am I worthy of so rich a reward, — I who have suffered so little for Thee? Have I, alas! already reached the end of the struggle? Can I, without blushing, appear in the midst of Thy servants who have shed their blood for Thee, and who, for love of Thee, have delivered their bodies to the executioners, while I have done nothing? But, after all, have I dues to ask of Thee? Ought I not rather bow under Thy omnipotent will?"

During her last illness crowds of people, religious and secular, went to see her, and gazed with awe at such a type of resig-

tion and angelic purity. Father Silvius had to stop the concourse of visitors, and admitted only her relatives, the doctors, the Archbishop's chaplain, and a few intimate friends. At the beginning of 1608 she told her attendant that she was going to her heavenly home. As the latter wept, Prudentiana reminded her that one should not be so attached to creatures, and showed her how much God loves those who are detached from the world. She made several prophecies, which were realized later on. As a souvenir, she gave the attendant a wooden cross she had lost and miraculously found, and on that account held in great veneration.

That evening, the fever increasing, she asked for Extreme Unction. The parish priest left her in care of Father Silvius, who willingly took charge of her, and rejoiced to see how well his penitent was preparing for death. On the 11th of February she foretold that she would die in three days, and afterward she remained absorbed in contemplation. A day before her death, the Archbishop sent her the last blessing through the medium of his chaplain. On the 14th, after a long ecstasy, she made her confession once more. Father Silvius wished to return to his monastery, but she begged him to remain, assuring him that she was near her end. Taking the crucifix in her hands and asking forgiveness for all her sins, she begged pardon of Father Silvius and her mother for all the trouble she had given, and particularly for being at times, as she fancied, wanting in obedience. She prayed God to reward her mother for her devotion and self-sacrifice, and asked her maternal blessing. The good woman blessed her a hundred times, in the midst of her sighs and tears, until her grief forced her to leave the room.

The pallor of death in Prudentiana's face gave place to a lily-like whiteness that illumined her countenance with a lustrous brilliancy. Turning to her confessor, she said: "Father, for a long time I placed myself completely under

your direction. I have never, by the grace of God, let the least expression of disobedience escape me. I am now going to breathe my last, and I would not like to do so without your permission. Give me, then, your blessing and let me leave this world." Father Silvius, quite moved, gave her the last blessing, and said to her, weeping: "Go forth, blessed soul,—go forth, my daughter! Our blessings accompany you, and the blessing of God awaits you in heaven. But when you shall be delivered from the miseries of this world, think of us, wretched mortals." The holy and obedient girl joyfully heard these words; and, glancing about her, as if to bid farewell to all who were present, embraced her crucifix and said, smiling: "I am going!" She died on February 14, 1608, at the early age of twenty-five.

When the news of her death reached Bologna, clergy and laity immediately crowded to see her; but, dreading the effects of inconsiderate zeal, the Archbishop would not let such large numbers near her remains; only some noble ladies were allowed in, to clothe her in a new Tertiary habit. The Friars Minors wanted to bury her in their church, where her father is entombed, and because she belonged to the Third Order; but the Theatines claimed the body, as, during her life, she had expressed a wish to be laid to rest among them. Their request was granted. By order of the Archbishop, the interment took place at night. The tolling of bells was suppressed, in order to prevent an immense concourse of people assembling. Gentlemen of high position, who had solicited the honor, bore Prudentiana's remains to the grave. But the darkness of night did not hide the lustre of her holiness; nor did the Archbishop's precautions prevent spectators hastening from all parts and striving to get near the bier, until, by mild remonstrances or stern threats, they were restrained, and the coffin was deposited in the tomb with every mark of respect and veneration.

At the St. Jean Baptiste.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THAT was a fine farm down upon the road past the sawmill, and it belonged rather to the parish of St. Jean Baptiste than to the mountain village. Row upon row of acacia, maple, butternut and hickory trees surrounded the substantial house of wood that stood but little back from the highroad, and wore an air of cheerfulness and prosperity unwonted even in that region of well-being. The very sunlight seemed to flow down there in superabundant streams. The animals in their stalls, too, had a contented, well-cared for appearance; and it accordingly always came with something of a shock to strangers in the neighborhood when they heard that the name of the owner, by a very antithesis of ideas, was Death.—All Saints' Death,—Toussaint La Mort.

Toussaint himself, who was often to be seen working about the place in blue blouse and overalls, his head covered by a straw hat of domestic manufacture, likewise supported that law of contrast. He was stalwart of build, healthy in coloring, and smiling and good-humored of countenance. "*Où, c'est moi, qui est toujours bien,*" he said. "I am always well." And he was well, not only in health, but, as has been seen, in all material necessities.

Now, the majority of the damsels who lived in the small group of dwellings in the immediate environs of the parish church, or in the scattered cottages or farm-houses of the district, were not, as a rule, sentimental. In fact, they had been trained from childhood to regard marriage as a necessity, save for those whom the good God called to the cloister; and to consider as lucky those who procured in good season an establishment. They consequently gave little heed to the romantic side of the question; although even this might have had some justification

in the case of the good-looking farmer, who was already on the shady side of thirty and had not as yet made a choice. When on a Sunday he walked up the aisle of St. Jean Baptiste's church to a front pew, his appearance created a little flutter both in mothers of marriageable daughters and in the daughters themselves. The farm he possessed, the many cows, the maple trees which in the spring yielded an abundant and profitable sap, the large orchard, and the grain fields stretching away over so many acres,—all these things were in the minds of matron and maid alike, and had to be put aside as distractions while the Holy Sacrifice proceeded.

After Mass, on that broad wooden platform before the doors of the substantial edifice of gray stone, the girls lingered as long as possible; while practical mothers detained more guileless fathers, who were concerned only with harnessing up the horse and driving off home again without further delay.

Of course there were usually a variety of attractions in and about the church on Sunday mornings; for it was in all things, spiritual and even temporal, the centre of village life. Numberless announcements were made from an improvised rostrum close at hand, or political speakers made known their programmes for the ensuing week. Most of all, those gatherings on Sundays or feast-days gave the opportunity for a few moments' pleasant social intercourse, or for a whispered conversation between the young men and girls.

Of these opportunities Toussaint availed himself, going about from group to group, exchanging a compliment or a polite phrase with the best-looking girls. None of them, however, could claim him as her own. Despite the curé's objection to any excess of finery which savored too much of the pomp and vanity of that wicked world lying out and beyond, the girls could not refrain from putting an extra ribbon in their hair or about their neck, or securing a bright-colored feather for

their hats; always with a secret hope of attracting that *bon parti*, who was by common consent *un très beau garçon*. And it must be owned that mothers did not discourage them in this laudable desire.

Toussaint himself, despite the general opinion to the contrary, was not so indifferent to feminine attractions as was commonly supposed; carelessly allowing it to be understood that his admiration was of too universal a character ever to become particular. "But I love them all," he would say to those who remonstrated with him upon his single blessedness. "Our girls are the prettiest in the world."

Nevertheless, in his heart he cherished a secret, and there his general admiration resolved itself into a particular liking. Its object wore no bright colored ribbons or gaudy feathers, and hence was, to a certain extent, held to be out of the running. She had, in fact, been compelled to wear mourning for one or another of her kindred ever since she had grown to womanhood. She was considered by the older people as an excellent *ménagère*, superintending her father's establishment; together with a large family of brothers, with much skill and a praiseworthy economy.

According to local ideas, this Aurore Destroismaisons was no beauty. She was fragile and slender, with scarcely a trace of color in her cheeks, her hair a dark brown running into black. Her eyes, which were gray, changed their hue every moment, growing darker with the stress of any emotion. The village verdict would not have been endorsed had Aurore strayed from that rural solitude into the world beyond. There she would have been considered — always supposing that she was properly dressed — beautiful. And Toussaint, who had ideas of his own, anticipated this opinion of the outer world. To him this pale and slender girl, with her speaking eyes and hair that was nut-brown in the sunlight, *was* beautiful. It would be difficult to determine whether or not Aurore had any

suspicion of her attraction for the best match in the parish. Even the most inexperienced girls, by a species of intuition, are commonly aware of an admiration that is expressed merely by a glance, a slight hesitation of speech in addressing them, and a number of other little signs and tokens that the unobservant and the uninterested can not possibly perceive.

But, in any case, Aurore was what most of the girls in the village were *not*: she was sentimental. Her thoughts and her ideas were quite distinct from the life about her. She saw the beauty in the pale blue flowers that gemmed the fields thereabouts, though to her companions they were only weeds; she loved the wild roses upon the hedges, though she would have provoked ridicule amongst those around her by putting that love into words. She gazed with wonder and awe at the iridescent lights of the sunset skies, or felt the thrill of the moonlight shimmering on the distant mountain, or along the lanes, as she trod them with her brothers.

Now, the young farmer, who was to all appearance prosaic, had more capacity for understanding the girl and her peculiar fancies than most of those around her; and it is possible that he might have appealed favorably to her, save for one circumstance. This had its rise in her very sentimentality. She had an insuperable objection to the name of "Death." She would have shuddered at the thought of being addressed as "Madame La Mort." As her mother had been sleeping for many years in the little cemetery hard by the church, and her father was a jovial, easy-going man, not too anxious to lose his capable housekeeper, there was no one to bring the two together, or to induce Aurore to put aside her very impractical objection to a sterling fellow.

II.

On the 24th of June every year was celebrated the patronal feast of the parish church, St. Jean Baptiste, which was a

gala day for all the parishioners. Within the edifice, the high altar was ablaze with myriad colored lamps, accompanied with whatever other decoration was suggested by the primitive taste of the people. The choir was attuned to its highest pitch, and a strange priest, with a great reputation for oratory, had come all the way from the town of St. Hyacinth to deliver the sermon. Within the sanctuary stood the great cake, four stories high, prepared for the feast according to the traditional receipt, and gaily adorned with ribbons. At a certain time during the High Mass, this St. John's Bread was cut by the parish priest and placed in baskets; these were passed round by prominent young girls of the parish.

Aurore, having been chosen as one of these distributors, had discarded her black costume for once, and consequently appeared, to Toussaint's mind, more than ever like an angel. Pompously preceded by the beadle in scarlet robe and cocked hat, Aurore passed the basket; and when she offered it to Toussaint, who sat upon her side of the aisle, the big fellow's hand trembled so that he almost dropped the morsel of blessed bread. Aurore passed on; and Toussaint, reproaching himself for his profane thoughts, blessed himself, and, as was the quaint custom, ate the small portion of the traditional cake. Somehow, that touching little ceremony seemed to bind Toussaint more closely to the girl and establish a mysterious bond between them. He rejoiced that it was she who had given him the bread; though Aurore's eyes had been modestly cast down as she glided along in the wake of the ponderous beadle.

The choir was singing some of those familiar old hymns that he had heard from boyhood, and they seemed to fill his heart with joy. He felt even more than his wonted cheerfulness as he went forth after church, and saw the flags flying all around, not only from the façade of the edifice, but from all the dwellings in the neighborhood. He scarcely knew why

he was emboldened to go up and speak to Aurore, who stood waiting for her father, surrounded by "her boys," some of whom were a head and shoulders over her.

When Toussaint La Mort hesitatingly approached, the boys fell back, and the farmer was permitted to stand beside the slender figure, so charming in the soft gown of white muslin. Toussaint had no thought for any one else. Ruddy cheeks, bright eyes, graceful figures remained unnoticed, even though the prettiest girls in the parish were out that day, in finery that must have caused their wise curé to shake his head, and in a variety of tints that set all rules of coloring at defiance. There was some tacit understanding, almost amounting to a custom, that bachelors in search of matrimonial partners took advantage of the great festival to make their choice; at least this had so often happened that it began to be expected. Astonished and resentful glances were accordingly cast in the direction of Aurore and the attendant swain, who looked his very best in Sunday garments, with a flower in his buttonhole. And that flower surprised the observers nearly as much as did the farmer's attention to the slender girl in white. For what should it be but that blue weed of the field which rejoices in the poetic name of *la belle marguerite*! They, of course, had no idea of his reason for choosing that common growth from all the variegated flora of his garden. But Toussaint knew; and it is possible that Aurore, after one swift glance, knew also.

"*Bonjour, Ma'amselle Aurore!*" he said.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur!*" replied Aurore, failing to add the surname, which she had an insuperable objection to pronounce.

The swain perceived the omission, and drew his own conclusions therefrom. There was a moment's silence. All the pretty phrases and compliments which came readily to Toussaint's lips when with the other girls, took wing and fled away. And so he stood for a while in an unwontedly sheepish embarrassment.

"Ma'amselle Aurore," blurted out the young man, wiping his face with a fine cambric handkerchief which he had bought out of deference for Aurore's fastidiousness, "would you take a little drive with me in my carriage this afternoon?"

Aurore hesitated, and the farmer urged: "You know me well enough. It is not as if I were a stranger."

She looked at him with her clear eyes.

"I do not think I can go," she replied. "The drive to church is quite enough for one day."

"To-morrow, then?" cried the farmer, eagerly. His voice trembled; he looked beseechingly at her.

"To-morrow?" exclaimed Aurore. She thought he must be crazy. Who would dream of going for a mere pleasure drive upon a working day, and in the haying season, too! "To-morrow," she said, "you will be busy."

"Not too busy for that," he answered.

Aurore was not fertile in excuses, and she was too gentle to wish to offend an old acquaintance; but she did not want to go. She feared that the whole parish would be talking; but such would be still more the case if they drove together upon a weekday. She forgot the significance of that special festival. Besides, she caught some glances which were levelled at her by various village beauties. She was human, and she compromised.

"It would not do," she said gravely, "to go for such an outing on Monday. People would wonder."

"Is it that you will not come with me at all?" murmured Toussaint, so miserably that even the blue flower in his buttonhole, at which he involuntarily glanced, seemed to express dejection.

"I might perhaps go to-day," she said, "for a short—a very short—drive."

Toussaint fairly beamed, as he replied:

"Thank you a thousand times!"

And Aurore, partly regretting her weakness, turned away and buried herself as it were amongst "her boys."

(Conclusion next week)

Next Sunday's Mass.

THIRD IN LENT.

CALLED *Oculi* Sunday, from the first word of its Introit, this third Sunday of the Lenten season was known in the primitive Church as Scrutiny Sunday, because it marked the beginning of the examination of those catechumens who were to be baptized at Easter. Bishop Guillaume Durand, the thirteenth-century liturgist, to whom modern writers, including Dom-Guéranget, owe so much, declares that this Sunday belongs to *confession*, as does the fourth to *refection*. "On the first Sunday, Our Lord arms His soldiers; on the second, He shows them their reward on Thabor. There remains, then, only to indicate the way by which to reach that supreme end—namely, by confession and refection."

The Introit expresses the ardent longing of both the oldtime catechumen desirous of baptism, and the true penitent of to-day looking forward to perfect reconciliation with his Heavenly Father. "My eyes are ever toward the Lord; for He shall pluck my feet out of the snare. Look Thou upon me, and have mercy on me; for I am alone and poor."

Having in mind the battle which, during this season in particular, her devout children are waging with the enemy of mankind, the Church prays in the Collect: "We beseech Thee, Almighty God, regard the desires of those that humble themselves; and, for our defence, stretch forth the right hand of Thy Majesty. Through, etc."

The second Lenten Collect was given last week. The third, for the living and the dead, is as follows: "Almighty and everlasting God, who hast dominion over the living and the dead, and showest mercy to all whom Thou foreknowest to be Thine by faith and good works; we humbly beseech Thee that they for whom we purpose to offer our prayers, whether this present world still detains them in the flesh, or the world to come has already

received them, bereft of their bodies, may, by the intercession of all Thy saints, and the tenderness of Thy compassion, obtain the pardon of all their sins."

In the Epistle, taken from his instruction to the Ephesians, St. Paul lays stress on a subject which during Lent, the time of amendment and good resolutions as well as of penance and prayer, may very profitably occupy a good deal of our attention — the sins of the tongue. "But fornication and all uncleanness, . . . let it be not so much as named amongst you, as becometh saints; nor obscenity, nor foolish talking, nor scurrility which is to no purpose." The habit of using indecent and foul words and phrases, of indulging in frivolous talk about serious or sacred things, of making indelicate allusions, and employing words of double-meaning, is opposed to all purity of mind, and is the source of innumerable grievous sins.

The Gradual voices the cry of a soul hedged round about by enemies: "Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail! Let the Gentiles be judged in Thy sight. When mine enemies shall be turned back, they shall be weakened and perish before Thy face." The Tract, taken from Psalm cxxii, is an expression of confidence, and of the humility which best justifies that sentiment.

In the Gospel, with its narrative of the "casting out a devil, and the same was dumb," we have a striking lesson as to the proper use of that organ, the abuse of which is denounced in the Epistle. Our tongue should be employed in prayer, in the confession of our sins, and in upholding the character of those who are being calumniated in our presence, — separate circumstances in which the "dumb devil" seeks to rule us.

Both the Offertory and the Communion strike a note of joy, — that of a soul rescued from the grasp of Satan and resolute in doing her Master's will. "The justices of the Lord are right, rejoicing hearts. His ordinances are sweeter than honey and the honeycomb; therefore Thy servant keepeth them."

Thoughts for Lent.

THE Son of God not only retired into the desert, but there mortified Himself by the rigorous observance of a long fast,—not on His own account but for our sins: to convince us that, in order to secure our eternal salvation, we must not only retire from the vanities of the world, but also mortify and keep our passions in subjection, lest otherwise they should become our masters and reduce us to the most degrading servitude. If we gratify the desires of the flesh, we weaken the spirit, and render it unable to resist the attacks of the enemy.—*Rev. Pacificus Baker.*

There is a debauchery of the intellect that reacheth far beyond any of the body, is more deadly and more desperate.

—*Henry L. Stuart.*

Mortification of the appetite is not only, as St. Vincent de Paul used to say, the A, B, C of the spiritual life: it is also an excellent preservative of the corporal life. For every poor inebriate who is "drinking himself to death," there are a dozen or more respectable and respected men and women who are, just as truly, eating themselves to death.

We should set a high value on meditation upon the Passion of our Redeemer. For a simple remembrance or meditation upon this is worth more than if for a whole year one should take the discipline, or fast on bread and water, or recite the whole Psalter every day.

—*Blessed Albertus Magnus.*

This world would be a delightful place to live in if it were not for the people. They really cause all the trouble. Man's worst enemy is always man. He began to throw the responsibility of his transgressions on some one else in the Garden of Eden, and he has been doing so ever since.

—*William George Jordan.*

The wise man should attend to the duties of religion as if death had seized him by the hair.—*Sanskrit Proverb.*

Notes and Remarks.

A story which it will edify our readers to hear has been told to us by a near relative of the late Admiral Franklin, U. S. N. He was a convert to the Faith, and seems never to have lost his first fervor. His religion was the greatest thing in the world to him, — "the pearl of great price," for the possession of which he would have parted with all else. A young lady, meeting him in the vestibule of St. Matthew's Church in Washington, whither he had gone for his regular visit to the Blessed Sacrament, remarked: "Why, Admiral, I did not know you came here too!" — "Certainly, Miss —," was his reply. "I have to report every day to my Commander-in-chief, you know."

[What is it, we wonder, that is so conducive to piety in a "life on the ocean wave"? One of the most pious persons that we know of is an officer of high rank in the Japanese Navy; and not long ago an English admiral applied to us for the best Life of a saint to whom he has a special devotion. Of the sailors of the American Navy, a Catholic chaplain once said that many of them were "as pious and good as seminarians."

The restraint and mortification of Lent, as now observed, are slight in comparison with the hardships which many people in society impose upon themselves. A fashionable woman — as flippant as fashionable — was once heard to declare that she had suffered more in her lifetime from tight shoes alone than St. Lawrence did from his gridiron. Not to speak of the mental strain and bodily fatigue incidental to constant entertaining and visiting, the stern discipline of the table, the hard trials of the drawing-room, or a hundred and one other things to which people in society have to accustom themselves, the exigencies of dress alone constitute a greater hardship than common folk have any idea of. Who that mixes in society

is allowed to wear what he pleases, where he pleases? He must conform to usage, though he would prefer any fashions that ever existed to some which prevail. Wherever he goes he must bear the fetters with which society binds him; and they are all the more irksome for being shared by so many others.

"When, therefore," says an anonymous writer, "we shudder at a life of asceticism or Christian perfection, it becomes a question whether as much restraint of the natural man is not exacted by life in society as in the acquirement of Christian virtues. The actual physical pain endured in society diseases — gout, dyspepsia, neuralgia, and the like, — is as great in amount, and perhaps greater in intensity, than the bodily laceration of ascetics. The self-control and self-inspection prescribed for attaining humility, patience or meekness, are not much greater than are needed for acquiring the ways of society; and use or habit makes them similarly a second nature. Hence the comparison depends on the motive or end. The object in submitting to the exigencies of society is pleasure and the enjoyment of society. An old victim of society, reviewing his forty years in it, may well ask what he has gained by his adherence to society rule. Was the game worth the candle? A Christian life is a higher ideal, a nobler aim; and a believer in immortality has enormously the advantage of his forty years' practice of Christian virtues for a similar amount of self-restraint; it is the difference between a wasted life and a life of successful labor. Nor does he lack the qualities of a true gentleman. The Christian virtues induce the consideration for others that is the mainspring of what we call a gentleman. A saint has all the requisites of a gentleman, but a gentleman has not always the requisites of a saint."

Writing, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on "The Lost Empire of England (?)"
Walter Frewen Lord takes a somewhat

pessimistic view of present conditions in the "right little, tight little island" of Dibdin's song. He evidently thinks that the idea of a German invasion of his country is not at all so chimerical as his Radical fellow-citizens are inclined to believe. Apart from Mr. Lord's beliefs on political conditions and contingencies, it is interesting to note that he apparently recognizes an over-ruling Providence, who occupies Himself with the affairs of nations as well as individuals,—a recognition not so common among latter-day statesmen and publicists as it used to be. We quote:

It sometimes appears as if the *Fiat* had gone forth that the Anglo-Saxon had served his turn in the development of the designs of Omnipotence, and that a new epoch in the history of the world's civilization was about to open under the presidency of the Teuton. If that be so, and if we are destined to fall into the backwaters of history, and to make way for a stronger race, it is idle to struggle. But we are not here to anticipate the designs of Providence: we are here to do our duty to our country; and if any man can say or write one word to rouse his country, and he fails to say or write that word from indolence or fear of obloquy, then is he an accessory before the fact to the murder of his country. After all, the one essential thing which inspires the life of a nation is righteousness: the rest is commentary. We are losing our Bible, and with it much of our manliness. While we drivel and dream, the Germans think and plan.

The English loss of their Bible, be it remarked, incidentally, is not likely to be remedied by any of the various plans proposed for abolishing specific religious instruction in English schools.

It is gratifying to learn that, as a result of a suggestion made several years ago in these columns, there has been established in Canada a Catholic Defence League. Its object is to reply promptly to every anti-Catholic article appearing in the secular papers, and this is accomplished by printing the Catholic reply in the same columns in which the slander was printed. The subjects of debate are distributed between twelve different departments, at the head of each of which is placed a writer who is a specialist in the subjects

assigned to him. Press scouts are on the watch everywhere for offensive editorials and letters. His Excellency the Most Rev. Archbishop Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate, is the moving spirit in the League; and the Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L., St. Columban, Ontario, is the general secretary. A practical exemplification of the excellent work that is being done was afforded a few weeks ago. Several Presbyterian writers contributed to a secular paper of London, Ontario, a series of articles reflecting on various Catholic dogmas. Thereupon two writers of the League proceeded, in communications to the same paper, to riddle the arguments of their opponents; and these latter speedily disavowed any "desire to continue this discussion further."

We are pleased to note that the ex-priest, genuine occasionally, fraudulent generally, is rapidly becoming less of a *persona grata* to non-Catholic communities than was once his customary experience. The *American Israelite* is somewhat incredulous as to the sincerity of one of these worthies, and has this to say of him:

Whatever those who fear and dislike the Roman Catholic hierarchy charge it with, lack of prudence and foresight will hardly be laid at its door. As for F——, the *Israelite* would say that he will bear careful watching. Apostates who begin their new career by abusing the church they are leaving, and with strenuous efforts at self-advertisement, are usually shady characters who are paving the way for a labor-avoiding career in Protestant pulpits.

Yes; and the worst of it (from the sectarian standpoint) is that, in a large number of cases, the ex-priest at length recants, seeks admission into the Church, and frequently ends his days in a monastery. It doesn't pay for our separated brethren to exploit the ex-priest.

The report that Ernest Haeckel has resigned the professorship of zoology at the University of Jena will not probably cause much regret among German

scientists, not a few of whom will think—if they do not say—that he should have done so long ago, when the foremost biologists of the world declared that he had forfeited his right to be considered a scientist. To the latest and most serious charge against him—that he had taken another biologist's engravings, made from genuine photographs, and altered them so as to fit certain theories of his own concerning the descent of man from the ape,—the *Casket* thus pointedly refers:

At first he tried to meet this with bluster, calling his critics dolts, hypocrites, and other such names. But Dr. Brass, a genuine biologist, pursued him so closely, that he has been at last obliged to admit that about six or eight per cent of his embryo pictures were made in the fashion charged, because, says Prof. Haeckel (and his words deserve to be italicized), "*the absence of material for observation made it necessary, when constructing an unbroken evolutionary chain, to fill up the lacunæ with hypotheses.*" In other words, when you can not prove the thing you wish, you must take it for granted.

There is reason for thinking that the circulation of Haeckel's books has fallen off both in England and America. The renegade priest who translated certain of them is much less prominent than formerly; and of late Haeckel himself is little quoted.

In the course of a speech recently delivered at a "Mothers' Congress dinner" in Chicago, Dr. M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin, declared:

The American boy should have more coercion and not so much persuasion. Sentiment should not dominate judgment. A boy ought to be made to do things because he knows there is force behind the command. There is far too much delicacy in the present method of treating the bad boy in the public school. The best thing that can be done is to thrash him.

If the thoroughly sensible among the mothers of the country were fairly represented in the speaker's audience, we venture the opinion that his statement was, at least interiorly, applauded. The reaction from the oldtime custom of

inflicting corporal punishment for any and all offences has reached an extreme where not sentiment merely, but sentimentality, has usurped the sphere of judgment. Moral suasion is, of course, preferable to physical force—as a rule; but any one who has had extended experience in dealing with boys knows perfectly well that the rule has well-defined exceptions. Some boys undoubtedly deserve a thrashing, and should get it. They should get it if for no other reason than to prepare them for the realities of life; for one lesson which later years will surely teach them is that the bad man, the future self of the bad boy, *does* get thrashed, legally and extra-legally,—gets corporally punished in this world; and, if he continues incorrigible, in the next world, too.

We have frequently noted approvingly the effective manner in which the great secular newspapers occasionally puncture the fallacies of preachers and university professors,—notably in the Chicago latitude. Another instance is afforded by this comment of the *Inter-Ocean* on the Rev. Mr. Edwards' new plan of getting college students interested in religion—viz., to lead them to religion through the study of "social problems." Says the preacher:

Thousands of young men who are studying engineering and kindred subjects will take up the study of the liquor question or the race problem, when they will not give attention to the subject of personal religion, and then through the studies will be led to personal religion.

Anent which the Chicago journalist makes these remarks:

Well, perhaps. If so, we have another illustration of the truth of the saying that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." By learning everything about everything, or at least something about everything, a man is commonly led at last to perceive that there must be a Supreme Power in a universe so visibly under the reign of law. However, the difficulty at once suggests itself to men of the world that the Edwards method is adapted only to the cloistered student, tempted to few

sins. To arm the young man for his conflicts with daily human life—to provide him with strength to resist temptation and with consolation in distress,—it seems too slow a process, considering the shortness of human life.

The editor is clearly the saner and better preacher of the two.

To those who would realize the earth as God created it—'not to weaklings or to those who cling to luxury,'—Capt. Richard Crawshay commends *Tierra del Fuego*, that storm-ridden land of unutterable desolation, its inhabitants the most degraded of mankind, according to the geographers' description. Some of Capt. Crawshay's first impressions on seeing one of the *Onas*, "a magnificent race," are worth quoting:

A gigantic form robed in shaggy furs from head to foot—erect, motionless, silent,—regarding me with a gaze so impressive and intense that, as I encountered it, my whole being experienced a shock. A man indeed,—a frame physically and constitutionally as strong as can be; resource in any emergency; determination, courage recking nothing of cost to life or limb in the achievement of purpose; untiring patience, endurance to the end; intelligence, the outcome of instinct and reason so combined as to place him on equal terms alike with man and the lower creation. . . . But what impresses one most of all is his magnificent dignity and reserve, so natural as to be impossible of compromise. That stern, calm, thoughtful, deeply-lined, awfully solemn face—so full of expression of all that is greatest and best in men, yet manifesting nothing evil,—will dwell with me to my dying day.

Capt. Crawshay is naturally filled with indignation when referring to the painful fact that this race has been, in recent times, deliberately brought to the verge of extermination. Another of the innumerable crimes perpetrated in the name of civilization.

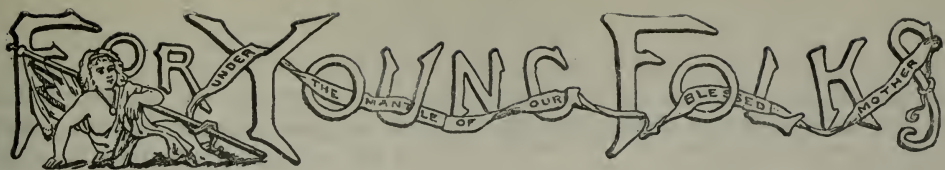
Isle la Motte, the first spot in Vermont referred to, and probably visited by Champlain, as appears from the diary of his travels under the dates July 4 and 5, 1609, is to have a tercentenary celebra-

tion during the coming summer. There is a shrine of St. Anne on the little island, on the site of the oldtime Fort St. Anne, and the promoters of the celebration profess these aims:—1. To have this historical spot better known and often visited by the Catholics of Vermont, New York, and the neighboring States; 2. To endeavor to fulfil the wishes of the saintly Bishop de Goesbriand, by fostering in that hallowed spot a growing devotion to the good St. Anne, and by striving to maintain in the hearts of the faithful a truly traditional spirit, and by such means to strengthen the virtues of Christian families; 3. To have next summer as many Catholics as possible visit the shrine, and thus preserve to the tercentenary celebration its religious aspect. The project has the hearty endorsement of Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, as it had that of the late Bishop Michaud, of Burlington.

From far-away Alaska, the Rev. Father Keyes, S. J., sends a pathetic appeal in behalf of the poor Esquimaux, some two thousand in number, entrusted to his spiritual care:

Death is rapidly carrying them away,—the sick being utterly helpless but for the Catholic missionaries living among them, and they have no medical attendance whatever. Oh, how many a time some of the most destitute addressed me, with tears in their eyes: "Why could we not be kept by you in some house and have a doctor to attend us? See, we are falling away, and sometimes we can not even enjoy the comfort of the priest's attendance in our last hours." These cries of the needy appeal to my heart, and I beg you to aid me to have a small hospital erected at St. Michael's in connection with a boarding-school, where we will train the natives to take care of their own people.

Father Keyes, whose address is, St. Michael's P. O., Alaska, is assisted in his work by a few companions and by Sisters of the Ursuline Order. The almsgiving which is, or ought to be, characteristic of the true Catholic in Lent need look no further for a worthy object.



The Two Lucys.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

WHEN Lucy Bentham's parents decided that they must send her away to school for a time, the child was inconsolable. She had never liked to study, though she was seldom seen without a book in her hand. But it was always a story-book, never anything instructive or improving. Now, stories are well enough in their own time and place; but, like sweets that are taken to the neglect of proper food, they become cloying and unwholesome.

Lucy's father was a busy doctor, her mother a helpless invalid, which was partly the reason that Lucy had been spoiled and indulged. But the Benthams were sensible people; they realized how things were with their child; and when the doctor resolved to take his wife to Paris to consult a famous specialist there, the *Fiat* went forth that Lucy must go to school.

"But, mamma," she pleaded one morning, after the dressmaker had given the final fitting to her new gowns, "I shall die of loneliness,—I know I shall die."

"No, Lucy," said her mother. "After a while you will be quite happy. I hear there are very nice little girls at Miss Drake's school,—just twelve, enough to make it pleasant and homelike. Father Morton will go over to see you, and you can be prepared for your First Communion. You will learn order and regularity, and, I hope, form the habit of study. When your papa and I return, I expect to find a new girl."

But Lucy would not be comforted, and the hearts of her parents were greatly saddened by her persistency in looking

only at the gloomy side of the picture.

Lucy had been at Miss Drake's school a fortnight before she would admit, even to herself, that she was anything but unhappy. She did not sulk or pout, but her untrained spirit chafed at the strict, though kind, discipline that regulated the day from the time she arose in the morning until she went to bed at night. Yet at heart she knew the change had been beneficial. She managed to get through her studies without incurring reproof, but that was all. And yet, if she had tried, she could easily have been at the head of her class. She could not see the necessity for application. A remarkable incident was soon to change her opinion in that regard. It occurred about three months after she had entered the school.

Lucy had a small but pleasant room in the second story. She was the only occupant on that side of the corridor. The study hall on the first floor was immediately beneath her room. One night she was awakened suddenly by a noise below. It seemed to her that a slate had fallen. She lay for some time listening, and again the same noise startled her. She was a brave child, and, stepping softly from her bed, she lit a match and peeped through a register hole in the floor, from which the grating could be easily removed. What was her surprise to see, directly under her gaze, a little girl seated at the long table, apparently ciphering!

"Who is that?" asked Lucy in a loud whisper.

"O dear!" answered a childish voice. "Please don't tell!"

Curiosity was one of Lucy's characteristics. She threw on her dressing gown and slippers, and, opening the door very cautiously, glanced along the corridor. In a moment she was downstairs and in

the study hall. There, by the light of a feeble candle, she saw the gardener's daughter seated at the table, surrounded by books.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" inquired Lucy, after she had turned up the light.

"Oh, please don't tell!" answered the child. "I'm studying."

"Studying at this hour of the night! Who said you might come here?"

"No one. I can't go to school in the daytime, because it's too far; and, besides, mother often needs me. And I want to be a teacher some day. Please don't tell."

"I think you're a brave little girl," said Lucy. "What's your name?"

"Lucy."

"That is my name too. But I *hate* to study."

"And I love it."

"How long have you been coming?"

"Two years."

"Two years! And you've never been found out?"

"No. To-night I dropped the slate twice. That's how you heard me."

"Do you come every night?"

"Nearly every night."

"How do you get in?"

"It's very easy. That window there opens easily. It is never locked. I just climb over the sill."

"What time do you come?"

"About twelve. I wake as regular as anything. I come over and light my candle and study till I get sleepy. Then I go home."

"What do you study?"

"Anything I can, — geography and arithmetic and history and spelling."

"But why couldn't you do it at home?"

"Father thinks it's foolish. He can't read. Mother can't either."

"Oh, I see! Will you let me ask you some questions, Lucy?" said the doctor's daughter.

"Yes, indeed, if you like," replied the daughter of the gardener.

Lucy opened a book at random. It was

the History of the United States. She began to question the child, and was greatly surprised at her answers. Then she took up a geography with the same results.

"Now read a little for me," she said. "You have a fine voice and pronounce every word," was the verdict. "You make me ashamed of myself. All my life I've been trying to get out of studying, and you who have to steal the time are fond of it. I wonder that your father and mother haven't found you out."

"They sleep so soundly, and there's a door in my room that opens into the garden. Please don't tell."

"I think it might be a very good thing if I did," answered Lucy, thoughtfully. "God must have sent me here to you; He must have chosen me to find you out, because our names are alike, and I have been such a lazy girl. I'm sure some way will be devised for you to study. And I really don't think it would be right for me to let this go on, Lucy."

Just then the door opened, and Miss Drake, carrying a lighted candle, appeared, her eyes full of astonishment.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "This is surely not what I expected to see. Lucy Bentham and Lucy Miles in the rôle of teacher and pupil! What *does* it mean?"

Miss Drake was the kindest of women. None of her pupils were afraid of her.

"What *did* you expect to see, Miss Drake?" asked the elder Lucy.

"Perhaps a fudge party," was the reply. "We have one every year, in spite of the penance that has to be done afterward. But this! I can not understand it."

The gardener's daughter began to sob. But the other Lucy, quite composed, told the tale from beginning to end.

"Poor child!" said Miss Drake, when she had finished, laying a kind hand on the head of the surreptitious student. "Something must surely be done for you."

"O Miss Drake," cried Lucy, "let me teach her, won't you? Let me teach her every day until she knows enough to

come into class, and then let her come. Do let her come, please! There isn't a girl in school that wouldn't be glad to have her."

"Your offer is most kind, my dear," said Miss Drake, smilingly. "But I can't help laughing at it, coming from one of the brightest but the very laziest girls in the school."

Lucy did not mind the reproof in the least.

"Just try me, Miss Drake," she said. "I will help Lucy all I can, and study my own lessons besides. She has made me feel very much ashamed of myself. You ought to hear *her* answer questions in geography and history! And I'm sure she's just as good in arithmetic."

"I like that best of all," answered the other Lucy.

"Just think of it, Miss Drake!" Lucy Bentham went on. "Here I am nearly thirteen, and—how old are you, Lucy?"

"Just eleven."

"Eleven, and you've been studying—in the middle of the night only—for two years, while I can't remember the time I didn't know how to read, and you're almost as far advanced in every way as I am—"

"Oh, no indeed,—no indeed!" interrupted little Lucy. "I know hardly anything,—you'll find how little when you come to ask me questions."

"I sha'n't scold either of you to-night," said Miss Drake, with a smile that belied any intention of scolding on the morrow. "Run home now, child," she continued. "I am going to talk to your father, and I think I can promise that the way to knowledge will be paved for you in the future."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am,—thank you, ma'am!" replied the grateful child, as, with a smiling glance at Lucy and a slow "Good-night," she disappeared.

Everything was made easy for the new Lucy's progress. The girls, as well as the teachers, became interested in her; and well did she repay their kindness. Her

father, after having been won over, was as proud of her as though she had been one of his favorite and famous roses.

And it was not long before her first preceptress—the other Lucy,—tireless in leading her pupil up the hill of learning, became, from an idle, purposeless, though clever girl, the most industrious and successful in her class. When her parents returned, a complete transformation had taken place,—one which gave them the greatest happiness.

The two Lucys have always been very devoted friends. Only last year, old Miss Drake turned over her school to the faithful teacher, Lucy Miles, who, since her eighteenth year, had been the valued assistant of her benefactress.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—A REPLANTING.

"O Cripps!" It was as if some hard, cruel grasp tightening on Kitty's heart loosened at sight of the wilted plant, and she sprang forward to Cripps' side. "My Queen's Promise,—my poor little Queen's Promise!"

"It is a shame, sure!" said Cripps, as she shook off the blackened earth from the broken twig. "And just look how it had taken root, little threads running out everywhere! They do say that if you can once get through this hard, crusty earth, things grow fine; and I never did see a shoot perk up so quick and strong as this. But the blow this evening turned the pot clean over. You couldn't expect such a young thing to stand against that storm. If I had only seen it a little sooner! But it's done for now, sure."

"Oh, I'm afraid it is!" said Kitty, brokenly. "And it was all my fault. I put it out on that ledge to catch the sunshine. O Cripps!" And then, to that good creature's bewilderment, Kitty sank down in a chair, and, with her face in her hands

on the hard dining-table, she burst into a wild passion of tears. It was as if the last tie to the sweet past had gone through her own fault.

"Land, don't go on like that, child, just about a rose shoot!" said Cripps. "Why, Tim can go down to Martin's gap and get you another one, twice as good, to-morrow. Old Miss Martin trims her rosebushes most every week."

"Thank you, Cripps! But it wouldn't be the same," sobbed Kitty,—*"no, it could never be the same."*

"A great sight better and bigger," persisted Cripps. "Won't it, lad?" she added, turning to Tim, who had come in the door in time to hear his mother's efforts at consolation and cheer.

"The biggest I can find," said Tim, dismayed at his young teacher's grief. "Don't cry, Missy, — don't cry like that; and I'll have a rose-tree full of buds up here for you to-morrow, if I have to search the whole valley through for it."

"O Tim, it is good of you! But it would not be the Queen's Promise. It would not come from St. Ursula's, and grow around the chapel window, and have a lovely story, like mine."

And Kitty broke into softer grief now, as tender memories came pressing upon her, sweeping away all the hardness and bitterness from her young heart, — the altar, the sanctuary, the sweet, dim sacristy where she had worked at Sister Felicie's side; Mother Paula's low, guiding whispers as she held the little May Queen to her loving heart; the promise Kitty had given, — the Queen's Promise. Ah! it had been broken, in heart and will too, in this evening's fierce storm of passion and pain.

"O Cripps, it has roots, you say! Do you think it could ever grow again?"

"It might," replied Cripps, doubtfully.

"Let us try it, then!" said Kitty, starting up eagerly. "Let us plant my poor little broken Queen's Promise, and see if it will live again."

And, urged by the sweet, pleading

voice, Tim went out into the darkness and brought in a wooden bucket, full of the soft, "scratched" earth from under the cedars. The green top of the Queen's Promise, with its tender, opening leaves, was snapped off hopelessly; but the brown stem, with its spreading little roots, was planted again, and watered plentifully with Kitty's falling tears.

"It will grow, Missy," cheered Tim, with a nod of his crooked head. "When a twig is deep-rooted like that, it's bound to live and grow."

"Put it on the back porch, out of Dave Dillon's way," said Cripps. "He is that short and savage these days you never can tell what is going to rile him. There's trouble brewing at the works, any one with half an eye can see; but that ain't any reason why he should growl and roar at them that's doing him no harm. And glad I was to see that you had the spirit to give it back to him, child, to-night."

"Did I give it back to him?" asked Kitty, who had only a vague, blurred remembrance of the exciting scene with Uncle Dave.

"Indeed you did!" answered Cripps, with a grim chuckle. "Flung back at him fine. He-he-he-he!" Cripps' hickory-nut visage actually broke into a laugh. "It certainly did take away his breath to have a bit of a girl like you, that he took to do for against his will, stand up and tell him straight that if he gave her any more of his talk, she'd leave his house and be done with him and his forever, — go to the orphan asylum and scrub. Land, you did lay it on to him, sure!"

"Really, Cripps, did I say all that?" asked Kitty, breathlessly. "He said something about papa — my own dear, dead papa, — and I got awfully angry, I know."

"Yes, that you did," chuckled the old woman, delightedly. "How them eyes of yours did blaze! It wasn't any of my business to meddle in a family row, but I was peeping out of the pantry door, just tickled to death. You hit the sore places in that leathery old hide of his, sure; for

I've heard folks say that, when they were boys, he and your father were as close as peas in a pod. But now I reckon he's forgot what love means; he has shut it out of his heart so long,—clean forgot what it means."

What love means! What love means! The words woke trembling echoes in Kitty's heart. Uncle Dave had forgotten indeed. But she, fresh from the school-room, the sanctuary, the altar of St. Ursula's,—she must not forget; no, she must not forget.

Uncle Dave sat in his big leather chair in his study, that seemed darker and grimmer than usual to-night. The lamp, with its green shade, flung but a small circle of light on the desk, strewn with papers and pamphlets that demanded his attention; all else was gloom,—heavy gloom, through which the tall bookcases, the black specimens of ore and coal, the models of new forge and furnace just sent for his approval, showed darkly. Even the one long window, opening in the side of the house, was too screened by a ragged cedar to admit more than a gleam of light.

The old ironmaster had been looking over the mail that had accumulated in his two days' absence. There were circulars, advertisements, business proposals, heavy "orders" of various kinds for iron, steel, coke and coal, and for all that the black, hard mountain ridge, blazing with his fires, roaring and panting with his engines, could yield. But there was not one line of sympathy, of human interest, not one word of cheer or kindness, hope or love, until he took up a neat white envelope bearing the mark Mount Saint Ursula, addressed in a clear graceful hand to "Miss Kitty Dillon, Blackstone Ridge."

The frown darkened on his grizzled brows as he looked at the letter and superscription. "From the Romish convent,—the Romish nuns!" he thought fiercely. They were holding the girl still

under their stealthy influence,—holding her by those Jesuitical arts of which he had heard so much, and holding her against his wish and will; teaching her to deceive, defy, disobey him. He had a proof to-night, when she—his brother's child, Jack's little girl—had dropped the gentle mask the nuns had doubtless taught her to wear, and, flashing up into sudden passion, had threatened to leave him, to go back to them. This, then, was their treacherous teaching. Ah! he would have no more of it,—no more of it, he vowed bitterly.

"I will break this convent business off now and here!" he muttered, as, with a fierce gesture, he tore the letter in two and flung it in his wastebasket. "And I'll take care that Niece Katherine's Popish correspondence after this goes the same way. As her natural, her legal guardian, it is my right to remove all such nefarious influences."

And Uncle Dave went on with his mail, and had just buried the "nefarious influence" of the St. Ursula's letter under some dozen rejected pamphlets and papers, when a low voice at his elbow made him start, and he turned, to see Kitty standing beside him.

"I knocked three times and you didn't hear me, Uncle Dave; so—so I had to come in. I could not go to sleep without speaking to you, Uncle Dave,—without telling you how sorry I am that I said all I did this evening."

The speaker's face was very red, her hands clasping and unclasping each other nervously. The words were hard to say; for the same proud spirit that Uncle Dave had roused in her brave, hotheaded father fifteen years ago was strong in little Kitty's breast. But she must not forget,—she must not forget, not even when Uncle Dave turned his grizzled brows upon her and she met the flash of the eyes, cold and hard as his own steel.

"Oh, you are sorry, are you? Well, you needn't be; it will do no good. You've shown me what you are, Niece Katherine;

and I am glad of it,—glad my eyes were opened, and I can't be honey-fuggled any more by your soft, sly nuns' ways. They've taught you well, Niece Katherine. You had nearly fooled me!"

"Fooled you, Uncle Dave!" repeated Kitty, in bewilderment. "I—I don't know what you mean—"

"Oh, that's enough!" he interrupted, harshly,—*"quite enough, Niece Katherine! I don't want to hear another word. I thought, I hoped—well, no matter what I thought and hoped; it's all over and done with. You will stay here. It's your place, and I'm your guardian,—your natural, legal guardian. It's my business to look out for you, and I'll do it in my own way, and I'll stand no interference from any man or woman on earth. Now, no more of your convent cant. We understand each other, Niece Katherine."*

"No,—no, we don't, Uncle Dave!" faltered Kitty. "You don't understand *at all*. I'm very sorry I got angry and spoiled everything, Uncle Dave. If you'll just forgive and forget—"

"No!" roared Uncle Dave, savage with the fierce pang that rent his tough old heart; for the blue eyes lifted to his face, the low, trembling voice in his ear, were the eyes and the voice of the little boy-brother of long ago. "I never forgive and I never forget, girl, as you should know. No more of your convent cant, I say! Go to bed,—go to bed! I'll not hear another word from you."

And, choked by the hard sobs rising in her throat, blinded by the tears she must not let fall, Kitty made her way somehow out of the cruel presence, and up the darkened stairs to her own room, all unconscious that there had been a breathless, bewildered listener to this interview. Crouching in the darkness, without the half-open door, crooked Tim, who had been sent to light the iron lamp in the hall, had heard every word.

"My!" he gasped. "But how could he talk to pretty little Missy like that! If I was straight and strong as my dad,

I'd wallop the life out of him for it, I'm sure. To talk to that pretty little girl like that, and she wanting to make friends again so kind and nice! I wouldn't want to be friends, I know. But the catechism stories say you have to forgive,—you have to forgive even folks like Buck Benson; and little Missy stands by the catechism stories straight, for sure."

All unconscious of the lesson she had given her pupil, Kitty made her way up the dark stairs to her own room, where the lamp Cripps lit for her every night was burning dimly on the dressing-table, and the tall, ghostly mirrors were gleaming faintly in its light, and the high-curtained bed rose grim and gloomy as a catafalque in the wavering shadows. She fell on her knees by the open window, and, with her face resting in her hands, she looked out into the darkness through the tears that came, in no passionate outburst now, but falling slowly, drearily, scarce heeded, from the hopeless young eyes.

This was to be her place always, Uncle Dave had said,—always; this to be her life, her home. No love to brighten it, no faith to bless it, no friends to cheer it. Uncle Dave was angry with her forever; the Queen's Promise was broken; and even her pearl Rosary was gone. But into the blackness of the gloom there beamed a starry memory: the baby—poor Anita's little baby. O surely, somewhere in that far-off heaven she could not see, a little baptized spirit was praying for her to-night!

(To be continued.)

Paganini's Perseverance.

The great violinist Paganini was once kept in prison four years as a "suspect." During that time his violin had only one string; but by incessant practice he acquired so wonderful an execution that he could produce more music with one string than any other violinist could do with the usual number.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A translation of various writings and treatises of the Angelic Doctor, by H. C. O'Neill, is published by J. M. Dent & Co., under the title "New Things and Old in St. Thomas Aquinas."

—"Some Roads to Rome in America," compiled and edited by Georgina Pell Curtis, is published this week by Mr. B. Herder. The general interest in this book, manifested by numerous inquiries as to contents, size, price, and the date of appearance, augur well for its popularity.

—The excellent articles on some "Dangers of the Day," contributed to THE AVE MARIA by Monsignor John S. Vaughan, author of "Faith and Folly," "Thoughts for All Times," etc., have just been published in book form. They make a handsome volume of 239 pages, which is just the thing for Lenten reading.

—"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books," by Francis S. Betten, S. J. (B. Herder), is a brief treatise of some seventy pages, which originally appeared in the *Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo, N.Y. It is an excellent explanation for Catholic book-lovers and students who are unacquainted with the larger and more complete works on the subject.

—We welcome a second edition, revised and corrected, of Dr. Charles Cronin's excellent work on "The New Matrimonial Legislation," already reviewed in these pages. It is a commentary, admirably clear and full, of the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council (*Ne Temere*) on betrothal and marriage, published on the 2d of August, 1907, by order of Pope Pius X. The latest decrees of the Congregation are included in the new edition, which is provided with a good index.

—Longmans, Green & Co.'s cheap editions of standard Catholic works deserve the widest possible distribution. They are neat, clearly printed brochures, quite as available for occasional reference as are the more expensive bound volumes of which they are reprints. The latest number to come to our notice is "The Key to the World's Progress," by the late Charles Stanton Devas,—an important work, which was appreciatively reviewed in our columns some years ago.

—In the archives of the University of Innsbruck are more than 1500 letters, addressed to Cardinal Madruzzi, Prince-Bishop of Trent, by great personages of the sixteenth century, and containing immense historical information, not only on the story of the Council, but on the history

of the time. The collection includes numerous letters of kings, cardinals, princes, bishops, soldiers, statesmen and nobles. Especially important are the reports of Cardinal Madruzzi's agents at Rome, London, Milan and Brussels; and fully two hundred letters from King Philip II. of Spain concerning Lombardy.

—The recent death, at Georgetown, Washington, D. C., of a Visitation nun, Sister Mary Teresa White, has led to the publication of some interesting facts concerning the family connections of Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet and novelist, who left the path of literary glory to become a simple Brother of the Christian Schools. Sister Mary Teresa, his niece, was one of five Sisters, in a family of six girls and three boys, to follow their distinguished uncle's example by entering the religious life. The deceased Sister spent more than half a century in her Order; and was an influential, if quiet, factor in its upbuilding in this country. *R. I. P.*

—The gracious kindness of the Holy Father in sending his Apostolic Benediction and congratulations to Father Lambert, of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, on the occasion of the venerable and eminent editor's sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, has caused widespread satisfaction. The recipient of the Papal Blessing deserves well, not merely of Catholic, but of Christian, literature and its lovers. His latest published work, in which he absolutely demolishes the best case that can be made for Christian Science, not less than his earlier books, "Notes on Ingersoll" and "Tactics of Infidels," has made his name and fame deservedly great, on both sides of the Atlantic.

—The fact that the late "Ian Maclaren" (the Rev. John Watson) was of Catholic ancestry on the maternal side accounts for many traits of feeling and character by which he was distinguished. The best book of this Presbyterian minister, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," contains several beautiful allusions which must be a puzzle to the average Protestant reader. Dr. Watson was something of a mystic, and had a strong attraction for Catholic asceticism. His biographer, Dr. Rolenson Nicoll, relates a pathetic story of his conversation with an Italian peasant-woman, ending thus: "I take back all I said. Forgive it, forget it. Do not let any word of mine stand between you and your prayers to the Mother of Our Lord."

—In two volumes that are beautiful from the bookmaker's point of view, and attractive as well as convenient for those who will use them,

Messrs. Fischer & Bro. have issued a new edition of "The Proper of the Mass for Sundays and Holidays, Set to Simple Music," by A. Edmonds Tozer. The volumes bear the approval of Mr. James H. McGean, chairman of the church music commission of New York; and the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley. The text exactly conforms to that of the Liber Gradualis, Vatican Edition. The musical part—and this is plainly indicated in the title-page—does not pretend to represent the Solesmes Chant, but rather "something which is easily learnt" when "choirs find the plain-chant from the Graduale beyond their powers of execution."

—The Eleanore Smith Music Course, in four books, is offered by the American Book Co. The needs of the various grades are considered in these books, which comprise an excellent collection of artistic and attractive songs. Short melodies belong to the first book, and these lead to compositions embodying technical points of educative value. Clear type, good print, and general excellence of workmanship commend these series. The same publishers offer also "Choruses and Part Songs for High Schools," arranged by Edward Bailey Birge. In selecting the material, the compiler considered, he tells us in his preface, "intrinsic musical value, the interest of high school pupils, and range of voice." The songs are adapted for general use, though programmes for special occasions have also been provided.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Dangers of the Day." Monsignor John Vaughan. \$1.
- "Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.
- "The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.
- "The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.

- "How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackwhite. \$1, net.
- "The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.
- "Claud Denvil." D. Bearne, S. J. \$1, net.
- "The Boy-Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.
- "Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jørgensen. 80 cts., net.
- "Christopher Columbus." Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1, net.
- "The Orthodox Eastern Church." Adrian Fortescue, Ph. D., D. D. \$2.25, net.
- "Early Christian Hymns." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$2.
- "The Human Body and Health." Alvin Davison, M. S. 80 cts.
- "The Martyrdom of Father Campion and His Companions." William Cardinal Allen. \$1.25.
- "The Saint of the Eucharist." Father Oswald Staniforth, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.
- "The Son of Siro. A Story of Lazarus." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.50, net.
- "Some Notable Altars." Rev. John Wright, D. D., LL. D. \$6.
- "Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer." Rev. Edward P. Spillane, S. J. \$1.25.
- "Laws of Spiritual Life." B. W. Maturin. \$1.50.
- "The Spiritual Ascent." Gerard of Zutphen. 85 cts., net.
- "Labourers in God's Vineyard." Madame Cecilia. 75 cts.
- "The Meaning of the Mass." Rev. M. J. Griffith, D. D. \$1.
- "Jesus All Good." Father Gallerani, S. J. 50 cts.
- "The Maxims of Madame Swetchine." I. A. Taylor. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Frederick W. Boulton, of the diocese of Birmingham.

Sister Mary Evangelist, of the Order of St. Francis; Sister Catherine and Sister Mary Austin, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Urban Zink, Mrs. Margaret Hubbard, Mr. Matthew F. Walsh, Mr. William Sloan, Mr. John Reilly, Mrs. Mary D. Stanton, Mr. Frank Mullany, Mrs. Mary T. Nelson, Miss Margaret Ray, Mr. Thomas Smith, Mrs. Mary Lyons, Mr. John Rodell, Mr. Harry James, and Mr. Thomas Patterson.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 20, 1909.

NO. 12

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The Exiled Dead.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

THEY sleep where Southern breezes blow—
No bard is left to tell their story,—
Or where the mountains crowned with snow
Shall never lose their virgin glory.

They lie in lone forgotten field
Where tyrants' chains were rent asunder;
And, O wild Ocean, could you yield
The white bones that are scattered under,

You would give back unfinished lives
To her whose widowed heart is broken,—
The vows of lovers, prayers of wives,
Whose last farewells were never spoken

Be mute, ye banished ones who lie
With neither mound nor tomb above you!
The ocean breezes round you sigh,
And God's sweet angels guard and love you.

The Staff of St. Patrick.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

EVERYONE has heard that the Apostle of Ireland banished the serpents from that country with the sacred *Baculus Jesu*, or Staff of Jesus, as the saint's crosier is called in the ancient annals. There are several pious legends in connection with this famous staff, which tradition tells us was carried by our Divine Lord Himself. According to some authorities, it was brought by St. Patrick from Rome when he was appointed by Pope Celestine to

evangelize Ireland. Other accounts maintain that the staff was given to the saint by a hermit from the East, who built his cell on an island in the Tourenian Sea. There he was visited by St. Patrick. The hermit had been prepared for the great apostle's visit by an angel, and it was in obedience to the inspiration of the angel that he gave the sacred staff to his illustrious guest.

But, though tradition differs as to the precise manner in which the sacred staff came into the hands of St. Patrick, all authorities are agreed as to its actual existence. It terminated in an iron spike, which it was the saint's custom to strike into the ground, and support himself upon, while preaching in the open air. And it is said that when St. Patrick baptized Ængus, King of Munster, he accidentally pierced through the King's sandal-covered foot with the spike. Ængus never even winced. Nor was it till the ceremony was over that Patrick, seeing the ground covered with blood, realized what he had done. Upon being asked why he had not cried out, the King answered that he thought the piercing of his foot by the saint's staff was part of the ceremony, and intended to represent, though faintly, the wounds Our Lord had received for man's redemption.

St. Patrick's staff was long preserved amongst the insignia of the See of Armagh, and its possession was popularly believed to give the holder the right to the Primacy. In 1180 it was removed to Christ Church, Dublin, where it remained for nearly four hundred years. To this

day there exists in Westminster Abbey a record, which states that, in the year 1529, "Sir Gerald Macshayne, knight, was sworn upon the Holie Masebook and the great relic of Erlonde, called Baculum Christi, in the presence of Kyng's Deputie, Chancellour, Tresorer and Justice."

For over a thousand years the Irish guarded the sacred staff of St. Patrick as one of their most treasured relics. But in the reign of Henry VIII. it was sacrilegiously destroyed, being burned publicly in Dublin by order of Bishop Brown, the first Protestant archbishop of that city. His lordship wrote to his royal master boasting of the deed. The annals of the time mention the names of many famous relics then destroyed, and make particular allusion to the sacred staff: "They [the English] also burned the image of the illustrious Virgin Mary, which was of Athtruim [Trim], in Meath, . . . also the Staff of Jesus, which was in Dublin, and wrought miracles from the time of St. Patrick to that period, and had been in the hands of Christ when He was among men."

The tradition of the banishment of the serpents from Ireland admits of a figurative as well as of a literal interpretation. Ancient annals frequently speak of the Druids as "serpents." Indeed they were in the habit of alluding to themselves as being "wise as serpents." And it was these human serpents who were the real masters of Ireland at the period of St. Patrick's arrival there. By him—the saint who leant upon the Staff of Jesus—was their power broken forever in Ireland.

The sunburst on the sacred banner of the Milesians, and on other ancient Irish flags, has been supposed by some writers to be connected with the worship of the sun, or fire,—which form of idolatry certainly existed in Ireland at the epoch of St. Patrick's mission. And it was with the Staff of Jesus that the saint overthrew Crom Cruach, the sun-god idol, on the plains of Cavan. That serpent worship, in some form or other, probably also

existed, may be inferred from the frequent use of the serpent as a sacred symbol. The famous Druidical serpent may still be seen in the Tara Brooch, so popularized by reproductions in our own day.

The paganism of the ancient Irish resembled that of the ancient Persians, and was, of all pagan religions, the least contaminated with superstition. It is held to this day by the Parsees, or Ghebirs, who are descended from the ancient Persian stock, and who venerated the trefoil as a sacred plant. In his poem "The Fire-Worshippers," Moore gives many striking examples of the similarity between the religion of the Parsees and the ancient Irish. The Persian fire-worshippers believed in one god, venerating Mithras, or the sun, and fire in any other form, as the most lively symbols of the Divinity.

There were four great pagan festivals in ancient Ireland, taking place at the four sacred seasons of February, May, Midsummer, and November. In November was celebrated the festival of Samhain, or the moon. The Phœnicians adored the Supreme Being under the name of Bel Samen; and even at the present day Irish-speaking peasants will frequently say, in wishing one another good luck: "The blessing of Bel and the blessing of Samhain be with you!" That is to say, the blessing of the sun and of the moon.

The month of May was the most important month of the year in Druidical Ireland. It was then that the Druids lit the Baal-Tinne, or Fire of Baal, the sun-god. The ceremony took place on May eve, and death was the punishment inflicted upon any one who presumed to kindle a fire before the sacred flame blazed forth on Tara hill.

At the period of St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland, the Ard-Ri (or High King) Laori had his court at Tara. On Holy Saturday, when, literally as well as figuratively, all Ireland was wrapped in darkness, the saint and his followers

assembled on the hill of Slane, which could be seen from Tara, and lit the Paschal fire. This bold defiance of the law—for the Baal-Tinne had not been yet enkindled—filled King Laori with indignation and astonishment; and, turning to the chief Druid, he asked what the light meant. "O King," was the prophetic answer, "if the flame lighted on yonder hill be not put out to-night, it will never be quenched in Erin!"

Never has prophecy been more faithfully fulfilled. Even as Moses delivered the children of Israel from the scourge of poisonous serpents, so did Patrick, armed with the sacred Staff of Jesus, deliver his descendants from the slavery of sin, by destroying forever the power of the serpent of Druidism that had spread its deadly poison over fair Innisfail. The sun of paganism set bloodlessly in Ireland; there was not one single martyr, and hardly one opposing voice. And when the glorious sun of Christianity rose over the green island on that first Easter morn, the shamrock was consecrated, without a dissenting murmur, to its original and only worthy object, symbolical of the Adorable Trinity—of Three Divine Persons in one God.

The foregoing may be appropriately supplemented by the following account given in Appendix V. of the Archbishop of Tuam's learned work, "The Life and Writings of St. Patrick":—

Following the chronological order, the earliest writer who refers to the Staff of Jesus is probably the author of the Third Life. He merely states that Patrick, "having set out on his journey to Rome, went to a certain hermit, who dwelt in a certain place; from him Patrick received the staff which had been in the hand of Jesus Christ, our Lord, that, under its guidance or companionship, he might be prosperous in his (missionary) journey; and the staff remains to this day in the city of Armagh, and is called the *Baculus Jesu*, or Staff of Jesus." It will be noticed

that the writer here does not determine in any way the place where the person from whom Patrick received the staff dwelt, beyond saying that he was a hermit dwelling in a certain place.

The Fourth Life goes further, and says that Patrick, on his voyage through the Tyrrhene Sea, "received the Staff of Jesus from a certain youth who dwelt in a certain island, and there had given hospitality to Jesus Christ." It adds, however, that the Lord spoke to Patrick on the mountain, and commanded him to come to Ireland. The "island" and the "youth" are not determined; but the statement of a special command given to Patrick by Our Lord Himself is strikingly borne out by his own words in the Confession, where he says that Christ the Lord commanded him to come to Ireland and spend the rest of his life with his converts in that country.

Jocelyn amplifies these brief accounts, saying that the hermit, or solitary, was one Justus in name and in deed; that he gave to Patrick the staff which the Lord Jesus, who had appeared to him, held in His own hand, and ordered to be given to Patrick as soon as he came to the island. There were other solitaries also, he adds, in the island, some young and some old, but all dwelling apart; the younger hermits told Patrick that they used to give hospitality to all comers, and on one occasion they gave it to a Person who had the staff in His hand, and this Person said, after partaking of their hospitality: "I am Jesus Christ, whose members you have been ministering to, even as now you have done to Myself." Thereupon He gave the staff which He held in His hand to their superior, with instructions to give it to a certain stranger called Patrick, who would come there in later times. Having thus spoken, He ascended into heaven; but He left to them of that generation the gift of perpetual youth in reward of their charity; whilst the peaceful old men whom Patrick saw were their children, who did not enjoy

the same privilege. So Patrick took the staff from the Elder; and, having remained for some days with the holy solitaires, bade them farewell and went on his way rejoicing.

It will be observed here that there is no question of a personal appearance of our Saviour to Patrick, nor any special mandate given to him to preach the Gospel in Ireland. But the Tripartite gives a fuller and, perhaps, more satisfactory explanation than any of the other Lives. According to this venerable authority, Patrick, on his voyage through the Tyrrhene Sea, came to a certain island, and found there a new house, in which a young married couple dwelt; but he saw also an old woman scarcely able to crawl along the ground. The young man then informed him that long ago, when exercising hospitality, they had received Jesus Christ Himself as their guest; that He, in return for their charity, gave them and their house a blessing, which preserved both from decay; but that the blessing was not given to their children, who were not then born. In consequence, the children grew old in the ordinary way; and the old crone whom he saw was the granddaughter of the speaker,—that is, the daughter of his daughter, who was a still older and more decrepit woman.

The staff which our Saviour held in His hands He then gave to the young man, His host, with instructions to keep it safely for a certain stranger who would thereafter visit them, and was the destined apostle of Ireland. And so he offered the staff to Patrick. But Patrick said: "No, I will not take it except the Lord Himself confirms this donation as His own." He then spent three days with them; and thereafter he came to the mountain called Hermon, where the Lord Himself condescended to appear to him, and commanded him to preach the Gospel to the Irish people, and at the same time gave him the staff, which is "now everywhere called the Staff of Jesus," to be his stay in weakness and his defence in adversity. Then

follows a long catalogue of all the wonders which Patrick had accomplished during his missionary career by the instrumentality of the Staff of Jesus. So far the Lives.

Now, it appears to us the one strong point in this narrative—for it is substantially one narrative—is that the special mission from our Saviour Jesus Christ referred to as given to Patrick, directly or indirectly, is confirmed by his own language in the Confession; for that language undoubtedly implies an immediate supernatural mission from his Divine Master. He who admits this will have little difficulty in admitting that Our Lord would at the same time, and naturally, as it were, give him a crosier to be a proof of that mission; for the crosier is the symbol of episcopal authority. And if the mission was thus extraordinary and supernatural, we might naturally expect that the crosier, too, would be given in a supernatural way. Such, at least, was the belief in Ireland down to the time of Henry VIII.; for all the authorities admit that the staff was held in the highest veneration, and all without exception call it the Staff of Jesus,—many of them, too, explaining the origin of the name.

THE ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a non-believer for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts, because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because nuns were unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colors and gay with gold; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't: it is moving toward the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train.

—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIII.

It was three weeks later that Desmond sat one morning before the bright library fire—for, as the season advanced, the mornings grew frosty,—glancing over a newspaper which had arrived in the mail that reached Hillcrest before breakfast. During these three weeks he had found it very pleasant to drop into the position of the son of the house, to enjoy the easy social life and customs of the country, to go shooting with Bobby Selwyn (only the day before they had been out all day on one of the remote parts of the plantation), to realize more and more how delightful Edith Creighton was; and also to understand (helped thereto, perhaps, by Selwyn's hints) that nothing was nearer his uncle's heart than the hope that he would fall in love with the charming girl, and that the desirable and obvious thing (evidently expected by everyone) of their marriage would result.

He fancied, from an amused gleam in her eyes now and then, that Edith perceived this as clearly as himself; but if so, she did not allow it to introduce the least element of constraint into their association, which was as frank and agreeable as possible. They were almost constantly together; and he was now waiting for her to get into her habit, while the horses, ordered when they left the breakfast table, were brought out, in order that they might ride in the lovely autumn morning to an outlying farm of the estate, where a tenant was to be seen on behalf of his uncle. Already the stamping of the horses on the gravel outside had reached his ear; and when the door suddenly opened, he looked up, expecting to see Edith's graceful figure. Instead, Mrs. Creighton entered hurriedly.

"Laurence," she said, in a tone as

hurried as her movements, "I am anxious about your uncle!"

Desmond stared at her in surprise; for it had not been many minutes since he had left her at breakfast, as serene and cheerful as usual; yet she now appeared more disturbed in manner, and apparently in mind, than he had ever before seen her.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, starting quickly to his feet. "What has occurred to make you anxious about him?"

"Something which Virgil has just told me," she answered. "You know his mail is always sent up on his breakfast tray, and Virgil says that this morning there was a letter which seemed to disturb him very much. After reading it, he scarcely touched his breakfast; in Virgil's words, 'just sat staring at the letter,' and did not answer when he spoke to him. Of course it may have been merely preoccupation of mind, but I can't help fearing—"

"Another stroke?"

"Yes. The doctors have warned me that any mental agitation might bring one on. And what *could* have been in that letter?"

Feeling himself unable to conjecture, Desmond made a practical suggestion.

"Why not go and find out?" he asked.

"I was wondering if perhaps it would be well for you to go," she suggested in reply.

"I think not," he returned. "It strikes me that it would be altogether better for you to see him."

"Then I'll go," she said. But, nevertheless, she lingered, handling nervously various small articles on the mantel-shelf by which she stood. "I can't imagine who could have written anything to upset him so much," she reflected aloud. "His business affairs are all in perfect order, so far as I know; and it couldn't possibly be anything about the old trouble."

"Are you sure of that?" Desmond asked. Standing on the other side of the fireplace, he glanced into the over-mantel mirror as he spoke, and met her eyes.

Struck by the deepening of their troubled expression, he added quickly: "Don't you really think that, instead of worrying yourself with conjectures, it would be better to go at once and learn what is the matter?"

"Yes; I am going now," she replied hastily. She turned toward the door, but paused before reaching it and looked back at him, as if struck by a sudden recollection. "There was a telephone call for you yesterday from the Catholic priest in Kingsford," she said. "When told that you were absent, he asked that you would call him up on your return. I forgot to give you the message when you came in last evening."

"Thanks for remembering to give it now!" Desmond said. "I don't suppose the matter is of importance, but I'll call him up without further delay."

They left the room together; and while Mrs. Creighton went upstairs, Desmond took down the receiver of the telephone in the hall. He got the priest's house almost immediately, and Father Martin's voice answered the summons.

"This is Desmond, Father," he said then. "I was absent yesterday, so missed your call, and have just heard that you asked me to call you up on my return. I'm very sorry for the delay, but hope it hasn't mattered."

"I hope so too," the priest's deep, quiet tones replied; "but I am not sure. I was very anxious to communicate with you yesterday; and, since my message was urgently expressed, I thought I should certainly hear from you in the course of the day or evening. I was expecting a call up to midnight."

Desmond felt distinctly startled. It was again the voice—that strangely expressive, disembodied voice of the telephone—which told more than the words. Yet the words were significant enough; for clearly it *was* a matter of importance which had kept the priest waiting and hoping to hear from him up to midnight.

"I'm extremely sorry," he repeated; "but, as I've already mentioned, I received your message only a minute ago. What did you wish to say to me?"

"I wished," Father Martin answered, "to communicate some information which concerns you in a certain degree. It is about that man—Tracy, you know—"

"Oh, about Tracy! You've learned something, and it concerns me?"

"Indirectly, yes. But in a more direct manner it concerns—another—another person. I wished to ask your advice about the best way to communicate with that person. I regret now that I did not wait longer. But, since I did not hear from you, and since I understood that your absence might be of indefinite duration, I mailed a letter late last night."

Desmond was conscious of growing cold. An instinct amounting to a certainty was in his mind as he asked:

"To whom was the letter addressed?"

"It was addressed to Judge Wargrave," the grave tones replied; "but when the mail is delivered at the house, you can, if you like, withhold it from him until I see and talk to you."

Even over the telephone the groan which responded was audible.

"It is too late!" the young man said. "The letter has already been given to him. But I will see you as soon as possible, and—excuse me! I must go. Good-bye!"

It was necessary to close the conversation in this abrupt fashion; for Mrs. Creighton was calling him from the upper gallery, with a note of unmistakable panic in her voice.

"Laurence!—O Laurence!" she cried.

"Yes, Aunt Rachel, I'm coming!" he answered, as he flung the receiver into its holder and dashed for the staircase.

Hearing the cry, Edith came flying from her chamber, which opened on the gallery; and together they ran to where Mrs. Creighton was standing, with pale face and startled eyes.

"It is as I feared!" she exclaimed when they reached her. "He has had another stroke,—he is unconscious!"

"Then the first thing to do is to get the doctor," Desmond said quickly. "I'll go and telephone for him."

"No, no!" Mrs. Creighton caught his arm as he was turning to run downstairs. "You must come with me. Edith, go and call Dr. Glynn. Beg him to come *instantly*."

While Edith flew to obey the order, Desmond found himself led—for his aunt kept fast hold of his arm—toward his uncle's apartment.

"I want you here before we call any one else," she told him agitatedly.

A moment later they were entering the large, pleasant room with which by this time Desmond had become very familiar; for of late he had spent several hours every day there, talking, reading aloud, or playing cribbage with the old man, who seemed to find constantly increasing pleasure in his companionship. But instead of the alert, intellectual personality he had learned to know so well, there was now a motionless figure lying back in the great winged chair, with eyes closed, face flushed, and breathing distinctly stertorous.

"So I found him," Mrs. Creighton whispered, although aware that she might have shouted vainly in the unconscious ear. "I tried to rouse him; but when I couldn't succeed, I knew what had happened, and I ran and called you. Speak to him! See if *you* can make him hear."

Notwithstanding his conviction of the futility of the effort, Desmond spoke to the silent figure again and yet again. Then he looked at his aunt and shook his head.

"It is useless," he said. "We can not rouse him."

"And this is what has done it!" she said, pointing to an open letter which the nerveless fingers still held. "It is why I wanted you to come before any

one else. Do you think we should read this letter?"

Desmond hesitated an instant before answering. If he had known no more about the letter than Mrs. Creighton knew, he would probably have said that it was advisable to read it, not only in order to learn what had produced such an effect, but also to discover if it contained any matter which demanded attention from Judge Wargrave's family or legal adviser. But since they had talked in the library, hardly a quarter of an hour before, he had learned enough about the letter to make him feel disinclined to touch it; and in his mind the thought rapidly formulated: "I had better see Father Martin before looking at it myself, or allowing any one else to do so." Aloud, he said:

"I don't think that we should read it now. Later it may become a duty to do so; but, until the doctor has seen my uncle, we don't know how serious this attack may be. If it is not serious, if he rallies as he did before, he might consider that we had taken a liberty in reading something which may be altogether private and personal."

"You are right," Mrs. Creighton agreed. "That is my feeling also; for he has never permitted any one to take liberties with his private affairs. We had better, therefore, just put it away. Will you take it from him?"

But when Desmond attempted to draw the paper from the hand which held it, a strange thing happened. Judge Wargrave's eyes opened, an angry light flashed through their dull, glazed expression, and an inarticulate murmur of protest came from his lips. Then, evidently recognizing the face that bent over him, his expression changed; there was another inarticulate murmur, but in a different tone, and the grasp of the hand relaxed, permitting the letter to be drawn away, after which the eyes closed again.

"He knew you!" Mrs. Creighton cried. "And since it was you, he was willing for

you to take the letter. Perhaps he wanted you to read it."

"I hardly think so," Desmond answered. "I fancy that he simply felt it would be safe with me. So for the present this is what we will do with it." He folded the sheet of paper, slipped it into its envelope which lay on the open desk near by, and placed it in a small drawer below the pigeonholes. He then closed and locked the desk. "What shall I do with the key?" he asked, glancing at his aunt.

She pointed to a lower drawer.

"That is where he always keeps it," she said.

It was as Desmond opened the drawer and dropped the key into it, that Edith entered the room.

"I was lucky enough to catch Dr. Glynn at his office," she said; "and he is coming out immediately. How is Uncle George? Ah"—as she saw the motionless figure in the great chair,—“it is just such a seizure as the other! Can you rouse him at all? Does he know any one?"

"He seemed to know Laurence a moment ago," Mrs. Creighton answered; "but it was only a gleam of consciousness. Try if you can rouse him."

But Edith tried in vain. Although she laid her soft hand on the Judge's brow, smoothing back the silvery, silken hair, and called his name in her most caressing tones, there was not the faintest sign of consciousness; and Desmond felt quite sure that nothing short of his touch upon the letter could have stirred a chord of the dormant brain.

When Dr. Glynn arrived a little later, heard the details of the seizure and examined the patient, he looked very grave.

"There has been a shock which has produced another cerebral hemorrhage," he said. "What will be the result, it is impossible to tell. It seems too much to hope that a man of Judge Wargrave's age can rally again as he rallied from the other stroke. He may recover to some degree, but I fear that he will never be himself again. Meanwhile he needs very careful

attention, and I would suggest a trained nurse for him."

It was the natural, one might almost say the inevitable, suggestion of the present time; but, nevertheless, Desmond started as he heard it. For it made him once more recall the railway wreck, and how he had then asked Hester Landon if she would be willing to take a private case should she be requested to do so. His uncle had, of course, been in his mind when he asked the question; and, natural as this also was, it seemed to him now another strange link in the sequence of events which connected the master of Hillcrest with that tragic occasion. He had a sudden, vivid picture of the unconscious figure of the man who lay dying on the ground, with the priest and himself standing over him,—a picture which was a companion to that of the other unconscious figure lying back in a chair, with a letter in its fingers. He remembered what he had said to the nurse when he saw her last: of the mysterious manner in which we act blindly upon each other in this mysterious life. And then he paused, wondering, yet feeling sure, what would come next.

It was Mrs. Creighton who was speaking. "Whatever you think best, Doctor," she said; "but we managed very well before, you know."

"The Judge rallied in a surprising manner and in a surprisingly short time before," the Doctor answered. "This is a more serious attack, and I shall be better satisfied if I know that the case is in the hands of a professional nurse."

"Can you, then, send us a nurse from the hospital?" Mrs. Creighton asked.

"From the hospital? No," Dr. Glynn replied. "We have no nurses to send out. But there chances to be in Kingsford just now a young woman who is one of the best nurses I have ever met with. She is Miss Landon,—the heroine of the railway wreck, you remember?" he added, glancing at Desmond.

"I remember extremely well," Desmond

responded; while he said to himself that the manner in which things proceeded, as if in a prearranged drama, was positively ridiculous. "I am sure that whoever secures Miss Landon's services will be fortunate," he went on. "But is she not at your hospital?"

"Not at present," the Doctor replied. "On the recovery of the patient of whom she was in charge about a week ago, she left the hospital (although we should have been glad to keep her) and went away—to Baltimore, I believe. But she has returned to Kingsford; for I met her on the street only yesterday, and she told me that she expects to remain for some time. So it is possible that I may be able to get her for you. Shall I endeavor to do so?"

"If you please," Mrs. Creighton, to whom the question was addressed, replied; "although I don't know what Virgil will think of finding himself supplanted."

"Oh, Virgil will not be supplanted!" Dr. Glynn assured her. "He will have as much to do for the Judge as ever, but you and Miss Edith will not have such demands upon your time and strength as you had before."

"So far as I am concerned, I have no desire to be relieved of the demands," Edith said; "but I am aware that a trained nurse will be able to do things much better than I can, and I suppose one must be modern at all costs. But what Uncle George will think, if he ever recovers enough to be aware of this modern invasion, is what I don't know."

"Sufficient to the day is the — er — difficulty thereof," the Doctor returned. "And, in order that our dear old friend may have a chance to recover, he must have the best attention of every kind. I think he will be quite satisfied with what we have done, if he is spared to come to himself again."

"I am sure of it, Doctor," Mrs. Creighton said: "So kindly let us know as soon as possible if the nurse of whom you have spoken can come."

A few minutes later, when Dr. Glynn was stepping into his carriage, Desmond, who had gone out with him, said:

"I shall be much obliged if you will give me Miss Landon's address, Doctor. I am going into Kingsford immediately on a matter of business, and I should like to see her personally, and tell her how glad we shall be if she will come."

The Doctor drew out his note-book.

"I took down her address when I met her yesterday," he said. "She is at Mrs. Gray's boarding-house, 29 East Broad Street. But, unless you wish to do so, you need not trouble to see her; for I am going directly to her, and I will promptly telephone Mrs. Creighton if she can come, as I have little doubt but that she can."

It was probably the instinct which had so curiously developed in him lately which made Desmond feel that there was doubt nevertheless, though he did not say so.

"I infer that you think the case very serious," he remarked.

"Why, yes," Dr. Glynn answered. "A second seizure of this kind in a man of Judge Wargrave's years could not be other than extremely serious. I doubt if he will ever recover consciousness again. If he does, he will most probably have lost the power of speech altogether." He paused a moment. "It was very unfortunate that the letter which produced this condition should have been allowed to reach him," he said.

"Most unfortunate," Desmond agreed. "But, since no one has exercised any surveillance over his mail, it would have been difficult to prevent its reaching him."

"Hum!" The Doctor cleared his throat significantly. "If anything of this kind was to have been feared, there should have been some surveillance," he commented. "There has evidently been a great shock. I am an old friend of Judge Wargrave, as well as his physician," he broke off abruptly; "so I don't think

that I intrude in asking what the letter contained."

"We do not know," Desmond replied, with a sense of gratitude for the impulse which had led him to decide as he did about the letter. "Neither my aunt nor myself felt that we had a right to read it."

Dr. Glynn lifted his eyebrows, evidently much surprised.

"I should not have been so scrupulous," he said, a little dryly. "It may contain something which you should know; and I fear that the Judge will never be in a condition to attend to business of any kind again."

"In that case, we will of course examine it," Desmond said. "But for the present we have simply laid it aside. If my uncle recovers sufficiently to ask for it—"

The Doctor shook his head as he stepped into his carriage.

"There is nothing more unlikely than that he will ever even remember it," he said.

(To be continued.)

The Five Wounds.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S. J.

YE five red jewels of peerless light
That blaze before the Father's throne,
God's gift to God, to set aright

The wrong our wretched flesh hath done;
O Jesus' Wounds, O Wounds adored,
Be ye my ransom with the Lord!

Ye five bright flowers, ye red and fair,
That bloom where spear and nails were driven,
Whose odored sweets, past all compare,
Make faint the mighty host of heaven;
One breath I pray of fragrancy,
To make the earth seem vile to me!

Ye five bright fires that flame and glow
On Jesus' hands and side and breast,
And ruddy beams of gladness throw
On all the legions of the blest;
One flame, one spark of fire divine,
To light this arid heart of mine!

An American Bishop.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

TRAVELLERS, remember the city of Rochester, N. Y., thirty odd years back as a railway junction, most inconvenient in its location and outfit, where they changed cars at all hours of the night for the insignificant city of Buffalo or the famous Niagara Falls. To-day it is a handsome city, commercially important, and owns a most successful and effective school for the training of the Catholic clergy. Its most eminent citizen for the past thirty years was Bishop Bernard McQuaid, whose fame became international and brought to Rochester the notice of the general world. His positive character and positive utterances on public questions, his famous seminary, his school system, his vineyards for making pure altar wines, his fight for the rights of Catholic citizens, and his quarrels with eminent personages, made Rochester more notable than all its other activities combined. Of this fact no one save the observant few in the city by the Genesee seems to be cognizant. The simple phrase, "the Bishop of Rochester," meant more to the select circles of human life everywhere than many more popular names in America.

His personality, however, was somewhat obscured from his own people by its defects and its exterior. He repelled as often as he attracted by the austere dignity of his manner. If his fancy was caught by a visitor, he might overwhelm him with attentions, with descriptions of his work in Rochester, and with a round of visits to his institutions; or he might sit up till midnight discussing important and interesting questions. One could not tell just what he would do, either in dispute or in amicable discussion, as a guest or a host; and, as time and reputation lifted him above his generation, he stood in that sad solitude of greatness,

which is both penalty and reward. Only children and old friends broke in on it, to find him simple, lonely, unbending, humorous,—just an old man of immense determination, fighting his battles over again, lovable and imperious to the last. He was not an artist in his temperament, although a splendid and emotional speaker; knowing nothing of the delicate variations and gradations of color, of light and shade, of atmosphere. He was a moralist. For him the door was either open or shut, and he had only a cold eye for the temperament which hesitated in deciding that point.

Last June I paid him a visit for the purpose of seeing his famous seminary, and also of hearing his own account of the great work. It was the bond of understanding and sympathy between us; for to me had fallen the task of describing an ideal American seminary, and to him the greater task of realizing the ideal. We had labored in ignorance of each other's work; the seminary having been opened in 1893, and "The Training of a Priest" having been published three years later. He had replied to the caustic criticism directed at the book, and often declared that his seminary illustrated the possibility and the need of the ideal. Mistrust and suspicion greeted his remarks and his labors, because no one believed a great work could be done in Rochester. He was puzzled to account for the coincidence that a young man in the city should have written out a scheme of training which long experience, observation, and study had evolved for him on the mission.

For the first time we came together to compare notes. It had been a very hot day, relieved in the afternoon by a thunder-shower of great violence. The old Bishop met me at the depot and conducted me to his carriage. He looked very aged and feeble, for him; but carried himself with the oldtime dignity, refusing all aid, and even resenting the suggestion. We were to spend the night in the seminary, which lay on the north border of the city.

On the front seat of the open coach lay a violin case.

"It is pretty hard to keep up with you, Bishop," said I. "Have you taken to the fiddle in your old age?"

"Well, I blew my own trumpet loud enough and long enough," he answered, with a laugh at the suggestion, "to be entitled now to a quieter instrument. However, I don't want any one to see that fiddle, to add to other reports about my old age. To relieve any fears you may have of this sort of entertainment, let me say that this is a borrowed violin. A Filipino student, who must spend his vacation at St. Bernard's, expressed a wish for such an instrument. I have borrowed it for him."

We spent the evening in quiet conversation. Many dreaded a *tête-à-tête* with the Bishop, chiefly because he made it a monologue of indefinite length; for time never seemed to be a factor in his talk or his labors. But I was there to hear just such a monologue, and to provoke his characteristic opinions, reckoning on midnight as the close of the conference. Age and a touch of rheumatism had so enfeebled him, however, that he was forced to excuse himself at nine.

We met again the next morning at breakfast, in the seminary dining-rooms, the most homelike I had ever seen. In fact, the entire institution is so managed as to diminish the usual effect of bleakness, and to combine in it the neatness and color of a summer hotel with the simple dignity of a seminary. The Bishop walked through the new and the old building all morning, explaining improvements and alterations; he tarried long in the library, which has many rare and beautiful publications; he went up and down stairs of all kinds in all conditions, where footing was insecure, and even threatened to climb ladders; he talked continuously, explaining everything,—form, color, material, method, the ventilation, the heat, the lighting; all was more familiar to him than to most builders. He manufactured

his own bricks, of cement, and turned out a million last year. The mere making was simple enough after the mixture of sand and cement had been made.

"The great difficulty," said he, "is to get the right sort of sand, which only an expert can discover. Fortunately, a bed of it was discovered right here on the farm."

I saw the sand quarry and examined the quality, but it seemed to me the same as any other. We watched the workman turning out the bricks, and examined the tiling for floors, ceilings, cornices and sills, which the Bishop also manufactured.

"In this business good water is a necessity; and I found that, too, in this place by means of the divining rod," said he.

"The divining rod!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, that always struck me as a bit of superstition."

"It is a natural fact," he answered quietly; but I saw by his expression that my astonishment was expected, and that it tickled him to give me such a surprise.

"I remember reading in a recent cyclopedia that scientific men reject the divining rod."

"The rod does its work just the same. Take any green branch, forked, young and sappy—I use the peach,—hold it firmly and walk about in places where there is some chance of finding water. At the right spot the long stem of the rod will bend inward and downward,—that is, first toward you and then toward the ground where lies the hidden spring. Thus have I more than once found good water. No one seems able to explain the thing, but there is the experience."

Having completed the examination of the seminary, we drove through the diocesan cemetery, which lies a short distance off,—a beautifully ordered place, in which the Bishop's body is now buried. As we travelled along I learned all the details of managing a good cemetery,—a matter not too highly esteemed among American Catholics, whose burial-places are too often eyesores in a landscape. The Bishop showed me a tree growing

in one place—I forget the name and species,—of which he was very proud, as it remained the only example of its kind in this country, all the imported specimens having withered.

On our way back to the city, we paid a brief visit to a training school for teaching nuns, where an examination was going on. The institution has been in operation several years, has trained the large and successful community of the Sisters of St. Joseph, is open to the nuns of all communities, and provides the latest good methods of school management and teaching the young. In this matter the Bishop was as much at home as in the details of building, burying, and seminary training. He had learned all that could be learned of each business which his position required him to manage. He talked and walked and explained from breakfast to noon, showing no fatigue.

"What will you do next?" said I.

"Nothing," he replied. "I am now at my last days, but I am keeping to myself the fact that I know it. One must not die too soon in the public estimation. I am just fussing about, but not doing anything."

"I have my doubts that you are near the end," said I. "But if you really are, I can give you a recipe that will lengthen your years by ten."

"I would not accept it; but let us hear this wonderful recipe."

"Have yourself made an archbishop."

"I do not see the joke."

"Have you ever observed that a newly-made bishop, whatever his previous physical condition, becomes after consecration the picture of health and vigor, and increases in both for a decade?"

"I have not observed it, yet it may be so."

"And, by consequence, if you were made an archbishop, and later a cardinal, your life might flow on, like Tennyson's brook, indefinitely."

He enjoyed this badinage, and told stories which illustrated my theory.

In the afternoon we drove about the city,

viewing its clerical side; and he described his early struggles, drew portraits of notable priests and laymen, and gave his reasons for various undertakings. To give the conversation in detail would be to describe the history of the Catholic Church in New York from 1835. It had the color and even the extravagance of a fairy tale, so much of it seemed impossible before the event. At one point we saw the city reservoir, from which spouted a column of beautiful water, white and green by turns. It came from Hemlock Lake, thirty miles away, where the Bishop had his vineyards; and this launched him upon the subject of altar wines, and the making of true wine. Here again he showed the same mastery of detail, the same patient determination to succeed, as in all his other enterprises. It seemed wonderful that one man, even in a long life, could master so many things and secure so many experiences. In preparing for his schemes, he went to the last point of knowledge and experience.

Invariably I relieved the tension of a long discourse by a humorous sally or suggestion. His humor was saturnine rather than fanciful, but he had a keen appreciation of the latter.

"Your scheme of education is very fine," I said at one point; "but it is incomplete in this, that you have given us no method and founded no school for the training of bishops."

"Leave the clergy to do that in their own incomparable way," he said, with a broad grin.

"In the school of experience?"

"Of course. But your question reflects on the episcopate. Do you mean that the bishops need special training?"

"Do they not?" I said softly, and his eyes twinkled. "Perhaps, in place of needing special training, I should have said special warnings. For example, in this country, where democracy prevails to a considerable extent, the relations of bishop and priest are too formal. You must have noticed the hush that falls on

a group of priests when a bishop enters. All spontaneity vanishes and they are stilted, even uneasy, till he departs. It is a strain to entertain him at any time, he is so far away from them in dignity and feeling. You should know that, for you are a conspicuous illustration; and sometimes I have thought, watching you from a distance, that you rather enjoyed your remoteness from the clergy."

"No, no!" he answered earnestly, but laughing.

"As a consequence of this thing, there usually begins for the bishop an isolation of which he is not always aware, and for the priests a humility which is not always a virtue. In time he becomes too cold, dominant, even domineering; and they become too polite, too remote, or too flattering. When misunderstandings follow, the emotions aroused are too bitter and their effects too long."

He reflected rather grimly for a few moments. He may have understood that I described his own case, but he did not care to discuss the charge with an admirer like myself; for he said, smilingly:

"When you become a bishop, you will understand these things better."

After the ride about the city, we had an hour's rest until supper, when the talk began again with the same vigor as in the morning. I fortified myself for a midnight session; for his monologue had all the charm of a revelation. The history of the past spoke in living tones from him who had been a great part of it, and contemporaneous history put on a new complexion. But toward nine o'clock a sudden fatigue came on him; the firm voice failed and his interest flagged; his erect attitude drooped; and I hastened to make my excuses. He admitted his weariness.

"Here is where I am really an old man," he said sadly.

Thirteen hours of entertainment and labor fairly justified fatigue for the young man as well as the old. He had talked for ten hours so pointedly that every

word might have been printed as it was uttered. One could hardly believe his own story of his delicate youth. He had suffered from hemorrhages at seventeen; had to adopt a rule of hygiene to keep life in his body; and planted a garden in the old college at Chambly, Canada, which supplied the table with vegetables, in order to keep himself in the open.

We resumed our chat the next morning at breakfast, and the Bishop was ready to fight his battles over again for another day. Business matters interfered; but in a session of two hours we travelled easily over the main events of his life,—the conditions of college and seminary in early days; the character of the early priests; the labor of the missions; the success of Seton Hall College, over which he had presided; the struggle in the State of New York to get freedom of worship in public institutions; the gradual growth of religion in Rochester diocese, and also in the whole country.

"It was Archbishop Wood," he said among other things, "who called attention, in the hard financial way peculiar to himself, to the condition of the seminaries. He did it by a simple but effective comparison. He was of opinion, he said, that students for the priesthood should be as well housed and as well fed as the orphans of the diocese. So he built Overbrook. No one protested."

The smile on the Bishop's face, when he could tell a story of this character, was worth the record of an imperishable painting. All his answers showed what a delightful book he could have written on the dead past. But to my suggestion he replied:

"Am I not already notorious for my trumpet-blowing? And would you have me nail posterity with dull memoirs?"

They would be anything but dull, such memoirs.

The end of my visit was connected with a peculiar incident. Business had engaged me for a while elsewhere, and I returned at the close of a very hot after-

noon. Rheumatism and general weakness had confined the Bishop that day to his apartments, and he could not eat. When I paid my respects after supper, he was sitting upright in his office-chair, the picture of grim endurance and desolation. Every window in the room was closed, lest a draught of air should aggravate the rheumatism and the pain. It would have taken the life out of a healthy young man to stand the hot room ten minutes. He greeted me weakly, and signed me to sit down. I gave him a description of various matters, to which he listened with interest. In five minutes he began to talk; in half an hour he felt like eating a little supper, which he did; and for the rest of the evening he was himself again. It gave me the impression that talking to an interested listener acted like a tonic on this venerable old worker, whose day was over, and whose last recreation was to live again in the recital of his splendid labors.

Our parting the next morning was final, for I was never to see him again; and my regret that I had not known him sooner was mingled with sorrow that the world also remained ignorant of the noble personality, the strenuous worker, the splendid force which it possessed in this man. Like all his kind—forceful, positive, original, practical, and ahead of his time,—he stood alone, regarded rather with cold admiration than with sympathetic understanding. The fault is not all his nor all ours. The leader must condescend if the crowd is to ascend to him. Such a man is apt to resent the supercilious and vacuous but biting criticism of the time, and withdraws into his inner court from the gaze of the interested multitude. He forgets that they need to be instructed in his plans and methods, with patience and infinite repetition, as children. He makes the mistake of rating their intelligence too high, and they the mistake of taking his reserve and modesty for coldness and pride.

Looking over at leisure the work of

Bishop McQuaid, his principle and his method come clearly into view. He was a creator by instinct, aiming to do all things out of the rude material close at hand; he formulated his own methods, and with true artistic spirit he aimed at the highest and best. Rochester had to produce its own material for priesthood, teaching community, school, college, convent and seminary; it had to make the bricks and tiles, out of its own sand and water, for its own buildings; it had to provide the money for all its good works. Before the outer world was called on, all its resources had to be exhausted; in each department, the form and the results had to be of the highest order possible. The result surprised not only the world, but the Bishop himself; for the diocese of Rochester became a model. This may not yet have been perceived by those interested. The Bishop himself did not quite gauge the result achieved at St. Bernard's Seminary. He thought his seminary the best diocesan seminary in the world, until I pointed out to him that it was no longer a diocesan seminary, but a model institution; *sui generis*; American like himself in substance and expression, as high as the times permitted it to reach.

All this praise will be easily discounted by the quiet criticism of neighbors and contemporaries. The people who live near a mountain—say, at its feet—never see it; but they silence the most vigorous opponent with the plain statement, "I live there." In the history of education, in the administration of his diocese, in his influence upon his times, Bishop Bernard McQuaid will appear a century hence a noble peak in the Catholic range of mountains.

The Shamrock.

SPRUNG from a vanished hour
Of sun and shower,
You bore a people's faith,—
A fadeless flower.

C. I. O'D.

At the St. Jean Baptiste.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

AFTER his interview with Aurore, Toussaint went about amongst the young girls in his usual manner, saying nicer things than ever. They were naturally triumphant, supposing that he had soon tired of that "pale and dowdy girl" who had so little to say for herself, and who had grown old before her time with the care of all those big brothers.

Aurore's father, driving up with his horse and wagon—the latter spacious enough to contain all the sons, who climbed up behind him and Aurore,—espied Toussaint amongst a bevy of girls, and called out:

"Aha, my brave *garçon*, there you are amongst the girls! Your name should have been 'L'Amour' [Love] instead of 'La Mort' [Death]."

At this witticism there was a boisterous laugh from the various groups of swains who lacked Toussaint's advantages.

When he had whipped up his horses and driven away, leaving a cloud of dust for the next vehicle, Aurore's father remarked, with a shade of thought on his careless brow:

"He's a good fellow, that Toussaint, and the girl will be lucky whom he chooses at the St. Jean Baptiste."

Aurore said nothing but looked straight in front of her. It was not until dinner was over, and her father sat smoking under the broad eaves covering their gallery, that she told him of Toussaint's invitation, and asked leave to accept it.

"How is that, my girl?" he cried, laying down his pipe in his astonishment. "Toussaint has not been courting you?"

"No, father," the girl truthfully replied.

"And yet he asked you to drive upon the St. Jean Baptiste, when the people are sure to talk, and when a man does not do anything rashly!"

He looked keenly at Aurore, though he scarcely suspected her of concealing anything from him.

"It would be a fine settlement for you, my girl," he said reflectively; "though I should be sorry to lose you."

The tears rushed to Aurore's eyes.

"Father," she said earnestly, "it can not be. Never will I marry a man whose name causes me to shudder."

The father laughed long and loud, though perhaps he was not altogether ill pleased with her decision. Awaking, however, to a sense of parental obligation, he remonstrated gravely:

"You are wrong, my child. It is not common-sense to refuse, for such a reason, a good man, and one who has wealth besides. Anyway, if you are resolved not to marry him, you should not have promised to drive with him upon the St. Jean Baptiste."

Aurore had forgotten the significance locally attached to that festival. It had not occurred to her when, in her anxiety to avoid a more conspicuous occasion, she had so rashly accepted the invitation.

"Then I will not go. When the carriage comes I will make an excuse."

"I forbid you to do such a thing!" cried the father, more sternly than he had ever before spoken to his idolized daughter. "Toussaint is my friend, he has obliged me many times, and I will not permit him to be offended."

Aurore, like nearly all the young people of that village, was accustomed to implicit obedience. She never even dreamed of disputing her father's positively expressed command. When, therefore, she came down a few minutes later, her costume completed by a very simple hat, and sat down meekly to wait for the carriage, her father exclaimed jestingly:

"If L'Amour has conquered La Mort, who knows but that he may be able to persuade you to take one with the other?"

But Aurore obstinately set her lips, and vowed within herself that nothing would ever make her do so.

A few seconds before the appointed hour, Toussaint drove up to the door in a handsome wagonette that he had bought from the seigneur, and Aurore's father remarked upon the beauty of the horse. On pretence of making her take an extra wrap, for the sky began to look cloudy, the father got rid of Aurore for a moment; then he said to Toussaint:

"What is this, my boy? Why did you choose to-day to take my little girl for a drive?"

"Because it *was* to-day," said Toussaint, boldly (he had no fear at all of any man), "and because I have long wished to make her my wife."

"Did she know of that?" asked the father, gravely.

"I have never spoken a word," answered the other; "for, you see, I am more afraid of Aurore than of a battalion of soldiers."

Again the father laughed.

"You will soon get over that," he predicted. "But I think it as well to tell you that my girl will not consent."

Poor Toussaint was all a-tremble, although he could scarcely bring himself to ask why.

"Is there some one else?" he exclaimed at last.

"She has scarcely ever spoken to a man except her brothers," declared the father. "It is because she is a fool, and does not like your name."

Aurore appeared at that moment, and the conversation came to an end. There was nothing to be done but to help the girl into the carriage; and, with a nod to the father, Toussaint drove away down the dusty road, turning presently into one that was more shady. At many farmhouse doors people called out salutations, barely concealing their astonishment; while tongues were let loose almost before the pair had vanished out of sight. Aurore bitterly repented her complaisance. She realized what this outing must signify, since Toussaint had never been known to drive any girl before. She sat, therefore, pale, silent, and constrained;

while Toussaint could not find a word to say.

He drove her, of set purpose, past his own house, taking a short cut through the farm, past the orchard and the maple trees, that yielded so many a dollar yearly. The sight of that fair domain gave its owner courage, especially as he knew that Aurore had been probably appraising everything as they passed; for she was a proficient in household economy and wise in the lore of the country.

"It is a good property, is it not?" he ventured to inquire.

Aurore briefly assented.

"It all belongs to me," the suitor continued. "There is no mortgage. The house, too, as you see," and he waved his whip in that direction, "is a very comfortable one, and it wants only one thing."

"What is that?" Aurore asked, abstractedly, feeling that she was expected to speak.

"A mistress."

"And that will not be hard to find," she replied, with an uncomfortable laugh. "In the parish there are many girls—"

"Yes," interrupted Toussaint, "there are many girls, and fine ones too; but there is one only whom I want."

Aurore stiffened; and, in the face of her discouraging silence, Toussaint, who had now taken his courage in his hands, proceeded:

"You must know, Ma'amselle Aurore, that it is yourself, and no other, whom I adore and whom I wish to marry."

For a moment the girl's heart bounded with a curious exultation. All the damsels in the parish wanted this man, and hitherto he had been considered indifferent to them all. By saying one little monosyllable, she could have that house, those fertile meadows, that orchard and the maple grove, horses and cattle, and—and this man himself, who was not ill looking, who had a frank, open manner that was pleasing, and an excellent reputation. But, oh, there was that odious condition attached to it all! She would

have to be called "Madame La Mort," which was a thing not to be considered.

Toussaint waited patiently for her answer, his honest face a shade or two paler than usual. At last Aurore spoke:

"I am not thinking of marriage."

"But what, then?" asked the suitor, in dismay. "You do not wish to enter the convent?"

Aurore smiled, then answered demurely:

"The Sisters said I had no vocation."

Toussaint breathed more freely.

"Then you do not wish to remain as you are?" he went on.

"I have much to do at home. I have my father and the boys."

"But do you not see that the boys are nearly grown up, and will not be long in finding wives; and your father can not live always?"

The tears came to Aurore's eyes.

"You are cruel!" she cried.

"Cruel!" exclaimed the poor suitor, in great distress. "Why, Ma'amselle, I would go through fire and water rather than that you should hurt your little finger."

"If the time you speak of comes, if I outlive my father," said Aurore, with dignity, "why, then I shall see."

"So it is that you do not wish to marry me!" said Toussaint. "Yet I love you so much, and would make you a good husband. Never have I been tipsy; I am not ill-tempered,—but I know I am not worthy of you. You are an angel. You love all the beautiful things—the little flowers and the colors of the sky."

Aurore listened in amazement. How could he have known these things, since she had never spoken about them to any one?

"You will be thrown away upon any man," Toussaint declared earnestly; "but I, at least, will understand and will try to make you happy."

Aurore was deeply touched; but the thought of that terrible name suddenly recurred to her mind, and she shut her lips together obstinately. Her brothers had learned that, when she assumed that

particular expression, her determination was inalterable.

"My boys could tell you," she said, with a little laugh that thrilled Toussaint as if it had been music, "that I am far from being an angel; and perhaps you, too, would discover that, if I consented to marry you. But it is impossible."

Then Toussaint thought of what the father had said, and his heart sank. There was no means by which that objection could be overcome. He did not attempt to urge her any further. He turned the horse's head in the direction of Aurore's home. The afternoon was a beautiful one, and the drive would have been pleasant but for the circumstances which cast a painful constraint over both. On the homeward way they came to a field thickly covered with the pale blue of Aurore's favorite flower, and the girl could not repress an exclamation of delight. Toussaint, without a word, put the reins into her hand, and, getting down, plucked for her a large bunch of the fragile blossoms.

"It is to be regretted," he said, "that these flowers do not last."

"They will last a little while," she said gratefully; "and I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken."

"It is nothing," the young man replied; and he said no more till he bade her good-bye at her father's door.

It may be supposed that the gossips gossiped and gossiped concerning that drive, some going so far as to expect to hear the banns called the following Sunday.

IV.

When the St. Jean Baptiste came round the next year, everything in the sacred edifice was as before; for the church is always the same, and in that way is a small image of eternity. But in other respects Aurore found a change. She had not been chosen to pass the St. John's Bread, but received it from another. She blessed herself; and, while eating it, could not help stealing a glance at Toussaint,

who sat bolt-upright, and likewise consumed his portion of the festal cake, but never turned in her direction. When the services were over, he made not even the slightest movement toward her; but, getting into his handsome wagonette, drove away.

It was outside the door that Aurore heard the great news that was agitating all the groups, and which the gossips were not slow to bring to her, that they might observe the effect. It was certain, said they, that Toussaint was to be married to the daughter of M. Préfontaine up at the Mountain. She would bring him a large *dot*.

Aurore grew a little pale as she listened, and felt a slight constriction at her heart. There was no one to delay her departure that day, and no one to ask her to drive. On the way home she beheld a field of her favorite blue flowers, and the sight of them caused the constriction at her heart to grow more pronounced. They reminded her of last year, and how her suitor had worn one in his buttonhole as a message to her, and had plucked her a large bunch of the perishable blossoms.

When they had driven some distance, the horse cast a shoe, and her father bade her alight and wait, while he drove to the nearest blacksmith. Her brothers elected to walk the rest of the way; so the girl was left alone, and somehow she felt that her loneliness weighed upon her. She sat down on the grass under the shade of a hedge, with a maple tree bending till its branches almost touched her.

The day was lovely, with its balmy air, exquisite scents, the singing of birds, and the joyous hum of insects. Aurore covered her face with her hands, and a tear stole down her cheeks. After all, what did a name signify? She had perhaps been foolish, and she hated to think that that other girl at the Mountain was now probably going out for a drive in her place. She was startled by a step and a voice near her. It was Toussaint, who stood and regarded her intently. He was

not slow to perceive the paleness of her face and the tear upon her cheek.

"So, Ma'amselle Aurore," he said, "a year has gone by, and it is again the feast which brings to some in this village joy and lasting happiness."

Aurore fancied that he spoke of his own coming marriage. She rallied bravely and answered:

"For sure, yes, it is the feast; and I hope it has brought you happiness."

"We drove together last year," the young man observed reflectively. "It was a fine day, and to-day is almost as beautiful. Do you not think so?"

"Yes," said Aurore, simply.

"I thought of going up to the Mountain," continued Toussaint.

The girl's heart beat.

"I know you would not go," her former lover added; "and I can not ask you, since I have another engagement." He paused again before he said: "If you had accepted me last year, you would have made me very happy; but as it is—"

"You are doing very much better," answered Aurore, with fine spirit. "Is not that so, Monsieur La Mort?"

This time she quite forgot to omit the surname, and Toussaint noticed the circumstance. He looked at her intently, and then said slowly:

"It is a pity I have made that engagement; for the day is of the finest, and that drive of last year made me very happy."

"It was pleasant," agreed Aurore; and with a start she perceived that her whilom admirer wore once more in his buttonhole a blue flower.

"You have not changed your mind about marrying?" Toussaint asked.

"We will have your wedding first," answered Aurore, laughing, though her heart was sore.

"That can not be, Ma'amselle Aurore!" he exclaimed with emphasis. "When mine is, then also must be yours; for I will never marry another."

"It is a pity you have made that engagement for the Mountain," remarked

Aurore, irrelevantly, with a laugh and a blush.

"Does that mean," cried Toussaint eagerly, "that you would perhaps come for a drive?"

Aurore nodded shyly.

"Does it mean anything more?" asked Toussaint; and this time his tone was beseeching. "Does it mean that you could forget my ugly name and become—"

"Madame La Mort," assented Aurore, "since Love has conquered Death."

And Toussaint did not know that the jest was her father's.

(The End.)

Next Sunday's Mass.

FOURTH IN LENT.

THE fourth Sunday in Lent is variously known as *Lætare Sunday*, from the first word of its Introit; *Rose Sunday*, from the blessing on that day of the Golden Rose by the Sovereign Pontiff; and the *Sunday of the Five Loaves*, from the miracle narrated in the Gospel of the day. Considered under any of these designations, it is an exception to all other Lenten Sundays, inasmuch as its dominant note speaks of joy and consolation, not grief and mourning. The Church formally recognizes in her liturgy that this mid-Lenten feast constitutes a breathing space for her penitent children; and, to encourage them to persevere in their austerities and good works during the second half of the holy season, she bids them to-day rejoice.

Accordingly, in Introit, Gradual, and Offertory, we have recurrent sentiments of gladness and praise. "Rejoice, O Jerusalem, and come together all ye that love her. Rejoice with joy, ye that have been in sorrow, that ye may exult and be filled from the breasts of your consolation." "I rejoiced in the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord." "Praise ye the Lord, for He is good; sing ye to His name, for He is

sweet. Whatsoever He would, He hath done in heaven and on earth."

In the Collect also, the Church, while acknowledging that the penance of the Lenten season is well deserved, pleads that her children may to-day be refreshed in spirit. "The full force of the closing word of her prayer," remarks Dom Guéranger, "is that they may *breathe a while*": "Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who justly suffer for our deeds, may be relieved by the comfort of Thy grace. Through, etc."

The Epistle is St. Paul's explanation to the Galatians of Abraham's two sons,— "the one by a bondwoman, the other by a free woman." We, as Christians, are children of the free woman,—an additional reason for rejoicing in "the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free." The Gospel's account of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes presents several noteworthy lessons. One is that of reliance on Divine Providence. Another is that, while confiding in the loving care of Providence, we are not dispensed from doing what is in our power to supply our own wants. Christ wished the people to contribute the small provision they had with them. A third and, in our day, a most timely one is the necessity of repressing disorderly ambition. When the people, recognizing Christ as the Messiah, were about to seize Him and make Him king, He "fled again into the mountain Himself alone."

The Greek Church sings on this fourth Sunday of Lent: "Already have we traversed more than half the period of fasting; let us still run and finish the race with joy. Let us anoint our souls with the oil of good works, so that we may deserve to adore the divine Passion of Christ our God, and reach the holy Resurrection, worthy of all our homage."

The ceremony peculiar to Lætare Sunday—that of blessing the Golden Rose—dates back at least nine centuries. It was observed under the pontificate of St. Leo IX.; and the opinion of Martène

and Du Cange that it took its rise in the days of Innocent IV. is nullified by the fact that there is extant a sermon on the Golden Rose, preached by Pope Innocent III. The beautiful prayer used by the Sovereign Pontiff on the occasion is freely translated, as follows:

"O God, by whose word and power all things were created, and by whose will they are all governed! O Thou, that art the joy and gladness of all Thy faithful people! we beseech Thy Divine Majesty that Thou vouchsafe to bless and sanctify this Rose, so lovely in its beauty and fragrance. We are to bear it this day in our hands, as a symbol of spiritual joy; that thus, the people that are devoted to Thy service being set free from the captivity of Babylon, by the grace of Thine Only Begotten Son, who is the glory and the joy of Israel, may show forth with a sincere heart the joys of that Jerusalem which is above, and is our mother. And whereas thy Church, seeing this symbol, exults with joy for the glory of Thy name, do Thou, O Lord! give her true and perfect happiness. Accept her devotion, forgive us our sins, increase our faith; heal us by Thy word, protect us by Thy mercy; remove all obstacles; grant us all blessings; that thus this same Thy Church may offer unto Thee the fruit of good works; and, walking in the odor of the fragrance of that Flower which sprang from the Root of Jesse, and is called the Flower of the Field and the Lily of the Valley, may she deserve to enjoy an endless joy in the bosom of heavenly glory, in the society of all the saints, together with that Divine Flower who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen."

O MORTALS that still live above,
Your faith, hope, prayers and alms and love,
Still merit place:
With God's sweet grace!
O faithful, pity me!

—Old Scotch Ballad.

St. Joseph the Universal Helper.

LIKE stars in the sky, through the long night of Time shine out the saints, gracious, serene and holy, and, like the sidereal lights, exercising a beneficent influence upon successive generations of men. Amongst them all, as some planet of surpassing radiance, is Joseph, the descendant of kings, the carpenter of Nazareth, as though in that one person were united the extremes of earthly rank. Down through the centuries his influence has been felt, comparatively still and small at first, but gradually expanding into its full importance, until in these past three centuries he has become the Father of Christians, the Patron of the Universal Church. "The saint of Scripture," says Cardinal Newman, "the foster-father of Our Lord, he was an object of the universal and absolute faith of the Christian world from the first; yet devotion to him is comparatively recent. When once it began, men seemed surprised that they had not thought of it before; and now they hold St. Joseph next to the Blessed Virgin in their religious affection and veneration."

Religious literature resounds with the praises of him who was emphatically called in Holy Writ "the Just." In prose and in verse, his noble, majestic figure has formed the theme of many a beautiful or striking passage. In art, Joseph appears almost from the first, and in a variety of ways. Now he is seen in some gorgeous canvas of Raphael, Francia, or Perugino; in the more homely but forcible and life-like presentations of the Dutch artists. Now he is feeble and old, the austere guardian of the Lily of Nazareth; again he is in a vigorous middle age, the defender and supporter of the royal Son and Mother; with a gravely intellectual head, portraying the wise and prudent guardian of his Immaculate Spouse; or in comparative youth, the strong protector of the Flight into Egypt.

The saints in all ages have chosen St. Joseph as their special advocate at the Throne of Grace; holding—with that most modern of the beatified, whose Cause has been introduced at Rome, Father Eymard, Apostle of the Blessed Eucharist,—that St. Joseph is the helper of all Christians. "Happy the soul," says he, "who is devout to St. Joseph. It is a certain pledge of a good death, of salvation, and of eternal happiness. St. Joseph is also the patron of afflicted souls; for he had many trials and troubles. In your griefs, therefore, always have recourse to St. Joseph."

But no tribute was ever stronger to the power of the Patriarch of Bethlehem than that of the Virgin of Avila; so that her often-quoted pronouncement may be once more repeated here, when the liturgical year has again brought round the feast of St. Joseph. Says St. Teresa:

"To render the Lord propitious to my prayers, I took glorious St. Joseph for my advocate and protector, and recommended myself most earnestly to him. His help was shown forth in the most striking manner. That tender father of my soul, that beloved protector, hastened to draw me from the condition in which my body languished, as he had snatched me from the greater perils of another kind which threatened my eternal salvation.... I do not remember ever to have asked anything of him which he did not grant me. What a picture I should place before your eyes, were it given me to trace out the signal favors which God has bestowed upon me, and the dangers both of soul and body from which I have been delivered, through the mediation of that blessed saint! The Most High gives grace to the other saints to help us in such or such a want, but glorious St. Joseph, as I know from experience, extends his power to all. Our Divine Lord wishes in this way to make us understand that, as He Himself was subject to St. Joseph in the land of exile, recognizing in him the authority of a foster-father and guardian,

so He is still pleased to do his will in heaven by hearing and granting his requests....

"Therefore the number of souls who honor him begins to be great, and the happy effects of his mediation every day confirm the truth of my words. Knowing now by my own experience the amazing influence of St. Joseph with God, I would wish to induce everyone to honor him by a particular cultus. Hitherto I have always seen that persons who had a real devotion to him, sustained by works, made progress in virtue; for that heavenly protector favors in a special manner the spiritual advancement of souls who recommend themselves to him. I will content myself, then, with conjuring, for the love of God, those who do not believe me to make the experiment. They shall discover for themselves how advantageous it is to honor that glorious Patriarch with a special devotion."

And this testimony of the great Carmelite is, in fact, the testimony of the ages, that St. Joseph never refuses to aid those who confide themselves and their affairs to his patronage. As expressed on one occasion by a contemporary preacher, this saint has been set over the human race in the character of father and head of the family; so that temporalities may be recommended to him with all confidence, in the certain hope that, if the thing asked for be not prejudicial to the petitioner, it will be granted; or, failing that, something of greater value shall be given in its stead. Were it possible to set down here the numberless favors granted through the mediation of that saint, even in temporal concerns, by religious who best know how to ask, or by devout souls in the world, it would be simply incredible to the unbelieving many. The venerable Patriarch of Bethlehem proves himself a veritable haven of refuge amid the trials and the needs of this transitory life; and above all in the last and greatest trial which, for each in turn, closes life's drama.

Notes and Remarks.

Answering a correspondent who inquires whether a Catholic may not question a religious point on which he may have some doubts, the editor of the *Examiner* (Bombay) says, in part:

We have nothing but encouragement for Catholics seeking to acquire a sound intellectual knowledge of religion, and of using their judgment according to that knowledge, wherever the ascertained dogmas of the Church do not close the case. What we do object to is an uppish, cocksure and bumptious spirit which criticises things without a proper basis of knowledge, — which spirit, beginning with matters which are indifferent and open to discussion, may develop into a sort of pride which will end in throwing off the trammels of belief altogether. As regards doubts in matters of religion, these are natural when the mind begins to think without having acquired the materials for efficient thinking. Such doubts should lead to a study of the point in question by the aid of sound Catholic books. The outcome of this study will be to show whether the point in question belongs to faith or not. If to faith, the question will close itself; if not, it will be a matter of interest and profit to read further for a solution.

Apropos of "sound Catholic books" recommended in the foregoing paragraph, it is pertinent to reiterate our advice, that a collection of the London Catholic Truth Society's excellent publications should be found in every Catholic home.

Two of the ex-priest tribe now imposing upon our separated brethren in different parts of the United States deserve special notice from us. One whom we happen to know is simply an impostor; he never received Orders. He represents himself as a convert—and, in the sense of needing conversion, so he is; otherwise he is a pervert of the first water. The other is a more dangerous person, because, for reasons best known to himself, he has dropped his own name and adopted that of a worthy Carmelite Father attached to St. Cyril's College, Chicago. The methods of this precious pair are inter-

esting. The first preys on the Protestant clergy, whom he regales with harrowing stories of his sufferings "under the yoke of Rome"; the other confines his attention to priests, sympathetic appeals to whose generosity is a specialty with him. No. 1 has no inclination, he declares, to court further persecution at the hands of Catholics: he would like to settle down in some Protestant stronghold and be comfortable and care-free all the rest of his days. No. 2, on the contrary, is 'dying to get back to his monastery'; and a little assistance to this end would be gratefully appreciated by him. He is penitent, the last of men and the first of sinners; and the clergy upon whom he calls have all been recommended to him as "kind-heartedness itself," etc., etc.

We are unable to give a personal description of these two vagabonds; but each wears a sanctimonious expression and a Roman collar, and is very ill at ease when looked at squarely, or interrogated as to friends and former residence. In such cases the sight of a familiar face or a passing policeman will always raise a blush, if there happens to be one left.

When one speaks or hears of the world-wide celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the connotation is usually the ubiquity of the Irish rather than the fame and prestige of Ireland's Apostle among the natives of other countries. The connotation, however, is not always correct. For instance, a year ago last Wednesday morning an Irish priest who lives in Rome was greeted by an Italian carpenter with the remark: "*Oggi è San Patrizio*. I prayed to him this morning."—"But," said the priest, "how did you get to know St. Patrick? He is an Irish saint."—"I know," replied the man; "but he is much honored in my part of the country."—"And why?" he was asked.—"Because once, when the cholera was raging, the people made a triduum to St. Patrick; and on June 16 the saint appeared over

the *municipio* and blessed the country, and the cholera ceased." Then he went on to explain how, ever since, the saint's feast has been kept with much solemnity on March 17, although the great celebration is reserved for the anniversary of the apparition. "But are you sure of all this?" the priest inquired.—"Quite sure," answered the man; "and the documents are kept in the *municipio*." The priest asked him to write down for him the name of the place he came from, and the carpenter wrote in an excellent hand: "*Treia, Provincia di Macerata, Marche*"; adding, "The great commemoration by the *municipio* is on June 16."

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." The influence of the life and writings of Anna Hanson Dorsey is in itself a deathless monument to the memory of a gifted and noble Christian gentlewoman. Yet, in those who have felt that influence, there is the desire to perpetuate in a material way a name that stands for ideal womanhood as well as excellence in Catholic literature. Bronze and marble did not suggest themselves to those interested in the movement, chief among whom are members of the Ladies' Auxiliary Board of Trinity College, Washington, D. C.; so the memorial is to be a scholarship bearing the name of the distinguished writer. Thus in the hearts of the young will Anna Hanson Dorsey continue her life-work. Surely she herself, looking down from the heights, let us hope, could desire no fairer monument; and the promoters of the project are to be congratulated on their choice of memorial.

We are at a loss to understand why certain of our Episcopalian friends should object to our referring to their denomination as the Protestant Episcopal Church. They seem to forget that this title is of their own choosing,—legal, official, and "understood of the people" everywhere. It is not easy to get rid of a name

especially when formally adopted. The earliest editions of the Book of Common Prayer issued in this country, one of which lies before us, bear on the title-page the words "of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America." If our friends of the P. E. C. are sincerely opposed to being called Protestants, they should not act like Protestants,—cease protesting, submit to the Church, and then sit down and be grateful and good for the rest of their lives. One who would not be regarded as a trifler must of necessity be serious at times, and always so on serious subjects. The question of the Pope's authority over everybody deserving to be called a Christian at all is a question of the soul, not an academic one.

A Chicago Methodist clergyman, Mr. F. S. Rockwell, has retired from the ministry, giving the reason for his action in this statement:

Preaching the Gospel does not pay. I am given \$2500 a year by the church. I can not, on that amount, support my family in the style in which it deserves to live. To give my children the education I think they should have, and my wife the opportunity she desires in her line of work, I need \$10,000 a year. I can not get it in the church. I am going where I can.

Is not this another argument for that celibacy of their clergy which is now agitating some of the sects? A single man might surely support himself in considerable "style" on \$2500 a year. We know indeed a goodly number of clergymen who manage existence on a salary less than one-third of that amount. This, however, is a digression. We have quoted the minister simply to explain the following comments of a secular paper:

Mr. Rockwell is right in his conclusion that "preaching the Gospel does not pay"—to men of his ideals of success in life and of their duty. To such men preaching the Gospel never has "paid," never will and never can "pay." Their standard of success and of duty is wholly of this world and its material rewards. They may resolve to cleave to that standard because of a desire to benefit those dear to them. Yet it remains a standard wholly material and of the

earth earthy. This is said with no thought of censure, and simply as a statement of truth and fact. . . . There should be no resentment and no sorrow on either side in the parting. The church has no reason to grieve, and Mr. Rockwell has now the leisure to pursue his high and satisfying ideal of \$10,000 a year.

Given the retiring clergyman's views of life, and his presumable dislike for editorial excoriation, has it really "paid" Mr. Rockwell to advertise his motives in changing his trade?

The sane philosopher who, over the name "A Looker-On," contributes a thoughtful weekly column to the Boston *Pilot*, has this to say of Lenten practices:

But it may be seriously doubted whether penance or fasting injures the body. The saints of heroic penance often lived to a great age; and, whether their span of life was long or short, they each did the work of a score of men. It is more often along the lines of satisfaction and excess that the danger lies. It is by pampering the body that men prematurely destroy it.

Practically, in our day there is little danger that men will do themselves harm by excessive penance. The tendency is all the other way. On all sides we see men systematically tearing down their fleshly habitations by indulgence excess, and vanity. There is in this process no mighty purpose, no high sacrifice, no purity of motive: it is done in very wantonness and boredom, in search of a new sensation, in an unnatural craving for excitement. The depraved soul drives the body onward, as a drunken man urges a tired horse to collapse and death.

The best medical science of the age testifies to the eminent hygienic utility of observing the Church's Lenten laws; and the individual testimony of the Catholics who do not avail themselves of the dispensations at present granted to so many classes of the faithful teaches the same lesson—that fasting and abstinence rather benefit than injure the health.

Two deaths of recent occurrence in France, of which a correspondent in Paris informs us—those of M. Estrade, at the age of eighty-eight; and the venerable Canon Olmer, formerly curé of Saint Laurent, Paris—are deserving of notice.

M. Estrade was a witness of the apparitions at Lourdes. He was present when Bernadette came to his sister, Mademoiselle Estrade, on the 25th of March, 1858, and declared that "the Lady" had said: "I am the Immaculate Conception." He was so impressed by the child's words and manner that he became, and ever afterward remained, a fervent Christian. Canon Olmer, who belonged to a Jewish family, fell dangerously ill when a little child, and, in what seemed to be *articulo mortis*, was baptized by a Catholic woman who happened to be present. His recovery was so extraordinary that his father and mother expressed a wish to be baptized themselves, and the whole household subsequently embraced the Faith. Canon Olmer was highly esteemed and widely known in France on account of his connection with the Confraternity of Our Lady of the Sick.

In an able article dealing with the report of the Royal Commission on the Poor-Laws and the Relief of Distress, the London *Catholic Times* observes:

The Report, however, is to us a matter of intense Christian interest quite apart from all the proposals and recommendations for mending our present Poor-Law system. It is a proof of the depth to which the conviction of the claims of the poor, the unfortunate, the unemployed, the weak, the aged members of society on society itself, have sunk into the general social conscience. To a thoughtful spectator of the movement of mind in Europe to-day, nothing is so significant as the evidence in all countries that the case for the toiler and the poor has become one of pressing national concern. Whether this be due to the spread of democratic ideas, to the advance of popular education, to an expanding of the Christian spirit, the fact is there. Statesmen and churchmen recognize fully that the great demand of our time is reform in the social and industrial conditions under which the poorer classes live and work. The old feudalistic conception of society is as dead as the mailed knights who supported it. Slavery went to its own place first; serfdom followed. The régime of *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*, is fast preparing to accompany them. Men, we all feel, are not animals, are not machines: they, are human beings,—brothers in the same great

family of mankind on earth, of which the Father is God in heaven. Rich or poor, honored or unhonored, they have rights and duties, each checking and modifying and buttressing the other. Fortune may smile or frown, but misfortune must not be allowed to crush its victim to ruin. The public conscience is aroused and alive to the fact that commercial competition ought not to mean industrial destruction,—the destruction of the workers upon whom all industry in the last resort depends.

This awakening of the public conscience synchronizes with the birth of public consciousness to the fact that Socialism is a real danger; and that if society, as actually constituted, is to endure permanently, the brotherhood of men will have to be demonstrated in more concrete form than is the case at present.

In its retrospect of 1908, the *Catholic Press*, of Sydney, was able to say: "In Australia, the progress of the Church has been remarkable; and in the archdiocese of Sydney there has scarcely been a week in which the Cardinal has not laid the foundation-stone of or opened a new institution." That the current year is likely to be not less gratifying, from a religious standpoint, than was its predecessor is clear from the *Press'* further statement that 1909 "will be brimful of big events. A Catholic Congress will be held in Sydney, and will inaugurate an important undertaking which his Eminence has in mind."

In reading of Church affairs in Australia generally, and of the particular activities of its indefatigable chief prelate, one is tempted to lose sight of the fact that Cardinal Moran is no longer in the prime of manhood; and it is something of a surprise, when one comes to think of it, that this perennially busy churchman has lived fully nine years beyond the Scriptural allotment of threescore and ten. Catholics throughout the world will hope that the venerable prelate may vindicate the statement of Sir James Crichton-Browne: "Every man is entitled to his century."



The Legend of the Mill.

BY M. REBECCA HINDER.

MIDWINTER of 184— fell in bitter cold. All day the snow came steadily down, and with darkness rose a northeast wind. Luke Jackson closed the door of a cabin in one of the many hollows which the drifts were beginning to fill, and made a difficult way to his cottage, whose lighted window shone dimly through the snow.

As he stepped into the porch, his wife opened the door and looked out.

"Is he worse, mother?" The anxiety in Luke's voice was intense.

"No: I can see no change. But what has kept you?"

"I went as far as the Maxwells'. The husband is laid up with rheumatism and they have nothing to eat in the house. The children went supperless to bed."

He took off his greatcoat and boots, and, tiptoeing to the bed, he gazed on the restless figure that tossed from side to side. The sick boy was their only child, their all, and for weeks had been ill of a fever; but the crisis would come to-night. It might mean life or it might mean death.

The sorrowing father laid a cool hand upon the burning forehead, and asked in a whisper:

"Mother, have *we* any meal?"

"I used the last this morning."

There was a struggle in the man's heart between the desire to remain near his son and the wish to alleviate the suffering of his neighbors. He stood up and looked about for his coat.

"I must go to the mill."

"On such a night?" asked his wife in dismay.

"I must! The snow shows no sign of stopping, and by morning the road down the hill will be impassable. The Maxwells are starving."

"But the mill has not been working for several days."

"I'll try anyway, mother. I must."

A sob escaped her lips, and he turned quickly.

"Don't, mother! You are worn out with watching and want of sleep; but you will be here with him if—it is my duty to go. Don't keep me."

He lighted a candle and set it within a tin lantern. As she helped him with his coat, a moan from the bed caused their eyes to fill with tears, and then he passed out.

Flinging a bag of corn on old Dobbin's back, he started for the mill, two miles away. The road down the falls hill was a dangerous one, especially on such a night; but Luke Jackson forgot the danger and thought only of his boy. How hard it had been to leave him! He may be dying now, while, with the numb fear at his heart, his father is plodding on.

Suddenly Dobbin plunged into a drift, and the bag of corn was buried in the snow. Luke dug it out and continued his journey, step by step, until the bridge over the stream was passed, and in the darkness he reached the mill. He rapped sharply on the millhouse door. There was no answer, and he rapped again,—longer and more heavily this time. Still no response, except a mighty blast from the wind.

Well, he knew every foot of the mill; he would not disturb the miller. Indeed, he remembered that the miller and his wife were away, and would scarcely venture to come home in the storm. He led Dobbin to a side door, lifted the latch,

and, carrying the corn in, looked about for meal. The bins were empty. He went out and blanketed his horse, and again entered the mill to resume his search. Bags of corn everywhere, but—not one measure of meal.

He flung off his coat, went to work, and when everything was ready he tried to start the wheel. His muscles stood out like cords, and yet the wheel was firm in the ice. He fell upon his knees.

"O God," he prayed, "I'm all alone in my weakness! No human arm can break these icy bonds. Help me, as Thou didst help Thy people of old."

As he knelt, there came the sound of shivering ice. He raised his eyes, to see the big wheel quiver and begin slowly to turn. From the faint flame of his candle, a soft, increasing light illuminated every crevice of the dark mill, until the rafters glowed and the heaps of corn gleamed like gold.

As simply as a child, Luke Jackson made his fervent thanksgiving, ground out his meal, and started homeward. The wind beat the snow in his face; twice Dobbin fell, and every little while as he climbed the hill his feet would slip. The man's heart sang in the storm; his face was full of joy as he left his meal at the cabin door; for even before he reached his cottage and heard the glad tidings from the thankful mother, he felt the crisis had been passed and that his boy would live.

On the next day, when the miller came home over the drifted roads, he found two farmers waiting at his door with corn.

"No use coming to-day," called the miller from his sled. "The wheel won't move in weather like this."

"It moved last night," said one.

"Late enough, too," added the other.

"Last night! So late!" cried the miller. "Why, I went to bed at eight o'clock, six miles from here."

The miller's wife added from under her muffled veil:

"That wheel has not turned for days

and days. Look how firmly fixed it is!"

They glanced up at the wheel, from which icicles hung on every side. Then the first man spoke:

"As we were going up on the other side of the race, the whole mill was ablaze with light. We *saw* the wheel turning, and would have stopped; but the wind was drifting the snow more and more every minute, and the oxen had hard work to get along—"

"And I," broke in the other, "*heard* the crackling of the ice, and *saw* the light."

The miller shook his head and smiled indulgently. Afterward, when many and varied tales were told of the glowing mill in the stormy midwinter night, the miller listened with the same incredulous smile.

Luke Jackson and his wife were silent as, with grateful hearts, they nursed their sick boy back to health; and not until just before the close of the good man's long life did he tell what he knew of the miracle of the mill.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—SHADOWS AND WARNINGS.

Longer and duller than usual seemed the days after the family storm. It was hot summer on the Ridge now; and, though the smoke-clouds darkened the blaze of the July sun, the heat was only the heavier and more oppressive. There was a smothering pall over the baked earth that seemed to flame back fierce defiance from forge and furnace and coke oven. The great engines roared and panted, the "dumps" burst in fiery floods down the mountain-side; there was no rest, no change. The grimy, half-clothed men brushed away the dripping sweat from their brows and went on with their increasing work,—stirring and pouring the molten metal, feeding the undying flames into fiercer strength; while the smothered fires of hate and revolt in their breasts grew daily and hourly.

They were foreigners mostly, these "hands" of Uncle Dave, — Poles, Russians, Italians, who had come direct from steamer wharves to Blackstone Ridge. At first they had worked with a dull, stolid endurance for what seemed to their Old-World ideas good pay. But whispers of better things had come to them; they were beginning to learn the language, the customs of this new country; to understand their freedom, their strength. A spirit awakened in them that could be wisely guided, or unwisely roused into lawless violence. Buck Benson, raging with fury and vengeance, was doing all he could just now to rouse it. There were meetings these summer nights, — meetings held in lonely places on the mountains, where dark eyes flashed and grimy arms waved passionately, and men raved in foreign speech against "Old Flint" and his iron laws.

But even Buck Benson's evil work might have been counteracted by a guiding, soothing influence, if Uncle Dave had not been indeed "flint" in his hard, bitter prejudice. For Father Davis, who in his wide mission work had learned all ways and tongues, had come on his annual visit to these mountains. His station for this year was at the little mining village of Rayburn, seven or eight miles beyond Blackstone Ridge. His time at each place being limited, he had sent a courteous letter to the heads of the various "works" within a certain radius, requesting that they would notify the Catholics in their employ of his brief stay in their neighborhood, and permit as many as possible to attend the sadly infrequent Mass. But Uncle Dave had only scowled, and, with an ugly imprecation at Romish mummery, torn the letter into bits.

Tim alone—who, good for nothing, as he said, at forge and in mine, found jobs at this season of the year on the neighboring farms and gardens,—was straying home one July evening after a few days' work at Farmer Lane's, with a wonderful story for his young teacher's ears.

"Had a fine time," he said, as he dropped on the low bench of the covered porch where Kitty was crocheting.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Tim!" she answered, noting a new light in his eyes. "What have you been doing that was so nice?"

"You wouldn't guess," said Tim, with a chuckle. "Land, you'd never guess, Missy! I've been to meeting."

"Oh, have you, Tim?" There was plain disappointment in Kitty's tone. Evidently her weeks of catechism lessons had failed to impress.

"To *your* meeting, Missy," he added.

"*My* meeting?" echoed the little girl, in amazement. "Why — why, we don't have meeting, Tim."

"This was your kind, sure," continued her pupil, positively. "Altar and cross and candles, and everything."

"Altar and cross and candles!" cried Kitty. "O Tim, where?"

"Down to Rayburn," replied Tim. "Mike and Pat and Dan and all Farmer Lane's hands went in a big wagon and took me along. My, it was fine! It beat the Methodist camp last summer all to flinders. There wasn't so much feeding," he continued, impartially; "but, as Mike says, Catholics don't go in for that."

"Catholics?" repeated Kitty, in bewilderment. "There isn't a Catholic church within fifty miles. What do you mean?"

"I ain't said nothing 'bout a church, have I?" asked Tim, in an aggrieved tone. "I said 'meeting'; and it *was* a meeting, sure. The hills and the rocks were just black with people; they came from far and near, — Rumfords and Dixons and Peytons, and everywhere but here. The altar was set up under the trees, and just heaped up with flowers,—red and white and pink and every color. Folks around must have stripped their gardens bare. And there was the cross on top, just like you told me, Missy; and dozens of candles a-blazing, and everything just right. And the preacher was in a shining coat, with lace frills underneath, fine as a king."

"Tim,—O Tim!" said Kitty, breath-

lessly, her eyes wide open. "You must have been to Mass."

"That's it,—that's the word, Missy; that's where I have been—to Mass. But Dan told me I wa'n't to say mass-meeting, for that wouldn't be right. Dan ain't no older than me, but he knows a lot; says he's learned that there catechism book clear through. But he's straight as a string and strong, and not like me. When folks is straight and strong they can go ahead fast, of course. But they were all good to me, sure; got me a good place on a nice flat rock, where I could see and hear fine. And it was great," said Tim, with a long breath. "No mourning or shouting; but that altar, all heaped with flowers; standing there in the sunrise; and the preacher praying low and easy; and then all that black crowd of folks kneeling with their heads bowed low down, so soft and still you could hear the little birds in the trees singing."

"O Tim, Tim!" faltered his little teacher. "If I had only known, I could have gone too."

"That's what I said," answered Tim, eagerly,—“that's just what I said to the preacher, Missy. For, after all the prayers was over, and he had put off all those fine clothes and was just a plain, straight man, Dan took me over to talk to him. There was lots of other folks, and so I told Dan, he wouldn't want to bother with a crooked chap like me; but Dan said he would, he knew. And he was nice sure,—about the nicest preacher I ever saw. Shook hands with me, and asked me where I worked and what I did, and if I had ever been to school or church; and I told him no, but I was pretty far along in reading and spelling, and that you was helping me every day, and I had just got as far as 'life everlasting' in catechism. And he said he couldn't expect much better than that; but to keep right on, and he'd be back here in about a month or two and hold a meeting nearer to our place,

so we all could come. And it won't be a bit too soon, Dan says; for these here Dagos need some one to preach and pray for them, sure. We're all sitting on a powder-mill, he says; and it's likely to bust up day or night. If that preacher could come up and talk to the men in their own lingo, it might do some good. But the boss is dead set against him, Dan says; wouldn't even give out he was anywhere nigh. There hasn't been any meeting for Dagos in this Ridge for over four years, and then I was done up in a plaster jacket and couldn't go. But next time I'll be there, you bet!" concluded Tim, as he rose to take his Buddies for their evening swim.

"I'll go down to the creek with you, Tim. Cripps won't let me leave the gates by myself; but it is so very close here!" said Kitty, with a long-drawn sigh.

"That it is," agreed Tim; "and you're getting sort of pale and peaked in it, sure. You ought to go down some place where it's green and cool; and after this I'll take you, Missy. Me and the dogs will take you every day; won't we, Buddies?"—as Max and Ming came leaping to his call. "I ain't much account, I know; but, with these here dogs ready to jump at my word, I can take care of you as good as if I was the biggest, straightest man on this Ridge. When these Buddies of mine show their teeth it don't mean fun; does it, Buddies?"—as Tim stroked and patted their shaggy heads rubbing against his knee.

And, as even Cripps agreed to this view, the party was soon on its way to the creek, the nearest oasis in the black, gloomy desert around the Works. If it was hot and close behind Uncle Dave's iron-spiked gates, the burning breath of forge and furnace and oven was a hundred times worse. Kitty fairly gasped as she hurried by the open doors, beyond which she had never ventured, but whose fierce vistas she could see from her windows. And night and day those grimy, half-clad figures toiled there, amid the smoke

and flame, the roar of engines, the beat of steam hammers, the hiss of molten metal, at Uncle Dave's word and will.

As Tim and Kitty hurried by, a big, gaunt, black-bearded man staggered out of one of the doors, and reeled back helplessly against the wall, gasping for breath.

"Oh, he's ill! Call some one to help him, Tim," said Kitty, in dismay.

"No need, Missy. He'll be all right in a moment," answered the more experienced Tim. "Just got a whiff or two of gas. It often catches them like that."

And even while he spoke the man straightened his gaunt form, drew in two or three breaths of the open air, and turned back to his work.

"Oh, I don't see how they can stand it!" said Kitty, pitifully.

"They have to," replied Tim, grimly.

"I'd like to give them one grand holiday," Kitty went on, her eyes kindling,—"to turn them out in the green fields and woods, where the birds are singing and the flowers are growing, and let them have all sorts of nice things to eat and drink, and everything good, and be happy if only for one day. If Uncle Dave were like my papa, I could do it; I'd have the biggest picnic on this mountain you ever saw. But I can't do anything with Uncle Dave," Kitty concluded sadly. "I don't think he likes me a bit."

"He don't like nobody," replied Tim, whose education had not yet reached grammar; "and there ain't nobody likes him. Most ways they hate him like poison, specially since Buck Benson's been going round giving it out how he's standing up against the other bosses that 'wants to give shorter hours and more pay. Buck was down town. I heard all about it, and he's giving it out all around. And the Dagos has caught on, and they are biling mad, sure."

The speakers had reached the green ledge at the foot of the falls, and, seated on the banks, were listening to the musical voice of the waters; while the Buddies splashed delightedly in the little creek

below. The rosy glow of the sunset fell softly upon Kitty; the spray of the waterfall cooled the hot July air; she leaned back against the moss-carpeted rock with a half restful, half weary little sigh.

"O Tim, there just seem madness and hate and spite all around us! Mother Paula said that Love is like the sun—sure to come out after the blackest storm and the darkest night. But I don't see how it can ever come out here."

And Tim, being as yet unequal to metaphor, did not see either, so long as the boss burned the soft coal that made "such darned black smoke."

Then, the dogs having had their swim, the whole party turned back to the Ridge, whose black banners darkened the sunset sky. As they neared Uncle Dave's spiked gates, a small, bare-legged boy dashed suddenly out of the gathering shadows, where he had evidently been waiting; and, pressing a package into Kitty's hand, vanished as quickly as he had appeared. It was the little pearl Rosary she had given to Anita, wrapped in a bit of paper, on which were scrawled the words:

"Signorina, go back to Markhams'. Go back in the good God's name!"

(To be continued.)

A Long Way Round.

It is sometimes a long way round in Scotland. The stations of Mallaig and Kyle, for instance, are only twenty miles apart in a straight line, yet are separated by three hundred and sixty miles of rail. There are similar instances on a smaller scale in our own country. On the Songo river, in the State of Maine, the steamer travels about nine miles to accomplish two. Longfellow has written a poem about this river, probably the most crooked stream in the wide world.

"SHAMRAKH" is the Arabic word for clover. It is pronounced like the Irish word "shamrock."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The remarkable essay on Shelley by Francis Thompson, which appeared in a recent number of the *Dublin Review*, has been published in book form by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Mr. George Wyndham, who supplies an introduction, refers to this essay as "the most important contribution to pure Letters written in English during the last twenty years"; and as, "unconsciously, a human document of intense suffering." Some additional "Notes on Shelley," also by Thompson, close the volume.

—"Priests and People in Ireland," by Father Hull, S. J., of the *Bombay Examiner*, is a forty-eight page pamphlet, constituting an extended critique of a book, of the same title, published a few years ago by a self-styled Catholic, Michael J. T. McCarthy. In a methodical, precise, and eminently thorough fashion, Father Hull dissects the book, and incidentally its author, until the latter appears in much the same guise as did the late Colonel Ingersoll under the operating knife of Father Lambert.

—Messrs. F. Pustet & Co. have reprinted the two series of excellent Lenten sermons by the Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A., first published in 1902, and then noticed in these pages. The book remains unchanged. The first series deals with mortal sin and its remedies; the second, with the Seven Deadly Sins and their cure. The reverend clergy will find these sermons of much assistance in the weekly services of Lent; and they may serve also as appropriate spiritual reading for pious lay folk who are prevented from attending church.

—From the American Book Company we have received "Nature Study for Primary Grades," by Horace H. Cummings, B. S. One excellent thing in this little work's favor is that it is a manual for teachers, not a text-book for the children,—who, by the way, are usually burdened with altogether too many text-books already. The sensible teacher who does not allow enthusiasm for a new or agreeable subject to distort his ideas as to due proportions among essential and subordinate branches in the school curriculum, should find the book helpful as well as interesting.

—"The Catholic Church: the Renaissance and Protestantism," by M. Alfred Baudrillart (translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs, published by Kegan Paul & Co.), presents that relation of the Reformation and Renaissance which is gradually becoming familiar to English readers through the translation of Janssen's great work. The *Athenæum* says of M. Baudrillart's: "We have,

indeed, rarely found a juster and more discriminating account of the great religious genius of the sixteenth century. The whole standpoint of the book is, of course, opposed to the self-complacent view of conventional writing which treats the last four centuries as so much inevitable progress from darkness to light."

—"Politics and Religion," No. 25 of the Educational Briefs published by the Reverend Superintendent of Philadelphia's Parish Schools, is one of the most timely pamphlets of the whole series; and this notwithstanding the fact that the body of the pamphlet is a speech delivered in Congress fifty-four years ago. The Congressional orator was the Honorable Joseph R. Chandler; and his speech is so excellent an answer to the bigots who have recently been calling Catholic loyalty in question that Father McDevitt is to be warmly congratulated on bringing it to light again. The pamphlet is one of eighty pages, with an introduction, and an appendix containing: I. Sketch of Mr. Chandler's Career; II. President Roosevelt's Letter on Politics and Religion; III. Letter to President Roosevelt from the New York City Synodical Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America; IV. Letter of the Lutheran Pastoral Association and the German Lutheran Pastoral Conference of Philadelphia to President Roosevelt; V. Resolutions of the Philadelphia Conference of Baptist Ministers; VI. President-Elect Taft's Letter on the Same Subject; VII. Cardinal Manning's Letter on the Civil Allegiance of Catholics.

—Two new additions, as follows, will soon be made to the important series of lectures on the "History of Religions," published by the English Catholic Truth Society: "China," by the Rev. L. Wieger; and "Aquinas," by the V. Rev. V. McNabb. The lectures that have already appeared are: "The Study of Religions," by the Rev. L. Grandmaison; "Syria," Rev. G. Hitchcock; "Egypt," Rev. A. Mallon; "Greece," Rev. J. Huby; "Athenian Philosophers," Rev. H. Browne; "Early Rome," "Imperial Rome," and "Mithraism," Rev. C. Martindale; "Hebrew Bible," Rev. G. Hitchcock; "Early Church," Rev. C. Lattey; "The Koran," Rev. E. Power; "The Thirty-nine Articles," Rev. A. H. Lang; "Modern Judaism," and "Unitarianism," Rev. G. Hitchcock. Sixteen other lectures will complete the series, which will form four volumes. It is edited by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., who in 1907 gained the Ellerston Prize, at Oxford, for his essay on Comparative Religion.

The lecturers have been carefully chosen. The Rev. G. S. Hitchcock, who deals with Unitarianism, was long a Unitarian minister; Father Power, whose subject was the Koran, has resided for some years at Beyrût, and made special Oriental studies; Father Browne, who treats of the religion of the Athenian philosophers, is well known as the author of "Homer's Studies." Other lecturers are equally well equipped for their task. The importance of the C. T. S.'s undertaking will become more and more apparent as it nears completion.

—The conferring of the degree of D. D., by the Sovereign Pontiff, upon the Rev. Father Cleary, for many years the able, zealous, and courteous editor of the *New Zealand Tablet*, occasioned notable editorials in the secular press of the colony. The *Dunedin Evening Star* says:

It is to Dr. Cleary's credit that, while not departing by a hair's breadth from loyalty to his own Church, he has gained the esteem and respect of those who differ fundamentally from much that he regards as essential. We can therefore, without hesitation, extend our congratulations to Dr. Cleary on the honor conferred on him by the Pontiff.

And the *Otago Daily Times* is not less complimentary in referring to Dr. Cleary's zeal for the Catholic Faith:

He is a man of wide reading and considerable culture, as his allusions and illustrations continually prove; and let but a hint be given of a charge against, or a reflection upon, the integrity of the Catholic Church, and it is Dr. Cleary's delight to disprove the insinuation, even though he should have to range the wide world for evidence on his side. For these and other manifest reasons, the dignity conferred upon him by the Pope is well deserved.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Dangers of the Day." Monsignor John Vaughan. \$1.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.

"The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.

"How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackwhite. \$1, net.

"The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.

"Claud Denvil." D. Bearne, S. J. \$1, net.

"The Boy-Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jørgensen. 80 cts., net.

"Christopher Columbus." Lady Amabel Kerr. \$1, net.

"The Orthodox Eastern Church." Adrian Fortescue, Ph. D., D. D. \$2.25, net.

"Early Christian Hymns." Daniel Joseph Donahoe. \$2.

"The Human Body and Health." Alvin Davison, M. S. 80 cts.

"The Martyrdom of Father Campion and His Companions." William Cardinal Allen. \$1.25.

"The Saint of the Eucharist." Father Oswald Staniforth, O. S. F. C. \$1.25.

"The Son of Siro. A Story of Lazarus." Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"Some Notable Altars." Rev. John Wright. D. D., LL. D. \$6.

"Laws of Spiritual Life." B.W. Maturin. \$1.50

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Louis Halbe, of the diocese of Omaha; Very. Rev. F. X. Prefontaine, diocese of Seattle; Rev. Erasmus Anson, diocese of Newark; Rev. William Olmstead, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Thomas Quinn, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Jean Baudin, O. M. I.; and Rev. Vitalis Feldmann, O. F. M.

Sister Mary Josephine and Mother M. Evangelista, of the Order of Mercy; Sister Mary Teresa, Sisters of Charity; Sister Louis de Gonzague, Sisters of the Precious Blood; Sister Mary Teresa, Order of the Visitation; and Sister Mary, O. S. D.

Mr. Henry Werner, Mr. Paul Boyton, Jr., Mrs. Eleanor Hanley, Mr. Charles Van Overbeek, Mr. William Murphy, Mr. Francis Coleman, Mrs. Edward Gay, Mrs. Alice Segrave, Mr. John P. Donovan, Mr. Matthew Hunt, Mr. Patrick Lyons, Mr. William Vetterlein, Mr. William Leahy, Regina J. Munson, Mr. Harry Ryan, Mr. Francis M. Bailey, Mrs. Bridget Hennessey, Mr. John Craig, Mr. Patrick McClowry, Miss Elizabeth Eickhoff, Mr. John Murtaugh, Mrs. Anna Freshwater, Mr. Edward McQuillen, Mr. Henry Nix, Mr. John Collins, Miss Lily M. Apsley, and Mr. William C. Weber.

Requiescant in pace!



THE ANNUNCIATION.
(Andrea Orgagna.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Thy Will be Done.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I.

SHE said, "Thy will be done,"
And, lo! the Holy One
Took life within her breast.
The trembling Heart of Love
Began to throb and move
Where Love had built His nest.

II.

When many years were gone,
He said, "Thy will be done,"
And, lo! His Passion hour
Broke on the world's black night,
The long-desired dawn-light
Oped like a rose-red flower.

III.

Sweet Mother and sweet Son,
Who with, "Thy will be done,"
Fulfilled the Father's will,
Give to our hearts to say
Ever, although He slay,
"His will be blessed still!"

Poets' Consolation.

BY P. A. SILLARD.

WHEN a great sorrow has come to us, when we have looked our last on the face of a departed loved one, when our cup of grief has overflowed, and the tears which would not be denied have welled forth, we can find solace in the words of those who have known suffering, and who, from out the depth of their own feeling, tender us the comfort we can receive.

This was borne in upon me recently, in a time of great grief, when I came upon a sonnet by a living poet, Clinton Scollard, of which one line in particular forcibly impressed me:

His care shall compass thee with grief about.
How comforting, when one felt most forlorn, to be thus silently reminded that one was not deserted! It was like balm to a wound, so soothing was the thought that when one felt most cruelly torn and rent, the love and care of the Divine Master was but being made manifest; that sorrows are the messages He sends us that we may know that He loves us.

We seek to know Thee more and more,
Dear Lord; and count our sorrows blest,
Since sorrow is the door
Whereby Thou enterest.

Then I thought of Aubrey de Vere's beautiful sonnet, in which he tells us that sorrow is God's messenger, and that we should give it welcome:

LEARN to be as the angel who could descend among the miseries of Bethsaida without losing his heavenly purity or his perfect happiness. Gain healing from troubled waters. Make up your mind to the prospect of sustaining a certain measure of pain and trouble in your passage through life. By the blessing of God, this will prepare you for it; it will make you thoughtful and resigned without interfering with your cheerfulness.—*Newman*.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee. Do
thou

With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And ere his shadow cross thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate

The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,

Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles, to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting
to the end.

Poets seldom seem so genuinely inspired
as when Sorrow is their theme. The
divine gift of song is never more worthily
employed than when pouring balm into
troubled hearts. *Cor ad cor loquitur*. Out
of the fulness of the heart the utterance
comes, and the lyric is often charged
with tears. The great classic examples—
"Lycidas," "Adonais," and "In Memo-
riam,"—are too studied at those times.
"Read from some humbler poet," well
said Longfellow, "whose songs gushed
from the heart." And Longfellow had a
large heart, which beat with sympathy
for all who suffered. He would have us
to suffer and be strong, to be purified
by suffering, to—

...be patient, and assuage the feeling

We may not wholly stay;

By silence sanctifying, not concealing,

The grief that must have way.

The Angel of Patience, says Whittier,

...mocks no grief with idle cheer,

Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;

But ills and woes he may not cure

He kindly trains us to endure.

When we would dry the tears that

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,

In thinking of the days that are no more,

William Cullen Bryant reminds us that

The Power who pities man has shown

A blessing for the eyes that weep.

And he adds:

For God hath marked each sorrowing day

And numbered every secret tear,

And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

Mrs. Browning has a beautiful thought
where she says:

Grief may be joy misunderstood,—

Only the good discern the good.

Each day brings so much of good above
our poor deserving, we may be in danger
of forgetting that

Life does not thrill to joy alone:

The harp is incomplete

That has no deeper tone.

Time does not always heal

The scar of our deep-plunged woe;
for

Time but the impression stronger makes,

As streams their channels deeper wear.

Contact with the world brings scant relief.
The world, says Matthew Arnold,

Hath really neither joy nor love nor light

Nor certitude nor peace, nor help for pain.

Coventry Patmore had true insight when
he wrote:

And let us own, the sharpest smart

Which human patience can endure,

Pays light for that which leaves the heart

More generous, dignified, and pure.

This fine Catholic poet has a beautiful
lesson to impart in the poem entitled
"Parting," which we should do well to
ponder:

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,

But for one night though that farewell may be,

Press thou his hand in thine.

How canst thou tell how far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that
to-morrow comes?

Men have been known to lightly turn the corner
of a street,

And days have grown to months,

And months to lagging years,

Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid

With tears and pain.

Therefore lest sudden death should come between,

Or time or distance, clasp with pressure firm
the hand

Of him who goeth forth.

Unseen, Fate goes too.

Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest
word

Between the idle talk, lest with thee hence-
forth,
Night and day, Regret should walk.

What true Christian charity is here inculcated: so to live at peace with men that when the dread visitant comes he may find us all—the taken and the left—prepared! Then there need be no vain regrets, no sadness of the “might have been,” but a joyful looking forward to reunion after death, our greatest solace for separation here below.

The living are the only dead;
The dead live, nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them fled
They never were so nigh!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
We look behind us for the Past,
But, lo, 'tis all before!

While memory's treasury lies open, and our night thoughts are of the days that are no more, the words of the Psalmist, made still more familiar through Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, echo in our hearts:

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
“He giveth His beloved sleep?”

“And they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life.” The most blessed consolation we can have in bereavement is the hope and belief that we shall ere long meet in heaven those whom we “have loved long since and lost a while.”

WHEN it is our lot to suffer pain, trials, or ill-treatment, let us turn our eyes upon what Our Lord suffered, which will instantly render our own sufferings sweet and supportable. However sharp our griefs may be, they will seem flowers in comparison with His thorns.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIV.

FATHER MARTIN showed traces of strong agitation when he met the young man who presently dismounted at his door.

“What has happened?” he demanded at once. “I have been wretched ever since you broke off at the telephone. I could hear a woman's voice screaming for you, and I knew something dreadful had occurred. Have I killed Judge Wargrave?”

“Not quite,” Desmond answered; “but the matter contained in your letter proved such a shock to him that it has brought on another stroke of apoplexy, which may prove fatal.”

The priest groaned.

“How hard it is to know what to do!” he said. “If I could only have reached you yesterday—”

“But why not have waited until you could reach me?” Desmond asked, although aware of the futility of the question. “You might have known that I would communicate with you as soon as I received your message.”

“But I could not tell when you would receive it,” Father Martin replied. “And after I had waited many hours, I said to myself that there was really no reason for waiting; that I was, in a certain sense, shirking responsibility by bringing you into the matter; that, after all, my duty was plain: I had only to deliver a message, to tell a few facts to one whom they concerned. And it seemed to me that the sooner this was done the better. ‘There has been too much delay already,’ I thought. ‘What if this man, who is old and frail, should die without knowing what I have to tell him! It might make a difference in many things, and I could never forgive myself if it occurred through my neglect of duty.’ So, after a prayer, I went out and mailed the letter I had written.”

"Well," Desmond said—they were by this time in the study, sitting opposite to each other,—“it may have been the right thing to do; but there is, unfortunately, no doubt of the effect it has produced. Yet I don't know that if I had received your message, I could have advised a better manner of proceeding. I could only have urged caution, considering my uncle's condition. But if you had to tell whatever it was—”

The priest nodded.

“I *had* to tell it,” he said. “In a case of conscience, one has no discretion: the reparation of wrong must be made to those who are concerned. But I thought that, as a member of the family and your uncle's heir, you might, perhaps, have prepared him for the communication which it was necessary for me to make.”

“It would have thrown a responsibility on me, which I think I am rather glad to be spared,” Desmond said frankly. “And in any event the shock would probably have been great, the effect perhaps the same.” He hesitated a moment, and then asked: “Can you tell me anything about it?”

“Yes, I can tell you,” the priest answered. “And it is easier because you know something already. It relates to the confession of that man Tracy, who—and really this *is* odd—owed the chance to make his confession to you.”

“The confession which has—probably—killed my uncle!” Desmond exclaimed. “Don't you see that it is almost terrible, the way I am linked with this thing? But for my effort, as you say, the man would not have had the opportunity to make his confession, which in its immediate result at least—”

But Father Martin's lifted hand stayed his words.

“What do we really know of results, either immediate or remote?” the priest asked. “You did your duty, and you should be glad to feel that you have been an instrument in the hands of God, not only to save that man's soul, but

also—see here! Don't you think it better for your uncle to be struck down as he is, than to have died ignorant of a great wrong done to his son, certainly by others, and perhaps by himself?”

Desmond started.

“So that was it!” he said, in an awed tone. “There was a wrong done to Harry Wargrave, and this man knew of it!”

“Knew of it, profited by it, stood back and let the other suffer for his own wrongdoing! I can not give you details, because he did not give them himself (you remember how far gone he was when the confession was made). But it seems that, being in a position of trust in a business house, he had used his friend, an employé like himself, as a cat's-paw, so that forged cheques and various embezzlements were traceable only to him.”

“To Harry Wargrave?”

“Yes, to Wargrave, whose name, however, was missing from the confession as Tracy made it.”

“Then how have you been able to supply it?” Desmond inquired with astonishment.

“That is where the story grows rather extraordinary,” Father Martin replied,—“almost too extraordinary for belief, indeed, if we priests were not accustomed to extraordinary things; in other words, to the entrance of a supernatural agency into the affairs of human life. Of course it may have been merely owing to what is called coincidence that there was on the train a person possessing a knowledge of the events of which we have spoken in Tracy's life, although she had never seen the man—”

“You are talking of Miss Landon,—the nurse who kept him alive until you came?”

Again Father Martin nodded.

“Just so,” he said. “To keep him alive was her part, and God has given her a great reward for her charity.”

“In God's name what has she to do with it?” Desmond asked.

“It appears that she has very much to do with it,” the priest answered; “so

much, in fact, that she assured me that she would have given anything short of her immortal soul to secure the confession which in his last hour Tracy made, unsolicited. Being aware that the man who died as a result of the accident had a wrong on his conscience which he desired to confess, she came to me as soon as she learned his name (you've already heard this), and begged me to tell her what he had said. To tell her was, of course, impossible; but I promised that, if she could convince me that she had a right to know the substance of the confession, I would give it to her. Well, you remember the letter you carried to her. It was soon after that she came to me again and told me she was going to Baltimore to see Tracy's sister. I asked what she expected to gain by this, since it was clear from the woman's letter to me that she had no intention of throwing light on any discreditable acts in her brother's life. Miss Landon replied that she would make no effort to obtain information of the kind from her. 'It is probable that I know much more than she does about the events we are concerned with in her brother's life, if he was the man I think him to have been,' she said. 'I shall ask Mrs. Barnes only to establish his identity, and shall not ask that directly. I shall explain my visit by telling her that I am the nurse who assisted her brother at the time of his death, and that, on hearing his name, I wondered if he were a Tracy of whom I had known. She will be forced to tell me then exactly who he was, and that is all I want to learn.'—'Is it all that I shall want to learn?' I asked; and she answered: 'I think it is. I think that when I come back and tell you what I know of the man—granting that he is the man I believe him to be,—you will find that my story fits into his story as a key into the wards of a lock, and you will be ready to tell me all that I need to know of what he said before he died.'"

The priest's voice fell, and there was a pause in the quiet study for a minute or two,—a pause that seemed filled with electrical suspense to Desmond, as he found himself somewhat confusedly realizing the full meaning of what he had just heard. Father Martin gave him time to do this. He looked down, smoothing with his hand his soutane over his knees, and did not glance up until the young man spoke, in an odd, quick voice.

"Father," he said, "do you understand that all this can have but one meaning,—that the person who talks in this way must have been very closely connected with Harry Wargrave?"

"Yes, I understand it," the priest answered. "I have understood it from the time she returned and told me her story, which, as she had promised, fitted into Tracy's confession 'as a key into the wards of a lock.' Hearing it, I could not have any doubt that the missing link of evidence was supplied; that her relation and his relation of certain things was substantially the same; that the name she furnished was the name he had failed to give, and that I was bound to fulfil his last urgent request and tell the truth to those whom it concerned."

"I may suppose, then, that you told it to her?" Desmond hazarded.

Father Martin opened his hands with an expressive gesture.

"There was no necessity to tell her anything," he said. "She knew more than I did,—details at which Tracy had merely hinted in his hurried declaration. She did not want information from me, but merely an acknowledgment that the man had revealed certain facts, and had requested that reparation for the wrong of which he had been guilty should be made by a statement of these facts. What she desired—it seemed to be *all* she desired—was that this statement should be made as soon as possible: that the father of the man who had been wronged should know before it was too late the truth about his son."

"And so you wrote the letter which has—"

"Nearly killed Judge Wargrave,—yes. I do not wonder that when he learned what long and terrible injustice he has done to his son—he, not another, for we owe faith to those whom we love as well as to God,—the blow was overwhelming. But I regret very much that I did not at least consult you before dealing it. For, as I told Miss Landon, you are clearly one of those who have a right to hear the substance of Tracy's confession."

"You told her that? And she—?"

"Was more surprised than I can readily express to you; for it appears that she had never heard of your relationship to Judge Wargrave."

"Of course not," Desmond said. "How would she have heard of it? She knows no one in Kingsford, I fancy; and it's almost unnecessary to say that I never thought of mentioning it to her on the single occasion when I have seen her since the railway wreck."

"The strangeness of your connection with the matter seemed to strike her with great force," Father Martin went on. "She repeated more than once: 'It is almost incredible that he should have been brought into it,—he who is to take the place of the man who was cast off!'"

"She knows *that*, then?"

"As I have told you, she knows everything. I've little doubt, though we did not enter into the subject, that she knows as much as you do about the Wargrave Trust."

"But how does she know all this?" the young man demanded vehemently. "In brief, who is she?"

"It was no part of my duty to ask," the priest replied; "and she volunteered no information about herself. This struck me very much; for most people are only too ready to offer information about themselves on all occasions. But the manner in which this girl told her story was—well, extraordinary. It was so detached, dispassionate, and devoid of one personal word. When she finished

her clear-cut and circumstantial account of the relations and transactions between the two men a quarter of a century ago, she asked me if it agreed with Tracy's story. I told her that it agreed in every particular. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are convinced that I have supplied the name which was lacking in his confession, I call upon you to fulfil your promise, and make the reparation he desired.'—'What exactly do you wish me to do?' I asked, in order to see what she would say.—'I wish you,' she said, 'to let Judge Wargrave know the truth about his son. And I would urge you to do this immediately; for he is an old man, and likely, I have heard, to die at any time.' I knew that she was right about this—I mean about his age and precarious state of health,—so I promised that I would not delay my communication. And that is one reason why I acted with what appears to you unnecessary haste."

"I am not prepared to say that it was unnecessary," Desmond responded. "And the consequences might have been unavoidable under any circumstances. For I can well imagine that the agony of mind which a man like my uncle would feel in learning that he had been guilty of such injustice toward his son might produce the effect it did, no matter what precautions had been taken in communicating the facts. But the tragic thing is that nothing seems gained: he is unconscious now, and the doctor says may never regain consciousness."

"Ah, well!" the priest sighed. "We can only do our duty, and leave the rest to God. It will be sad if he is never able to repair any practical injustice which may have been done—"

He paused, as a sudden exclamation escaped Desmond's lips. The young man was looking at him with a startled gaze.

"I have not thought of that before," he said. "If there has been practical injustice done to any one, it must be repaired. I know my uncle well enough to be sure that he will do this if he is able."

If he is not able, the duty will fall upon the family, and particularly—"

"Upon you?" Father Martin was regarding him keenly.

"Yes, upon me," Desmond went on; "for his will, if he dies without changing it, constitutes me the head of the family."

"And do you think that, if he lives, he will be likely to change this will?"

"I can think nothing without knowing more," the young man said. "And I can learn more only from the person who seems to hold in her hands the key to much besides Tracy's story." He rose as he spoke. "I will go to her now," he said.

"Yes, that will be best," Father Martin agreed. He, too, rose and held out his hand. "I am sorry for you," he observed. "Your inheritance has brought you trouble very early."

"It is not my inheritance yet, thank God!" the other returned. "And I can assure you that it never will be my inheritance, if it rests in any degree upon injustice to another. I made up my mind to that from the first."

"I do not think," the priest said reflectively, "that this young woman, whatever her relation to Judge Wargrave's son may have been, is here to make any claim on account of that relationship. From first to last, her manner has impressed me with a sense of singular personal detachment. She wished, as a matter of justice, that the truth should be made known to one whom it deeply concerned, but she has apparently no intention of coming forward herself."

"Fate has settled the matter, however," Desmond said a little grimly. "She must come forward, and she must explain who she is. I am going to ask that question now. Thank you, Father, for being so frank with me. And good-bye!"

"I am ready to be more frank—that is, to go into more detail—whenever you desire," Father Martin detained him to say. "If the improbable, almost the impossible, should happen, and Judge

Wargrave ask to see me, I need hardly tell you that I shall be glad to respond to his summons at any time. If you read my letter—"

"I did not read it," Desmond told him.

"No?" Father Martin looked almost as much surprised as Dr. Glynn had looked at the same statement. "I should have expected you to do so," he said. "Well, in the letter I simply informed him that, through the confession of a dying man, whose name I mentioned, I had come into possession of certain facts which completely exonerated his son from a charge of dishonorable conduct. I put this mildly, out of regard for his feelings; but the charge was really of forgery and defalcation. And I added that I would take pleasure in giving all necessary particulars, whenever he was able to allow me to visit him."

"I do not see how you could have put the matter more considerably," Desmond said, with a note of grateful appreciation in his tone. "There would seem to be nothing in such a communication to affect him so terribly, unless one remembers the long mental suffering it recalled, and the flood of regret and remorse which no doubt overpowered him."

"That was it," the priest said gravely. "Their ideal of personal honor was scarcely less than an idol to the men of Judge Wargrave's generation; and it produced a Spartan sternness toward those who violated its requirements. This spirit upheld him as long as he believed his son guilty of such violation; but when the revelation of the truth came, and he recognized that a code less stern would have been more truly just, why, then it is easy to believe that the proud old heart broke, before some obscure bloodvessel was ruptured in the brain."

Desmond nodded.

"I think it must have been so," he said. "Pray for him, Father. And again good-bye! I am anxious to see Miss Landon as soon as possible."

A Priest-Convert and His Times.

BY A SPECTATOR.

WHEN I read in THE AVE MARIA of January 9 last, at the head of the "Obituary," the name of "the Rev. Charles Chase, of the Archdiocese of Westminster," I was moved to jot down a few memories of him and of the stirring controversies of his last Anglican days. Also I felt I could now safely draw upon a manuscript of his which lies before me, written for publication, but, as the result of a peculiar combination of circumstances, never yet published. Father Chase was not an author: he was a preacher—a great one, I think,—a leader of men, and above all a shepherd of souls. But when, rarely, he did write, he managed to get into his manuscript not a little of that personal magnetism which, humanly speaking, was his great asset and the secret of his peculiar power.

An old cavalryman—he was an officer in the Lancers,—Charles Rose Chase had always felt the attraction not only of churchmanship but of Catholicism. The story is told that, while stationed once with his regiment in Canterbury, he volunteered (there being no Catholic officer) to take to Holy Mass the squad of Irishmen belonging to his battalion,—very much preferring this devotion to the barren, if stately, function in the metropolitan church of Anglicanism. It was doubtless part of his reward that years afterward, when Catholics had outgrown their temporary quarters, he returned to Canterbury as a Catholic priest, to attend the opening of the new and worthy church that had been built there, and to preach in it the first sermon.

But a long road had been traversed in the meantime. He left the army to receive Anglican Orders, and was for many years a trusted leader of those who were most eager to find Catholic devotion and practice within the bounds of the Church

of England. In the "infinite variety" of Anglican ritualism—wherein no two people seemed to believe or act precisely alike,—this was his especial note. He was not of those, and they are many, whose chosen method was the *disciplina arcani*; nor of those, again many, who solved their difficulties by perpetual distinction between the "obligatory" and the "optional"; nor of those, the vast majority, who held to the policy of slow advance, on the ground that half a loaf is better than no bread; nor of those, fewer but more weighty, who felt that, till the fundamental question of the centre of unity could be brought nearer settlement, externals had best be left to take care of themselves. His large unfinished church of All Saints', Plymouth, was the replica of any ordinary Catholic parish church of the modern type, with its images, holy-water stoups, votive-candle stands, and the like; the services and sermons, the books of devotion in use, and even the special hymn-book, with "Faith of Our Fathers," "Hail, Holy Joseph," and all the rest, printed out in full, were to match. The ceremonial was more so, and might well have prompted the historic reply of the Catholic priest to whom had been described a certain big Ritualistic function: "I prefer the simpler services of my own little chapel."

Of course it was all thought "thoroughly Romanizing," and people could never be got to understand that "Father Chase" was at that time more of a "bulwark against Rome" than many clergy who theoretically admitted in varying degrees the Papal claims, but conducted their ministrations on safely Anglican lines. For this plain reason: that simple souls got what they wanted—the Mass as they believed it to be, confession, devotion to Mary and the saints,—and, in their uninformed good faith, felt no need to go elsewhere to get these things. And, in fact, Father Chase, up to within a week or two of his conversion, was in singular good faith on the Papal question. Many of us have had a long pilgrimage in this

matter, and have rested at all sorts of strange halfway houses, with Dr. F. G. Lee or Mr. Spencer Jones or the *Lamp*. But even after Father Chase had resigned his Anglican preferment, and while he was in Rome in the Jubilee Year, in great tribulation of mind, a Catholic friend found him quite unable to see the cogency of the Catholic case in regard to the seat of authority and the fountain of jurisdiction.

This kind of religious position, however, in God's mercy, is not of the kind to last, nor, in fact, does it. It is some ten years, for instance, since I first took up a little position amongst the "extremists," in which I was compelled as a matter of business to follow all that was going on. And, looking back, I can to-day see only two clergymen of this sort who, even in so short a time, have remained where they were. All have either become Catholics or gone back, if not to what I may call legitimate High Churchism, at least to some sort of compromise or accommodation with it. And the churches the same, with their congregations—not, of course, the countless centres of Ritualism and of merely "high" doctrine, but those which were firm on the two crucial points of the time: the worship of the Reserved Sacrament and devotion to Our Lady.

Well, there had been throughout the Nineties (the period of Father Chase's prime) an interval of comparative quiet,—a time when such churches as All Saints', Plymouth, would pursue a peaceful but, as we now know, a falsely secure course. True, there was a continual and disconcerting dribble of individual secessions. Monsignor Barnes (like Father Chase, an old soldier) abandoned his advanced post in suburban London; and Fathers Maturin and Heurtley left the eminently respectable company of the Cowley Fathers,—the latter to pass, like Newman, from Oxford to Birmingham and St. Philip. But, on the whole, things were quiet. Not in the least—as Anglicans are always asserting, and we quite tired of denying—

that converts leave Anglicanism directly they begin to be persecuted a little bit for their faith; but because a period of controversy and commotion makes people look to the fundamentals of their position, reconsider them, and, if so be, find them wanting. And even if the charitable remark heard in some quarters were apposite, to the effect that "rats leave a sinking ship," it would seem to show good judgment on the part of the rats, especially when the ship is breaking on a good solid rock, as ours was on the Rock of St. Peter. Still, no doubt, a sense of loyalty, however mistaken, helped to keep many back, and none more strongly, I think, than men like Father Chase,—loyalty, be it well understood, not to an insular Anglican system (far from it), but loyalty to the sacraments of which we believed ourselves to be partaking, and which we fancied we should, by forsaking them, brand as "a delusion and a sham."

This was one cause of delay. Another was external. If any Catholics were simple enough to think that the decision of our Holy Father Leo XIII. against Anglican Orders, after the long controversy of the early Nineties, was going to hasten conversions and bring the Ritualists in *en bloc*, they were sadly mistaken. It had precisely the opposite effect, as everybody with inside knowledge knew that it must have. (And what more cogent proof, by the way, could there be of the *bona fides* of that decision than the knowledge on the part of its august Author that its effect must be for a considerable time to frustrate his deepest desires?) The whole affair was urged on by a small group of fanatical optimists on our side, backed up by a few priests from France. (What the latter were doing *dans cette galère* has yet to be adequately explained.) Responsible Catholics in England, who were personally friendly with the leaders, begged them not to persist, assuring them that disappointment could be the only result. We, on our part,

feared the same thing, and looked coldly on the whole movement. And when the decision came, it struck a chill to our hearts; but it left us where we were.

Obviously, it touched to the quick men like Father Chase, whose whole life was bound up in their daily ministrations, and therefore in their belief in their Orders, but to whom—many of them—questions of jurisdiction and authority may have come less vividly home. On questions of the latter class, many of them may have been more easily shaken; on the former, they had at least an arguable case, and a case rendered quite impregnable in their minds by daily and most vital experience. Anyhow, the only feeling in our minds, I think, was that the decision closed yet another avenue of hope, and that we were more than ever tied up within our narrow bounds. Illogical, no doubt; but human nature,—and human nature, I trust, not quite on its worst side. Practically, the result was chafing and irritation; and an increased animus against Rome, where such animus already existed.

So matters go till we come to the few years around the opening of the new century,—to the year of Jubilee for Catholics, but for us the year of storm and stress. Violent Protestant agitation, playing upon the susceptibilities of timid bishops and of Erastian politicians, produced something very like a crisis; and just at its commencement Father Chase resigned his living at Plymouth for reasons of health, but with the expressed intention of taking up similar work elsewhere, should his strength be restored. It was not restored; but none the less he went forward, and won his way through far more trying vicissitudes than a change of Anglican livings. Well on in years already, and pretty nearly broken by disease, his life for the last eight years as a Catholic priest was a marvel. To start a new life, enter upon a fresh missionary career, and found a new religious institute, while almost continuously prostrate; to go

habitually straight from the sick bed to the pulpit or the confessional; and to open up new schemes of church building and Catholic extension, with one foot in the grave,—all this was the task and the reward of his venture of Faith.

But in 1900 Father Chase had still his last word as an Anglican to say. And, strangely enough, his pulpit was not the familiar one, but the columns of a newspaper. With the rise of the "crisis," a forward movement had been initiated among the "extremists" by the purchase and reconstruction of an old-established High Church weekly, which, both in Tractarian days and in the later times of the "Order of Corporate Reunion," had obtained considerable notoriety, but which had with smoother days fallen into a somewhat lethargic condition. An old friend of its editor, Father Chase both took some pecuniary interest in the venture and consented to become an occasional literary contributor. This was good news for those of us who looked for a policy of outspokenness. For just as we "extremists" were but a fraction of the whole party, so we ourselves had our subdivisions, and the new paper had to find room for very diverse views. It was, indeed, something of a Cave of Adullam, where "everyone that was discontented" betook himself,—liberals, who objected to episcopal regulation *per se*; we, who objected to it because the bishops were what they were; and other sections, of which the chief was formed from the most thoroughgoing men of that wonderful group of high-Tory theorists, who believe that an Anglican becomes *ipso facto* a "Roman" by crossing from Dover to Calais; and that a "Roman" performs, or ought to perform, the converse operation by traversing the sea in an opposite direction. On the whole, I think the last section got the "best show" in the paper; perhaps they were the most respectable, perhaps the most polysyllabic.

At any rate, we, on our side, did not get so much as we hoped from Father

Chase. It was the time of the "Lambeth Judgments," condemning incense and Reservation; and he was travelling about, ill in health, and, as his letters showed, still more depressed in mind. But on the day on which the second judgment was reported in our paper—it was in May, 1900,—he came out in another column with a pronouncement on "The Month of May," considered as Our Lady's month, which was well calculated to emphasize the peculiarities of the situation.

The archiepiscopal judgments were bound to be a shock. Some they spurred on to fight the more keenly; others they frightened into submission; but their best service was, I think, that in other cases they opened men's eyes to facts. One could go on, perhaps, when left alone,—ploughing one's lonely furrow, eyes to the ground, with no thought of what was passing in one's company. But here things were thrust rudely in our faces,—many unpleasant things, but worst of all, perhaps, bishops "manifestly," as Father Chase once said, "not of the same religion as oneself." One of the defendants in the Reservation case is being examined at Lambeth. Him the old archbishop asks, in all simplicity and not unkindly, just seeking information: "Do I understand, Mr. Blank, that you believe Our Lord is really present in the Sacrament?" The shock lay less in the fact that such questions might be answered in the negative than that they could be asked at all; less in the adverse judgments than in the raising of such issues. The position of the Fifties was reproduced, as Father Bertrand Wilberforce graphically described it to me some time afterward, when his father arrived home from Whitehall after the delivery of the Gorham judgment, and exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, and with a meaning wider than the immediate occasion indicated: "Thank God, *that's* over!"

It was nearly over for Father Chase. He was in Rome, and soon afterward dispatched to us the manuscript which,

as I have said, was never published. It was headed "The Holy Year in Rome. By a Church of England Pilgrim." It was set in type, not without misgiving. On the one hand, it was something out of the way,—"good copy" in a journalist's eyes; on the other hand, there were rumors abroad, and it would be awkward if a Church of England paper's "Church of England Pilgrim" transferred his allegiance elsewhere. Indeed, one hardly contemplated such a contingency; it would be altogether too bad to be true. But none the less the news came, and came soon: "Father Chase has gone!" It did not make a great public stir, for Father Chase did not live in the public eye. But it meant a very great deal to a great many people, clergy and laity, throughout England; and for scores of them it was "the beginning of the end."

It is not my task to write of Father Chase's life as a Catholic, nor of the other conversions that shortly followed his in such large batches, nor of the fate of the newspaper which had to "scrap" its new-set copy; but to put some of that copy, valuable I think for its own sake, before the public. A few summary words, however, on the earlier topics may not be amiss before passing on. "*Laqueus contritus est*,"—it was true in a special sense of Father Chase. No longer confined within the section of a section of a sect, his natural gifts now had scope. A preacher of singular gifts, he soon found open the wider platform, which should have been his through his prime. No longer an alien in the eyes of ecclesiastical superiors, he was at once entrusted by Cardinal Vaughan with the task of introducing to England the famous missionary method of American Catholicism—the missions to non-Catholics. Indeed, the Cardinal and the neophyte found, each in the other, kindred souls; both of them living intensely in the supernatural, caring nothing for expediency, filled with a very military type of zeal; and much less interested, without disloyalty it may

be said, in the intellectual than in the practical problems of the times.

And, short as was the day of work, the practical result is already considerable in itself, and still fuller of promise. The missions to non-Catholics rapidly "caught on," as the saying is; and they proved to be quite free from the dangers that were in some quarters feared,—such as the substitution of controversy for spirituality, the stirring up of local Protestant activity, perhaps even the introduction into church of the brawling which used to disturb our lectures to Protestants in the public halls. None of these things happened, and the missionaries of "Our Lady of Compassion" go on their way, bringing many souls into the Church, and adding to the debt all Catholics owe to their beloved and pious founder.

To complete the externals of my tale, suffice it to say that the "crisis" of 1900 soon subsided, doubtless to be succeeded by another when the pressure of other controversies, such as that surrounding the education question, is relaxed. But it lost the Church of England a good many things, including the newspaper I have been writing about. It was sad to see the paper perish after nearly half a century's fight in an unpopular cause; though no doubt the disappearance of an awkwardly candid print was not unwelcome even to some of the High Church leaders. At any rate, it perished,—not as the result of secessions to Rome on the part of its conductors, but from financial causes; as its counterpart, the organ of the extreme Protestants, had done shortly before. The times were becoming unfavorable to extremists of either sort. But, in its short final period of reawakened life, it did better work than its conductors imagined, in leading a good many people away from Anglicanism toward Home.

I think only one member of the small permanent staff has made this journey; but some time ago I had the curiosity to count heads, and I found that it had been

performed by shareholders, literary contributors and subscribers to the number of over sixty. And, judging from what I have since heard in many chance meetings and from many unexpected sources, there must be very many more, now Catholics, who first learned from our columns some of the doctrines and devotions nearest to the heart of modern Catholicism. They did not hear so much of the Centre of Unity, save when the "canonists" were squabbling with the "anti-canonists" about the Sardican Canons or the Antiochene schism,—subjects of which most of us, I think, got heartily sick long before the paper came to an end. But Father Chase's sudden conversion is responsible for their not having heard some of the salutary words which I proceed to reproduce, and which, as a Church of England pilgrim, he addressed to them on the subject of "The Holy Year in Rome":

"Everyone knows that this is the year of Jubilee—the first that it has been possible to keep since 1825,—and pilgrims are pouring into the Eternal City by tens of thousands. It is a beautiful sight to see crowds of people from all lands led by their own parish priests from place to place through the streets, as they make their visits to the four great basilicas. . . . I saw the other day a whole diocese, led by its bishop, come to pay its visit to St. John Lateran. The great west doors were thrown open, and first entered the bishop, then a group of priests, and then thousands of men and women, but far more men than women. Indeed, the immense number of men in the churches devoutly hearing Mass is one of the most consoling sights the Holy City has to offer. This particular pilgrimage half filled the great church. When, after entering, singing the Litany of the Saints, they were all kneeling before the picture of Our Lord which is shown only in Jubilee Year, the sight was very touching. The picture was brought from Constantinople during the iconoclastic troubles in the eighth century; and earnestly have I prayed before it that

the good God would allay the iconoclastic savagery now troubling us in England, where archbishops encourage iconoclasts, as his Grace of York does at —.*

"But the sight of sights, that which goes straight to one's heart, is to see the Holy Father receive his children in the Vatican Basilica, the glorious Church of St. Peter. Every other day the Pope has been carried in, and some forty thousand people are waiting for his blessing. While they wait, pilgrims from different countries sing hymns in their own language, and most beautiful were the chorales sung by the Germans. But no music, no ceremonial, can be so moving as that which we have all come to see,—that old man of ninety, so full of life and vigor, so keen on all that is going on, bearing the fatigue it must entail upon him so frequently for the sake of giving pleasure to his dear children who have come so far to see him. As the aged man is carried along, he raises himself in his chair, standing on the platform of the *sedia gestatoria*, holding on by his left hand. With his right he continually, slowly and reverently, makes the Sign of the Cross over us,—his face radiant, beaming with a smile of fatherly love and tenderness. The Litany of Our Lady is sung to a plain chant, and then the Holy Father ascends the steps of the altar. Every head is bowed (there is no room to kneel), his hand is uplifted, and in a loud voice he intones the versicles, and then gives us the blessing, his clear voice resounding in the stillness through the great Basilica."

Particular note is made again and again of the large numbers of men in church; of the evening Oratory services; of St. Claudio, with its perpetual Exposition

* I suppress the name of the parish, as its clergyman is still alive,—a Catholic and a priest. If his story ever comes to be written, it will be a remarkable one,—the story of an ascetic and ecstaticus, with more than one incident in it which one may well believe, without presuming to prejudice the case, to be something beyond the natural.

and perpetual silence; of the May devotions; and of the Roman fondness for sermons. "The May shrines are not, as a rule so gorgeous as in France, nor as I have sometimes seen in our own churches in England. The Roman people keep May chiefly by having sermons. The sermons are full of plain teaching of dogma, very well done."

The article closes with a touching autobiographical note: "One of the most beautiful services I have been privileged to attend was a High Mass sung by the members of the College of St. Bede and the English College, on the feast of the Invention of the Holy Cross, in the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. The spot chosen was the place where was found the body of St. Cecilia; a very early fresco of the saint, probably done soon after her martyrdom, was on the altar. An old friend sang the Mass. Often sixteen and seventeen centuries ago, when Christians dared not gather for worship above the ground, has Mass been said in the same place. The resting-places of the early martyrs are all around. The symbols our forefathers delighted in—the fish, the story of Jonah, the Eucharistic Supper, as they painted them on the walls—are there to-day.' At the end of Mass we said the 'Divine Praises' and 'Hail Mary,' and sang heartily together Faber's 'Faith of Our Fathers.' May the time come when Englishmen shall all indeed be free and united in the profession of the one Faith for which the martyrs who worshipped in the Catacombs shed their blood!"

Soon the writer of these words was to be "free" in the only way that could answer to his heart's desire. The priest who sang that Mass, as he afterward told me, was struck with the intense fervor and emotion of his old friend on that occasion, and felt that his prayer in offering the Sacrifice was soon to be answered. There was a little interval when the moment and its opportunity seemed to have been lost; but it was not so: the light broke suddenly, and with it came

life, and the joy of morning, and the call to new, wide-reaching and fruitful service.

I may close with a few words written later to the paper to which he had contributed, and which had shown some soreness at his desertion of its cause. The words recall the man "in his habit as he lived,"—his "forthrightness," his intense sentiment of loyalty to truth and to God, his devotion, and his humility. "Will you allow me," he writes, "in justice to myself, to say that if a man who has believed himself to be a priest, and acted in good faith on that belief, becomes convinced that he is bound in conscience to accept the decisions of the Holy See, he does not thereby 'confess that his whole priestly life has been a lie and a sacrilege'? I submitted to the Apostolic See, and accept all the consequences that follow from such submission, because I have been led, by study and prayer, to see and conscientiously to believe that those claims are historical, being in accordance with tradition and the teaching of the Fathers, based on Holy Scripture and the teaching of the living Church. Before such a conviction, the tenderest associations of a lifetime must give way. The claims of truth are paramount. 'My sheep hear My voice.' In God's great and undeserved mercy I have heard the Good Shepherd say to him to whom He gave the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven: 'Feed My sheep.' What can I do, what dare I do, but rise to listen to his voice?"

Such was the confession of Charles Chase, priest, and founder of the Society of Missionaries of Our Lady of Compassion. May he rest in peace, and may God raise up many to follow in his footsteps!

Eternal Love.

BY R. C. H.

IF I with my poor human love
 Would do so much for thee,
 What will He not do who hath loved
 For all eternity!

Have You Ever Seen a Ghost?

A ROMAN STORY.

I WAS walking one day on the Pincio when I met a dear friend of mine, Angelo Marucci by name, and by profession a physician. He was of a bright and sunny disposition, full of useful information and amusing anecdote; so that he was always sought after, and his friendship deeply cherished, especially by his many patients, high and low.

He saluted me in his cheery way, and locked my arm in his. We strolled along for some minutes, to my great surprise without saying a word. I was wondering what could be the cause of this unusual silence on the part of my vivacious friend, when, dropping my arm, he stopped and suddenly put the question:

"Have you ever seen a ghost?"

"Not I," I replied.

"Well, I have."

"Then please tell me all about it."

We resumed our walk, and he again took the arm he had dropped as he swung round to question me.

"I'll never forget it," he continued, "the longest day I live. It was the eve of the Epiphany, about fifteen years ago. I had been grinding very hard previous to my final examination for the medical profession. I felt run down and in need of some relaxation. So, after a good breakfast, in the early morn I took myself to the Piazza Sant' Eustacchio, to get a peep at the various stalls where were displayed the innumerable toys and sweets so ravishing to the hearts of the little ones. In your foggy island, the babies look to Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney to fill their stockings. Here, in old Rome, they rely on the generosity of the Magi. The Epiphany—or, as they call it, the 'Befana'—is the day of all days for them. I wandered in and out the stalls, admiring the ingenious arrangement of the Cribs, with their beautifully modelled

and artistically painted statuettes. They were worked in various mediums,—marble, clay, plaster-of-Paris, even gingerbread. It was charming to watch the puzzled expression on the countenances of the parents, torn hither and thither,—now by the shouts of the excited little ones, now by the clamors of the sellers, one trying to get the better of the other; but with the greatest good humor, and abundant interchange of repartee for which the Romans are famous—

"How you run on!" I exclaimed. "Have you forgotten the ghost?"

"Excuse my garrulity," replied the medico, "and let me tell the story in my own way. Amongst the crowd I noticed a tall, handsome-looking fellow, fully head and shoulders above them all. He wore a jacket and vest of brown velvet, studded with brass buttons bearing the crest of his employer. His nether parts were enclosed in corduroy knickers of the same color, and ending in brown leather gaiters and thick boots. A low steeple-hat crowned his dark curly locks, and a double-barrelled gun was slung from his shoulder. At first sight you would have taken him for a bold, bad bandit from the Abruzzi; but on closer inspection you would have changed your opinion. In spite of his formidable appearance, accentuated by a square jaw, there was a softness in the eyes, as well as certain lines about the mouth, which betokened a kindly disposition. He was only a *guardabosco*, or ranger—or what you call a bailiff,—whose chief duty consists in warning off poachers and trespassers from his master's preserves.

"Evidently he and the stall-holder were old acquaintances; for I overheard the latter inquiring: 'How is Beppo?'—'As lively as ever,' replied the bailiff. 'For the last six months he has been plaguing me to buy him a Crib. This morning, very early, he was at my bedside counting on his little fingers the various articles he wanted: "*La Madonna, Il Bambino, San Giuseppe*." He then stopped, quite breath-

less. I thought he was at the end of his enumeration. But no: he soon got his wind again, and shaking his little head like a mandarin, with warning finger he punctuated the climax of his wants: "As you love me, dadda, don't forget the three Holy Kings with their camels!" So I suppose I must obey the little tyrant to the letter.' The statuettes were selected and packed without another word, and, taking the somewhat bulky parcel under his arm, with a '*Buona festa, arrivederci!*' to the stall-holder, the kind-hearted father marched off with his purchase.

"It was a cold, misty morning when I first set out for the Piazza Sant' Eustacchio; but toward midday the sun broke through the clouds, clearing the atmosphere, diffusing warmth in the air, and showing a lovely blue sky smiling down on us. What a day for a walk in the Campagna! I said to myself. So I ran back to Marietta, my dear old landlady, who no sooner knew my resolution than she began to pack my wallet with eatables, showering on my head all kinds of dismal warnings,—not to get overheated, to avoid chills for fear of catching a fever, such as *terzana*, *quartana*, *perniciosa*, and the rest. I laughed at the formidable budget of ills. 'It is no laughing matter,' she added, raising her hands and shoulders like a bird about to fly, and shaking her old head as if it were on a swivel.

"With a 'God bless you!' I snatched up the wallet, went down the winding staircase like a tornado, out into the street, crossed to the Ripetta, to leave a message with a friend; then through the Piazza and Porta del Popolo, across the Ponte Milvis, until at last I heard myself whistling a march to the tapping of my heels as they clattered on the hard level road that ran through the Campagna Romana.

"For the first hour and a half there was a gentle breeze which made the air crisp and exhilarating. A solitary raven passed croaking overhead. Brer Rabbit, with a rousing thud, thud, gave notice

of my approach to the rest of his tribe. A gunshot rang out with startling distinctness, as though quite near; and as I looked toward the hills whence the sound reverberated, I noticed some ugly dark clouds rising behind them. In about a quarter of an hour they were over the hilltops and rolling pellmell down their sloping sides into the Campagna. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'for a wet jacket and a scolding from Marietta if I do not get into shelter!' To the right were the ruins of a deserted farm-house; so I sprinted toward them as fast as I could go, and arrived safe and sound a moment before the clouds dissolved into a heavy downpour.

"Judge, then, my surprise when I found I had been forestalled by two other very strange-looking companions in distress. They were dressed in a kind of monastic habit, topped by a cowl, which not only covered the head but fell down in a point over the face. Two eyeholes in the veiled cowl enabled the wearers to see through it. I was greeted with a '*Laudetur Jesus Christus!*' which had a kind of military challenge in it. '*Semper laudetur!*' I replied, somewhat mechanically, I confess, as I had not quite recovered from my surprise at the unexpected apparition. They belonged to a confraternity of laymen called Brothers of Mercy, who give themselves to the performance of one of the corporal works of mercy—that of burying the dead, especially the unknown who have perished in the Campagna, and of having Masses said for the repose of their souls. Noblemen and peasants, even bishops, delight in being enrolled as active members of the confraternity. These two were evidently gentlemen, and soon put me at my ease, chatting quite familiarly, with the beautiful Roman intonation which it is so pleasant to hear. He who saluted me with the military ring in his voice was interested in medical science. He began to relate the discovery of some marvellous specific for the alleviation, if not cure, of leprosy.

"He was engaged in a very animated description when a tall form darkened the opening of the vaulted chamber in which we had taken cover. I at once recognized the bailiff of the morning. 'Excuse my interrupting you, gentlemen! There is a poor fellow lying dead close to the aqueduct,' said he, pointing toward the locality. 'With your permission, I will go at once to the innkeeper, Antonino, who lives a mile down the road, to ask for the loan of his horse and wagonette to bring the body home. Before I go, allow me to inform you that the place in which you stand is very dangerous, as the roof is liable to come down at any minute.' With these words he departed as silently as he had come.

"We gratefully took the hint; and, at the invitation of the Brothers, I accompanied them on their errand of mercy. On our arrival at the aqueduct, we found a large basin built close to it. From the wall of the aqueduct protruded the figure of a ram's head, which, with open mouth, spurted water into the basin. The fountain was evidently erected for the wild cattle grazing in the Campagna, and for the convenience of the chance wayfarer. The water was deeply stained with blood. The dead body was face downward, and lying half in and half out of the basin. The back of the head was nearly blown away by gunshot. The poor fellow, it seemed, had leaned over the basin, in order to slake his thirst by placing his lips under the jet of water that came from the ram's mouth. In doing so, he must have violently shifted the double-barrelled gun which hung from his shoulder. The hammers, being at half cock, came down, and the contents of both barrels entered his brain. Judging from the position of the body, death must have been instantaneous. At his feet lay a bulky parcel covered with brown paper. We turned the body over gently, and who should it be but the man who, only a little while ago, had directed us to the fountain! We were washing and bandaging the dreadful

wound, when Antonino arrived with the wagonette. As soon as he saw the corpse, he fell on his knees from the shock, exclaiming: '*Dio mio!* The very man you sent for the wagonette!'

"As the rain threatened to come down again, we decided to take the body to the shelter we had just vacated, forgetting all about the warning we had received. But there another surprise awaited us. The vaulted room had already collapsed! Deeply moved at our narrow escape, we recited a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving, and a *De Profundis* for the soul of the messenger. Whether it was the soul of the bailiff of his Good Angel, who took his form to warn us of our danger in return for the corporal work of mercy we were about to perform, I leave to you to decide."

"And what about little Beppo?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that," replied Angelo. "From a letter found on the dead man, we discovered the address of his employer, who, on receipt of the sad news, sent without delay for the body of his faithful servant. Beppo was inconsolable, and for many a long day would not open the parcel which contained his Befana, which he still cherishes as one of his dearest treasures. He is now a fine young fellow, full of character and determination. He follows his father's vocation, and is reckoned one of the best sportsmen of the neighborhood. Better still, he is a good, practical Christian. Never an eve of the Epiphany passes without his going to the church of Sant' Eustacchio, to hear Mass, receive Holy Communion, and have the Holy Sacrifice offered for the repose of the soul of his father. I once said to him by way of a joke (we are good friends, you know): '*Beppo mio*, don't you think you have prayed enough? Your father is surely with his Good Angel by now, especially as we have been told that he received Holy Communion on the very morning of the day on which he met his death?'—'As God wills,' he replied.

"Beppo put the same question to our old parroco, Don Abbondio. '*Carissimo*,' he answered kindly, 'when we speak of eternity there is no such a thing as time. God always was and always will be. For Him there is no past and no future: He is one eternal *now*, if I may use the expression. For language which is limited, finite, an expression of time can not define the eternal. Who can forgive sin but God and those whom He delegates? We, miserable creatures that we are, may and do arrest the plenitude of this copious and merciful redemption, either by failing to repent of venial sin, or by indolence in not making sufficient satisfaction for the debt of temporal punishment we have incurred. It is, therefore, not a question of time—of how long,—but of satisfactory purgation. How much of the latter, God only knows; for He alone, in the inaccessible light of His infinite purity, can measure the depths of the malice of sin, be it only what theologians term venial, to say nothing of mortal sin.

"The Church, therefore, teaches that souls are usually plunged into that sea of suffering (purgatory) for a considerable time. Hence the custom which she not only allows but sanctions—the celebration of Masses on the anniversary of their departure; a custom which she suffers to go on from *century to century for the same souls*. Pray on, then, *caro Beppo*; and, if you like, with this condition: should your good father be in no further need of your suffrages, implore the tender Heart of our merciful Redeemer to apply the merits of the Holy Sacrifice, in which He is both priest and victim, to the poor soul who has been called away suddenly, but who during his lifetime had been devout, after the example of the Shepherds and the three Holy Kings, to the sweet Babe of Bethlehem."

"You see," said the medico, "Beppo was not merely pious, but a well-instructed, thoughtful young fellow. *O si sic omnes!*"

DE URBE.

Next Sunday's Mass.

PASSION SUNDAY.

THE last two weeks of Lent constitute a liturgical season within a season, and have received the name of Passiontide. This name itself is still further restricted by some authors to a single week—the penultimate one of Lent; thus we have as the title of one of Dom Guéranger's volumes, "Passiontide and Holy Week," where Passiontide is used as a synonym for *Passion Week*. This last fortnight of the penitential season is distinguished from the four weeks which precede it by the subject-matter on which the Church would have us fix our attention. Thus far in Lent we have been instructed on the evil of sin, on the necessity of penance in general, and on the congruity of fasting and abstinence in particular, on the efficacy of almsgiving, etc. During Passiontide we shall be moved to dwell on the mystery of our Saviour's Passion, on the efficacy and the severity of the atonement made for our sins.

The most noticeable liturgical variation in the Mass for the proper of this particular season is the omission of the psalm *Judica me* at the beginning of the Mass, and of the *Gloria Patri* after the Introit and the *Lavabo*. On Passion Sunday itself the recitation of *Judica me* is in reality merely postponed; since the psalm, or at least the first portion of it, forms the Introit. In it we find Christ as Messiah appealing to God's tribunal and protesting against the sentence which iniquitous men are about to pronounce on Him: "Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy; from the unjust and deceitful man deliver me; for Thou art my God and my strength. (Ps.) Send forth Thy light and Thy truth; they have led me along, and brought me unto Thy holy hill, and into Thy tabernacles."

The Collect is a petition that the work of reformation which it is the purpose of

Lent to effect in both the flesh and the spirit, may be thoroughly accomplished: "We beseech Thee, Almighty God, mercifully look upon Thy family; that by Thy bounty it may be governed in body, and by Thy protection guarded in mind. Through, etc." In Passiontide there is but one additional Collect. It is either the prayer for the Church or that for the Pope: "Of Thy Church, do Thou, we beseech Thee, O Lord, mercifully, hear the prayers; that, all adversities and errors being removed, she may serve Thee in secure liberty."—"O God, of all the faithful the Pastor and Ruler, graciously look upon Thy servant [Pius], whom Thou hast been pleased to set as Pastor over Thy Church. Grant him, we beseech Thee, both by word and example, to benefit those over whom he is set; that, together with the flock committed to him, he may come to life everlasting."

In the Epistle, St. Paul explains to the Hebrews the difference between the symbolic rites of the Old Law and the substantial spiritual realities of the New. "For if the blood of goats and of oxen, and the ashes of a heifer being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled, *to the cleansing of the flesh*, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, by the Holy Ghost, offered Himself without spot to God, *cleanse our consciences* from dead works to serve the living God!"

The Gradual and Tract resume the thought of the Introit: "Deliver me from mine enemies, O Lord. . . . Thou art my deliverer, O Lord, from the angry nations: Thou wilt lift me up above them that rise against me: from the unjust man Thou wilt deliver me. . . . They have lengthened their iniquities; the Lord, who is just, will cut the necks of sinners."

One practical lesson of the Gospel, with its initial question, "Which of you shall convince me of sin?" is that, while we have the right to defend ourselves against calumnies, and even the obligation to do so when the calumnies, if unrefuted, would impede us in the fulfil-

ment of our duties, our defence of our reputation ceases to be lawful when it exceeds the bounds of justice,—when, for instance, it degenerates into an attack on our fellows.

The Communion is notable as consisting of the very words used by Our Lord in instituting the August Sacrifice and the Adorable Sacrament: "This is the body which shall be delivered up for you; this is the cup of the new covenant in My blood, saith the Lord. As often as you receive them, do it in remembrance of Me." And the Post-Communion begs Almighty God's protection for those "whom Thou hast refreshed with Thy sacred mysteries."

The Angelical Salutation.

(From "*Of Good Intentions*," by J. S. London.
Printed in the Year 1702.)

SO many devout pieces have been writ upon this particular, that 'tis not very easy to add anything to them. I shall only here recommend it to the reader's consideration, that from this heavenly message to that incomparable Mirrour of all Purity, the Immaculate and ever-Blessed Virgin; and from her humble consent to the Archangel's proposal, ensu'd the Incarnation of the Eternal Word; from which all the holy doctrine and admirable examples of our Saviour, which enlighten'd and instructed us both in faith and virtuous life; our redemption by His death and passion; the raising our lumpish affections to a vigorous hope of eternal life and love of heaven, whither He went before to prepare us a place and to intercede for us; the sending the Holy Ghost by His Father and Himself, to form, settle and establish His Church in truth and in sanctity. In one word, there ensu'd thence all the good to poor lost mankind that can possibly be imagin'd. Had it not been for this, we had all still ador'd a chimerical multitude

of ridiculous false gods; some of them senseless inanimate creatures, and the works of men's hands; and oftentimes the devils themselves. Had it not been for this, we had liv'd here a while slaves to our lusts, and adorers of vain glory, worldly honours, and brutish pleasures; which, when our poor deluded soul is by death divested of her body, do all vanish into air, and leave her empty of anything but that which she must carry with her—viz., her violent and ill-set impure affections; which will torture her with the loss of those darling temporary goods, on which only she doted while here; and, which is a thousand times worse, indispose her, and make her utterly incapable of beholding God's glorious Face, which, now too late, she sees is her only true and soul-satiating happiness. So that, having lost all she could wish or hope for, and this irrecoverably, she plunges herself into a hell of eternal misery.

This, I say, had been the dismal condition of all mankind, had not the Son of the Most High, out of His meer goodness and mercy, condescended to be Incarnate, and liv'd amongst us. This lays on all Christians a most absolute obligation, as oft as they repeat this Salutation, which brought from heaven the first Good Tidings of our approaching redemption, to revere this holy mystery; and to bless and magnify the wisdom and goodness of God for bringing it to effect by most wonderful means, and thus revealing it to the world.

MONEY never made a man happy yet, nor will it. There is nothing in its nature to produce happiness. The more a man has, the more he wants. Instead of its filling a vacuum, it makes one. If it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way. That was a true proverb of the Wise Man, rely upon it: Better a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith.

—Benjamin Franklin.

Notes and Remarks.

It was wise old John Selden, a new edition of whose "Table-Talk" is welcome, that said: "To know what was generally believed in all ages, the way is to consult the liturgies." What a revelation it would be to most non-Catholics if they were to consult that liturgy of which the Sacrifice of the Mass is the origin and centre,—a liturgy whose nature was the same in all the churches of the various countries and nations! It is certain that the most important and most sacred portion of the Mass, the Canon, has remained unaltered in its present form, even down to its very words, ever since the fifth century; and that there has not been the smallest change in it since the time of Pope Gregory the Great. This holy Doctor put the "Our Father" in another place, and inserted the prayer "Give peace in our days." This Canon has been inseparable from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the living Sun of this world, for more than twelve hundred years, in all the length and breadth of the Catholic Church.

If the Object of the worship of the Church were not in Itself worthy of the adoration of angels and of men, as an illustrious convert once said, her ancient liturgy would be entitled to veneration as a sacred thing, which has passed unchanged through the vicissitudes of so many centuries and races.

"One of the most interesting features in the religious history of the nineteenth century has been the remarkable development of the Sunday-school," remarks the editor of the *Academy*, in a review of a new catechetical work intended for Anglican parsons, catechists, and Sunday-school teachers. Lord Alfred Douglas, the editor of the *Academy*, is what he would call a "loyal Catholic and Churchman"; and he goes on to deplore, as a result of the advent of the Sunday-school teacher, the extinction of the catechist,—

the neglect of the rubric in the Book of Common Prayer which prescribes regular catechetical instruction by the clergy. "In the majority of cases, the parish priest—already unduly handicapped by a variety of entirely superfluous duties—has been content to hand over the spiritual instruction of the children of his parish to the voluntary Sunday-school teachers. These, doubtless, have done their best. Unhappily, however, in many cases that best has not been good enough. They have been men of unflagging industry, of warm sympathy, and of an entirely commendable patience. But too often they have lacked the necessary training, and the success of their efforts has been incommensurate with the labor that has been bestowed upon them. In these days, when secular education is receiving so much attention, it is more than ever necessary that the Sunday-school teacher should not be found walking in old and outworn paths. He must be at least as fully equipped for his task as the mathematical master or the instructor in physical science. Our children are critical: they are as quick to detect a flaw in argument as to note any appearance of insincerity or mere perfunctoriness on the part of their teachers. Such things they resent; and the influence which the teacher might otherwise have established over his pupils is considerably impaired, if not, indeed, hopelessly lost."

There is food for reflection here. The failure, so often deplored, to achieve desirable results from Sunday-school work is no doubt due to the inexperience of a great many of the teachers, and the inferiority of a great many of the books designed to be of assistance to them.

A secular editor, who probably prides himself on his broad-mindedness, remarks: "No intelligent Protestant now regards the Roman Catholic Church as wholly unscriptural, or his own particular form of religious faith as the one and only way of salvation"! And the same editor man

quotes the Rev. Dr. Charles Hodge, "the ablest among present exponents of Calvinism," as saying: "Does the Church of Rome retain truth enough to save the soul? I do not understand how it is possible for any Christian man to answer in the negative"! These two statements were no doubt made in all seriousness, yet it is impossible to refrain from smiling at them. Let us hope that editor and preacher may themselves live long enough to see "where the laugh comes in."

One group of Catholics who are not often in the public eye are those of the classic land of Greece; and it is accordingly gratifying to learn from excellent authority that the progress of the Church therein is notable and steady. Mgr. Delenda, Archbishop of Athens and Apostolic Delegate of Greece, writes to the *Missions Catholiques*: "The Catholics of Greece don't get themselves much talked about, and from this silence people may be tempted to believe that there is in this country no Catholic life or activity. This is a mistake; for, although the Latins form as yet only a minority compared with the 'Orthodox' mass, still their number is daily increasing, as are also the prestige and influence of our holy religion." Not many decades ago a Catholic priest in Greece was very liable to be publicly insulted; nowadays that rarely if ever happens. The Hellenic authorities indeed treat the priest with marked consideration; and the University of Athens has just elected a Catholic as rector.

It is the people who do things, even foolish things, that are most apt to be in the public eye; and, accordingly, the comparatively small percentage of American women who desire the franchise occupy a larger space in the press of the country than do their multitudinous sisters who disclaim any such desire. But "these quiet women who do not wish to vote," says the *Inter-Ocean*, "know why

their faith is what it is. Their resistance is not that of ignorance or mere inertia. The case against Woman's Suffrage was never more clearly or succinctly put than in their petition, to the last Republican National Convention to omit any sort of indorsement of Woman's Suffrage from its platform. Here it is:

To extend the suffrage to women would be to introduce into the electorate a vast non-combatant party, incapable of enforcing its own rule. Manhood suffrage is a method adopted for peacefully ascertaining the will of the majority, to which the minority must perforce submit. The majority prevails because it is the majority, and could, if necessary, compel compliance with its wishes. To make possible a majority which a minority could safely defy would be to overthrow the fundamental idea of Republican government.

"There is a gem of clear political thinking! It recognizes the unchanged and unchangeable truth that, while governments rest on ideas, they are maintained by force,—that the majority rules because, in the end, it has power to compel. Women should not wish to vote, because it is alien to their nature to use physical strength in an effort to compel."

All of which, we are free to admit, impresses us as being worthy of serious consideration, if not of out-and-out acceptance.

Under the specific heading "False Testimony, Rash Judgment, and Lies," a writer in the *Month* dissects some of the slanders and prevarications of a certain Dr. Horton, whose bugbear seems to be Catholic convents, and whose main object in life is apparently to bring about legislative inspection of such really commonplace and inoffensive institutions. The Doctor's critic invites his attention to this description:

As a novice, I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little square, bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterward substituted,—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy

was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*; or of the beadle who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was most welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude; and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.

A terrible state of affairs, truly; but, alas! it didn't obtain in a Catholic convent, or even monastery; for the *Month* writer continues:

Perhaps the Doctor will be astonished to learn that the above does not depict the disciplinary system of a monastery or convent, but was the ordinary penalty inflicted on attempted runaways in such a typical English institution as Christ's Hospital in the days of Charles Lamb.

The Catholic chaplain to the Mediterranean Flying Squadron of the British Navy, who made two journeys to Messina just after the earthquake, and who had the consolation of ministering to many of its victims, relates a touching experience, in a letter published in the *London Tablet*. "A young Italian girl, all bruised and broken, and in a dying condition," he writes, "was brought into the temporary hospital where our surgeons were working. When anointing her, I took from her hand a crumpled paper, which proved to be an oleograph representation of the Madonna. The girl died shortly after admission. She had been five days buried, and had never relaxed her hold on the picture." We feel sure the chaplain, on second thought, would have replaced it and buried it with her, instead of keeping it as a memento of the terrible disaster.

From our vigorous contemporary with the lengthy name—*Catholic Register and Canadian Extension*,—we learn that Canada is to have a Plenary Council. "The Holy Father, Pope Pius X., happily reigning, in his solicitude for all the churches entrusted to his care, has turned

his eyes upon the young and vigorous Church of Canada, and has graciously granted permission for the celebration of a Plenary Council in this country. Final instructions concerning its convocation have been sent from the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Council to his Excellency Most Rev. Donatus Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. This announcement has been ardently hoped for and anxiously awaited for some years past, and the news will be hailed with gratification by Catholics all over the Dominion. It is further announced that the Council will be celebrated during the coming summer; and, as is most fitting, that it will be held in the Mother See of all the churches of Canada, in the ancient and historic city of Quebec." As far back as March, 1904, a commission, composed of two representatives of each of the eight ecclesiastical provinces of Canada, met in Ottawa to begin the work of preparation. The rough draft of the decrees, or *schemata*, of the proposed Council was drawn up, recast, and revised more than once, and has for some time been ready for submission to the Council's members. Three of the theologians constituting the commission have, since its formation, been raised to the episcopate.

A destructive tornado in the Philippines in October last created such havoc in the diocese of Nueva Segovia that its bishop, Mgr. Dougherty, finds himself constrained to call upon American Catholics for assistance. His appeal, endorsed by Archbishop Agius, Apostolic Delegate, is addressed to the General Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and contains, among others, these notable paragraphs:

In seventy-eight towns of this diocese, the church properties were either wholly or partially destroyed; and, according to a conservative estimate, it will require at least \$250,000 to repair or rebuild them. But some may be saved, at least from utter ruin, by an outlay of small amounts. Every dollar spent now will save hundreds of dollars hereafter; for so heavy are

the rains and so violent the winds in this country that the slightest opening to the weather is fatal to a building.

If the Catholic religion, implanted here by the heroism of Spanish missionaries, is to survive the onslaughts of Aglipay's schism and the Protestant propaganda, it is necessary that our church structures be saved. During three centuries Spaniards labored to make this a Catholic country; Americans should not permit the fruit of such sacrifice to perish. May I, then, Rt. Rev. Monsignor, beg you to appeal to the generosity of American Catholics to aid us in saving to our holy Faith seven million Filipinos, chastised by plague and famine and rent by religious strife? Financial support is needed at once. Will you please to make a special plea for us, notwithstanding all that you have done for us in the past?

There is nothing to be added to the foregoing: it speaks for itself, and speaks eloquently.

Before Lenten literature loses the quality of timeliness that is considered so important nowadays, it may be worth while to reproduce this concluding paragraph of a study of "The Quadragesimal Fast," that appears in the current *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*:

The foregoing brief retrospect gives some idea, however inadequate, of the evolution of the cycle of Quadragesima, and of the mitigations introduced by the changed conditions of succeeding ages into the severity of primitive observance. It shows, too, how much we have, in this matter of fasting, degenerated from the rigorous practice of those early Christians who subsisted each day of Lent on a single meal, using neither meat, eggs, nor milk products, during the entire penitential season, and often denying themselves the cup of water that would allay the pangs of the craving palate.

And history makes no mention of their having been particularly short-lived, either.

The following letter of Cardinal Newman, dated Rednal, September 4, 1862, and first published in that charming little volume, "A Conversion and a Vocation," will doubtless be as consoling to many readers as it was to the favored recipient:

We know perfectly well, and hold with all our hearts, that the Catholic Church is the sole

communion in which there is salvation. But we know, too, that there is such a state of mind as invincible ignorance; and the present Pope, in one of his allocutions, has expressly recognized it. He has said, too—if my memory is correct—that no one can decide who is in invincible ignorance and who is not. Indeed, it seems plain that it would require a particular revelation in order to be able to do so.

For myself, I certainly do not consider—speaking under correction—that, in order to be in invincible ignorance, one must be out of sight and hearing of Catholicism, and that to be near Catholics is incompatible with such an ignorance. Habit, formation of mind, prejudice, reliance on and faith in others, may be as real walls of separation as mountains. Members of one and the same household may be more distant from each other in the intercommunion of mutual apprehension of ideas than they would be made by the interposition of an ocean.

Your dear mother may have been in perfect good faith. And if we once get so far as to feel the possibility of this, then we may take comfort to ourselves, and believe that all those tokens of sincerity and devotion which we see in our Protestant friends are not mere appearances and pretences, but real evidence that their ignorance was *not* vincible, and their separation from the Church *not* voluntary....

Till, then, I am called by the voice of the Church to think otherwise, I shall think hopefully where others who have no means of judging rashly despair.

We can not recall a clearer statement than this of the Church's attitude toward those outside her visible pale.

The frontispiece of the March issue of *The Good Work* is an exceptionally interesting picture of the famous Chu family of Ning-po, China, all the members of which are devout Catholics. Among the fifteen figures appearing in the portrait, we note particularly: (1) the Rev. Paul Chu, the eldest son; (2) Mr. Chu, chief catechist of the mission; (3) the Rev. John Chu, a grandson, ordained June, 1908; (4) Sister M. Teresa, a Daughter of Purgatory; (5) Sister Miriam Rosaire, a Sister of Charity; and (6) Sister M. Aloysia, a Daughter of Purgatory. The holy old mother of the family died recently, and the ceremonies at her funeral were noteworthy.

Notable New Books.

Dangers of the Day. By Monsignor John S. Vaughan. THE AVE MARIA Press.

The only portion of this book with which our readers are unfamiliar is the thoughtful and inspiring introduction by Mgr. Canon Moyes. One brief excerpt therefrom will both give a taste of its quality and furnish an excellent reason for rereading the whole book: "The true worldling is always a weakling in the measure in which he capitulates to allurements which he has not the courage to forego. Men who have grown weary of the work of raising their lives to the level of their conscience, weaken and find a sort of self-justification in dragging down their conscience to the level of their lives. . . . A certain writer describes how artillery mules, having brought their pieces into action, are often found to graze quietly on the turf, concerned only in whisking away the flies with their tails, while shot and shell are ploughing furrows in the ground all around them. The mule is not brave, but merely danger-blind. A man may be found who, without any motive to compensate the risk, will balance himself on the edge of a precipice, or pirouette upon the summit of a chimney-stack. The man is not brave: he is merely stupid." The parable requires no commentary. There are both mulishness and stupidity in the attitude of too many Christians toward the very real dangers that threaten their spiritual well-being; and an excellent employment of some portion of their time during the present holy season would be to peruse, with an eye to its personal application, Mgr. Vaughan's practical exposition of the outstanding dangers of the day.

Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought. By William Samuel Lilly, Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.; Benziger Brothers.

This work contains seven studies which have already appeared, in substance at least, partly in the author's previous book, "Ancient Religions and Modern Thought," and partly in magazine articles; they are reprinted here with some modifications and additions. In the first chapter, on the Sacred Books of the East, the writer renders well-deserved homage to the great work of Max Müller, and presents an interesting and useful account of the canonical Scriptures of the Oriental religions; he then expounds the fundamental principles of Buddhism, the history of its development, and its actual attempts at a renaissance; compares the doctrine

of Kant with the doctrine of the Buddha; and finally considers, under the title of "The Saints of Islam," the mystical doctrines and ascetical rules of Mohammedanism, which he illustrates by quotations and examples. The last three chapters treat respectively of Spinoza and Modern Thought, of Modern Pessimism, and of the Newest View of Christ,—this last chapter being a critical review of the book of Prof. Pfeiderer, of Berlin, on the Development of Christianity.

The details about the Oriental religions, and the elements of good which they contain, are interesting and well presented. Although we can not exactly complain (since it was not his purpose), we may regret that the author has not insisted more upon what, even in presence of the good to be found in these divers doctrines, makes for and manifests Christianity as the uniquely and supremely true religion. There is originality and clearness in general in the philosophical considerations, though we would not agree with all of the writer's statements. Some thoughts should be more carefully expressed, or at least some expressions more carefully worded. We do not admit at all that "it is the doctrine of the Scholastics" that "knowledge is to be explained by the action of the intellect on the objects," especially in Kant's sense; nor can it be asserted that the notion of substance and the notion of matter, according to St. Thomas and Spinoza, are "pretty much" or in any way the same.

Through Ramona's Country. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co.

If this delightful volume were shortened by the omission of several of its chapters, which, although interesting, are somewhat discursive, it would make an excellent commentary upon the novel which has done so much to awaken interest in the sad fate of a fast-vanishing race. To verify what is true in "Ramona," to supply what is lacking, above all to put the Mission Indians before the world in their true light,—this the author has attempted, and he has succeeded well. Many years' residence among the scenes and with the people he describes enables him to speak with authority; and his enthusiasm is as refreshing as a spring of water in a desert. His study of the humble Brothers of St. Francis, who are happily coming into their own again, is no less sympathetic,—wonderfully so, when one considers that the author is a Protestant and of alien lineage; while the new light thrown upon the character of the noble woman who voiced her indignation in "A Century of Dishonor" is no less graphic. More than a hundred speaking illustrations help out the text. As a guide to Southern California, a storehouse

of facts concerning its natural features, and a comprehensive statement of the conditions, past and present, of the race which retreated before the advancing "civilization" of the white man, the work must prove invaluable.

Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642—1710.

By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Fordham University Press.

A more accurate title for this volume would be "Jesuit Pioneers among the Iroquois Indians," since to the missionaries who had to do with that tribe the author has confined his selection,—Isaac Jogues, Joseph Bressani, Joseph Poncet, Simon Le Moyne, Claude Dablon, Joseph Chaumonot, Paul Raguenau, René Meynard, James Frémin, James Bruyas, John Pierron, John de Lamberville, Peter Millet, Stephen de Carheil, Peter Raffeix, Francis Boniface, James de Lamberville, and Julien Garnier. The sketches are uniformly as interesting as they are edifying, and constitute a welcome and valuable addition to the historical literature of the Church in America.

While the work is enriched with some twenty or thirty illustrations, its table of contents is of the barest; and it lacks what so valuable a book should certainly possess—a good index.

Madge Make-the-Best-of-It. By M. E. Francis. Benziger Brothers.

Here is another of the St. Nicholas Series; and a wholesome, if a little overdrawn, story it is. Madge, the heroine, has an attractive title and a still more charming disposition. Brave and long-suffering, truthful and self-reliant, this young woman of not quite sixteen carries herself with a womanliness that overcomes obstacles, disarms enmity, wins back the favor of a rich aunt who had severed relations with Madge's parents, and teaches a selfish, spoiled girl of her own age that we must make others happy if we wish to be happy ourselves. Mrs. Blundell knows human nature, and in this story of an English girl she has sketched for our entertainment some people we should like to live with, and some whom we should prefer to know only in books.

The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman (Inventor of Phonography). By Alfred Baker. Isaac Pitman & Sons.

This life-story of the man who invented the most widely used system of English shorthand purports to be a more complete biography of its subject than any previous Life; although that by Mr. T. A. Reed, published in 1870, seven years before Sir Isaac's death at the age of eighty-four, is appreciatively noted and freely drawn on. The story will prove of most interest,

of course, to practical stenographers and spelling reformers,—for Sir Isaac was an advocate of some very drastic reforms in our spelling, and worked all his life to have it put on a purely phonetic basis,—his labor proving (thank Heaven!) practically love's labor lost. The narrative is not, however, without its interest for the general reader, as illustrating the success and subsequent honor achievable by inflexible purpose and persistent industry.

The book's form and make-up reflect credit on the publishers. It is clearly printed, on good paper; is enriched with some three dozen plates and eight minor illustrations; and has a table of contents, a very full bibliography, and an adequate index.

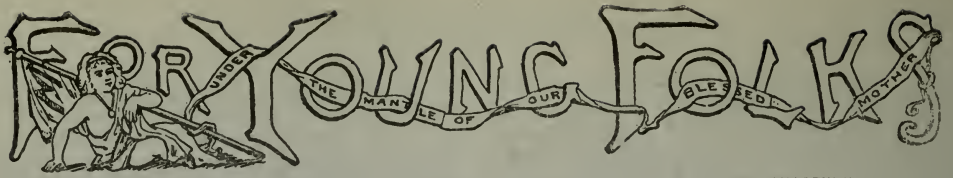
The New Scholar at St. Anne's. By Marion J. Brunowe. Benziger Brothers.

Decided interest in this bright story was shown by our young readers when it was published as a serial in *THE AVE MARIA*; and we feel sure that it will find a place in home and school libraries, now that it has appeared in book-form.

Isabel Kersey was, to say the least, an interesting addition to the student body at St. Anne's; and the "doings" of Isabel, and the "set" toward which she naturally gravitated, are told as only one who knows could tell them. There is a convent-school atmosphere about the narrative that is appealing to any one who has spent even a short time in such a home of kindly and personal interest in the pupils. Of course students of the modern convent college may repudiate some of the insinuations as to sentimental friendships, such as the two "Loves"; but the students in the story of St. Anne's were little girls, and, it must be confessed, very natural little girls too. The picture of Mrs. Kersey and the training, or lack of training, of her Isabel will awaken serious thoughts—after one has seen how the young "lawbreakers" fare because of their midnight escapade.

Forgive and Forget. By Ernst Lingén. Benziger Brothers.

This is a story of love, the course of which, true to its record since the beginning of history, does not "run smooth." The setting, with its "bosky bypaths" in the park of Castle Mannheim, and its glimpse of Northern life at Reykjavik, is well pictured; while the characters, old and young, especially the young (for the story is about them), are presented with a certain amount of reality. The entanglements are naturally brought about, as is also the dénouement, which, as should be the case in light fiction, leaves the hero and heroine "happy ever after."



Religion in Rhyme.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

II.—THE HAIL MARY.

HAIL MARY, full of grace,
The Lord is with thee now;
'Mongst women, first thy place,
For truly blest art thou;
And blest is He—oh, triply blest!—
Dear Jesus in thy virgin breast.

O Mary, Mother true
Of God, and of us all!
Our evil deign undo;
We sinners on thee call:
Pray for us now, and when our breath
Fast failing tells the hour of death.

One Swallow Does Not Make the Spring-time.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

HE had been ill, and all winter long
had sat behind tightly closed
windows, looking out at the snow
and the rain; listening to the voice of the
cold, sweeping winds that came down
from the mountains. But to-day the air
was soft and balmy, the heavens blue,
the clouds floating through the sky with
fleecey, rounded outlines,—not black,
ragged and sharp, as he had watched them
hurry and skurry for many days and
weeks. And to-day he walked in the
garden with his mother.

"Mamma," said the child, as he clasped
her warm, soft hand, pressing close to
her side, "I can almost see a thin green
veil over the meadows. And to-morrow
the leaves will show, and then it will be
spring—beautiful spring—once more."

"Not so fast, my son," rejoined the
mother. "To-day is but an interlude.

Spring can not be far distant, for it is time;
but we may still have wintry weather."

"O mamma, I don't think so!" replied
the boy. "Hark! I hear the twitter of a
swallow! And see,—there it is, flying
above us! It's looking for a place to build
its nest. Yes, spring has come indeed."

The mother only smiled. Presently
they came to a small arbor, where there
was a bench.

"Sit here, Willie," she said. "I will
come for you in half an hour. I do not
want you to fatigue yourself too much
to-day by walking any farther."

"Very well," said the boy. "I am so
glad to be out once more in the soft
fresh air."

The mother went away; and the boy,
closing his eyes, leaned against the trellis-
work of the arbor, listening to the twitter
of the swallow. It seemed very near.
After a while he heard his own voice, as
though without his own volition, saying:

"Good-morning, little swallow! Where
are you?"

And the bird, flying down to the door-
way, fluttered there and answered:

"Here, little boy,—I am here."

"I have been very ill all winter," mur-
mured the boy. "I have been in the house
for months. To-day I have come out for
the first time, because it is spring. Tell
me, little swallow, is it not surely spring?"

The bird was silent, save for the
rhythmical flutter of its tiny wings.

"You seem to be alone, swallow," the
boy went on. "Where are your compan-
ions? Why did they not come with you?"

But as he spoke the sun went behind a
cloud, the wind began to blow sharply,
and his mother came hurrying from the
house. He lifted his head suddenly. No
bird was there.

"Come in, Willie," she said, folding a
warm cape around his shoulders. "The

day has changed. It is too cold for you to be out longer."

Disappointed, the child walked by her side; and in a few moments resumed his seat by the window, where for months he had sat daily.

He had not been there long before the rain began to fall; and as he watched it he saw the swallow flying to and fro outside. Then the same voice he had heard before—his own, yet not his own—seemed to say:

"Poor little bird! I wish you could find a dry place to rest, even though you have deceived me. I believed in you, but I was mistaken. What the proverb says is all too true: 'One swallow does not make the spring.'"

Beating its wings against the window, the bird appeared to be asking for shelter. The boy opened the window a few inches, and the swallow flew in. Perched on the broad sill, it looked into his face with gentle, intelligent gaze; and in a tiny, tremulous voice he heard it say:

"Do not be angry with me, little friend; and do not be disappointed that spring is not yet here. Give me welcome as you did at first. Although I do not make the spring, I am its herald. I am not the fulness of its promise, but I am its hope; and while hope lives in mortal breast, happiness can not be wholly absent. And rest assured that when you have seen the first swallow, though clouds and storm may follow the fleeting sunshine, spring is near,—spring is almost here. To-day may be dark: to-morrow will be bright. To-day the winds may be chilly: to-morrow they will be gentle and fragrant of blossoms and balm. What does one day matter,—or two or three? For each is farther from winter than the other; every moment, dropping silently from the fingers of Time, follows its companions into the past. But to-morrow is living, joyous, radiant, full of promise. To-morrow will bring the springtime, joy of bud and blossom, the healing of the sun. To-morrow, or after to-morrow,

I shall return; and when you see me coming, with my sisters and brothers in my train, then you may know for certain that the winter is past and gone. And always remember that, though 'one swallow does not make the springtime,' it is always the harbinger of spring."

The bird fluttered through the window and was gone. The rain had ceased falling, the wind had died away; a faint gleam of sunlight pierced the blue cloudlet that smiled down from the midst of its grey companions in the western sky. The boy opened his eyes. He put out his hand to shut the window, but it was closed. Then he saw his mother, who had just entered the room.

"Mamma, I feel so much better! I've had a pleasant dream. And to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, I know it will be spring."

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—THE BURST OF THE STORM.

"Go back to Markhams'." Kitty read and reread the strange scrawl with puzzled eyes. "It must be from Anita, the dead baby's mother, because she sent me back my Rosary. I wonder what it means?"

"Don't know," answered Tim, whose wits, as we have seen, were not of the brightest. "Mebbe they're going to have another picnic and won't come after you for fear of the boss."

"Oh, no, it can't be that,—it can't be that!" said Kitty. "Anita would not know anything about that. And it says 'in the good God's name.' O Tim" (and the young face blanched), "maybe something dreadful is going to happen here, and Anita knows and wants me to get away! She is Buck Benson's wife, you know."

"She is?" exclaimed Tim, staring. "I heard he had married a Dago girl. Don't you meddle with them, Missy," the boy continued excitedly,—“don't you meddle

with *that* crowd. Buck Benson's wife! Land, he'd knife her, and you too, as quick as he'd eat."

Kitty stood by the spiked gate, white and breathless with fear.

"It's a warning, Tim,—it's a warning, I know; and I ought to tell Uncle Dave. But" (Kitty thought of the Markhams, the Rosary, the baby's baptism, and all her various relations with hated people and things), "it will make him angrier than ever with me, I know."

"If you go nigh him now with any story about Buck Benson, he'll surely bust outright," sagely commented Tim.

"O Tim," faltered his little teacher, "but I *must*! If anything dreadful is going to happen here, Uncle Dave ought to know, so that he can watch out and take care of himself. He ought to know, and I must tell him. There he is on the porch now."

And, without waiting for her resolution to weaken, Kitty sped through the gate and up the black cinder path, where, with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, Uncle Dave was slowly pacing the side porch,—a grim, lonely forbidding figure in the gathering shadows. He had no look or word for the white-robed little girl who came, breathless with haste and fear, to his side; he seldom had word or look for Niece Katherine now.

"Uncle Dave," the girl began tremulously, "I have to tell you something. A boy just put this paper in my hand there at the gate. I'm—I'm afraid it is a warning, Uncle Dave."

"A warning!" the grizzled brows were turned upon her with their old fierce frown. "Of what?"

"I—I don't know, Uncle Dave."

"What do you mean, then?" he asked, catching the paper that she held out to him, and scanning it in the fast fading light. "Markhams! Markhams! Are you holding to those people yet, eh,—holding to them in spite of me, girl?"

"No, Uncle Dave; I have not been near them since the picnic. But—but" (Kitty felt that nothing but the entire story

would explain matters to Uncle Dave) "that day we were caught in the storm we went into an old house on the mountain, and Anita was there and her baby—her poor dying baby,—and I—I baptized it, so that it could go to heaven. And I think Anita remembered it all, and she sent me that piece of paper with my pearl Rosary that I had given her. And, Uncle Dave, I'm afraid it means that something dreadful is going to happen here; for she is Buck Benson's wife."

"Buck Benson's wife!" echoed Uncle Dave, and he thundered out an oath that made Kitty's soul shiver. "Buck Benson! Do you mean to tell me that you have been praying, singing, baptizing, doing I know not what Romish mummary with *them*? Buck Benson's crowd,—scoundrels, villains, cutthroats that they are! It is well for you that you are a girl!" and Uncle Dave's hoarse voice shook with passion. "If you were a boy, I believe I'd horsewhip you within an inch of your life. But, girl as you are, I'll hold you,—I'll rule you, as you will find, Niece Katherine. I'll get this Popish poison out of your blood. I find you can't be left free even here,—here under my very eyes. Next week—this very next week—you go off to school,—a school of my own choosing, where my orders will be obeyed."

"Uncle Dave, Uncle Dave, you don't understand!" cried Kitty, desperately. "You never understand me, Uncle Dave. I only want to save you from any harm or hurt or danger—"

"None of your cant!" interrupted the old man, stamping his foot fiercely. "No more of your soft nun's cant. You've been taught lies, deceit, trickery from your cradle, and I ought to look for nothing else. But I'll get it out of you."

"Land!" murmured Cripps, as Uncle Dave stalked away in the twilight; and Kitty, dazed and trembling, stumbled into the kitchen and almost fell into that sympathetic listener's arms. "Why did you ever go nigh him with a story like that, child? Don't you know he's

as savage as a bear now? Neither heaven nor earth, much less a soft-voiced little creature like you, can change him."

"O Cripps, Cripps!" murmured Kitty, clinging to that gaunt, grim friend piteously, too hurt, too bruised for sobs or tears. "Uncle Dave is so hard, Cripps!"

"Hard?" said Cripps, fiercely. "That ain't no name for him, child. He's iron and steel and rock all clamped together, and only the Lord's own thunderbolt could reach his flinty old heart. You can't do nothing, child; so don't worry. The storm's rising on this Ridge, as everyone knows; and David Dillon's got to face it as best he can. Sit down there on that chair and let me get you some supper; for, thank Heaven, he's had his, and gone off back to the Works. And if you want to see something lucky and pretty, look at that flower of yours in the window. I've been a watering and a nursing it on the sly, seeing how cut up you were about having it broken; and it has grown, sure."

"O Cripps, indeed it has!" exclaimed Kitty, turning to the window where the "Queen's Promise" was shooting up into new and vigorous life. "It's as big as it was before the storm."

"Bigger!" declared Cripps, triumphantly. "You see it didn't have to waste no time striking roots. They wasn't hurt; and this here black earth, once it's stirred up, grows things fine. Shouldn't wonder if it bloomed later on. Land, but 'twould be curious to see roses blooming on this Ridge! And I'most forgot" (Cripps paused in the midst of her preparation for Kitty's supper, and drew an envelope out of her big pocket). "Here's a letter came in the last mail. They gave it to me when I was down at the post-office this evening buying some thread."

"A letter!" Kitty held it to the lamp and recognized the girlish handwriting with a thrill of delight. From Jeanie Riggs—dear, darling Jeanie,—who, though far away on her happy summer holiday, had not forgotten her old convent chum.

Kitty tore open the pretty blue envelope with eager, trembling hand; and, regardless of the nice cream toast smoking on the table, scanned the dear familiar writing, with the whirligig *g*'s and *p*'s that Sister Carmel could never induce Jeanie to abandon. The letter was dated from "Sea Bluff," or "Sea Cliff," or some *sea* place. Kitty did not stop to decipher the address, but read on:

MY DEAR, DARLING, PRECIOUS KITTY:— I wanted to write to you before, but it seemed as if I never could get pen, ink and paper all together at the right time. It isn't like dear old St. Ursula's, where we march into our own desks and find everything ready, even to "Rules for Correct Letter-Writing" pinned up before us on the wall. I've been on a rush, Kitty, for the last five weeks, and am having the grandest, most gorgeous time of my life,—boating, bathing, dancing, dining,—all sorts of fun from morning until night. It's sea and country and woods and beach and everything lovely all combined, and lots of nice boys and girls ready for anything. And we have clam bakes and picnics and hay rides and fish fries,—and, oh, just everything you can think of, all the time! Kitty darling I wish you were here too. The other boys and girls are all very well, but there is no one like my own dear Kitty for me. I cried every night for one whole week after you left St. Ursula's. The little empty white bed beside me looked so ghastly that I almost felt as if you were dead. Sister Fidelis had to put me on the other side of the dormitory next to Nellie Marr. I never did like Nellie, as you know; and she hasn't got over the May Queen business yet.

O Kitty darling, if you were only here I'm sure we would have such fun! Can't you coax your uncle to let you come? Mamma has heard me talk so much about you that she loves you already, and would take as good care of you as if you were her own.

But I suppose you are having a grand

summer yourself. The mountains are lovely, mamma says; and, with such a rich uncle to give you everything you want, and lots of new friends, maybe you've forgotten your old chum; though I don't think you could, Kitty; for you're not the forgetting kind. So write me soon and tell me everything,—everything: all the jolly times you are having, and the boys and girls you have met, and the lovely summer you are having. Write soon to your old chum,

JEANIE V. RIGGS.

There was such a blur in Kitty's eyes that for a moment she could not read the postscript, scrawled in wild haste across the closely written page:

"I've just had a letter from Mother Paula, and she has told me the grand, good news. I've only time to scrawl this line, to tell you how glad I am for you, darling,—how glad, glad, glad! O my precious Kitty, how glad!"

Then there was a big blot, where the letter had been folded again in reckless haste; and Kitty smiled a little even through her fast-falling tears. It was all so like Jeanie, with her sweet, hopeful, happy, topsy-turvy ways.

"Grand, good news, jolly friends, lovely times." Ah, if Jeanie only knew! Kitty thought of her interview with Uncle Dave that evening. Her eyes turned toward poor, crooked Tim, who had just come into the dimly lit kitchen for his supper; to Cripps, who, with the hard, hickory-nut look back on her face, was pouring out his tea. "Jolly friends, lovely times, grand, good news." O Jeanie darling, if she could see,—if she could know!

Even the cream toast, which Cripps could make to a queen's taste, seemed to choke Kitty to-night; and she soon made her way upstairs to her own big room, that, with its old-fashioned dulness, had a shadowy air of home that the rest of the grim, gloomy old house seemed to lack. She had put some of her premiums on the table with the pretty work-basket

Jeanie had given her last Christmas, and had tacked one or two of her convent pictures on the wall. But it was the big painting over the chimney-place that seemed to warm and brighten the room with a glimpse of the mother-love that Kitty had never known; for Cripps had told her that the sweet lady smiling down on this loveless home was her own papa's dear mother, and the boys at her knee were "big Dave" and "little Jack."

"It used to hang in the dining-room, I've heard," Cripps had explained; "but, after the break up with his brother, David Dillon had it put up here. He couldn't bear to see it. It's the only touch of lovingness in this whole dark house."

To-night Kitty put her lamp on the high mantel, and the sweet mother-face seemed to smile down on her with tender pity, that somehow soothed the poor little bruised and aching heart. Love, love! Ah, as Mother Paula said, somewhere behind the blackest clouds it was shining! Uncle Dave could not shut it out. Its memories, its teachings, were even in this dark, grim house.

So our little exile said her prayers, and, fairly worn out with her evening's troubles, climbed into the high curtained bed; and, with her recovered Rosary twined around her wrist, and Jeanie's dear letter clasped in her hand beneath her pillow, Kitty soon drifted off into the Land of Dreams. The picture over the chimney grew real and living to her; and the sweet, smiling lady called her up to her side. Big Dave and little Jack stretched out their chubby hands to clasp hers. "You must love them both, Kitty,—love them both," the dear mother-voice was saying softly, when, with a sudden crash, they all tumbled out of the picture together, and Kitty started up out of the ruins to find Cripps shaking her roughly and shrieking:

"Wake up, child,—wake up in the Lord's name, and get out of this quick! The whole Ridge is ablaze!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The "Florence Press Books" (Messrs. Chatto & Windus) are to include "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," translated by Prof. T. W. Arnold.

—The London Catholic Truth Society has brought out, in a handy volume of some two hundred pages, "A Spiritual Calendar," a selection of thoughts for every day in the year, taken from the works and letters of Antonio Rosmini, founder of the Institute of Charity. The English translation—an excellent bit of work apparently—is by George Elson, I. C. An index adds to the book's utility.

—A cheap edition of the Abbé Fouard's well-known book, "The Christ the Son of God: a Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," is another of Longmans' cheap reprints of standard Catholic works. While the introduction by Cardinal Manning is retained in this new edition, the notes and appendices have been omitted,—wisely so, too, as their insertion would scarcely appeal to the great mass of the probable purchasers of this excellent volume.

—"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion," edited by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, L.L. D., comes to us, in the form of a booklet of two hundred pages, from the International Catholic Truth Society. The high merit of Mgr. Ségur's original work, and the distinction of the editor of this edition, obviate the necessity of recommending the little work as an excellent epitome of apologetics. Three Catholic publishers are "handling" it; and the zealous Vincentian missionaries of Springfield, Mass., the owners of the copyright, are doing all in their power to make its merits still better known.

—The reverend clergy will welcome a new edition of the "Ordo Baptismi Parvulorum," with the questions, answers and prayers in English, German, French, Italian, and Polish, just published by F. Pustet & Co. From the same firm comes also "Collectio Diversorum Rituum ad Commoditatem Reverendissimorum Episcoporum ex Pontificali Romano Extracta," a most convenient little manual for use in place of the Pontificale. Both of these books are printed in Germany, in the style which has rendered Messrs. Pustet & Co.'s liturgical publications popular all over the world.

—The Lætare Medal, annually conferred on some especially deserving Catholic American by the University of Notre Dame, has been awarded this year to Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan, generally known by her pen-name, Christian Reid. It would have been hard to select a more worthy

candidate. Mrs. Tiernan is the author of numerous beneficent books, all of which deserve to be classed as literature, and the best of which were written for Catholic readers. Even more creditable perhaps than her fiction are her descriptions of travel, notably in Mexico. Her poetry, too, of which there has been as yet no collection, is of a high order of merit. It is much to say of so prolific an author as Mrs. Tiernan that everything of hers is worth while; much more to say that no line she ever wrote need cause her the slightest regret. A great deal to say, and it can be said without fear of contradiction. A host of readers will be gratified that the Lætare Medal has been bestowed upon one for whom they entertain feelings of gratitude as well as admiration.

—It is pleasant to note that writers who betray anti-Catholic prejudice, or ignorance of Catholic teaching and practice, are frequently taken to task nowadays by outsiders themselves. Indeed, our foremost literary journals seem to find special satisfaction in pointing out lapses of this sort. From reviews of recent books dealing with local English history in the *Athenæum*, we quote the following passages:

Whether the stories told of these nuns are true we can not say with certainty; but it is noteworthy that after the advowson of the church of Tenby fell to the Abbot of Glastonbury, Abbot John (probably John de Whethamstede, who ruled from 1420 to 1440) gave it to these nuns, an act highly improbable had they been notoriously violating their rule.—To attempt to tell the tale of the dissolution of Glastonbury Abbey and the shameless execution of Abbot Whyting in a few paragraphs is to carry condensation to excess.—No sound historical writer would confound monks with regular canons, yet Mr. Rodgers more than once writes of the White Canons of Welbeck as monks.—There is so much accurate modern writing on the daily round of a Benedictine monk that Mr. Moody's epitome of their procedure might have been much improved. He says, for instance, that after Compline at seven o'clock "the monks sought rest in the solitude of their cells." But one of the main principles of their rule was sleeping in a common dormitory. Not a little space, which might have been devoted to a few of the many omitted incidents in the story of this great monastery, is devoted to ecstatic and inaccurate reflections.... It is well within the mark to say that not one in ten of the great churches belonging to the larger monasteries that Henry VIII. destroyed stands at the present day; and of those that were bought back from the Crown to serve as parish churches, the large majority are in a mutilated condition.

—Many readers, we hope, will welcome the new and cheap edition of "The Trials of a Country Parson," by Dr. Augustus Jessop, just published by T. Fisher Unwin. The author's innate kindness of heart is revealed in many pages. "I, for one," he writes, "hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have

the chance, and as far as I have the means; and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think with shame of him who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life." There is a Ruskinian touch in Dr. Jessop's protest against the indiscriminate "restoration" of the splendid old churches in England,—a protest which should be served upon all experimentalists in architecture who seem to see no essential difference between restoration and preservation. Of real value are these strong words:

You can't reproduce the carvings you are going to remove. You have no eye for the delicate and simple curves; your chisels are so highly tempered that they are your masters, not your servants; they run away with you when you set to work, and insist on turning out sharply-cut cusps, all of the same size; all of them smitten with the blight of sameness; all of them straddling, shallow, sprawling, vulgar, meaningless; melancholy witnesses against you that you have lost touch with the living past.

Let it be enacted that, whosoever he may be . . . who shall be convicted of driving a nail into a rood-screen or removing a sepulchral slab, of digging up the bones of the dead to make a hole for a heating apparatus, bricking up an ancient doorway or hacking out an aperture for a new organ, or scraping off the ancient plaster from walls that were plastered five hundred years ago,—any one, I say, who shall do any of these acts, if he have committed such an offence without the license of a duly constituted authority, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor and sent to prison without the option of a fine.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur—Father Lambert. 15 cts.

"Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.

"Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.

"Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.

"Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingen. \$1.50.

"Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.

"The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.

"Dangers of the Day." Monsignor John Vaughan. \$1.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.

"The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.

"How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackswite. \$1, net.

"The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.

"The Boy-Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jörgensen. 80 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. J. A. Boissonault, of the diocese of Burlington; Rev. George Stacey, diocese of Westminster; Rev. John Keogan, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Theodore Litterst, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. A. M. Quatman, archdiocese of Cincinnati.

Sister Theodore, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Xaveria, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Louis Wagner, Mrs. Sabina Chomel, Mr. Daniel Graham, Mr. Paul Wehrle, Mrs. Annie Kelly, Mr. Anthony Stuckart, Mr. Thomas McEnerney, Mr. George Schaub, Mr. J. I. Grady, Mr. Louis Grieb, Mrs. Catherine Grieb, Mr. John McManus, Mr. George Christie, Mr. Joseph Montgomery, Mrs. Anna Keener, Mrs. Ellen Horrigan, Mr. John Schmidt, Mr. Andrew Gleeson, Mr. William Seevey, Mrs. Catherine Reilly, Mr. Edward Rush, Mr. John Glennon, Mr. S. E. Bauby, Mr. Peter Power, and Mrs. A. O. Bechet.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

Friend, Brooklyn, \$5; Mrs. H. F. T., 75 cts.; J. A. T., 25 cts.; Friend, Cleveland, \$5.

Three needy foreign missions:

Rev. T. F., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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On Calvary.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"MASTER, art Thou not King of life and time?

Poor Thief am I, unpardoned still my crime.
Stay Thou the hour of darkness and of gloom:
Save me, O save me, from eternal doom!"

"Yea, brother; but have patience still with Me,
King both of time and of eternity.

Dost know that I can change to gain all loss,
And crown with victory e'en the bitter cross?"

"Yet, Master, Thou Thyself dost swoon in death;
Thy head droops low, and falters Thy dear breath.

And see! yon bird that strove to stanch Thy blood,

Has flown away in failure to the wood."

"Nay, that red robin goes to set in flame
The whole wide world with My triumphant fame.
Brother, it is not I but Death that dies:
This day with Me shalt thou see paradise!"

A Good Friday in Rome.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O. S. B.

UNDoubtedly there is no place in all the world, save Jerusalem, that is so filled with the memorials of the Passion of our Divine Lord as is Rome, the centre of Christendom. Indeed, it is fitting that in the city where the Vicar of Christ has his throne there should be gathered the memories of our Redemption through the Blood of Christ. And perhaps this seems more fitting now than ever, when the

Father of Christendom suffers imprisonment, and his sacred person and office are daily exposed to the grossest and vilest insults in his own city.

The present writer arrived in Rome toward the end of Lent, on a day when the stones of the Piazza before the great church of the Gesù were red with blood,—the blood not only of Anarchists and Hooligans, but of their victims, the guardians of public order and safety. To the casual observer, it might well seem that the old Rome and the old Roman people no longer existed. A Jewish Freemason ruled the city, and a huge new synagogue raised its hideous roofs high above churches and houses on the Tiber banks, a defiant symbol of the triumph of the enemies of Christ. And yet there still stood in the shadow of this Hebrew synagogue the little Christian church, with its fresco of the Crucified Redeemer painted above its door, and the pathetic inscription in Hebrew and in Latin, "All day long have I stretched forth My hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people." So far the Jewish rulers of Rome have not succeeded in effacing that fresco, with its perpetual reproach; and still within the ever-open doors of the little church pass Christians to make their act of reparation to the Saviour of the world. "*Oremus et pro perfidis Judæis*,"—it is the prayer which ascends on Good Friday from hundreds of altars in Rome, from hundreds of thousands throughout Christendom. Still the old plea avails: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

And so we come to tell the story of a

Good Friday in Rome. The first service of this sacred day is the Tenebræ on Maundy Thursday evening. It was nearly five o'clock when we entered the vast Basilica of St. Peter, and the office was about to begin. In the chapel of the choir, on the left side of the nave, was erected the Altar of Repose—or Sepulchre, as the Romans call it,—where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved until the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday. We had, like all good Romans, visited very many Sepulchres that afternoon. Passing from church to church, a continuous stream of people go to pay their adoration and homage to Our Lord in the Sacrament of His Love.

At the church of San Silvestro in Capite, which is now the national church of English Catholics, the Sepulchre is a specially renowned one; it is always visited by the Queen-Mother, who contributes largely to its adornment. The church is crowded all the afternoon by a vast concourse of people, pushing and struggling to get a good view of the Sepulchre, so that it is impossible to pray there with any comfort. But in the majority of churches it is not so; and it is, indeed, edifying to pass from one to the other, and to find in each a large crowd of people kneeling quietly and humbly on the floor before the Altar of Repose. In most of the churches these altars are covered and surrounded with the most beautiful flowers. But at St. Peter's and at the great basilicas the old Roman tradition is preserved intact, and no flowers are permitted.

After adoring the Blessed Sacrament in this magnificent resting-place, we pass on to the Tomb of the Apostles, and thence behind the high altar to the Altar of the Chair, at the extreme end of the basilica, where Tenebræ is to be sung. There is a great crowd; but if one is familiar with Rome, one can usually find a way out of it; and before long we are seated in the first row of the seats placed in front of the temporary choir. Between

us and the altar, on benches hung with green, sit the Canons in their purple, with white fur tippetts. Among them are the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, and at least six bishops. To-day they are headed by their archpriest, the famous Cardinal Rampolla, who presides at the office. In front of the Canons are the seats of the Beneficiati (Minor Canons), in tippetts of grey fur, some forty in number; near them, on benches facing the altar, sit the members of the Vatican Seminary, vested in cottas over their purple soutanes. In a large enclosure on the left, raised high above the floor and screened by grilles of lattice-work, is placed the famous Papal Choir.

And so the great office begins in all its stately simplicity. The antiphons are sung with beautiful expression and precision by the boys of the Seminary; although the psalmody of the chapter, it must be confessed, is far from being perfect. The Lamentations are exquisitely sung, and the plaintive notes ring through the vast vaults with a weird solemnity which is strangely impressive. But the most beautiful feature of the office are the harmonized responsories to the Lessons, which are sung by the Papal Choir with extraordinary effect. The cry of the Thief from the cross pierces the heart, while the great church seems to shake with the thunder of the earthquake and of the opening tombs. The pathetic reproach, "O My elect vine, I planted thee! How art thou turned to bitterness, that thou shouldst crucify Me and set Barabbæ free!" The heartrending cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" can never be forgotten; and then the melody dies down into soft and tender harmonies. Everything is sung; the last candle is hidden away, and in the growing darkness the first notes of the *Miserere* are faintly heard above the kneeling throng. It is unnecessary to describe the beauty of this psalm at the Tenebræ of Good Friday. It thrills the heart and fills the eyes with tears.

And now all is over, and we push our way through the crowd to the foot of the great *baldacchino*, where the unique ceremony of the solemn washing of the Papal altar is to be performed. Already, during Lauds, curious mops made of shavings have been distributed to every member of the choir, from the Cardinal to the seminarists. The procession, headed by officials bearing magnificent maces, who precede the veiled cross, passes slowly down the basilica from the Altar of the Chair to the high altar. This is standing bare and stripped, and on it are placed a row of silver cruets filled with wine and water. Presently some choir men mount the steps, and, ranging themselves at the end of the altar, begin to recite Psalm xxi, with the antiphon *Diviserunt*—"They divided My garments among them, and upon My vesture they cast lots." This is recited in a loud voice during the whole ceremony.

Twelve priests, with stoles of black and gold, one of whom wears also a magnificent cope of black and gold, now mount the flight of steps leading to the altar platform. They pour the wine and water from the cruets on the *mensa* of the great altar, and then splash it all over with their mops; after which they quietly disappear from our view, to the foot of the altar steps. Next comes the Cardinal with his train, and he too passes his mop over the altar. He is followed by the Patriarch and the bishops of the chapter, the other Canons, the Beneficiati, the seminarists and the choristers, in a seemingly ceaseless stream, each of whom passes his mop over the altar. At last, when all have done their part, the priests in black and gold appear once more, and carefully dry the *mensa* with sponges, which are then enveloped in cloths and carried away. The psalmody ceases, and presently we see the procession moving in our direction. Each individual, even the Cardinal, carries his own mop; and slowly the long cortège winds its way down the basilica and disappears. And

now our eyes are drawn upward, toward one of the great piers which support the mighty dome, where in a recess stands the colossal statue of St. Veronica. Above this is a balcony, shaded by a canopy, before which are burning huge yellow tapers.

Suddenly the *grotula** is heard, and two Canons come forth, one of them bearing a reliquary. This he shows to the people, passing from end to end of the balcony two or three times. All bow their heads reverently, and an unwonted hush falls on the vast crowd; for this is the holy lance which pierced our Saviour's side. This sacred relic (it is only the head of the spear) was given by the Sultan Bajazet II. to Pope Innocent VIII. in 1492. Next the Canons bring out a large relic of the Holy Cross, preserved in a cruciform reliquary. All fall upon their knees as this great relic is raised in benediction. A more impressive sight could not be imagined. Then they bring out what appears in the distance to be a picture in a large frame of solid gold. Two Canons are needed to support it. This is the *Volto Santo*, the famous relic of the Holy Face of Our Lord, impressed upon the veil of Veronica. This, in its turn, is shown to the people, and then all is over. The electric lights in the vault blaze forth, the great doors are thrown open, and the crowds pour out into the Piazza.

Next morning we assist at the Mass of the Presanctified, sung in our Abbey of Sant' Anselmo on the Aventine Hill. Very beautiful it is; indeed, people in Rome are wont to say that if one seeks true devotion in the ceremonies of the Church, one must go to the Benedictines of Sant' Anselmo. The chant of the Church is sung by a large choir of monks with great precision and perfection, and the ceremonies are carried out with reverence and devotion. The crypt, with its rows of granite columns, and its sixteen

* A rattle which takes the place of a bell during the Triduum of Holy Week.

altars (each a solid block of granite), makes a magnificent setting for the Altar of Repose; and the procession of the Presanctified from thence to the upper church is exceedingly impressive.

We leave Sant' Anselmo, to find that the same pathetic ceremonies are being enacted in other shrines. San Marco is a beautiful old basilica at the rear of the Palazzo Venezia. Here they are still singing the Passion. There is no crowd of sight-seers, but a very devout little congregation of true Romans, who are evidently frequent worshippers at this church. They all seem to know one another, and nod in a friendly way to the sacristan, as they come in. It is all very homely and simple. You take your chair and put it where you like, and you shake hands with your neighbor before turning to your prayers. There are the inevitable children too, all very self-possessed and quite at home,—the little girls with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads. The priest at the altar is a beautiful old man, with an ascetic face, and his devotion is most edifying. Two other Canons are deacon and subdeacon, and three more are singing the Passion. The others, in their picturesque choir-dress, stand in the stalls which line the apse behind the altar, beneath the great mosaic which has blazed there in its golden splendor for eleven centuries.

After those pathetic, haunting petitions for Pope and pastor, faithful and heretic, Jew and pagan, have been duly sung, there follows the Adoration of the Cross. We see exposed in the old priest's hands no modern crucifix of painted wood, but a magnificent old processional cross of beaten gold, dating perhaps from the twelfth century, which used to be carried before the Pope in the solemn processions of the Lenten "Stations." That cross was, in reality, the magnet which had drawn us to San Marco; for we had read in the *Diario Romano* (an indispensable guide to every pilgrim to the Holy City) that this most ancient cross, which con-

tains a notable fragment of the sacred wood of the True Cross, would then be exposed for veneration. After the priests and Canons have duly venerated it on the altar steps, it is carried out, preceded by two acolytes with tapers, and laid on a cushion for the homage of the faithful. And so, after kissing in our turn the sacred wounds, we leave the good people of San Marco to their prayers, and wend our way out into the Piazza.

At the Santi Apostoli, where the bodies of SS. Philip and James await the Resurrection, and where once the last Catholic King of England lay in state, we find the Veneration of the Cross proceeding. The large community of Conventual Friars that serve this basilica make this ceremony a long one. But the chief attraction is the magnificent Altar of Repose. A chapel on the right is entirely taken up with it. On the altar itself there are no flowers, for it is entirely covered with gilded candlesticks; but all around, filling the whole chapel except the approach to the altar, are magnificent palms, great tree-ferns, azaleas, and other flowering shrubs in pots. Among the foliage and the flowers gleam countless colored lamps. The effect of the whole is positively indescribable; of all the Sepulchres that we visited, this was the most beautiful and the most impressive.

From the Santi Apostoli it is but a step to the church of San Marcello in the Corso, in charge of the Servite Fathers. This ancient shrine was desecrated by the tyrant Maxentius, who in the fourth century caused horses to be stabled here. He made the holy Pope St. Marcellus, "wretchedly clad and wearing a hair-shirt, work in the vile service of the animals." Here the venerable Pontiff sank exhausted under the brutal treatment, and yielded up his soul to God. Now his body rests under the high altar. In the fourth chapel on the right is a miraculous crucifix that was found uninjured among the burning ashes after a fire that destroyed the church in 1519. Attached to this church

is a Confraternity of the Crucified, and every Good Friday at midday the members of this pious society make a procession of the relic of the True Cross. Very picturesque and beautiful it is.

When we arrive, the preparations for the procession are well advanced. The prior of the Confraternity, an active little gentleman in knee-breeches and silk stockings, is superintending the lighting of the tapers. Presently from the sacristy emerge a long file of Servites bearing candles, and the sacred ministers in magnificent copes of purple shot with gold. They proceed to the Altar of the Crucifix; the shrine is opened, and the relic of the True Cross is solemnly incensed. The officiating priest, with humeral veil over his cope, advances to take the relic, the *ombrellino* duly borne over him. At the altar rails wait four members of the Confraternity with a magnificent canopy. Thus, amid clouds of incense, and to the strains of the *Vexilla Regis*, the True Cross of our Divine Lord is triumphantly borne forth on the day of His humiliation and death. The very moment the priest turns round from the altar with the relic in his hands, the veil before the miraculous crucifix suddenly falls with dramatic effect. After the procession, the ceremony concludes with Benediction given with the holy relic.

We now pass on to the Greek College of Sant' Atanasio, in charge of the Benedictines, in order to share the frugal meal which the Church permits on Good Friday. Very characteristic and curious to the stranger is the scene in the refectory. Beside the rector (who is a German Benedictine, but who, in his Oriental garb, with long beard and flowing hair, would be taken for a monk of Mt. Athos) sit a Bulgarian bishop, an aged Greek priest from Sicily, and a Syrian priest from Beyrouth. All around are the students—Greeks, Syrians, and Italians of the Greek rite from Calabria and Sicily, where through all these centuries the people have held to their ancient liturgy

with extraordinary tenacity. A young deacon, with hair flowing in curls down his shoulders, occupies the pulpit. He is preaching a most impressive sermon on the Passion of Our Lord. The sermon is in Italian, but the preacher is a Syrian from Aleppo.

After the meal, we make our way toward St. John Lateran. Here are the sacred stairs down which Jesus passed to-day from Pilate's judgment-seat to His death. The Scala Santa consists of twenty-eight marble steps, said to have been brought from Pilate's palace by St. Helena in 326. They are encased in wood, for protection. Here and there in the woodwork we find circles of glass, which mark the places where the divine feet have left their blood-stained traces. Pius IX., in spite of his seventy-eight years, mounted on his knees the Scala Santa on September 19, 1870,—the day before the troops of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome; and thus the Vicar of Christ began his long passion. Now, strange to say, the Queen-Mother, Margherita of Savoy, never fails to mount these sacred stairs on the anniversary of our Saviour's death. It is most edifying to see the people performing this devotion. Priest and layman, prince and peasant, all crowd together, dragging themselves painfully and slowly up the long flight of broad steps, kissing one by one each stair trod by those blessed feet nineteen hundred years ago.

So crowded were the stairs to-day that many persons had to be satisfied with ascending on their knees the staircases on either side of the Scala Santa. But we resolved to mount the real stairs, and it took us at least twenty minutes to accomplish our purpose. On the top was a touching sight. A large image of the dead Christ, bathed in blood, lay on a bier at the summit of the stairs. From the chapel on the right came the sound of chanting: the Passionist Fathers were singing *Tenebræ*. The central chapel, called the *Sancta Sanctorum*, or Holy of Holies, was once the private chapel of

the Papal Palace of the Lateran. It contains numerous holy relics, among them the celebrated picture of Our Lord known as the *Acheiropita*, or "Painted not by mortal hand," which, according to tradition, was outlined by St. Luke, but finished by the holy angels. The heads of SS. Peter and Paul used to be kept in this chapel; and the head of St. Agnes is still preserved here.

And now, though very reluctantly, we must leave this sacred spot, and pass on to the Sessorian Basilica, known as Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where St. Helena once lived, and where she deposited the great treasures which she brought from Jerusalem, the cross of Our Lord, the title of the cross, one of the nails, and some of the thorns that pierced His sacred head. As is fitting, the "Station" to-day is held here, and it is the goal of every pious pilgrim. The Cardinal Vicar sings the Mass of the Presanctified; and the holy relics are exposed to veneration, not once, but several times during the day. We found crowds assembled on the steps and in the vestibule of Santa Croce. Evidently they were looking out for some arrival. We asked one of the Cistercian Fathers, who guard this sanctuary, what was about to happen. "The Queen-Mother is expected," he replied, with a smile not unmingled with gentle irony.

The church is crowded; but our Benedictine habit ensures us an entrance, and we are soon within the guarded doors. Presently there is a visible stir: soldiers are seen making a passage to the high altar. A little band of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by one or two of the monks of Santa Croce, kneel before the altar. A white-haired lady advances and kisses devoutly the wounds of the great crucifix which lies on the altar steps. Then she turns our way, and in a few minutes we are welcoming her Majesty as she passes to pay her devotions in the inner chapel, or "*Lipsanoteca*," containing the holy relics. A gracious lady indeed, still bearing traces of her former

beauty, though her head is whitened by the sorrows that have passed over it. She is attended by only one lady and two gentlemen. We monks, with an officer and one or two gentlemen, receive her at the door. The vestibule that leads thence to the sacristy is lined with boys, who are dressed in the uniform of cadets, each with a sword at his side and a crucifix hanging round his neck. Her Majesty, bowing to the right and left, passes into the sacristy and disappears from our view. The officer is eloquent on her beauty and graciousness.

She is long at her devotions,—twenty minutes at least. Meanwhile the monks inform us that they are waiting to begin *Tenebræ*, after which will take place the "ostension" of the relics by a Cardinal, and the Procession of Penitence, organized by the Archconfraternity of the Holy Cross attached to this basilica. This Archconfraternity consists chiefly of Roman nobles, and the principal cross in the procession to-day will be carried by no less a person than Prince Colonna, the head of the noblest house in Rome. As her Majesty returns from the "*Lipsanoteca*," the leading members of the Archconfraternity are presented to her by the abbot, and all kiss her hand. The *priora*, a distinguished-looking lady, has a little conversation with her. Then at last she leaves, bestowing a charming smile on the escort who have accompanied her to the door.

On the departure of her Majesty, our friends go to choir to chant the postponed Office. In the meantime we resolve, in our turn, to try to penetrate into the "*Lipsanoteca*," where the sacred relics are preserved. Imagine a little chapel, with an altar and a few prie-dieus. On the altar are some of the most sacred relics in the world. The eye is at once attracted by a splendid cross of silver-gilt and crystal; in three of its arms are large pieces of the wood of our Redemption; that encased in the fourth arm was transferred to St. Peter's by Urban VIII. Each

piece is about one foot long and three inches broad. There are also reliquaries containing two of the sacred thorns, the wood of the cross of the Good Thief, the finger with which St. Thomas touched the wounds of the Risen Christ, and a bit of a plank on which can be read part of Pilate's inscription—"Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." One reliquary contains a holy nail placed here by St. Helena sixteen centuries ago. There seem to have been four nails. One now forms part of the iron crown of Monza; another was made into a bit for the Emperor's horse,—a strange idea, but no doubt the intention was to protect him in battle; the third was dropped into the Adriatic, to save vessels during the violent storms so frequently encountered on that sea; and the fourth is here. The other nails sometimes said to be those of Our Lord's cross are probably facsimiles, and contain some filings of the original. Such are those preserved in the cathedral at Milan, at Venice, and other places.

The reader can well understand what a privilege it was to spend an hour and a half, on Good Friday, before these sacred memorials of the Passion. Our meditations were interrupted once by the arrival of a princess and her suite, to whom the sacred relics were offered for veneration; and then we, too, had the opportunity of adoring the "faithful Cross" and kissing that sweet wood and sweet iron on which our Saviour hung. Truly it was good to kneel there and to meditate on the sublime work of our Redemption accomplished on this day.

Again there is a stir, and Cardinal Casetta enters. He has come to make the public "ostension" of the relics from the little balcony that opens onto the basilica. While his Eminence is being vested in cope and mitre, we go out to the balcony and look down upon a sea of faces, for the basilica is crowded to the very doors. It is with difficulty that the procession makes its way through the crowd. Two large wooden crosses are

carried, and the cantors sing an Italian hymn in honor of the Holy Cross, the chorus of which is taken up by the crowd with extraordinary vigor:

Evviva la Croce!
La Croce evviva!
Evviva la Croce,
Echi l'esaltò!*

The procession passes down the basilica, goes out into the atrium, and returns to the church, where it remains standing before the balcony, which juts out of the wall at the end of the south aisle. The Cardinal, assisted by two monks, passes from the Chapel of the Relics, and appears on the balcony. The sacred relics are passed to him one by one; and as he shows each to the crowd, its description is sung by a priest in a curious recitative: "This is the finger of St. Thomas with which he touched the sacred side of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . These are two of the thorns of the crown of our Lord Jesus Christ," and so on. When the Holy Cross is brought forth, the Cardinal removes his mitre, the rattle is sounded, and all fall on their knees. Then, as he holds aloft the sacred wood, the abbot, who has taken part in the procession, and is kneeling below the balcony, recites a long prayer in Italian in honor of the Holy Cross:

"O most sacred Cross of Jesus, on this solemn day, which recalls the agony and the death sustained on thee by the God-Man our Redeemer, receive, with our adoration, the most fervent aspirations of our heart, in homage of reparation for the blasphemies and insults, which the impiety of those who crucify Him anew have made thee the butt! O glorious standard of the death of Jesus, thou art the sacred altar on which the divine Victim immolated Himself. Thou art the inexhaustible fount of those graces which well forth from the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Thou art the pulpit of that celestial wisdom which was proclaimed by the

* All hail to the Cross!
To the Cross all hail!
All hail to the Cross,
And to Him who exalted it!

dying Redeemer. On thee was fixed the handwriting of that decree which was against us; and at thy foot Death fell vanquished, and hell was put in chains."

After the prayer the Cardinal gives the benediction with the Holy Cross to the kneeling throng, and retires. The procession then resumes its course, still singing, to the sacristy.

We, too, go our way in the twilight, pausing for a while in the great Lateran Basilica, where the *Miserere* of Tenebræ is being sung. And then, with hearts full of gratitude to our Divine Lord, we return home, thinking over the events of a Good Friday which we can never forget as long as we live. *Passio Christi, conforta nos!*

All the Time there Is.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE sunlight of an April afternoon fell through the tender leaves of the grape-arbor. The little tendrils had begun to show their hyacinthian curves. Arthur Bowen took the cup of tea his wife offered him, and looked through the long arbor to the road. A little girl, very poorly dressed, was passing down the road.

Mrs. Bowen replaced her cup and saucer on the Sheffield tray, and followed the child with her eyes. The husband finished his cup of tea. He was thirsty: he and his wife had walked from Vespers in the church at Seagirt.

"Ah, my dear," he said, "this is comfort! No visitors expected, a lovely afternoon, and that bad, bold baby boy of ours sound asleep—and quiet!"

"For shame!" said Mrs. Bowen, rather unattentively. "He is an angel even when he is naughty.—That was little Clara Fallon. Did you notice how poorly she was dressed?"

"Rather!" said her husband, taking another piece of toast. "I fancy she feels

it, too. I see that she always takes the last pew in church; and I noticed that, after Mass, she ran off as quickly as possible."

"It's too bad!" burst out Mrs. Bowen, her brown eyes flashing. "To be rich is to be selfish. If I were John Wilson, with fifteen thousand a year, I'd learn something of the lives of these decent poor folk around us, and help them. But there he is with a new automobile every year. I'm sure, Arthur, that if you had fifteen thousand instead of two, if you could go up to the office every day in a white Mercedes instead of going in a cramped car seat as a 'commuter,' you'd do something for the people about us. Rich people are heartless. What a callous old bachelor John Wilson is! And yet there he is every Sunday, in the first pew, praying away, at the nine o'clock Mass, and then rushing off somewhere in his white devil. He is heartless!"

"No, no!" answered Arthur Bowen, nibbling at a cake. "He doesn't think, because he hasn't time."

"Hasn't time!" exclaimed his wife, incredulously. "Hasn't time! He has all the time there is. Sara Fallon, the elder sister, goes only to the six o'clock Mass now; her hat and old mourning dress are dreadful. Since her father died, she does plain sewing wherever she can get it. She did all baby's things; when she finished his last little frock, I noticed that her hat was awful. 'There are some beautiful spring straws,' I said, 'at Price's for only seventy-five cents.'—'You don't know,' she answered, with that soft glow in her face that makes her at times a very pretty girl, 'how hard it is for some of us to earn seventy-five cents.' She keeps Clara at school and pays off the interest on their house. Of course she can't afford to buy new clothes. Oh, these heartless rich people!"

"They haven't time," repeated her husband, seriously. "We haven't time."

"Certainly *we* haven't time. I haven't time. I'd help the Fallons if I could. I

often think that I'll send Brigetta over to the Fallons to buy some of their early vegetables—Clara has actually "raised some lettuce and things under glass,—but she's always too busy. With one maid, it's really hard!" added Mrs. Bowen, with a sigh. "I must finish those napkins,—I must embroider ten initials; and then I've got to make a hundred little sandwiches for the Sodality supper for Tuesday, each tied with light blue ribbon to match the candle shades."

"How tired you will be, my dear!" said Arthur, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Think of sandwiches without blue ribbons to match the candle shades!" And then he added, hastily: "I must remember to bring down a box of Henry Clays to-morrow. Do remind me!"

"I once thought that that stupid, heartless John Wilson rather liked Sara Fallon; he used to see her at church on Sunday. Now he never sees her, because she has nothing to wear; and she and her little sister are very sensitive about it. A hat makes a great difference to a girl."

Arthur Bowen chuckled a moment; then, remembering the piteous little figure stealing shamefacedly from the church, he became serious. Unlike most men, he could, when it was carefully pointed out to him, understand a woman's point of view.

The shadows grew longer. The spring chorus from the salt marshes strengthened as twilight approached.

"Dear! dear!" said his wife. "I hate to think of to-morrow. Every Monday seems busier than every other Monday. I must try to tuck baby's dress, and the Villards are coming to dinner. I'll have to make the mayonnaise myself, and run everywhere for some spring flowers for the table. I don't think I can find enough violets—oh, dear! There's baby!" And she ran off.

Arthur Bowen sat contemplating the darkening landscape. He lit a cigar, and said to himself: "The rich,—we're always blaming the rich; we never blame our-

selves. And yet *we* have all the time there *is*, too. The rich make a thousand artificial cares for themselves, and we, too—" He drifted off into a reverie, for his cigar was good; and then he said: "We make useless cares for ourselves, and we have got into the habit of imagining luxuries to be necessities."

After a time Mrs. Bowen came down, and they went into the sitting-room,— "the garden-room," they liked to call it, because the apple trees of the old orchard and the tall hollyhocks waved constant greetings to the windows.

"Do you know it quite went to my heart when Sara Fallon said that I had no idea what seventy-five cents meant to persons in her position? I wish we had something to give."

"We have," said the husband, throwing a bit of driftwood in the grate.

"Oh, my dear," answered his wife, "you mean that you could give up something! But you can't. Why, nobody but an angel like you would wear your evening suit. It's almost green; you certainly need a new one. And I—" She made a little gesture of despair.

"No," he answered: "I mean that we could give time."

"Time! O my dear, I haven't a minute! Brigetta—good Swedish soul!—spends her time in trying to fight the dust. Really, I'm ashamed to touch those mahogany shelves for fear that I shall leave finger-marks. I can almost write my name—"

"A little dust doesn't count," said Arthur. "What I mean is this. Cut out the mayonnaise for dinner. You'll gain half an hour in that way. And baby's tucks,—you ought to save ten minutes by leaving that amiable child tuckless. He won't care."

"It will take just two hours," said his wife, seriously.

"And if you don't bother yourself about putting the blue ribbons on the sandwiches, you'll gain at least half an hour; and the napkins—"

"Of course I couldn't think of doing

"everything in one day. I didn't mean that I was really going to work all the initials on Monday."

"You see, my dear, you'll have three hours free to do a good act. You can make a hat for Sara Fallon,—an Easter hat."

"Arthur!" cried Mrs. Bowen, amazed.

"I've thought it out," said Arthur, smiling a little shamefacedly. It did occur to him that he was trespassing on his wife's domain. "You see, I am going to give up the box of Henry Clays; a half dozen will be enough. Villard smokes cigarettes, and I'll allow myself just one cigar a day during Holy Week. Here's the cash down." He fished out a note from his waistcoat pocket and handed it to his wife. "With your time and my money, we can make up for the carelessness of the heartless rich." He laughed.

Mrs. Bowen was silent in amazement. She could do without the blue ribbons for Tuesday night; she could do without the mayonnaise for Monday night; the tucks, after all, were luxurious, and the initials on the napkins not by any means necessary. But that her husband should discover this in such a cold, logical way! She was inclined to be angry at first. He was invading her kingdom with a vengeance. Then she laughed. After all, she was a reasonable woman.

"I can make two hats, I believe, if I can get the time," she laughed again. "To think of a stupid *man* telling me that! But the Fallons would be too proud to take what they hadn't earned."

"Send over and ask for all their lettuce for your dinner to-night. They like to give. Make a great favor of it,—the Villards are coming, and you haven't time for your usual salad, etc., etc. Then you can pay them with the Easter hats; and if Sara should appear at the late Mass in a suitable hat, who knows?"

Mrs. Bowen's eyes sparkled.

"You *are* ridiculous, Arthur," she said,— "perfectly ridiculous! Nevertheless, your idea about the salad is good. The Fallons

do love to give, but they don't know how to take. Do you know, Arthur, I think we poor people *could* do more, if we made our lives more simple? Men sometimes have good ideas." She laughed softly to herself.

Brigetta returned at this moment; and, the baby being left in her care, the Bowens went out for a walk.

As he boarded his train the next morning, Arthur, like a good "commuter," bore various orders with him (one especially for a little bottle of paprika he resolved to remember, for he had forgotten it six times); the other was contained in an envelope addressed to a certain department shop, which he had sworn to visit at noon. He brought home various odd-shaped bundles.

The dinner to the Villards went off very well; and the crisp, early salad from the Fallons' garden was a most successful feature.

"Look!" said his wife, gleefully, showing him a blue silk arrangement twined with pink roses. "I made that for Clara Fallon from an old hat of my own, and those roses were the ones I intended for the new lamp-shade."

"Roses on lamp-shades," said Arthur, "are like pillow-shams—nuisances. I have brought the frame for the other hat and all the other stuff besides."

"Yes, it's all right," said Mrs. Bowen. "I shall be able to finish the other hat by to-morrow evening, and go to the School Hall to help arrange things for the Sodality supper, too. Sara shall have a beauty of an Easter hat! But I could have cried when I saw you offering Villard a small handful of cigars."

Arthur laughed.

"Villard doesn't smoke cigars."

"I wrote to the Fallons saying that their salad had actually *saved* my life and the dinner. You ought to have seen Clara Fallon's face when she brought the lettuce! She was so pleased to have something to give! I said: 'You must let me give *you* something I shall make

you for Easter!" She was delighted."

Sara Fallon, at the High Mass on Easter Sunday, looked very well indeed. Her straw hat was a thing of roses and ribbons and beauty. Her gloves were darned, and her white frock (she had ceased to wear black on that day) was carefully preserved. The experts knew this; but she was quite radiant, and held her head high. Clara sat beside her sister, properly adorned, and at peace with the world. Mrs. Bowen noticed that John Wilson waited at the church door to bow to Miss Fallon as he passed out.

"It has worked!" whispered Arthur.

"What?" asked his wife, seemingly unattentive. "You are *perfectly ridiculous!*"

As they walked home from Benediction, the Bowens saw John Wilson descending from his white automobile with a big bunch of Japanese quince and early lilacs in his hand. This was in front of the Fallon house. In half an hour Mrs. Bowen, for no apparent reason, insisted on passing this house again. The automobile was still there. Arthur smiled.

"John Wilson seems to have all the time there is."

"How ridiculous!" said Mrs. Bowen, frowning. "I'll just call a moment; you can go on—"

But John Wilson came down the garden path, passing Clara's vegetable frames, yet not seeing them.

"Congratulate me," he said, his rather serious face smiling broadly.

Arthur laughed.

"I don't see what you are laughing about, Arthur. What are you thinking of?" whispered Mrs. Bowen.

"The heartless rich!" he answered.

Magdalen.

'Twas Love's sweet boon, her treasure to outspill
Upon the Master's feet,
Who bade the waters of her grief be still—
Her penitence complete.

T. E. B.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XV.

DESMOND felt himself fortunate in that the parlor of the boarding-house into which he was ushered was empty; for, aware that boarding-house parlors are frequently otherwise than empty, and that there is scant possibility at any time of securing undisturbed privacy in them, he had been revolving in his mind, as he went from the priest's house to Mrs. Gray's, what means he could adopt to secure private speech with Miss Landon, since private speech was, by the needs of the case, imperatively required. He had decided that he would ask her to take a walk with him, in the hope of finding some quiet spot where they might talk. But, being doubtful how she might receive the suggestion, it was with a great sense of relief that he found himself awaiting her in an apartment which left much to be desired in the æsthetic regard, but nothing at all in the morning stillness which wrapped it.

Into that stillness she entered, without, as it were, disturbing it, so soft was her light tread, so quiet her restrained and graceful movements. Except for this bearing, there was no professional sign about her; for the white uniform of the nurse had been laid aside, and in her well-fitting cloth skirt and silken blouse she was again the girl whose air of distinction had attracted his notice in the Pullman before the awful crash came which had thrown them, both literally and figuratively, together. It was this air of distinction which struck him now, as she came into the room, her head lifted high on its slender throat, and her eyes very clear and shining; while she, on her part, looked with new interest at the tall young man who advanced to meet her, his face vivid with eager pleasure.

"Providence has brought us together again, you see," were his first words, when he took the hand which she appeared in no haste to offer; "and I understand now why I felt so certain that it could not be otherwise."

Her lucid gaze seemed to challenge him as she asked:

"What do you understand?"

"That we are connected by more than our chance association," he replied. "I have just left Father Martin; I have heard his story, and I have come to beg you to be good enough to tell me *who you are*."

She drew her hand from his clasp, and herself stepped back a little, while he was conscious of a spiritual as well as bodily recoil.

"It does not appear to me," she answered—and all its quality of crystalline coolness was in her voice,—“that it concerns you to know who I am.”

"That is inaccurate as well as unkind," he returned; "for you must be aware that it concerns me very much. You have heard who I am."

"Yes" (the voice was still more cool and clear now): "you are Judge Wargrave's nephew and heir."

"We will, if you please, leave the question of heirship aside," he said. "It is because I am Judge Wargrave's nephew, and therefore a member of his family, that I am deeply interested in what I have learned of Tracy's confession and the matter with which it deals. You have furnished the key to that confession, have made its revelation possible, and thereby cleared my cousin's name from a charge of the most serious dishonor. Would it not, then, be very strange if I did not desire to know how you were able to do this,—or, as I put it bluntly at first, who you are?"

She did not answer immediately; and so strong was the impression of resistance which her attitude, her firmly-set lips and shining eyes conveyed, that he would not have been surprised if she had not

answered at all. But presently she said, in the tone of one who makes a reluctant concession:

"Perhaps it does concern you to know by what right I have interfered in this matter. And you must not suppose that there is any reason why I should not tell you, except—"

"Except that you think I am presumptuous in inquiring?"

"No. I have admitted that I recognize your right to inquire. You are, as you have just stated, a member of the family, and no doubt it seems to you that I—"

With one of the impulses which sometimes overtook him, and were due, perhaps, to his Celtic blood, Desmond suddenly extended his hand and caught hers again in a firm grasp.

"You are a member of the family also!" he asserted. "I am sure of it. And it is plain that you are closely related to Harry Wargrave. Won't you tell me how?"

The impetuous demand seemed to break down the barriers of her resistance. With a catch in her voice, like a sob repressed, she said:

"I am his daughter."

"I knew it!" he exclaimed almost exultantly. "I felt convinced of it as soon as I heard Father Martin's story. And why should you have hesitated to acknowledge it,—why?"

"Oh!" (she wrenched her hand from the clasp which this time did not surrender it willingly, and sank into a chair), "because I would sooner die than identify myself with a family which disowned *him*!" she cried passionately.

"But I had no part in disowning him," Desmond reminded her. He drew up another chair and sat down before her. "I had never even heard his story until after I came—until after *we* came to Kingsford, a few weeks ago. Then I was filled with the keenest sympathy for him. I felt instinctively that there must have been a mistake, and that possibly a great wrong was done."

"You seem to feel a great many things

instinctively," she said, regarding him with a wondering surprise. "But those who should have felt that—his own father first of all—did not feel it; and so he was cast out as unworthy to belong to them,—*he*, the very soul of honor, the finest, highest—"

Her voice broke, but she bit her lip fiercely, and Desmond saw that she was struggling hard to retain self-control. After an instant she regained it sufficiently to go on quietly, almost coldly:

"I can not allow myself to speak of these things. I have determined that I will not do so. It is unnerving and—and it serves no purpose. I came here to make an effort to find a necessary clue to those happenings which wrecked my father's life in its beginning. I had little or no hope of success; but I promised myself, when I first heard his story, that I would make this effort, and I knew that I could never be satisfied until I had made it—"

"But why," Desmond interposed, "did you come to Kingsford, since the events of which you speak happened elsewhere?"

"Because this was his home," she answered; "and I thought that here would probably be my best chance to obtain some knowledge and trace of the man who had ruined him by casting the weight of his own misdeeds upon his life; reckoning, with good reason, that in the case of Harry Wargrave money would be repaid, prosecution waived, and the whole affair hushed up. So I came, in fulfilment of a sacred duty to the dead, but with a hopelessness like despair in my heart; and then—*then* the man I wanted, and knew not where to find, was flung across my path, broken, dying—" She paused and looked at Desmond, with her wide, sad gaze again full of wonder. "It was strange," she said in an awed tone,—"*so strange that one is constrained to think—*"

"That it was due to something more than accident," he finished. "I don't know whether or not you heard Tracy

tell me that, only a few minutes before the accident occurred, he had left the Pullman, in which he was travelling, to see and talk with a man in one of the ordinary cars."

"I did not hear him say so, but that also was strange. And you think—"

"I don't venture to think anything except that life and death are in God's hand, and that even our limited vision can perceive that a great deal was gained by this man's death. Of course I don't mean only from our point of view," he added hastily. "We must suppose that his soul would be the first consideration with the higher powers, and the chance was given him to save it—to make the restitution which was more essential for him than for us,—at the same time that much was given to you which you could never have gained for yourself."

"Very much," she assented,—"*all that I ever hoped for, in fact—the wiping away of dishonor from my father's name, and the power to prove to the stern judge who sentenced him to banishment and lifelong pain that he had condemned an innocent man, and lost a son who would have been the crown and honor of his life.*"

She restrained herself admirably, but the deepening tones of her voice as she uttered the last words conveyed to Desmond's ear all the strong emotion of her soul. He leaned toward her.

"Have you heard the effect of that knowledge?" he asked. "Have you been told what it has done to Judge Wargrave?"

"Yes," she replied. "I have been told. It is a just retribution. But I am sorry—"

"For him?" Desmond queried a little eagerly, as she broke off.

She shook her head. "No," she answered, and the word fell like a bullet from her lips. "I could not be sorry for him, whatever he suffered. I was about to say that I am sorry to hear that his physical condition makes it impossible for him to realize the full meaning of what he has learned."

There was a short silence. Still lean-

ing forward, Desmond turned his gaze meditatively downward, and considered this utterance, while he appeared to study the pattern of the carpet under his feet. When he looked up presently his face was set in grave lines.

"It is very natural that you should feel in this way," he said. "But while you have seen the suffering on one side, have you never thought of the suffering on the other? You have let your mind dwell on the stern judge; but have you never thought of the father deprived of his only son, with his pride in him turned to bitterness, and his affection denied expression? And has it never occurred to you that it was, perhaps, harder for the father to be forced to act as a judge than even for the son to be condemned unjustly?" He paused; but as she did not speak—only sat back in her chair, grasping its arms, while she regarded him steadily—after a moment he went on. "I think," he said, "that if you saw him now, you would be quite sure how much he has suffered. And as for the brevity of the last stroke—the brevity you regret,—why, you know we are told that sometimes the mind is able to review the events of a whole lifetime in an instant; and so I think that all the suffering of all these long years may have been present to him, and given added force to the last sharp blow which—killed."

"He is not dead?" she questioned sharply.

"It amounts to death, does it not, when the light of the mind goes out?" he questioned in turn. "It has gone out in this case so completely that the doctor who has seen him gives little hope that it will ever revive in any degree again."

"Perhaps you are aware," she said after an instant, "that Dr. Glynn has been here to ask me to take charge of the case as a nurse."

"Yes," Desmond replied. "I knew that he meant to come. What answer did you give?"

"Is it necessary to inquire? You must know that there was only one answer possible from me."

"You mean that you refused to go?"

"Undoubtedly I refused to go."

"Ah!" Desmond resumed his study of the carpet for a minute. Then, lifting his glance to her again, "Although you have been good enough to refrain from saying so, I am sure that you have considered me very presumptuous several times already," he said. "Well, I am going to be still more presumptuous now. I am going to beg you to reconsider that refusal and go to Hillcrest."

She stared at him; the dark brows knitted in a frown over her dilated eyes.

"Are you mad?" she demanded in a low tone.

"Not in the least," he assured her. "I was never more sane. For don't you see what a wonderful opportunity this is for you to do something so fine that I believe the whole extraordinary occurrence has been to make it possible? It is an opportunity such as could come only once in a life; and if you lose it—but you won't, you can't lose it!—you will never cease in time, or perhaps in eternity, to regret it."

"I think you must be mad!" she said, still staring at him. "You certainly regard things in the most amazing way. Now, what do you mean by saying that this is an opportunity for me to do something so fine that I shall never cease to regret losing it?"

"Don't tell me that you do not understand exactly what I mean," he replied. "It is not possible that Nature made you in the mould it has without giving you the power to appreciate the highest possibilities in human conduct. And here is a possibility so high that it fairly dazzles one. It means that, representing the man who was unjustly banished from his father's house, you can go back to that house, to return benefit for injury; to give service to one stricken down by the knowledge of his own terrible mistake;

to offer—if you are great enough for *that*, and I believe you are—the forgiveness which Harry Wargrave might have wished to offer the father who indeed judged him wrongly, but to whose teaching and example he owed the qualities for which you admired and loved him. Isn't this worth doing, and aren't you strong enough to do it?"

She gasped under the appeal of his energy, the flashing eagerness of his eyes.

"I don't know," she faltered. "I have not thought of it like that."

"Then think of it now," he urged. "It is, I repeat, the opportunity of your life,—the great opportunity to do the heroic thing, which most of us spend our lives without ever finding, or without its finding us. And it is woe to us, isn't it, if when such an opportunity comes, we can not rise to it? But *you* can—you will,—I'm certain of that. For what else, indeed, have you been brought here? To hear of Tracy's confession,—to clear your father's name? Even those things are, I believe, of secondary importance to the great work of charity which calls you now. So come to Hillcrest,—come!"

But she shrank back as if frightened.

"It is impossible!" she declared. "I can not."

"You can and you must!" he returned imperatively. "You dare not refuse the demand which is made upon you. For you can't tell what is meant by it. It isn't as if you had made, or even sought, the opportunity to do this: to enter your father's home, to take what is your rightful place—"

"No, no!" The denial was vehement now. "It is a place I would not take if it were offered me,—I mean if I were asked to go in my true character; but to go in a false character—"

"There is nothing false about it," he interrupted. "You are a nurse, and the doctor himself selected you and offered you the case. Nothing is asked of you except to go just as you would go to any other patient. No one will know

who you are unless you choose to tell—"

"I shall never choose to tell," she said proudly.

"However that may be," he continued, "the point is, that, absolutely without your seeking, the opportunity of which I have spoken is presented to you. And, besides its greatest possibilities, it offers many things which I should think would appeal to you very strongly. Here is this old man whose days are so nearly numbered, your father's father, your own nearest relative, whom I take for granted you have never seen—"

"Of course I have never seen him."

"And would you not like to see him? No?" as she shook her head. "But he is worth seeing, I assure you; and if you saw him you would understand much that is now dark to you with regard to the mysterious forces of character. Well, you *must* want to see the house in which your father was born, where he grew to manhood, where he is loved and remembered still. And you can do all this in the most easy and natural manner. Oh," the speaker broke off impatiently, "why are we wasting time in talking, when it is obvious that the thing is ordained, that you have no choice—that you must go!"

She caught her breath sharply.

"You put things in a way which seems to make them irresistible," she said. "And you know how to appeal to what tempts me strongly. For I confess that I have longed to enter my father's old home, to see the rooms in which he lived, the scenes he has described. But there appeared to be no way of doing this consistently with my own self-respect. But now you show the way, and I—I—"

"Will take it?"

"How can I say? The higher demands you have made—the higher way to which you have pointed—I can not meet *them*, or take *that*."

"Then let us put those demands—which, by the way, were not demands, but only counsels of perfection—aside,"

he told her. "I haven't a doubt that you will meet them; but we'll leave them for the present—"

"To Providence?"

"Yes, to Providence. One is quite safe in leaving them there. And you'll come?"

His tone was eagerly insistent, but she hesitated still. At length she said slowly:

"If—if I think of it, will you promise solemnly to tell no one who I am? It is only on that condition I would take the matter into consideration."

"Don't take it into consideration!" he urged. "Decide at once." He rose to his feet, and involuntarily she rose also. "Go and telephone Dr. Glynn immediately. Tell him that you have reconsidered your decision, and that you will go to Hillcrest as a nurse."

"And if I do, will you promise to keep the secret of my identity?" she repeated.

As they stood face to face, glance meeting glance, he understood clearly that, unless he gave the pledge required of him, she would not go; and all his ardent soul was set upon her going.

"Yes, I promise on my honor to hold the secret as long as you desire me to do so," he answered. "But I hope—"

She cut short his words by extending her hand.

"Hope only that neither of us may regret this," she said. "You have overborne my decision, and by your appeals induced me to consent to something which it is quite possible I shall regret. But the die is cast. I will go."

"I do not believe that you will ever regret it," he assured her earnestly, as he stood holding her hand. "I believe that you will one day thank me for forcing your decision, as I now thank you for listening to and heeding my appeals. So good-bye—until we meet at Hillcrest!"

(To be continued.)

A Home of Martyrs.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

SOME time ago* the readers of THE AVE MARIA were told the touching story of thirty-two religious women who, during the French Revolution, were beheaded at Orange, in the south of France, because they decline to take an oath which their conscience reprovcd. As Mgr. Latty, the Archbishop of Avignon, pointed out in a recent pastoral letter, the Cause of these holy servants of God is now being examined in Rome with a view to their beatification; and there is every reason to believe that before long the nuns of Orange, like the Carmelites of Compiègne, will be raised to the altars of the Church.

It has lately been our privilege to visit the little town where, by a course of religious discipline, the martyred Sisters were trained to the point of heroism that made them sacrifice their lives with a cheerfulness which amazed their executioners. "These women all die laughing!" exclaimed the latter, when, sweet and smiling as if they were going to a feast, the doomed religious tripped up the bloody steps of the guillotine. Curiously enough in these days of hurry and of change, the place is untouched by so-called modern improvements.

Out of the thirty-two nuns who were beheaded at Orange in the month of July, 1794, twenty-seven belonged to the small town of Bollène, either because they were born and bred within its walls or because they lived there as religious. Before the Revolution of 1793, Bollène, like its neighbors Avignon and Carpentras, belonged to the Popes; and, at the outset of the great upheaval, its inhabitants boldly proclaimed their desire to remain subjects of the Sovereign Pontiff. But their protestations availed little. In 1792 the "Comtat" was annexed by France,

THE best way to show public spirit is by cultivating the private virtues.

—Dr. Van Dyke.

* Jan. 30, 1909.

and the paternal and gentle government of the Popes was exchanged for the bloody rule of the Republic. Among the precious documents that passed through our hands during a recent stay at Bollène, was the curious diary of a peasant of the country, who recorded day by day the brave stand made by the loyal *Papistes*, as they were called, against their French conquerors.

Bollène is situated on a spur of the Alps. Behind it extend the mighty chain of mountains; below lies the great plain of the Rhone. It stands off the railway line; hence its Old-World aspect, and the charm that clings to its narrow streets and ancient buildings. Before the Revolution, it possessed two flourishing communities of women — the Ursulines and the Sacramentines. The first have disappeared, and their former convent has become a hospital; but the Sacramentines were able, after the great storm, to buy back their old home, where so far they have been left unmolested. It was under their roof that we realized how the martyred nuns are still a living, beloved presence, not only in the convent but in the little town itself. The aristocratic families who, before the Revolution, were settled in the city are still represented by their descendants; some subtle charm seems to bind them to the soil. When, a few years ago, the members of the ecclesiastical tribunal appointed by Rome to examine the martyrs' Cause came to Bollène, the chapel where the examination took place was filled with the victims' great-nephews and great-nieces, faithful to their old homes and to their hereditary traditions,—a rare circumstance in these days of restless change.

Our stay in the convent of the Blessed Sacrament, "the martyrs' home," is a refreshing and happy memory. The Order was founded at Marseilles, in the seventeenth century, by Father Le Quien, a holy Dominican; but the nuns' house at Bollène was given to them by a brilliant and dissipated cavalry officer, whom a

sudden stroke of God's grace turned into a saint. Messire Joseph François de Roquard's gambling habits and his duels had occasioned no little scandal in his native city. He was one of those ardent souls to whom half-measures are impossible; and when he returned to the practice of his religion, he straightway became a priest. He gave his family mansion to the Sacramentines, and his mother and two sisters joined the community, of which he eventually became the chaplain. He died a few years before the Revolution, but the nuns whom he had trained inherited his heroic spirit.

The chapel, the parlors, the living rooms of the convent are those where the martyred religious lived and prayed. Their memory pervades the place. Some of the vestments were worked by them; and an ancient book, recording the chief events of the convent history before 1793, bears their signatures at every page. The Sacramentine nuns of to-day, who live under the shadow of a persecution less violent but more crafty than that of the eighteenth century, thus enjoy close and continual spiritual intercourse with the martyred dead, whose places they fill and whose example they cherish.

The Martyrs of Bollène, as they are popularly called, are almost as well known outside the convent walls as within them. The little town is proud of its daughters. One man relates how his great-grandfather, on seeing the nuns being led to Orange, exclaimed: "Poor lambs, you are being taken to the slaughter-house!" For these words of pity he was hurried off to prison. Others rejoice that they are the great-nephews or great-nieces of one or other of those heroic women. In a quiet house, where pictured seigneurs of the old régime look down from the walls, we were shown the prayer-book and prie-dieu of Sister Marguerite de Rocher, whose sacrifice was a voluntary one. She was safe in her father's house when she heard that her companions had been arrested; and, encouraged by the

old man, she simply went to take her place among the doomed company.

From Bollène the nuns were taken to prison at Orange, and there we followed their footsteps. The Maison de la Cure, where they prepared for death, has not been touched; it stands against the Church of Notre-Dame. Here, during long weeks of suspense, they prayed unceasingly. Those who were called forth to die obeyed the summons with a cheerful readiness; those who were left behind wept bitterly from disappointment. Just beyond stands the Church of St. Louis, where the Revolutionary tribunal held its sittings. We seem to hear the nuns' brave declaration of fidelity to the Church as, one after another, they rejected an oath that their conscience condemned. The youth of Henriette Faurie, a Sacramentine from Bollène, moved even the judges to pity. "Thou art so young!" they urged. "Take the oath and thou shalt be free." This mere child in years went to the scaffold rejoicing. In the crowd she perceived one of her sisters. "Good-bye," she cried, smiling, to the distracted girl, who was endeavoring to join her,—“good-bye till we meet in heaven!”

The splendid Roman Amphitheatre, or Circus, one of the most important Roman remains in France, is full of memories of our martyrs. Here, after having been sentenced, they spent the day till they were taken to execution, toward six in the evening. One of them, Elizabeth Pellessier, also a Sacramentine from Bollène, was gifted with a very beautiful voice, and in happier days the inhabitants of the little town used to flock to the convent chapel when the Sister was to sing. One of the jailers had evidently heard of the nun's marvellous gift, and, while she was waiting in the Circus to be led to the scaffold, he requested her to sing. Promptly and cheerfully she complied; the prisoners and jailers gathered round her, and her splendid voice was heard for the last time. She chose for her subject a *cantique* on the "Guillotine,"

her own composition. The song breathes a spirit of heroism that must have thrilled the hearts of all present.

From the Roman Amphitheatre the victims were led to the scaffold. We walked in their footsteps, past the house where a priest, concealed behind the curtains, gave them absolution, to a wide space called the Cours St. Martin. Here stood the scaffold, adorned with flags and surrounded by a large crowd. Some years ago, there were persons still living who had known eye-witnesses of the hideous scenes that took place on this spot during six weeks; and one and all testified not only to the nuns' fortitude, but also to their extraordinary cheerfulness. They actually, to use the words of one of their executioners already quoted, "died laughing."

The last stage of our pilgrimage was Laplane, a desolate field at some distance from Orange, where the three hundred persons who were put to death in the space of six weeks were thrown into large pits dug for the purpose. A small chapel marks the place where the remains of the martyred nuns are mingled with those of the other victims. Laplane stands close to the Rhone, between the Alps and the Cévennes; it is a dreary spot, bare and desolate, glorified only by the heroic memory of the brave women who, if those best able to judge may be believed, will ere long be publicly honored by the Church, for whose sake they laid down their lives. Their example in these days has a peculiar meaning; and to the harassed and persecuted French nuns of our time, their smiling acceptance of the will of God will come as a Heaven-sent lesson.

MANY old houses in Holland have a door which is never opened except when there is a marriage or death in the family. The bride and bridegroom enter by this door; then it is nailed up, to be opened only when one of them is carried out to be buried.

The Legend of the Black Loaves.

NICOLAS NERLI was a banker in the noble city of Florence. Every day, from morning till evening, he sat at his desk working over columns of figures in a great ledger. He lent money to everyone who could furnish security, from the emperor and Pope down to the humble widow. He had grown very rich in his business; for he had always claimed his usury, no matter how much distress he caused thereby. He lived in a palace into which the light entered through narrow windows. This was because of prudence; for the dwelling-places of the rich must be like citadels, to guard by force what they have gained by shrewdness.

So Nicolas Nerli's palace was equipped with iron grills and heavy chains, to keep out robbers. Within, the walls were decorated by skilful artists, the Virtues being represented by the figures of women; here were also the Prophets and Kings of Israel. In the chambers hung costly tapestries offering to the eye the histories of Alexander and Cæsar.

Nicolas flaunted his great wealth by pious donations. Outside the walls of the city, he built a hospital, on whose frieze were portrayed the most honorable acts of his own life. He gave money for the completion of the great monastery church; in recognition of this, his portrait hung in the choir. In it he was represented kneeling with clasped hands at the feet of the Madonna. Nicolas was also one of the best citizens of the Republic. As he had never raised his voice against those in power, even when they oppressed the poor, nothing lessened the good opinion of him held by the rulers because of his great riches.

Returning to his palace later than usual one cold winter day, Nicolas was met at his doorway by a throng of half-naked beggars, who stretched out their hands for alms. He pushed them aside with

harsh words. But hunger had made them as bold as wolves, so they formed a circle around him and begged for bread in menacing tones. In his anger, Nicolas was just bending down to find stones to fling at them, when he saw one of his stewards approaching; on his head was a basket, filled with loaves of black bread for the men of the stables, kitchen, and garden. He called the servant to him; and, taking up great handfuls of loaves, he tossed them to the clamoring crowd. He then entered his house unmolested.

That very night Nicolas Nerli dreamed that he was dead. As in a vision, he saw himself standing before the Archangel Saint Michael, who, with balances in his hands, was placing objects in the pans. Nicolas looked. In the heavier side he saw the jewels of widows that had been given him as pledges, and heaps of glittering coin that he had unjustly demanded. There, too, were certain gold pieces of great beauty, whose like no one but himself possessed. He then realized that it was his life that the saint was weighing. He became very thoughtful and anxious.

"Saint," he exclaimed, "if you place on one side all the wealth I have heaped up, place on the other the great works by which I have shown my piety. Do not forget the dome of the monastery church to which I contributed one-third of its cost; nor the hospital, which I built with my own funds."

"Fear not, Nicolas Nerli," replied the Archangel. "Nothing shall be forgotten."

Then with his shining hands the saint put in the other pan the splendid dome, and the hospital with its carved and painted frieze. Still it did not descend.

The banker became agitated.

"There are still other things," he urged: "the font of Saint Jean, and the pulpit of Saint Andrew, on which the baptism of Our Lord is represented in life-size, and which cost me dear."

These things were added, but with no effect. Nicolas was now completely terrified.

"Can it be," he sighed, "that this dome, this pulpit, this font, this hospital with all its beds, weigh no more than a straw or a bird's feather?"

"You can see for yourself," replied the Archangel. "So far, the weight of your misdeeds is far greater than that of your good works."

"Then I must go down to everlasting punishment," groaned Nicolas, his teeth chattering with dread.

"Patience!" said the saint. "We have not finished yet. This is left."

As he spoke, he took up the black loaves the banker had thrown to the poor the evening before. He placed them on the pan of good deeds, and, lo! it dropped slowly until the two were on a perfect level. The banker could scarcely believe his eyes. The Archangel now said to him:

"You see, Nicolas Nerli, you are not consigned either to heaven or to hell. Return to Florence. Multiply in your city the loaves you have given this night, with your own hands, in the sight of no person. But give with a good heart. So shall you be saved. Go!"

Nicolas awoke. So impressed was he by his vision that he resolved to obey the Archangel; and from that time, during the rest of life, he was the ever-helping friend of the poor and needy.

ONE of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools, and everyday clothes, tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain-top; but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.—*B. Babcock.*

Good Thoughts for Great Week.

THE proportion of worldly Christians is now so great that it would be next to impossible to restore the discipline of the early Church in regard to Lent, even for the last "Great Week," as it was called, when the fervor of the faithful led them to practise the most severe mortifications and to spend many hours in church. In the first centuries it was considered a blessed privilege to participate in Lenten observances, and only the most careless were remiss in them. In the case of public sinners, permission to do penance, and thereby to reconcile themselves with the Church and to receive her sacraments, was granted, we are told, only to those who demanded it humbly, urgently, and perseveringly. Until such permission was obtained, their names, if they had committed any great sin, were struck out of the rank of the faithful, and they could never take part in the offices of the Church.

But if it is impossible for us to emulate the penance of the early Christians, there can be no excuse for our not cherishing their ideals, and trying to follow their example in other particulars. Of one thing we should do all in our power to convince ourselves at this holy time—viz., that the call to some kind of perfection is involved in Christianity itself. The following passage from Cardinal Bona, quoted by Father Dalgairns in his admirable introduction to that great work, "The Fathers of the Desert," deserves to be well pondered by all of us:

Because there are very many of us who, wishing neither to learn nor to observe the rules of Christian perfection handed down to us by Christ, excuse themselves from the appearance of despising them by asserting that those rules concern those who are shut up in cloisters and are free from the cares of the world, I will now show clearly how vain and false is their persuasion, that this error may be destroyed, and the truth made clear. It is most true that Christian life may be divided into two states—the secular and religious. Both, however, though by a different route, tend to the same end; and, as

far as the practice of virtue, contempt of the world, poverty of spirit, and love of the cross, the condition of each is identical, with this only difference: that religious, being bound by the ties of solemn vows and rules, are obliged more strictly to perfection than those who live in the world. In other respects, one and the same way of life is required of both, one and the same Gospel has been preached to both. Since God commands nothing but charity, forbids nothing but self-love, there is no difference as far as that is concerned, no exception of persons. Our Saviour has commanded that no one should speak an idle word, or he will have to render an account of it at the day of judgment. No one is to be angry, no one to give way to wrong desires. Here is no distinction between the monk and the married Christian.

In the same way, when Our Lord says, "Blessed are they who mourn. . . . Woe to those who laugh now"; when He teaches us to pray always, to renounce all things, to hate our life, to deny ourselves, to bear injuries patiently, to enter the narrow gate, He makes no exception in favor of any member of the human race. When Paul the Apostle writes to all Christians, even those who are married and have children, does he not exact from them all the discipline of the monastic life? "Having food and raiment," he says, "let us be content." What could he require more of an anchorite? Are not Peter and James writing to all Christians when they exhort them to be holy, perfect, wanting in nothing? When Christ said, "Be ye perfect, as My Heavenly Father is perfect," He spoke to all the faithful, to whom He appointed the highest aim of sanctity; that all we who are called and are sons of God should strive after the perfection of our Father. There is, therefore, a great necessity of sanctity laid upon all Christians, lest they should be excluded as degenerate children from their Father's inheritance.

A very important passage, and we can not do better than to quote Father Dalgairns' reflection upon it. He says: "The modern type of a worldly Catholic would not have been considered safe when that was written. He existed, doubtless; but he would not have considered himself safe. This perfect self-satisfaction is our characteristic. We enjoy this world not viciously, but without reference to God; and think ourselves quite sure of heaven, though we make no attempt at the perfection of our state, and hardly any prayer, though we give but scanty alms, and aim at no interior life of intercourse with God.

Such a man or woman would have been thought half a heathen by St. Antony, and would have been pitied as in a dangerous state."

The initial steps in the spiritual life are ever identical. The greatest saints and the most ordinary amongst us have to begin in the same way. The first discourses of St. Antony to his disciples, in the third century, read precisely like the homilies of the Blessed Curé of Ars in our own time. There is nothing mystical or romantic about St. Antony's words; on the contrary, they are as matter-of-fact as could be. "Of what profit is it to seek things which we can not take away with us? Why should we not rather acquire those things which we are able to take away with us,—such as prudence, justice, temperance, fortitude, intelligence, charity, love of the poor, faith in Christ, meekness, hospitality?" Is not this the echo of Apostolic teaching? "Be not conformed to this world." "The fashion of this world passeth away." "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Now let us hear the Blessed Curé of Ars. In a sermon on the text, "If you love Me, keep My Commandments," preached on Sunday, May 28, 1848, he said:

Nothing is so common among Christians as to say, "O my God, I love Thee!" and nothing more rare, perhaps, than the love of the good God. Satisfied with making outward acts of love, in which our heart often has no share, we think we have fulfilled the whole of the precept. An error, an illusion; for see, my children, St. John says that we must not love the good God in word, but in deed. Our Lord Jesus Christ also says, "If any one love Me, he will keep My word."

If we judge by this rule, there are very few Christians who truly love God, since there are so few who keep His commandments. Yet nothing is more essential than the love of God. It is the first of all virtues,—a virtue so necessary that without it we shall never reach heaven. . . .

But the misfortune is that we lavish our love upon objects unworthy of it, and refuse it to Him alone who deserves to be infinitely loved. Thus, my children, one person will love riches,

another will love pleasures; and both will offer to the good God nothing but the languishing remains of a heart worn out in the service of the world. From thence comes insufficient love, divided love, which is for that very reason unworthy of the good God; for He alone, being infinitely above all created good, deserves that we should love Him above all things,—more than our possessions, because they are earthly; more than our friends, because they are mortal; more than our life, because it is perishable; more than ourselves, because we belong to Him. Our love, if it is true, must be without limit, and must influence our conduct. . . .

If the Saviour of the world, addressing Himself to each one of us separately, were now to ask us the same question that He formerly asked St. Peter, "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?" could we answer with as much confidence as that great Apostle, "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee,"—*Domine, tu scis quia amo te?* We have perhaps pronounced these words without taking in their meaning and extent; for, my children, to love the good God is not merely to say with the mouth, "O my God, I love Thee!"—Oh, no! . . .

Present-day Christians, on so many of whom their faith sits like an external thing, would do well betimes to contrast their lives in things essential with those of the first followers of the Cross. The teaching of the Gospel is the same for all time. There is no road to heaven save that of self-denial and mortification. Platitudes these, but are they not the very landmarks of the Christian life? And the worldly Catholic was never perhaps in greater danger than now of losing sight of them. Says Father Dalgairns: "Never did Christians want more prayer than now; for the world is all in confusion, and the time is out of joint. And before we attempt to set it right, we had better begin with ourselves. All is floating and uncertain. Landmarks, intellectual and political, are torn up, and men are drifting they know not whither. Nothing will save us from danger but an intellect, a heart, and a mode of life entirely one, exteriorly and interiorly, with the ever-living Church of Christ. There is no possible Christian life but in the old path of mortification and prayer. Along this path the saints in every age have borne their cross."

Notes and Remarks.

An article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by the venerable English naturalist and philosopher, Alfred Russel Wallace, is notable for some admissions which will not make pleasant reading for the sciolists who claim that Science has demonstrated the needlessness of God. Writing on "The World of Life, as Visualized and Interpreted by Darwinism," this octogenarian scientist—he was born in 1822—makes this candid statement:

Before concluding I must, however, add a few words to avoid misconception. Neither Darwinism nor any other theory in science or philosophy can give more than a secondary explanation of phenomena. Some deeper power or cause always has to be postulated. I have here claimed that the known facts, when fully examined and reasoned out, are adequate to explain the method of Organic Evolution; yet the underlying fundamental *causes* are, and will probably ever remain, not only unknown but even inconceivable by us. The mysterious power we term life, which alone renders possible the production from a few of the chemical elements of such diverse fabrics as bone and skin, horn and hair, muscle and nerve, and brain cells; which, from identical soil, water and air, manufactures all the infinitely varied products of the vegetable kingdom—the thousand delicious fruits for our use and enjoyment, the endless woods and fibres, gums and oils and resins,—to serve the purposes of our ever-developing arts and manufactures, will surely never be explained, as many suppose they will be, in terms of mere matter and motion.

And if the foregoing is not sufficiently specific as to the "bankruptcy of Science" in its endeavor to explain matters beyond its legitimate scope, Mr. Wallace, in his concluding paragraph, leaves no doubt of his personal belief concerning life and its origin:

Every attempt to explain these phenomena—even Darwin's highly complex and difficult theory of Pangenesis—utterly breaks down; so that now even the extreme monists, such as Haeckel, are driven to the supposition that every ultimate cell is a conscious, intelligent individual that knows where to go and what to do, goes there and does it! These unavailing efforts to explain the inexplicable, whether in

the details of any one living thing, or in the origin of life itself, seem to me to lead us to the irresistible conclusion that beyond and above all terrestrial agencies there is some great source of *energy and guidance*, which in unknown ways pervades every form of organized life, and of which we ourselves are the ultimate and foreordained outcome.

One very probable reason for the renewed opposition to Mr. G. K. Chesterton is that pessimism, pride, agnosticism, cheap materialism, and other isms, are so soundly thrwacked in his latest volume. Old-fashioned Christians who have taken offence at it should remember that their champion is combating foes who are furnished with new weapons, and who employ unusual tactics. G. K. C. has proved himself more than a match for the most formidable of his antagonists; and if in the heat of the fray he sometimes loses his temper and uses language that is not over-refined, he is to be pardoned. St. Jerome himself was no polished polemic. As a whole, "Orthodoxy" contains some of the calmest writing the author has yet done. In rebutting the old lies that man is but a brute and Christianity an affair of tears, he achieves a real eloquence and dignity; and in his few pages on the central mysteries of Faith, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and the Holy Trinity, he succeeds in being forcible and natural without giving any one reason for offence,—any besides those who play with new theologies or new moralities.

The discussion in certain quarters as to the number of priests received into the Protestant Episcopal Church within the past year, to use plain speech, is utterly inane. The reverend gentleman who stated publicly that "from eight to nineteen" Catholic priests are now occupying pulpits in the P. E. C., on being asked for their names and addresses, replied that he did not know them, adding: "I should hardly consider that I have the right to

trespass upon the bishops' time to make the statements referred to." This lack of information and hesitancy in acquiring it are quite excusable; however, the reverend gentleman must be well aware that if there were any considerable number of priests in the Protestant Episcopal fold, the bishops thereof would be more than willing to make a statement to this effect. Two facts are well known to these dignitaries, and the policy of concealing them needs no explanation; the facts are these: there are very few fallen priests in the ranks of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and those few are anything but an acquisition to it. Of two unfortunate priests of our acquaintance who for a time were connected with this denomination in the West, one was reconciled to the Church on his deathbed—though prevented from receiving the last Sacraments; and the other fled the country, none too soon to avoid embarrassment to himself and discomfiture to his confiding supporters.

One of the intellectual Smart Set's criticisms of ex-President Roosevelt was that he "discovered the Ten Commandments," and delivered platitudinous discourses on elementary moral truths. The criticism would have more point if one could feel reasonably sure that, in various fields of twentieth-century activity, the Commandments do not need discovery, and could get rid of the impression that some very elementary truths in the moral order are by a considerable number of Americans systematically ignored. Be that as it may, Mr. Roosevelt in the editorial chair is likely to be as didactic as he was in the White House. And, personally, we shall not quarrel with his fondness for penning such paragraphs as the following, quoted from the *Outlook*:

One difficulty in arguing with professed Socialists of the extreme, or indeed of the opportunist, type is that those who are sincere almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought. If they did not keep their faith

nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent.

The Socialists who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form are, and must necessarily be, not only convinced opponents of private property, but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality.

Thoroughgoing Socialists occupy in relation to all morality, and especially to domestic morality, a position so revolting—and I choose my words carefully—that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper. . . .

Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified State free-lunch counter and State founding asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal, with the absolute abandonment of morality as between man and woman.

That men who pretend to speak with culture of mind, and authority to teach—men who are or have been preachers of the Gospel or professors in universities,—should affiliate themselves with the preachers of criminal nonsense, is a sign of either grave mental or moral shortcoming.

The Socialism propounded by Proudhon, Lassalle and Marx, and preached by their disciples and imitators, is blind to everything except the merely material side of life. It is not only indifferent, but at bottom hostile, to the religious, the domestic and the moral life. Its representatives in this country who have achieved leadership, especially the parlor Socialists and the like, be they lay or clerical, deserve scant consideration at the hands of honest and clean-living men and women.

The parlor Socialists protest against this sort of writing, of course; but the ex-President is right, notwithstanding.

As a pendent to the foregoing, the following statement of another outspoken critic of Socialism, Father Bernard Vaughan, is of interest:

Whatever Socialists may state to the contrary, I am satisfied that if Socialism, in its least unreasonable phase, were to become an actuality, then man would cease to be a man; he would not be free to choose his own occupation; he would not be free to choose his own master; he would not be free to choose his own district; probably he would not be free to choose his own wife or to rear his own family, or to dispose of his own time, or to improve his position, or to do any of those things which develop talent, stimulate enterprise, and form character. Instead of this, he would be a thing, a chattel, or at best a State serf.

If Socialism means anything, it means not

liberty but tyranny, and a tyranny all the worse in that a man would be left without any means of redress. It would be useless for him to appeal to law and seek counsel's opinion, because all the members of the learned profession would be State officials. Nor could he, with any likelihood of success, ventilate his grievances in the press; for the press, being State property, would not be likely to open its columns to attacks upon itself. His only chance would be anonymous letters, the pet device of the knave and the fool.

The touch of nature that makes the whole world kin seems to be most effectively exemplified nowadays in the concrete case of a child kidnapped or stolen in the hope of ransom. The most recent instance of the crime in this country created an intense excitement in cities adjoining the child's home, and aroused public sentiment throughout the whole country. And naturally so. As one secular journal puts it—

For the suffering that it causes and for the cruelties that accompany it, we believe that child-stealing for ransom is as heinous as any crime that is committed by civilized men. When a man is murdered that is the end of his sufferings, and his family and friends know the worst. When a child is stolen and retained under threats of torture, the prospect and the certainty of suffering for the victims may have no limit save that of their lives.

While the payment of the ransom in the Whitla case will scarcely be censured by any one who puts himself in the distracted father's place, this apparent success of the kidnappers renders it all the more incumbent on the State to spare no effort in apprehending and condignly punishing the principals in the crime and all their accomplices. As regards this point, we note that even some opponents of capital punishment are disposed to favor a bill just introduced at Washington, by which kidnapping in the District of Columbia is made a crime punishable by death or life-imprisonment. Where kidnapping is prompted by a desire for gain, the bill prescribes the death penalty; but where it is not inspired for gain, life-imprisonment is provided. Granting that

capital punishment is ever expedient, the kidnapper would certainly appear to be a peculiarly fit subject therefor.

We have witnessed a mighty change among non-Catholics in our day, but we little dreamed that it would ever become necessary for us to defend Sunday observance against a Protestant minister. However, the occasion has come. The Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, of Connecticut, the land of the Blue Laws—a most aggravating circumstance,—in a plea for what he called a more liberal Sunday, at the State convention of Congregational ministers at Rockville last week, said: "My idea of Sunday is that it is a day of rest and recreation." No, Brother Bacon! It is a day to "keep holy." Rest from servile works is prescribed and innocent recreation is not prohibited; but the Sunday is the Lord's Day, and as such should be sanctified by church-going, attentive and reverent hearing of the Word of God, and religious instructions and exhortations.

Think of its being necessary thus to rebuke the preacher son of a preacher who only thirty years ago was arrested for going out to drive on Sunday! Like father like son. In spite of being a minister of the Gospel, the elder Bacon must have been regarded as "ripe for perdition" by the more "orthodox" members of his flock; and Bacon the younger, we very much fear, is steeped in Liberalism and Modernism. We earnestly exhort our brethren of the Protestant clergy to hold fast to Sunday observance. Should it ever disappear, there is danger that the American people will forget God and the hereafter altogether.

The close connection between drunkenness and crime, as cause and effect, has been instanced so often that to furnish further testimony upon the point is like piling Pelion on Ossa. The authority and high character of the Lord Chief

Justice of England may, however, warrant the citation of his opinion. In a recent speech, Lord Alverstone said that his experience of criminal cases had taught him that a percentage of crime, as high as eighty or ninety, was due directly and indirectly to drink. Even making allowance for exaggeration in such a statement, it is evident that all earnest work looking toward the extirpation, or at least the lessening, of the drink evil is distinctly patriotic.

Bishop Shanley, of Fargo, North Dakota, once edited the *Northwestern Chronicle*, and apparently has not yet outlived the call of the type. In any case, he has established a somewhat unique monthly periodical, the *Bulletin* of the diocese of Fargo. Here are some excerpts from the initial number:

Items of interest are asked from all the parishes in the diocese, and will receive the best attention possible. It is the desire of the Bishop who directs this work to please all under his jurisdiction, no matter what their mother tongue or skin color may be. For this reason communications from Bohemian, English, French, German, Greek, Indian, Irish, Italian, Polish, Scandinavian, Syrian, or any other nationality connected with Holy Church in the consanguinity of faith, are invited, and will be more than welcome. . . . The Catholic Church is the Church universal, and in North Dakota its universality is shown manifestly.

About one type whom the Bishop desires to reach, he writes:

The poor fellow may say: "I am at outs with my pastor. I have not made my Easter duty. I haven't paid my pew-rent. I haven't paid my subscription for the new church or the school building. I am running a 'blind pig.' I am a bad egg in general." No matter for the moment. Later on your case will be attended to. At present your name is needed on the list of the *Bulletin* of the diocese of Fargo.

Apropos of what most publishers consider a vital question, the *Bulletin* blithely remarks:

Don't bother about the subscription price. You may send us a subscription of anywhere from fifty cents to one hundred dollars, if you see fit. If you do not want to send us even fifty

cents, at least take the *Bulletin* from the post-office and read it. You shall never get a bill for it. Some one else has paid your subscription in some other legal way. The *Bulletin* is a monthly letter from your Bishop, which your Bishop begs of you to read.

Let us hope that there will be a sufficient number of one hundred dollar subscriptions* to enable the energetic prelate to continue his excellent work for the good of his diocese and the Church at large.

Apropos of the sum of \$120,000 recently paid by the United States Government to the Catholic Church in Porto Rico in settlement of claims for properties now in possession of the Federal Government in the island, *Borinquen*, the new monthly published at San Juan, says:

While a considerable sacrifice has been made in order to arrive at an amicable settlement outside the courts of justice, we can not be unmindful of the fact that the Church feels compensated for the monetary loss in the well-nigh universal sense of satisfaction manifested in Porto Rico for the happy termination of this protracted contention. Nor can the Catholics of this island fail to appreciate the zealous and intelligent labors of our beloved Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Aversa, who has devoted his untiring efforts to obtain a peaceful and honorable settlement of this claim of the Church against the Government of the United States and the people of Porto Rico.

Another Porto Rican item of interest is the refutation of calumnies disseminated by some non-Catholic missionaries in the island. A Miss McLiver, for instance, wrote to the American Missionary Association in New York a statement, "not to be given out for publication," that the Holy Week practices of Porto Ricans are "sacrilegious and vulgar." Bishop Jones, after disposing of this falsehood, writes:

The real difficulty is that the people of Porto Rico are not going the way of the Protestant Missionary Association. It was the general belief among the new Gospel preachers here a few years ago that a goodly fling of mud at the Church was sufficient to make half the inhabitants Protestants. Accordingly, they pursued a policy of vilifying the Church and the priest-

hood in Porto Rico. It went well in the United States, but the results in Porto Rico have been most unfortunate for their cause. The most indifferent sort of Catholics have not been drawn toward these new doctrines, nor toward the preachers of the same, by the wholesale abuse heaped upon the Church. The preachers have not made good their promise to "Protestantize" the people of Porto Rico.

A venerable French religious of our acquaintance, interviewed two or three years ago as to his opinion of the outcome of the anti-Christian war in France, declared that to his mind a revolution is inevitable. In view of the recent French strike, some of the incidents that characterized it, and the manner of its settlement, that opinion does not to-day appear at all extravagant. Threats of a "revolutionary strike" were freely made in Paris of late weeks, and the greatest Parisian papers concede that the Government has been vanquished. Says the *Temps*:

The strikers separated after the meeting with shouts of "Victory," the right word for the situation. It is impossible to dispute the complete triumph of the strikers. Nothing is wanting in the great trade-union's success. All other categories of civil servants, all co-operations having the means of exercising pressure on the public powers by a concerted strike, all who can imitate the postal employees' example, will prepare henceforth to present their claims under the same menacing form.

The *Journal des Débats* also treats the settlement as a complete Government surrender. It says:

That the pusillanimity of the Ministry and Chamber of Deputies should cover such an event with complete amnesty, without even the pretence of repression, is one of the most astonishing scandals of contemporaneous history. It is an alarming symptom of decomposition, disorder, and anarchy.

And, for those who can see, it is by no means an isolated symptom. The fact is that France is fairly honeycombed with conditions that make for the dissolution of social order, and a revolution within a decade or even sooner will not at all surprise either her closest students or her best friends.



To a Violet.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

DID you sleep the Winter through
In your royal robe of blue,
Waking when the April skies
Called to you to ope your eyes?
Bloom of youth and innocence,
Winter's tardy recompense!
Welcome as the breath you bring,
Fairest harbinger of Spring!

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.

NOT realizing at first what had happened, Kitty stared around her, quite bewildered at the strange red glare that flashed through her windows, making the dark, heavy furniture stand out sharp and clear. Even the picture over the mantel was smiling down upon her in the fierce, lurid light.

"O Cripps, Cripps!" she cried, gazing wildly at the queer figure beside her, that, with flying hair and disordered dress, looked like the witch of some midnight dream. "What is it, Cripps?"

"The judgment, child,—the judgment!" replied the old woman, excitedly. "Come quick! Put on your clothes and let us fly, child. It's the judgment that has been hanging over David Dillon this many a day. The men have broke loose and fired the Works. They won't leave a stick or stone of David Dillon's standing on the Ridge,—do you hear that?"

Aye, Kitty heard. Her heart beat wildly, and an icy chill seemed to freeze

every drop of her blood; for through the fiery glare there came a roar like that of some mad, many-tongued monster goaded with fury and athirst for blood.

"Oh, let us run quick,—quick!" cried Kitty, flinging on her clothes in desperate haste. "Where are Tim and Uncle Dave?"

"Tim is downstairs. Your uncle—don't ask me where *he* is, child. He hasn't been home to-night."

"O Cripps!" gasped Kitty. "Surely he isn't out *there*?"

"I don't know, child,—I don't know. Didn't you warn him yourself last night? Didn't everybody warn him that things couldn't go on as they were? Them he had his iron heel on so long have turned. Oh, the Lord have mercy on us, just hear them!" And again the roar, wild and hoarse as that of maddened beasts, was repeated.

"Lord have mercy on us, just hear it! Come, child,—come!" And Cripps caught Kitty's icy hand. "Tim is loosening the dogs. We have time to get off to the hills before they fire us here. Come on!"

And the speaker hurried Kitty on through the darkened halls and down the stairways, where the red glare did not reach, until they stumbled out on the side porch, where Tim stood, holding his two Buddies, that were tugging in terror at their iron chain.

"Down, you fools,—down! Ain't I going to take you out of it? Down! We're all off to the hills, if you'll go easy and not pull so. Come, mam! Come, Missy!"

They all hurried out into the cinder path, where the ragged cedars flung black shadows in the fiery light. But the dogs burst into a piteous howl and pulled back on their chain as Tim would have dragged them on.

"Come on, you brutes,—come on, I say! You old dumb idiots, come on!"

cried Tim, fiercely. "Oh!" And then he himself recoiled. "Mercy, what is this?" For something lay limp and black in the shadow of the cedars at his very feet.

"It's—it's the master!" gasped Cripps. "It's David Dillon, killed dead! Oh, God have mercy on us! Come on, child!" cried the woman, in wild terror. "We can do him no good. He is dead, dead!"

But, numb with horror as she was, Kitty's ear, quickened perhaps by some blessed touch, had caught a faint sound.

"Uncle Dave!—Uncle Dave!" she cried. "Cripps, he isn't dead! I heard him moan,—I am sure I did."

"You didn't,—you couldn't, child; or if you did it was the death-groan. Come on, I say! He's past your help."

"O Cripps, no! Listen, listen!" said the little girl, excitedly.

"Water!" came in a faint whisper to their bending ears. "For God's sake,—water—water!"

"O Cripps, don't you hear? He's begging for water. Uncle Dave,—poor Uncle Dave! O Cripps, we can't leave him like this!" faltered Kitty, brokenly.

"We can and we *must*, child!" was the fierce answer. "I've got to live for my boy here,—to care for my poor, crooked, helpless boy. I've got to live for Tim. Come on, girl!"

"Water!" came the hoarse whisper again. "O God, some water!"

"Uncle Dave, yes, I'll get it,—I'll get it!" cried Kitty; and, breaking away from Cripps' grasp, she sped back into the house, groping her way she scarce knew how to the water cooler that stood by the dining-room door; then she came hurrying out with a glass of ice water.

"Lift his head, Cripps," said Kitty to the woman who stood quietly in the shadows. "Oh, please lift poor Uncle Dave's head while I hold the water to his lips! I can't do both."

And as Cripps in grim silence obeyed, Kitty held the cooling draught to the fierce, grizzly-bearded lips that had never spoken a loving, tender word to her in

all their lonely days together. But no thought of this came to little Kitty now; her heart was too full of unselfish pity and compassion. All the sweet, holy influences long nurtured in her convent home seemed to bloom out in this hour of supreme need into the heavenly charity that is Love's perfect flower.

"Poor Uncle Dave! Oh, I can't leave him, Cripps! I just *can't* leave him here alone to die! I don't expect you and Tim to stay, because he isn't your uncle,—your dear father's brother, Cripps. But I—I must! O Cripps, don't you think we could move him a little bit farther under the trees? It's softer in there. And would you stay here while I run in the house and get a pillow for his head?"

"Do you mean to say that you're ready, a bit of a child like you, to stay with that old flinty-hearted sinner—*alone?*" said Cripps, angrily.

"I must," answered Kitty, with a little shiver; for she was only thirteen. "He is dying,—poor Uncle Dave is dying, Cripps!"

"Let him die, then, you little goose! It won't hurt you. Don't you know you'll get everything he has?" said Cripps, fiercely. "Are you going to stay here and let Tim and me leave you?"

"No, she ain't." It was Tim, who had been listening stolidly to the conversation, who spoke out now. "She ain't, mam, because—because I ain't going to leave her! If Missy stays, the dogs and I stay too; don't we, Buddies? We stand by Missy just like she stands by them stories that she tells. You don't know about the catechism stories, mam, but Missy and I do; so you can cut off across the hills, but the Buddies and I will stay here. And you'd better cut off quick," said Tim, with unexpected wisdom; "for it's time somebody called for help and fire-engines sure."

"O Cripps, yes, go,—go!" cried Kitty, catching at this faint gleam of hope. "Go and send some one to help poor Uncle Dave."

"Mercy, I can't,—I can't leave you!" replied Cripps, desperately; "though—though I reckon it's best. There ain't no train here now for six hours, and them wretches have cut the wires. I—some one will have to go."

"Yes, quick,—quick, please, Cripps,—to Markhams' or Peytons',—anywhere!" pleaded Kitty. "Oh, don't wait Cripps! Go quick!"

"If I could get you into the house!" said Cripps, despairfully.

"But you can't!" said Kitty. "We can't move Uncle Dave, Cripps; it might kill him right off. O Cripps, go! We'll hide here under the cedars until you get back. We've got the dogs; and the good angels will take care of us, I know, if you will only go, Cripps. Go!"

"The Lord have mercy on you, then, child, I will,—I will!" said Cripps, feeling that quick help was indeed the only hope; and she sped away on feet that, winged with love and terror to-night, were light and swift as those of a sixteen-year-old girl.

"O Tim, Tim," said Kitty, as the gaunt figure vanished in the shadows of the hill path, and all the horror of the situation seemed to fall upon the little group under the cedars, "will it take her very long?"

"Not if she kites along like that," said Tim, with a grim chuckle. "Don't be frightened, Missy; I'm standing by you straight through,—the Buddies here and I. And I guess them angels you talk about are around us too. And, 'twixt us all," concluded Tim, "we'll take care of you sure."

But poor, crooked Tim cheered in a shaking voice. With mam vanishing in the darkness, it took a courage that would have done honor to a soldier at the front to keep him at Missy's side.

Never in the after years did he or Kitty forget the terror of that vigil as, with the ragged cedars shadowing the red glare of the burning Works, with the roar of the mob in their ears; the hot breath and stifling smoke of the

raging fire filling the summer midnight, they watched over the gasping, moaning old figure that had once been the stern master of this maddened scene, bending all things to his word and will.

With his head pillowed on the cushions Kitty had brought from the house, Uncle Dave lay, his ghastly face upturned to the sky, aflame with the fire his own stubborn pride and greed had kindled. What he saw, what he heard, what he felt, the two young people could not know. Tim crouched in the shadow with his dogs; while Kitty bent closer to the helpless form, bathing Uncle Dave's head, moistening his lips with ice water, and whispering trembling words of hope.

"Cripps has gone,—gone to get help, Uncle Dave. She will bring a doctor to you soon. And, O Uncle Dave, if you would just say a little prayer before you get any worse! Uncle Dave, one little prayer!"

"Lord, Missy, he don't know any prayers!" came Tim's voice through the shadows.

"O Tim, don't you think he does?" faltered Kitty, as a new fear for the poor parting soul was added to the terror of the night. "If he could only say one act of contrition!"

"*Him*, Missy! There ain't any one on this Ridge but you and me knows what contrition means at all."

"Maybe if I said it for him he would understand." And, bending close to Uncle Dave, she took the helpless hands in hers, and whispered into the sin-hardened ear the simple words of penitence that every Catholic child learns.

Louder and fiercer came the wild clamor from below; but Kitty did not heed. New sounds and strange, commanding voices broke in upon the din. Tim made his way as fast as he could to the spiked gates, shouting wildly; but for the moment Kitty was far away from it all: she was kneeling at the Mercy Seat, offering for Uncle Dave the brief, touching, tender prayers framed for hours like these.

The dogs were leaping and barking, and Tim was shrieking with excitement:

"A special,—a special! A whole train loaded with soldiers and firemen! Thank God! Folks, you just got here in time!"

And then there rang out in the darkness a voice that would have pierced the very heights of heaven itself:

"My girl!" it cried. "Quick, boy,—quick! Tell me where is my girl,—my little girl?"

(To be continued.)

The Tailor Bird.

Everyone has heard of the tailor or cobbler bird of India, so called because it sews leaves together to form its nest. An ornithologist, who had the good fortune to see the hen at work, thus describes the interesting operation:

A suitable plant having been selected, she began operations on one of its leaves so curved that its terminal half was parallel with the ground. The first thing she did was to make with her sharp little beak a number of punctures along each edge of the leaf. In this case the punctures took the form of longitudinal slits, owing to the fact that the veins of the dracæna leaf run longitudinally. In leaves of different texture, the punctures take other shapes. Having thus prepared the leaf, she disappeared for a little, and returned with a strand of cobweb. One end of this she wound round the narrow part of the leaf that separated one of the punctures from the edge; having done this, she carried the loose end of the strand across the under surface of the leaf to a puncture on the opposite side, where she attached it to the leaf, and thus drew the edges a little way together. Similarly she treated the other punctures, and the leaf assumed the shape of a section of a cone; the smaller end was filled with cotton, elaborate lining was introduced, and the little bird worked hard enough "to disqualify her for membership in any trade union."

A Legend of Pontius Pilate.

Soon after the crucifixion of Our Lord, Pontius Pilate was removed from his office of governor, and banished to Gaul, or Helvetia. It is commonly supposed that the cowardly Roman, haunted by memories of that first Good Friday and his judgment hall, committed suicide not long after his banishment. Some old writers, on the contrary, assert that Pilate repented of his crime and died a martyr. According to them, he was favored by a vision of the Risen Saviour, who said to him: "Under thee were fulfilled all those things that were spoken by the Prophets concerning Me; and thou thyself must appear as My witness at My second coming, when I shall judge the twelve tribes of Israel, and them that have not confessed My name." Kneeling before Our Lord, the proud Roman made this humble confession: "I have sinned, O Lord, in that I sat and judged Thee, who avengest all in truth. And, lo, I know that Thou art God, Son of God; and I beheld Thy humanity and not Thy divinity. But Herod, with the children of Israel, constrained me to do evil unto Thee. Have pity, therefore, upon me, O God of Israel!"

There is a legend which tells that Pilate lived near the mountain now known as Mount Pilatus. On its summit is a dark and gloomy lake; and it was in this lake that Pilate is said to have drowned himself. The legend goes on to narrate how at certain seasons of the year a human figure is seen to rise from the waters and go through the operation of washing the hands, just as Pilate washed his hands before the Jews in the vain hope of escaping the blame of sentencing Christ to death.

Mount Pilatus is on the borders of the Swiss cantons of Lucerne and Unterwalden. The appearance of the strange figure on the mountain-top, it is said, generally betokens some misfortune.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We learn that the University of Leipsic intends to hold an exhibition in connection with the five hundredth anniversary of its foundation. It will include all the art treasures of the University—seals, medals, tapestries, and pictures; and by means of sketches and plans, models and pictures, an idea will be given of the gradual development of the institution.

—A bit of bibliography that will prove genuinely useful to those engaged in social and economic work is "A List of Some Recent Works on Housing and on Rural Problems," edited by Leslie A. St. L. Toke. (English Catholic Truth Society.) An accompanying four-page leaflet, "Rural Housing," is full of interesting information as to conditions of cottage life in England.

—There is a probability that an illustrated dictionary of the sign-language used by deaf-mutes will soon be issued from the press of the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*, Richmond Hill, L. I. Mr. James F. Donnelly awaits only the guarantee that five hundred copies can be disposed of. With this assurance he will bring out the volume, one calculated to be of great use and of exceptional interest.

—"Cupa Revisited," by Mary E. Mannix (Benziger Brothers), is a California tale, in the nature of a sequel to "The Children of Cupa," by the same author. Walter and Nellie Page are three years older than they were in the former story, but have lost none of their attractiveness. Cousin Jennie and Ramona and Francisco and Alejandro supply a variety of incidents, and the author incidentally imparts much interesting historical information. The atmosphere of the tale is, of course, distinctly Catholic.

—Among a number of interesting French brochures that come to us from the Librairie Bloud et Cie, we note two liturgical works, "The Pallium" and "The Dedication of Churches," by the Rev. Jules Baudot, Benedictine of Farnborough; De La Mennais' "Pensées"; "Les Idées Morales de Lamartine"; "Nicole"; and a third edition of Mr. Gabriel Planque's "History of Catholicism in England." This last-mentioned work concludes with the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829, so that its title is scarcely accurate.

—"Jack Smith," by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J. (B. Herder), is a story for boys about boys, all four of whom answer to the name of the hero—Jack. One was the son of a physician;

one the heir of Lord Greycote; a third, the son of Lord Greycote's head gardener; and last, but not least, there was Jack Gidlow, the son of a laborer. The story opens when these four boys plan for a day in the woods, and the curtain rings down on them when each has reached manhood, and has "made good." Meanwhile there were adventures and escapades and sorrows; but even the follies helped in the formation of character; and at last "Clubs," "Hearts," "Spades," and "Diamonds" came into their own. The setting of "Jack Smith" is distinctly English; however, this does not take from the human interest which attaches to the career of the four "Jacks."

—We welcome a new edition of "Latin Pronounced for Church Services; or, The Right Way to Pronounce the Latin of High Mass, Mass for the Dead, Vespers, Benediction, Occasional and Processional Hymns," by the Rev. Edward Murphy. (Christian Press Association Publishing Co.) The right pronunciation of Latin, according to the author, is the Italian pronunciation. But others, not a few, contend that the Roman is the right one. It is an open question, and we heartily wish it were not. There is room for improvement in the singing heard at High Mass in many places. Let us hope that devout congregations everywhere may be spared the affliction of ever being obliged to listen to a choir of Father Murphy's disciples responding to a celebrant pronouncing Latin according to the method called Roman. Would Cicero and Virgil recognize it, we wonder?

—"A Happy Half-Century, and Other Essays," Miss Agnes Repplier's latest book, has been very favorably received on both sides of the Atlantic, and elicited unusually generous praise from literary critics. The period which she characterizes as a happy half-century is from 1775 to 1825, and the volume concerns various aspects of life and letters in those years. Then as now artificiality was general, and admiration usually misplaced. Readers of to-day, who "go wild" over the "best-sellers" and the geniuses who produce them, would profit by looking back over the names on the page of literature that were "household words" at the time of which Miss Repplier writes so entertainingly. There is Miss Carter, for instance, whose epistolary style was greatly admired. Her correspondence, which no present-day publisher could be induced to look at, was issued in nine volumes. Whenever she took a walk she would go out of her way to make moral reflec-

tions, and on returning home would write them all down for the enlightenment and entertainment of posterity.

—Mr. McMurry, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, in his brief introduction to "Standards in Education," by A. H. Chamberlain (American Book Co.), says all there is to be said of this new work for those interested in pedagogies. In dealing with questions such as "The Aim of Education," "The Elementary Curriculum," "Correlation," "Significance of Habit," and kindred subjects, Mr. Chamberlain presents them in their relation to industrial training. His method of presentation is good; his suggested topics for further study on the part of students of pedagogy should be helpful; the references recommended after each chapter are excellent, although we looked in vain for certain Catholic authorities, especially in the discussion of such subjects as moral and religious instruction. Educators considering the suggested topic—"Has the church or parochial school a higher moral standard than the public school?"—might be glad to know that Dr. Edward A. Pace and Dr. Thomas Shields, both of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., have had something worth while to say on that subject.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert 15 cts.

"Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.

"Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.

"Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.

"Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingn. \$1.50.

"Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.

"The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.

"Dangers of the Day." Monsignor John Vaughan. \$1.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson 50 cts.

"The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.

"How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackswite. \$1, net.

"The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.

"The Boy Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.

"Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jørgensen. 80 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Henry Ader, of the diocese of Alton; Rev. Joseph Schweigmann, D. D., diocese of Indianapolis; Rev. Vincent Fusz, S. J.; and Rev. William Wimberg, C. S. C.

Sister M. Alphonsa, of the Order of Mercy; Sister M. Gratia, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Rudolph, Sisters of Loretto.

Mr. William Holland, Mr. Hubert Roth, Mr. Jacob Fletcher, Miss Katharine Burrell Kavanagh, Mr. John Murray, Catherine Tobin, Mr. Joseph R. Lee, Mr. William Winter, Mrs. T. J. Walsh, Mrs. Amelia Elizabeth Bennett, Mrs. Annie O'Connor, Mr. Casper Zeigler, Mr. John Buffink, Mr. Francis E. and Mr. John M. McEniff, Mr. Philip Lauer, Mr. Albert G. Fox, Mr. John Shea, Miss Mary McShane, Mr. Frank Bartley, and Hon. Peter Paul Smith.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$13.40.

St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

Friend, \$50; E. D. M., \$20.



OUR LORD AND ST. THOMAS.
(F. Pagliuolo. Vatican.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Easter Sun.

BY RODERICK GILL.

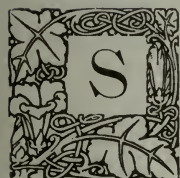
ON Easter morn the sun will dance,
They told us every year;
And from our cots we stole to glance
Where it should first appear,
And watched it round the nursery prance—
As sure as you are here!

The yellow light upon the floor
Would shiver just for joy;
We'd try to catch it o'er and o'er
As if it were a toy,
Till mother knocked upon the door:
"You noisy girl and boy!"—
I wish you'd tell me, children,
Does it dance so any more?

The Sacred Seasons.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

I.—EASTERTIDE.



SACRED seasons, or special periods of time dedicated to God, are common to all religions. Festivals, days of rest from labor and of worship of the Deity, were observed by all civilized peoples of remote antiquity, and more particularly by the Hebrews. The ecclesiastical year of Christianity was prefigured in outline in the Old Law, and the Jewish festivals in the time of Christ had much to do with the ordering of our sacred seasons of to-day. "Since the death of Christ took

place on the first day of the feast of the Passover (15th Nisan), and since the Descent of the Holy Ghost followed on the day of Pentecost, the chief Jewish feasts served as the foundation of the Christian ecclesiastical year; and the Apostles could join with the Jews in their Passover celebration. Certainly the object of their feast was very different from that of the Jews; yet, outwardly, there was no separation from the Synagogue." *

The number of the sacred seasons of the liturgical year is dependent upon the pre-eminently great festivals of that year: Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. Each of these feasts has a season of preparation preceding it, as well as a subsequent commemoration; and some of the preparatory seasons themselves are preceded by preliminary periods; as, for instance, Lent, preparatory to Easter, and prepared for by Septuagesima. A comprehensive glance at all these seasons, principal and subordinate, is afforded in this extract from Dom Guéranger:

"Though the Liturgy so deeply impresses us by its annually bringing before us the dramatic solemnization of those mysteries which have been accomplished for the salvation of man and for his union with God, it is, nevertheless, wonderful how the succession of year after year diminishes not one atom of the freshness and vehemence of those impressions, so that each beginning of the cycle of mystic seasons seems to be our first year. Advent is ever impregnated with the spirit of a sweet and mysterious expectation.

* Kellner: "Heortology," p. 6.

Christmas ever charms with the incomparable joy of the birth of the Divine Child. We enter, with the well-known feeling, into the gloom of Septuagesima. Lent comes, and we prostrate ourselves before God's justice, and our heart is filled with a salutary fear and compunction, which seem so much keener than they were the year before. The Passion of our Redeemer, followed in every minutest detail, does it not seem that we have never known it heretofore? The pageant of Easter makes us so glad that our former Easters appear to have been only half kept. The triumphant Ascension discloses to us, upon the whole economy of the Incarnation, secrets which we never knew before this year. When the Holy Ghost comes down at Pentecost, is it not the case that we so thrill with the renewal of the great Presence that our emotions of last Whitsunday seem too tame for this? However habituated we get to the ineffable gift which Jesus made us on the eve of His Passion, the bright, dear feast of Corpus Christi brings strange increase of love to our heart, and the Blessed Sacrament seems more our own than ever."

While it would at first blush appear entirely natural that any account of the sacred seasons should begin with the Birth of our Divine Lord and proceed in the chronological order, a little reflection will show that there are several weighty reasons for making Easter the starting-point of any such account. In the first place, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ is, historically, the oldest festival of the Christian year. Its celebration did not, as did that of some other festivals, come into existence gradually: it synchronized with the very beginning of Christianity. Easter is, moreover, not only the first in order of time, but the greatest festival commemorated in our liturgy. All Christian antiquity characterized it as the Feast of feasts, the Solemnity of solemnities, in the same eulogistic sense as that in which the most august sanctuary is called

the Holy of holies, and the most sublime of songs the Cantic of canticles. As between Easter and Christmas, St. Leo the Great (440-461) declares that the incarnation and birth of the Son of God served as a prelude to the mystery of the Resurrection, and that Christ had no other purpose in being born of a woman than that He should be nailed to the Cross for us. Finally, Easter is the connecting link between the Old Dispensation and the New, as well as the cardinal point on which hinges the date of our other movable feasts.

It is interesting to premise that the word "Easter" comes from the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre*, the goddess of spring. *Pasch*, or *Pascha*—from which we get the adjective in the phrase Paschal Time, synonymous with Eastertide—is the Aramaic form of the Hebrew *pesach*, meaning "a passing over." The use of "Paschal Time" is, accordingly, a permanent reminder that the Christian festival of Easter corresponds to the Jewish Passover, instituted by Moses in memory of his people's passage across the Red Sea. As the festival of the Old Covenant commemorated the transit of the Hebrews from the slavery of Egypt to the liberty they enjoyed in the Promised Land, so the Easter of the New Dispensation perpetuates the memory of mankind's passing, by means of our Saviour's Resurrection, from death to life. In our individual celebration of the feast, it is pertinent to add, the analogy should be preserved by our passing from the death of sin to the life of grace, or from the lethargy of lukewarmness to the energy of fervor.

The historical connection between the Passover of the Jews and the Christian Easter accounts for a fact which may impress some readers as strange—namely, that Easter falls on no fixed, determinate date, being a movable, not an immovable, festival. The settlement of the time of this feast was the occasion of a long-sustained controversy, due to the differences between the Jewish Calendar

(which regulated the date of the Passover) and both the Julian and the Gregorian Calendar of Christian times. Without going into the details of the matter, it will be sufficient to state that Easter is always the first Sunday after that full moon which happens upon, or next after, the 21st of March; and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after.

The duration of Eastertide has not, so far as we know, been authoritatively determined; and, accordingly, it varies with the inclusion therein, or the exclusion therefrom, of the period from the Ascension to the Saturday after Pentecost, the vigil of Trinity Sunday. Durand, Dom Guéranger, and Père Lerosey include this period in Paschal Time. Kellner says, "Whitsunday is the close of the whole period which began with Easter"; while Spirago declares, "The forty days of Lent are the preparation for Easter, and the Paschal Time lasts during the subsequent forty days before the Ascension." So far as practical purposes are concerned, it is immaterial which of these views be adopted; but, in harmony with our division of the ecclesiastical year, Eastertide, in our use of the term, ends with the Ascension.

As for the specific purpose of the Paschal Time, that which determines the nature of its special ceremonies and is evidenced in the Proper of the Mass throughout the holy season, the commemoration of our Saviour's triumphant Resurrection holds, of course, the first place; and, in consequence, the whole period of Eastertide is one of spiritual joy. In the early centuries of Christianity, it constituted a continuous series of festivals, each day being considered equivalent to Sunday, and practically celebrated like Sunday as well. It was forbidden, for instance, to fast during the Paschal Time. The liturgy made it a point to express sentiments of a joy truly heavenly. There was reiterated chanting of the Alleluia, as of canticles of thanksgiving and gratitude; the singing was

more sprightly and animated than at other seasons; the altars were habitually decked as for a festival. The priests wore, as on feast-days, vestments of white; and the faithful prayed in a standing posture, making no genuflection, with the purpose of thereby manifesting the mystery of the Resurrection and their joy therein. This practice of standing instead of kneeling during the offices of Eastertide would appear to date back even to Apostolic times, for it is mentioned by Tertullian about the end of the second century; but, at least in the Western Church, the practice has long been abolished.

In other respects, however, we imitate to-day the manifestations of spiritual gladness congruously given expression to by our brethren of old. The liturgy of Easter Sunday and the weeks that follow bears witness to the Church's desire to celebrate with unwonted jubilation the great mystery which is the corner-stone of the Christian religion. The Introits, Collects, Offertories, and other portions of the Proper of the Mass, are all attuned to the dominant note of joy; and the themes treated in the successive Epistles and Gospels are such as readily lend themselves to cognate sentiments.

Crystallized into one word, the Eastertide spirit as illustrated in the Missal is, Alleluia. Witness the openings of the Introits for the great feast itself and the several Sundays following: "I have risen, and am still with Thee, Alleluia. Thou hast laid Thy hand upon me, Alleluia. Thy knowledge is become wonderful, Alleluia, Alleluia."—"As new-born babes, Alleluia: desire ye the rational milk without guile, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia."—"Of the mercy of the Lord the earth is full, Alleluia. By the word of the Lord were the heavens established, Alleluia, Alleluia."—"Sing joyfully to God, all the earth, Alleluia. Tell a psalm unto His name, Alleluia. Give glory to His praise, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia."

The first use of this oft-repeated word in Paschal Time proper is at the sprinkling

of holy water before the parochial or Solemn Mass on Easter morning. Instead of the usual *Asperges*—"Sprinkle me with hyssop, O Lord, and I shall be cleansed; wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow,"—the celebrant intones *Vidi aquam*—"I saw water flowing from the right side of the temple, Alleluia; and all to whom that water came were saved, and they shall say Alleluia, Alleluia." The circumstance of the priest's omitting to bless the water before the sprinkling, as on other Sundays, is due to the blessing of the baptismal fonts on Holy Saturday. This ceremony recalls the fact that, originally, Easter was the only season regularly appointed for baptism. While the catechumenal discipline remained in force, it was on the festival of Our Lord's Resurrection that the labors of the catechists came to an end, and the catechumens received the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and the Holy Eucharist.

While the ceremonies of the triduum immediately preceding Easter Sunday—Holy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday—are of an altogether exceptional character, the Mass of the Sunday itself has no peculiarity save the recitation of the sequence, *Victimæ Paschali*. This prose, said every day until Easter Saturday loses much of its charm in a translation; but even the following rendering shows its appropriateness to the festival, and indeed to the whole season:

At the Paschal Victim's feet,
Christians, offer praises meet.
For His sheep the Lamb has bled,
Sinless in the sinners' stead.
Christ, the Victim undefiled
Man to God hath reconciled;
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
Say, O wondering Mary, say
What thou sawest on the way.—
I beheld where Christ had lain,
Empty tomb and angels twain;
I beheld the glory bright
Of the rising Lord of Light.
Christ, my hope, now risen free

Waits for you in Galilee.—
Truly risen from the grave
Help us, Victor King, and save!
Amen, Alleluia.

The three days immediately following the fifth Sunday after Easter, and hence immediately preceding Ascension Thursday, are known as Rogation Days. The Rogations (also called Litanies) are solemn public prayers having for purpose to appease the anger of God, to draw down His blessing on the fruits of the earth, and to recommend to His mercy the needs of the Church and of society. "Take part therein, ye Christian faithful," admonishes an old writer; "and confine not yourselves to recommending to God your lands and crops: entreat Him also to bless with the dew of grace the field of your soul, too often, like parched and thirsty soil, sterile for good, while all too fertile for evil."

Finally, forty days after the great festival which gives its name to the Eastertide, the Church commemorates the crowning event in the earthly career of her divine Founder—His glorious Ascension into Heaven. In early times there was witnessed in some churches a graphic representation of this magnificent glorification of our human nature, the scene of the Ascension being vividly reproduced by elevating a figure of Our Lord above the altar and causing it to disappear through an opening in the church's roof. The distinguishing feature of the festival as at present celebrated is that, after the reading of the Gospel at the High Mass, the Paschal Candle, which all through the Eastertide has been lighted at High Masses, as a symbol of Our Lord's presence for the forty days after His Resurrection, is extinguished and finally removed. With the extinction of its flame, the period of transcendent spiritual joy and liturgical festivity consequent upon the most stupendous fact in the history of the world, the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, comes to an end: the Eastertide is over.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVI.

"THE nurse has arrived," Mrs. Creighton announced at lunch a few hours later; "and I am very much pleased with her appearance."

Edith looked up with an air of surprise.

"How does her appearance possibly matter?" she asked. "They strike me as machines, these trained nurses, who all do exactly the same things in exactly the same way, and who look so much alike that it is difficult to differentiate them."

"Oh, my dear, you are mistaken about that!" observed Mrs. Selwyn, who had made her appearance at Hillcrest as soon as the news of Judge Wargrave's stroke reached Kingsford; and who, in fulfilment of the duty of a near relative, was spending the day, and incidentally worrying Mrs. Creighton with many suggestions drawn from a long semi-invalid experience. There were people ill-natured enough to say that it was because Mrs. Selwyn had absolutely nothing to do, plenty of money, and a rather empty mind, that she devoted so much time and attention to her various bodily ailments, and was understood to have spent a small fortune on their treatment. But, however this might be, there was no doubt of the extensive nature of the experience from the vantage ground of which she now went on: "I have had so many nurses in attendance on me, you know; and I can assure you that there's the greatest possible difference in them."

"I should rather think so," her son, who was also present, chimed in emphatically. "There's all the difference in the world. Some are young and pretty, and not at all averse to a little flirtation; while others are as prim as you please, or as grim as dragons. The mater has had

an interesting assortment of them about her, as she says; and I know almost as much about them as if I had been trained in a hospital myself. There was that pretty little Miss Archer, mother, you know—"

"I know that you distracted her attention and turned her head to such a degree that I had to get rid of her," Mrs. Selwyn cut him short very dryly. "But I have had some admirable nurses, and I hope that one of that kind has been secured for dear cousin George."

"Laurence can tell you; *he* knows her," the irrepresible Bobby observed, with a nod toward his cousin.

Mrs. Selwyn glanced at the latter a little curiously, and asked.

"How does that come about?"

Desmond, conscious of a sense of restraint which he hoped did not appear in his manner, explained how he had been thrown with the nurse in question at the time of the railway wreck, in which she had done such good service.

"So that's who she is—the heroine of the wreck, as the newspapers called her!" Mrs. Selwyn said, with much interest. "Why, Rachel, I congratulate you on getting *her*."

"It was Dr. Glynn who got her," Mrs. Creighton replied. "When he proposed a nurse—you know how doctors are these days: they always want a trained nurse, even when there isn't the least need for anything of the kind—"

"But there's always need," Mrs. Selwyn interrupted in the tone of one who knows. "No uninstructed person can possibly take care of a case as a trained nurse can."

"I'm old-fashioned, I suppose," Mrs. Creighton acknowledged; "but I think that those who are nearest the patient can often take better care, even if it isn't quite so scientific. But what I was going to say is, that of course when Dr. Glynn proposed a nurse, I told him to send whom he pleased, and he has sent Miss—er—"

"Landon," said Desmond, at whom she looked interrogatively.

"Yes, Miss Landon. I confess I dreaded her coming. We have never had a nurse in the house, and I've seen how dictatorial they can sometimes be. Why, in the case of Mrs. Somerville, the nurse positively would not allow the members of the family to enter her room, except occasionally, one at a time, and then only for a minute or two—"

"But that was a desperate case of typhoid, my dear," Mrs. Selwyn broke in again; "and the nurse acted by the doctor's orders."

"Well," said Mrs. Creighton, with rising color, "I don't want any nurse, or doctor either, ordering me out of a sick room where I have a right to be. And I can tell you," she added with a smile, "who feels just as I do about the matter, and that is Virgil."

"Virgil! Oh, of course!" Bobby laughed. "He's been the Judge's body-servant so long that he'll naturally resent any trained nurse coming to instruct *him* what to do."

"I had to be very diplomatic in telling him that she was coming," Mrs. Creighton went on; "and I saw that the idea of being superseded in any way hurt him so much that I said a word or two to the nurse before she went into the room. 'He's an old and faithful servant,' I told her; 'and if you can spare his feelings, and let him still do as much as possible for his master, I shall be glad.'"

"And she took it well?" Bobby queried. "Many nurses wouldn't. I've had them look at me in the most superior manner when I ventured to make any suggestion, and intimate loftily that they knew their own business."

"She took it very nicely indeed," Mrs. Creighton replied. "In fact, she seemed sympathetic. 'Faithful service is too rare a thing to slight,' she said. 'I promise you that I will spare his feelings in every possible way.' And when I took her into my brother's room, she spoke to Virgil in—well, really in a charming manner, 'I have come to help you take

care of your master,' she told him; and it wasn't the words so much as the tone that seemed to set all fear of friction at rest."

"Where have you put her?" Edith inquired a little abruptly.

Mrs. Creighton appeared to hesitate for an instant, and then she said:

"I have put her in the unoccupied chamber of the wing. It seemed the best place."

Desmond was conscious of a thrill of surprise, which ran around the table.

"In cousin Maria's room?" Mrs. Selwyn gasped slightly. "But I thought that nobody has ever—"

"Occupied it since she died?" Mrs. Creighton finished the arrested sentence. "That is quite true. There has never been a reason why any one should. We have chambers enough for ordinary use, and my brother would not have allowed any one to be put so close to him as long as he was in his usual health. But now you can see that the closeness to his chamber, and the isolation of the suite from the rest of the house, make it the best place for the nurse to be."

"Yes, it's clearly the best place," Mrs. Selwyn agreed. "But will cousin George like it, if he recovers enough to—er—know anything?"

Mrs. Creighton shook her head, while her eyes filled with tears.

"I fear we need scarcely take that into consideration," she said. "But if he should recover enough to know, I am sure he would understand why I made the arrangement. One could always rely on his reasonableness." Then she glanced around the table and gave the movement to rise.

A few minutes later, Desmond waylaid her in the hall, and, with some hesitation, inquired what arrangements had been made about Miss Landon's lunch.

"I asked her to join us," Mrs. Creighton told him; "but she declined. She had lunched in Kingsford, she said; and then she inquired if her meals could not be

served in the sitting-room of the suite where she is. 'I should much prefer this, if it does not give too much trouble,' she added. Of course I assured her that it would give no trouble at all. And I was very glad that she suggested it herself; for I hesitated to make the suggestion, and yet it is much the best—indeed, the proper thing."

"Why should it be the proper thing?" Desmond asked a little sharply. He had a sense of growing hot, and involuntarily he lifted his eyes to the Wargrave portraits hanging on the walls. It occurred to him to wonder what those whom they represented would think of their direct descendant, the daughter of the rightful heir of the old house, being served with her food apart, like an inferior.

Meanwhile his aunt glanced at him with surprise.

"Surely that is obvious," she replied. "It is always more or less disagreeable to have at one's table a person who is neither a member of the household nor an invited guest; and, although many nurses are ladies in birth and breeding—"

"Miss Landon is a lady, I assure you," Desmond could not refrain from interposing.

"It is easy to believe that," Mrs. Creighton assented, though the surprise of her tone became slightly accentuated. "I was very much struck with her appearance. There's an unusual air of refinement—one might almost say distinction—about her; but, nevertheless, she is a stranger, who comes to the house merely in a professional capacity. And if she prefers to keep strictly within her place and duties, I consider it a proof of good sense on her part."

Unable to contradict this, which seemed also obvious, Desmond said nothing. But he still gazed at the portraits on the wall; and the thought still in his mind was, what could *they* say if they knew? Then he started, for his aunt was speaking again:

"There's a look about the girl which

strongly recalls some one whom I have known," she was saying reflectively. "I can't think who it is she resembles so much, unless—O—h!" She broke off abruptly, and stood silent for a minute, staring at Desmond, who quickly lowered his gaze from the portraits and stared, a trifle apprehensively, at her. "How very strange!" she murmured presently, as if to herself.

"What is strange?" he inquired; and, from hot, he now found himself turning cold. He was afraid of what might come next,—what question might be asked him.

But Mrs. Creighton seemed absorbed in the consideration of her discovery.

"I have suddenly thought who it is she resembles so strikingly," she said. "It is my sister-in-law, my brother's wife; and it's surely an odd coincidence that she should come here to nurse him, and be the first person to occupy her room since she died."

"It is odd," Desmond agreed, while wondering what she would say if she knew exactly how odd it was. "But are you quite sure—about the likeness?" he added.

"I'm perfectly sure," Mrs. Creighton replied. "As soon as I saw her I knew that she reminded me of some one I had seen before; but I couldn't place the resemblance—you know how elusive those things are,—but now I see it clearly. She has Maria's features, and the eyes—well, the eyes are simply marvellously like hers. I—I feel as if it were almost uncanny, as the Scotch say. It's as if Maria herself had come back to nurse your uncle."

A sudden thought struck Desmond.

"Do you think *he* will see the likeness, if he ever regains consciousness?"

"I don't believe he could help seeing it," Mrs. Creighton answered. "I am quite sure that Virgil saw it, he stared at her so curiously."

"And what effect do you think it would have on my uncle?"

"Oh, I can't tell!" She looked at him helplessly. "But you know the doctor doesn't think he will ever regain consciousness; or, if he does, that he will ever really be himself again."

"Doctors don't know everything," Desmond stated incontrovertibly. "My own opinion is that as he rallied before in the most surprising manner, so he will rally again, though perhaps in less degree. But you had better ask Dr. Glynn what effect the perception of such a likeness would probably have on him."

"I will. I'll ask him as soon as he comes. But I shall not speak of it to any one else. I'm a little curious to find if Elizabeth Selwyn will notice it."

"Has she seen my uncle since she came?"

"Not yet. But she will expect to see him before she goes; and she is such a near relative that I can't refuse to take her to his room for a few minutes. Then she will see the nurse also."

"And she will be certain to notice her critically, for she seems to take a fascinated interest in everything that relates to sickness—"

"She is a perfect hypochondriac," Mrs. Creighton observed, in the unfeeling fashion of many relatives of these habitual invalids whose ailments are somewhat invisible to the ordinary eye. "Yes, she will certainly notice her; and if she sees the resemblance—"

"Why, then we'll conclude that it must be very striking," Desmond said. "You won't bring her up immediately, I imagine?"

"Oh, no, not until she is ready to go! And Heaven only knows" (with a weary sigh) "when that will be!"

"If it rests with Bobby, it will be soon, I think. I heard him ask her if she was going into Kingsford with him, and she said 'Yes.'"

"Bobby!" Mrs. Creighton glanced with a rather vexed air through the open hall door. "Don't you see him out yonder on the terrace with Edith? When he is

with her he knows nothing of the lapse of time."

"Edith knows, however," Desmond laughed; "and you may trust her to bring him in soon. Now, if you've no objection, I will go up and see how my uncle is."

His aunt made no objection, but she looked intently after the agile figure as it mounted the staircase. The thought came to her that very soon—no one could tell how soon—this young man would be the master and owner of the old house of her fathers; and, conscious as she was of his pleasant qualities, she was just now still more conscious that he was essentially a stranger. "What do we really know of him?" she said to herself; and then, with another sigh, she went to rejoin her waiting guest.

Desmond meanwhile took his way upward, around the gallery, and into the corridor of the wing containing his uncle's apartments. As he entered the last, his pace involuntarily slackened, until he found himself standing still before a door he had never entered,—the door of a chamber which had never been occupied since Judge Wargrave's wife, Harry Wargrave's mother, was borne out of it dead. The overwhelming strangeness of the events which had brought the daughter of the banished son back to occupy that room, seemed to clutch him like a hand out of the unseen world. He wondered how much the dead mother and son knew of what was going on in this their earthly home; and when the door at which he was gazing suddenly and softly swung open, he would not have been surprised if their figures had appeared.

But, instead, it was a figure with which he felt himself already familiar—Hester Landon in her nurse's dress. She paused abruptly at sight of the young man standing so motionless before the door; and, as their glances met, each was conscious that words were altogether inadequate to express their poignant sense

of the situation. It was Hester who presently spoke.

"Well, here I am, you see," she said.

"Yes, I see," he answered—and could say no more. What more, indeed, was there to say? For at this instant he felt that to see was enough,—to take in through the eyes all the charm of the cool, gracious, healing presence. The pause lasted for a moment, and then she made a gesture of her hand toward the room she had left.

"Do you know where I am lodged?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered again. "I have heard."

"Had you anything to do with ordering or suggesting it?"

"Nothing,—absolutely nothing," said Desmond. "It is part of the mysterious strangeness of the whole thing."

"I don't think you can imagine how mysteriously strange it seemed to me when I was led, without knowing anything about where I was going, into a room where my father's picture was the first object on which my eyes fell—as if he were welcoming me!—and where everything else seemed as familiar as if I had known it in another existence. For I had heard him describe it so often—his mother's chamber."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather when I heard my aunt announce that she had put you there," Desmond said. "And yet one sees how naturally it came about. It is the convenient, one might say the inevitable, place for you to be. But that doesn't make it less strange that you are the first person to occupy the room since she—your grandmother—went out of it." He looked at her with a sudden gleam in his eyes. "It's as if, despite yourself, you had come home and taken your rightful place," he said.

"Don't talk in that way," she answered a little coldly, "or you will make me regret that I have come. And—and, as it is, I am glad to be here!"

"I knew you would be glad," he said. "But I must tell you that my aunt is very much struck by your resemblance to your grandmother."

She fell back against the lintel of the doorway by which she stood.

"No?" she gasped, extremely startled.

He nodded emphatically.

"Yes. She says it almost seems as if his wife had come back to nurse my uncle."

The startled expression deepened on Hester Landon's face, as she still leaned back, looking at him with wide eyes.

"I never thought of that," she said in a low voice; "and yet I should have done so, for my father often told me how much I looked like his mother. It was a great pleasure to him. But now—do you think she suspects who I am?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure she doesn't. The idea hasn't even remotely occurred to her. But she is a little doubtful how the resemblance will affect my uncle."

"Yes." It was the nurse now, who spoke quickly. "Of course that must be considered. Will she consult the doctor about it?"

"She has promised to do so as soon as he comes. But I fancy the doctor will say that there's little hope of his ever again being in a condition to recognize a likeness."

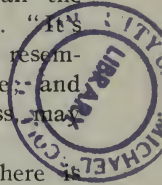
"Nevertheless, any possible danger should be guarded against," she said firmly. "I will speak to Dr. Glynn myself, and if—if he thinks best, will get him to send another nurse to take my place."

Desmond was startled.

"Oh, don't do that!" he exclaimed. "I'm sure the matter is not so serious. At all events, let the doctor decide."

"The doctor does not know—all the circumstances," she reminded him. "It's not as if it were merely a chance resemblance. We know that it is more; and he, if he ever regains consciousness, may feel it."

"Let us at least wait until there is danger—I should say hope—of his regain-



ing consciousness," Desmond urged. "It would be intolerable if you had been brought here in this extraordinary manner only to turn around and go away at once."

"I had better go away than to be a source of danger, had I not?"

"It is absolutely impossible that you could be a source of danger," he declared. "I'm as certain as—as that I exist that you have been brought here for a purpose which is not yet accomplished."

She regarded him suspiciously.

"And what do you take that purpose to be?" she asked.

"I can't tell," he replied. "I don't mean any irreverence when I say that I am not in the confidence of Providence. But I'm quite sure that it is Providence which has brought you here, and which has something for you to do that neither you nor I can yet clearly perceive."

The nurse continued to regard him suspiciously.

"I only hope," she said, "that you will not attempt to interpret or assist the designs of Providence in any way."

"You need have no fear of that," he told her. "My promise binds me to inaction. Yet I may be permitted to feel satisfaction in your presence, and interest, deep interest, in what may result—"

"Nothing will result," she interrupted, "beyond what you see: a nurse fulfilling ordinary duties. Which reminds me that I am not fulfilling them at present. I was on my way to my—patient when I ran upon you, standing and staring like a statue at my door."

"I was thinking," he explained, "how strange it was that it should be your door. But if you are going to your patient, may I go with you?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "No one can disturb him, you know." She moved across the corridor; and as she laid her hand on the opposite door, she turned and looked again at Desmond. "This, too, is strange," she said,—"that I should have the right to enter here."

(To be continued.)

Gethsemane.

BY HELEN DEMPSEY.

I WANDERED through a foreign land,
Nor had I stopped to rest;
For heart and mind were bowed in pain
My soul by grief oppressed.

I sought in vain to find a place
Where I from grief might flee,
Until I found myself one night
Within Gethsemane.

The breeze seemed murmuring a prayer,
The moonlight silvered all,
The Holy City in the vale
Slept 'neath Night's mystic pall.

I walked among the olive trees,
My soul stirred with the thought
That He, the Saviour of the world,
Had here His battle fought.

Then slowly, ere I was aware,
My grief had ceased to be:
My soul at last had felt the power
Of Christ's Gethsemane.

The Miraculous Maid and Her Mission.

BY C. M. ANTONY.

AT a time when the eyes of Catholics are turning to the wonderful Maid whom we shall so soon venerate as "Blessed Jeanne d'Arc," it may help some of us, in the contemplation of her miraculous mission, to know exactly what it was she had to do, and why she had to do it. How did it come to pass that one-half of France was at war with the other half, so that Jeanne, fighting for her country, fell into the hands of French enemies, who, in their turn, sold her into the power of the English, their friends and allies? What was the real condition of the country for which she was to die? To answer these questions, we must know something of the affairs of France at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries. It is worth while

to try to understand these affairs clearly, as, unless we do, we shall miss the key of her whole tragic history.

At the time of Jeanne's mission, the Hundred Years' War between France and England had already lasted for about eighty years. The English had been generally victorious at first, gaining the great battles of Crécy (1346) and Poitiers (1356); at the latter of which the King of France, John the Good, was, with his youngest son, taken prisoner and brought to England by the Black Prince. It is not necessary, for the purpose of this paper, to go into the original causes of the war; but we all know that it was an attempt by England to seize the Crown of France,—an attempt that had been very nearly successful, and that would almost certainly have succeeded had not Jeanne d'Arc been raised up by God to defend her country, and strike what proved to be the deathblow to the power of her enemies.

France was not then the large, compact country, ruled by one King, which it became later on. The actual kingdom over which the King exercised undivided authority was comparatively small, and centred round Paris. The rest of France was a collection of duchies (such as Anjou, Burgundy, and Brittany), each ruled by a powerful prince, generally of the blood royal, and a feudal vassal of the King. Several provinces, such as Normandy and Aquitaine, were held in this way by the Kings of England. It is easy to see that, to preserve the peace of France, each of these princes should have been loyal to his sovereign, and fought for him against invaders. But, unfortunately for France, this at the beginning of the fifteenth century was not the case. And it was by the quarrels of the royal dukes with one another and with their King, rather than by the war with the English, that France suffered, and was seriously weakened, until brought to the state of supreme misery in which Jeanne d'Arc found her when she came to the rescue.

King Charles V., a contemporary of Edward III. of England, and grandfather of the Dauphin Charles VII., to whom the Maid was sent, had succeeded in his lifetime in driving the English out of nearly all their French possessions,—those which the King of England claimed by right of inheritance as well as by conquest. He was not himself a great soldier, but he was a very clever man; and he stayed at home and planned campaigns, while his friend, the great Constable of France, Bertrand du Guesclin, fought against the English so well that, when Charles V. died in 1380, France had regained every thing except Calais, Brest, Bordeaux, and Bayonne.

But as soon as he was dead, terrible troubles began for France. His son, Charles VI., was quite a little boy; and his three brothers—the Dukes of Anjou, Berry and Burgundy, the uncles of the little King,—seized all the money and usurped all the power, and ruled just as they liked in the King's name. The Duke of Anjou was appointed Regent, and this gave rise to endless jealousy and quarrelling.

When he was about fourteen, the young King declared he was going to rule on his own account; but he began very foolishly by mortally offending the loyal city of Paris, his own capital. For a purely imaginary offence, he caused hundreds of innocent citizens to be put to death. Shortly after this, while on a hunting expedition, he suddenly became hopelessly and violently insane, so that it was necessary to bind him hand and foot lest he should kill his own officers. This was in 1392; and, so far as he was concerned, it was the end of everything. He never for the rest of his life recovered his reason so as to be able to govern, though he had lucid intervals. So for thirty years—until 1422—the destinies of France were in the hands of his ambitious uncles. Though the Duke of Anjou, the eldest, was Regent, the youngest, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was the fiercest and most

powerful. And by them was sown the seed of all the civil troubles which were to overwhelm France.

The mad King had a younger brother, Louis, Duke of Orleans, who resented very bitterly the way in which his uncles, particularly the Duke of Burgundy, had usurped the government; and the two began to quarrel desperately. When Philip of Burgundy died, in 1404, and was succeeded by his son, a cruel and treacherous prince, called John the Fearless, the quarrel became even more bitter; and, though the cousins had a public reconciliation in the presence of their uncle, the Duke of Berry, and even went to Holy Communion together, three days later John of Burgundy waylaid Prince Louis of Orleans, and had him stabbed to death. This was in 1407, and henceforth there was open hostility, France being divided into two camps—the Orleanist, or Royalist,* and the Burgundian,—the latter being in many respects the more powerful.

For the next twelve years France was given over to a most horribly cruel civil war, in which thousands of helpless and innocent people on both sides were massacred. Towns were betrayed and retaken by treachery, and the inhabitants put to a terrible death. The state of the country was indescribable. In Normandy, peasant women were actually buried alive by one party, because they had given bread to soldiers fighting on the other side. The fields lay desolate and the vineyards were uncultivated, because the unhappy people were in terror of the hostile bands who wandered over the country, burning and pillaging, and fearing neither God nor man.

In the midst of this misery, Henry V., the new King of England, invaded France in 1415, and won the splendid victory of Agincourt, in which Charles, Duke

of Orleans, son of the murdered Prince Louis, was taken prisoner. But though he was kept in captivity until 1440 in England, his friends continued the civil war just as furiously as ever. By this time the eldest son of the mad King (who was also named Charles) had grown to be a man, and took the leadership of the Royalist party as Dauphin of France.

They had never forgotten the shameful assassination of Prince Louis of Orleans in 1407; and now, twelve years later, the Dauphin determined to avenge it. He sent to the Duke of Burgundy, pretending to desire a reconciliation, and commanding his presence at an interview. But as the Duke knelt before the Dauphin, he, in his turn, was stabbed from behind, and fell dead at his cousin's feet. For twelve years, a French historian* tells us, he had never known one moment's peace. "The murder which he had committed had thrown the kingdom into civil war, and his assassination gave France over to the English." For some time it seemed as if this would be the case. His son Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, beside himself with anger at his father's cold-blooded murder, actually offered the Crown of France to Henry V. of England. That it was not his to offer was a small matter. He had might, at least, on his side.

With the Queen-Mother, the wicked Isabelle of Bavaria—who had deserted her husband, the mad King, and her son, the Dauphin Charles,—Philip of Burgundy, in 1420, signed the infamous Treaty of Troyes, by which the hand of Isabelle's daughter, the Princess Catherine, was bestowed on Henry V., and he was declared King of France as soon as the mad King should die, and Regent during his lifetime. The majority of the French people had reached that pitch of misery when it seems impossible to suffer more. Shameful as the terms of this Treaty were for France, they had no longer the power or even the desire to resist. Even

* Sometimes called Armagnac. The powerful Duke of Armagnac was father-in-law of the new Duke of Orleans, and the practical leader of the Royalist party.

* Barante.

in Paris it was willingly accepted. Only in the South did they seem to recognize the disgrace, and protest against it; and, indeed, only the country south of the Loire could be said to be loyal any longer.

Affairs were in this state when, two years later, in 1422, the mad King of France, Charles VI., and Henry V. of England died within a few weeks of each other; and the Dauphin found himself with the title of Charles VII.,—a King without a crown and with scarcely more than the name of a kingdom. And still the civil war burned ceaselessly on, more fiercely than ever; for now the Burgundians were firmly allied with the English, and at least three-quarters of France was in their hands. By them, Henry VI., the baby King of England,* was accounted King of France; and his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, a brave and skilful soldier, his Regent. Paris, with its great University, was in their hands; while only one large fortified town of any importance was left to Charles,—Orleans on the Loire.

From the first the Dauphin seems to have believed his position hopeless. He held his court at one or the other of the famous castles on the Loire, or at Chinon, on the Vienne; and seemed determined, 'if he could not keep his kingdom, at least to lose it gaily.' He allowed the months to slip by without striking a blow; while he did his best to forget his troubles and the misery of his unhappy kingdom, in sport and amusement with gay and unprincipled favorites. He was only twenty when his father died; and his mother, Queen Isabelle, a wicked and ambitious woman, had not only betrayed her son, but done her best to ruin him.

From this fool's paradise Jeanne d'Arc came to rouse him, about two years after the first of her divine calls in the cottage garden at Domremy. Just as everything seemed utterly hopeless, she was sent to the great castle of Chinon, where, recog-

nizing him instantly in the midst of a group of courtiers, she fell at his feet, and, hailing him King of France, announced that Almighty God had commissioned her to drive out the English, to save her country, and crown him at Rheims.

How she fulfilled her promise we all know. The thing that seems most difficult, perhaps, to understand is that any one could have been so utterly and hopelessly invertebrate and ungrateful as Charles VII.,—a true *Roi Fainéant*. He accepted all that she won for him, and effaced himself with striking success while she underwent the long agony of her martyrdom at Rouen. The idea of making an effort to save her seems never to have occurred to him. Yet to her he was always "the most noble of all princes"; and her pathetic and appealing loyalty to him is one of the most moving features of her trial.

Few perhaps, even now, realize how intensely womanly Jeanne was. She had no liking for masculine pursuits, no natural taste for riding, and certainly not for fighting. All that was a miraculous gift, clothing her like her armor, but not changing her nature. She loved sewing and spinning, in which she thought she could beat "any woman in Rouen." Above all, she loved silence, solitude, and prayer. Forced into a position which was not of her own seeking, she carried herself with a gentle girlish dignity and reserve which impressed even the enemies who feared her and spoke lightly of her. Every one of her actions, from the time when St. Michael revealed her mission, was stamped indelibly with the Sign of the Cross, the seal of her miraculous vocation.

She came to do the will of God against all her natural instincts. She was hindered, mocked, scoffed at; her motives, words, and acts were deliberately misconstrued; and her mission was not understood by the very people who should have been the first to accept it. The wonders which she wrought in the name of God and St. Michael were openly said to be the work

* Nephew of the Dauphin Charles, whose sister Catherine had been married to Henry V.

of the devil; she was 'wounded in the house of them that loved her,' and betrayed and sold by her own countrymen to the foes of her nation. At her trial she so astonished her judges by her calm dignity and the supernatural wisdom of her answers that several were won to believe in her, and others left the city rather than sit in judgment upon her.

She was done to death by false witnesses and the perversion of her own words. From the world's point of view, she died a hopeless failure. The King had indeed been crowned, but he had abandoned her; Orleans had been relieved, but France was still in the hands of the English, and all torn and bleeding from its long civil war. All that she had achieved seemed to lie in ruins about her feet. Her friends had forsaken her,—those brave men by whose side she had so often faced death in the forefront of the battle! They knew she was condemned to die, and they made no sign. The Church's representatives cast her out. A cruel, shameful death flamed before this girl of nineteen; and before she died she passed through the awful, indescribable blackness of that agony when she was tempted to believe and confess that her Voices were untrue, that her Visions had failed her, and that God had abandoned her.

And yet her final triumph was that moment of supreme failure; and her mission was accomplished, not when she rode into Orleans, erect and radiant, in her shining white armor, at the head of her troops; not when, clasping her banner, she stood beside the King at the high altar, at his sacring in Rheims Cathedral; but when, with bare feet stumbling on the blazing fagots in the market-place of Rouen, high above the crowds who had come to see the witch burn, the heavens were opened to her, as to St. Stephen—and, as she saw what he saw, at last she understood! And so, for the last time, the angels whom she loved came to Jeanne, and she was comforted.

John MacLean's Conversion.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY SYLVESTRE PERRY.

"NOW, Uncle, to-night you must tell me the story. You remember that, when I was here last, you promised to tell it the very next time I came."

Donald MacAllister, the man whom I addressed as "Uncle" (he was "Uncle" to everyone within a radius of five miles) smiled indulgently as he settled himself in his chair and lit his pipe. It was no ordinary favor I asked; for the old Highlander, talkative enough on most subjects, had never before been prevailed on to relate this particular incident. It is no wonder, then, that I felt amply rewarded for all the sacrifices I had made in cultivating old Donald's friendship. Had I not left my companions scores of times to sit near him while he recounted some legend of his native Scotland, or a story of his pioneer days in the wilds of Cape Breton? And had I not been fortunate enough to drop in on him on more than one occasion when his supply of tobacco had run short and there was no one on hand to fetch some from the village store? By these and many other little attentions I had finally got his promise to tell me the story, which he had kept to himself for forty years. So he began.

* * *

Well, well! I suppose I must keep my promise and tell you about John MacLean's conversion. It is over forty years since he died, and I was then living with Father Angus MacDonald. That was a year or two after we came from Scotland. Father Angus was appointed to this parish as soon as he came to this country, and nothing would satisfy him but that I should stay with him. It was a pretty rough country then, I can assure you; yet I don't think I have been happier since than I was during the three years I spent

with Father Angus. The people were so good and kind, such a spirit of mutual helpfulness prevailed, that it was not hard to be cheerful, even if I had looked my last on Bonnie Scotland. Two or three evenings each week the young people would gather together, at a different house each night, until they had made the round of the settlement; and then there would be songs and stories, the music of the pipes, and sometimes a reel to limber up our legs. And then there was what we called the "Common," where we boys met to try our skill at jumping and putting the shot and tossing the caber.

We often had visitors from some of the other settlements. The young men particularly used to come to share in our sports. It was shortly after my arrival that John MacLean began to visit from Glen Isla. Ah, but he was a fine figure of a man, this same John MacLean! Tall and broad-shouldered he was; straight as a pine tree, and active and supple as a mountain cat. There was not a youth in our settlement who was his equal at running or leaping; and even big Sandy MacLennan, who never met his match at Highland games, had all he could do to hold his own. And he was so big-hearted and good-natured that no one could help liking him, though he *was* a Protestant. And let me tell you that religious feeling ran a great deal higher than it does now. The memory of the persecution which had sent the first Catholic settlers across the sea for their religion's sake was still fresh. The young men who had voted for the first Catholic to sit in a Parliament in the British Empire since the Reformation, were only middle-aged then. So you see it is not surprising that there was a good deal of distrust of their Protestant neighbors on the part of the Catholics; while the Protestants, who had had the upperhand so long, looked down on the Catholics. But no one could distrust or dislike John MacLean. There was no narrowness or bigotry about him, though he was a staunch enough

Presbyterian, and always ready to stand up for his creed. As a good many of the old folk were "strong" on religious questions, he found plenty opportunities of doing this, and so came in for a good deal of free instruction in Catholic doctrine.

Well, things went on in this way for a couple of years. We heard rumors that the good Presbyterians of Glen Isla were very much shocked at the intimacy of one of their number with the Papists. But John MacLean gave no sign. The only change we noticed in him was that he spent less time on the Common, and was oftener found talking to the old men or to Father Angus.

How well I remember his last visit! It was on a Sunday evening, a few weeks before Easter. It rained about dusk, so we persuaded John to remain over night. It continued to rain all that day, and the next day until dark. He waited until late afternoon for the weather to clear up. Then, in spite of our remonstrances, he mounted his horse and rode away.

The road to Glen Isla leads over the river Ness, as you know. When John reached the river, he found that the wooden bridge which spanned it had been carried away. There was a ford higher up; and, as he did not wish to turn back, he resolved to risk the passage. Perhaps he would have succeeded, had it not been that his horse, heated and perspiring, succumbed to the cold, and sank under him in midstream. He was a splendid swimmer, and succeeded, after a terrible struggle, in getting to shore. In his exhausted condition he could hardly walk, and barely managed to reach the nearest house, a mile away. The next we heard of him he was very ill.

I am sure that neither storms nor floods would have kept us from going to see our friend, had we thought that his illness was serious. But, somehow, the possibility of poor John's dying never entered our heads. At the worst, it could mean only

that we should not see him for a week or two.

During the next few days we heard from him frequently. Now he was said to be better; another time there was no change in his condition; but always he was not considered to be in any danger. Then late in the evening on Holy Saturday Father Angus sent for me (I was helping one of the neighbors with his wood-cutting) and said:

"Donald, I am going on a sick call and I want you to come with me, for I do not know the road."

"Why, Father, surely you know every road and bypath in the parish by this time?"

"Surely I do," answered Father Angus; "but, nevertheless, this is a road I have never travelled. I am going to Glen Isla to see John MacLean. He is dying."

"Dying!" I exclaimed. "It was only yesterday that I saw a neighbor of his and he told me John was better. And if he is dying, it's the minister from Loch Carron he'll want."

"Whatever was his condition yesterday, he is dying now. And it is not the minister from Loch Carron he wants. So if you are coming with me, you had better lose no time. The road, I am told, is not fit for riding. We shall have to walk."

Well, I got ready, and we started about dark. I had been so confused by the suddenness with which Father Angus had sprung his news on me that we were well on our way before I began to think it strange that he had not made the messenger who came from Glen Isla wait for him, instead of taking me from my work. And I wondered who the messenger could have been; for there was not a Catholic from one end of Glen Isla to the other, and it was not likely that any of our own folk had been there. Then I fell to thinking of what our reception would be like; and when I called to mind all that I had heard of the inveterate bigotry of the Glen Isla folk, I trembled at the thought of what the consequences might

be. I knew that, in their blind hatred of everything Catholic, they would show scant courtesy to the priest who thus dared to enter the fold and attempt to carry off, under their very eyes, one of the choicest of the flock. This fear grew upon me to such an extent that I finally broke the silence we had thus far maintained, and confided it to Father Angus. He replied: "Have no fear. I know the bigotry of these men, and that perhaps my life may be in danger if they discover my mission. But we will see John MacLean to-night and return home in safety. Trust in God. He will make the way smooth for us. I shall bear the Blessed Sacrament with me."

Well, I tried to keep up my courage, but it was no easy task. There were twelve miles of road to be travelled. At least ten of these lay through thick woods, where it was so dark that you could not see a foot in front of your face. And such a road! In some places the brooks had overflowed upon it, and you had to wade over your knees in water. Perhaps by the time you were out of this, you would stumble on a quagmire, and were glad of the next pool of water for the sake of getting the mud off your clothes. And, to make things worse, as we neared Glen Isla, my fears, in spite of my confidence in Father Angus, continued to increase. I knew very well that, if he were fearful for our safety, he would not have asked me to accompany him without giving me fair warning; but still my imagination would keep presenting dreadful pictures of the possible fate in store for us.

Seeing Father Angus so confident, I had no doubt but that he had some plan to outwit the friends of John McLean and reach his bedside unperceived. You may well believe that it did not relieve the tension of my nerves to see him walk up to the door, after I had pointed out the house, and begin fumbling for the latch. I stumbled in after him. The fear of a horrible, undefined something which might befall us had taken such a hold

on my mind that I involuntarily closed my eyes as I went through the door. When I opened them, I found myself standing in the kitchen. Father Angus was not to be seen; but I could hear a low murmur of voices in an adjoining room, which told me he was busy with his convert. On benches and chairs about the fireplace were five or six men,—two of them brothers of the dying man; the others, friends who had come to share the last watches in the house of death. How could the priest have got past them into the sick room? And how was it that not a sound came from any of them as I advanced slowly toward the fireplace? I became even more frightened than I was before at this singular reception, so different from what I had expected. Then, as the firelight, leaping up, played for a moment on the faces of the group, I saw the reason. Every man in the room was as sound asleep as if he had been drugged. They slept on while I went in to see the waters of baptism poured on the head of John MacLean; still slept when, after an interval, during which he made his confession, I went in again while he received, for the first and last time, the Blessed Eucharist and was anointed; and were still sleeping an hour later, when, after he had given up his soul to God, we left the house and started home.

We were almost halfway home before Father Angus broke the silence. Then he said:

"Well, we have done a good night's work, Donald my friend. It should be a happy Easter for us."

"It is wonderful," I answered, "how much good there must have been in John MacLean to merit such grace."

"Did you never notice how reverently he always spoke of the Mother of God? Those who love and reverence the Blessed Virgin will never want for aid in the hour of need. John MacLean, though a Protestant, did so when he was alive. For his reward he will celebrate Easter with her in heaven."

I have never been able to find out how Father Angus knew of the serious turn John MacLean's illness had taken. None of our folk had been to Glen Isla that day, nor for many months before; and no one had seen any strangers about who might have brought word. Of course I never dared to ask Father Angus himself, but I have my own opinion. Truly the Blessed Virgin has a watchful eye for her children, and they never, as Father Angus said, want for aid in the hour of need.

Easter Voices.

POPE ST. GREGORY.—It is certain that there are two kinds of life: the one we now lead in this world, the other of which we have no knowledge. The life we now know is mortal, the other is immortal; by the one we are subject to corruption, by the other we obtain incorruptibility. Death will be the end of the first, and our resurrection will be the beginning of the second. Jesus Christ, who came as the Mediator between God and man, lived the one and the other life; for He suffered the death of the first, and He rose from the dead to give us some knowledge of the second. Had He only promised that one day we shall rise again, without giving us in His own flesh an example of that resurrection, no one perhaps would have referred to His testimony. But, by taking our human nature and becoming like ourselves, He willingly gave up His body to death; then, by His infinite power, He rose again, and gave us in His own Person a pledge of the resurrection He had promised. Should any one say that it was easy for God to rise from the dead, since He could not be overcome by death, he will consider that, to enlighten our ignorance and strengthen our faith in a future resurrection, Our Lord wished us to be convinced not by the example of His resurrection only. For, notice, though He was the only one who died at that moment, yet Holy

Scripture tells us (Matt., xxvii), that many bodies of the saints, that had slept, arose at that moment, thus destroying any doubts still remaining in the minds of unbelievers. Therefore, should anybody, seeing that a Man-God rose from the dead, still doubt about his own resurrection, he being only a mere man, he must remember that Providence willed people of the same nature as ours to rise with Jesus Christ. Being members of the Redeemer; we have no doubt but that what is seen in the Head will be fulfilled in the members; that what happened to those who, as the first members of the Saviour, rose from the dead, will also happen to us, though the last.

ST. HRABANUS MAURUS.—Our Passover is the Resurrection of Christ. This passing over is from death to life, from passion to glory, from hell to paradise. In that Christ died, our death is destroyed; and in that He arose, He hath given us the power of rising, and has made us pass over from unbelief to the Catholic faith, from idolatry to the worship of one God, from sin to righteousness, from error to truth, from discord to peace; from being unprofitable servants and bondslaves of the devil, into the number of the sons of God; from our exile to our country, from the pain to the crown. And therefore the Passover of Christ is the kingdom of heaven, the salvation of the world, the overthrow of hell, the glory of heavenly powers, the life of believers, the resurrection of the dead, the testimony of divine mercy, the price of human redemption, the utter destruction of death.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.—Who is he that celebrates the Passover in spirit? He who passes over from vices to virtues; who rises from his old life and evil custom to a state of new devotion. Who that worthily honors the Passover? He who spurns secular honors, and seeks the glory of Christ in all his good actions. Who sacrifices the kid on the evening of the Passover? He who truly repents of his

sins, and for the rest abstains from sin. Who eats the roasted Lamb with bitter herbs? He who sorrowfully thinks of Christ suffering on the Cross, and, living innocently, chastens himself. Who is the true Hebrew who passes through the Red Sea? He who proceeds from carnal sense to sweetness of the spirit, and, forgetting those things which are behind, reaches forward to those which are before.

On Practical Matters.

IN an open letter to a distinguished layman on the subject of the Holy Father's Motu Proprio, concerning which there has been so much ill-considered speech and writing, the Archbishop of Milwaukee says:

In my audience with Pius X. last May, I told him that it would be impossible in ever so many parishes in the United States (I did not speak of Wisconsin alone) to carry out the provision of the Motu Proprio forbidding women to take part in the Liturgical Chant; that in most churches, except in large city parishes, it would be very difficult, if not entirely impossible, to have male choirs; and, further, that we were not far enough advanced in all our parishes to have the children sing at the liturgical service. Then the Pope said: "Let the women sing with the rest." I replied: "Your Holiness means that the whole congregation should sing." He said: "Yes." I replied that there were very few churches—only one to my knowledge—where the people were accustomed to congregational singing, and that it would take many years until this ideal condition could be obtained. Then I stated again most clearly and explicitly that if women were not allowed to sing *in our church choirs*, we could not have solemn service at Mass or Vespers in a great number of our parishes. To which the Holy Father answered just as clearly and explicitly: "Well, then, let them sing; but let them behave themselves, and do not allow them to sing theatrical and worldly music."

After remarking, "I vouch absolutely for the correctness of this report," the Archbishop proceeds to consider the import of the Pope's words. It is plain that no general permission for women to sing in church choirs was granted for the

United States: his Holiness simply gave a rule of application of the *Motu Proprio*. Conditions being as they are, solemn service at Mass and Vespers is not to be dispensed with where male choirs do not exist, or can with only the greatest difficulty be provided. From another declaration of Pius X., we learn that it is not even his intention that women shall be excluded from male choirs when their aid is needed to produce such music as will assure both the glory of God and the edification of the people. It is the wish of the Holy Father, however, very plainly expressed, that in mixed choirs, as they are called, the men should be on one side, the women on the other. The object of the *Motu Proprio* was simply to do away with theatrical and worldly music in churches, not to restrict solemn service at Mass and Vespers. We venture to say, however, that such restriction would be a necessity in a great many places if women were excluded from choirs. They can be trusted better than men to "behave themselves" in the organ-loft, as everywhere else. The sort of music in which they were prone to indulge done away with, their presence in our choirs, we think, will be found generally desirable.

But it was not of misunderstanding of the *Motu Proprio* that we intended to speak; rather of the authority of bishops in regard to all such Papal legislation. In the course of his excellent letter, Archbishop Messmer remarks: "It has always been a principle of Canon Law that bishops have the right to determine how and in what manner and to what extent some general law of the Church—which is, after all, a *lex humana*, subject to the same rules and principles of interpretation and application as other laws emanating from human authority—shall be carried out in the actual, given circumstances and conditions of their diocese and diverse parishes." Over-zealous layfolk, especially amateur canonists, would do well to note this. As there is no rule without exceptions, so no ruler is to be understood

as intending to bind his subjects indiscriminately, regardless of special circumstances and conditions. Ecclesiastical laws can not in the nature of things always be of absolutely universal application. Enactments that it may be wise, even necessary, strictly to enforce in one place, may quite as wisely be modified, or not enforced at all, in another.

It will perhaps be comforting to some people to know that, ordinarily, there is no obligation to observe disciplinary laws emanating from the Holy See until they have been promulgated by the bishops. It is for the chief pastors to interpret and to enforce ecclesiastical rulings. In cases of doubt or dispute, recourse is to be had to the Roman Congregations, the heads of which must many times regret that canonists haven't more common-sense, and that theologians fail to comprehend what Father Hunter so clearly sets forth in his "Outlines of Dogmatic Theology,"—namely, that: 'The Pope, as supreme governor of the Church, exercises the right of legislation, laying down disciplinary laws which bind the conscience of the faithful; and in the exercise of this prerogative he is not bound to the observance of any forms. The nature of a law requires that it should be promulgated in some way,—that is to say, the legislator must not keep his will locked in his own bosom, but must take some external step to make his will known. The ordinary course is that the law is published in Rome, and knowledge of this publication is conveyed to each bishop, and by the bishop communicated to the faithful under his charge. It is understood to be the standing will of the Pontiff not to bind the people by disciplinary laws until they have been made known by the bishop; and the bishop has the right and duty of withholding the announcement if he sees that circumstances affecting his diocese make the law locally inexpedient, though generally useful. He will communicate with Rome upon the matter, and await the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff.'

Notes and Remarks.

Catholic Trade Unionists in Scotland appear to be eminently well advised. They held recently in Glasgow a great meeting, the purpose and action of which may be gleaned from the following extract from the chairman's introductory speech, and the two resolutions later on adopted:

Mr. Murnin expressed the hope that non-Catholic Trade Unionists would understand that it was in a spirit of friendship that that gathering was advising them to have the question of religion kept out of Labor politics. If secular education were brought in, the people would soon recognize that they had paid too great a price for it; for if the religious spirit were destroyed, there could be no good social life. It was religion which made the man.

RESOLVED, that this meeting, representing 60,000 Catholic workers and loyal Trade Unionists, do hereby strongly protest against the passing of the secular education resolution by the Scottish Trade Union Congress, inasmuch as the education of the child is primarily and wholly a question for the parent to decide, and entirely outside the function and scope of the legitimate aims and objects of Trade Unionism. A copy of this resolution to be sent to every Trade Union represented at the Congress.

RESOLVED, that we appeal to every Trade Unionist in the country, Catholic and non-Catholic, to exert his power and influence to prevent the secular education resolution's being put on the agenda of the Scottish Trade Union Congress; and, in the event of its being put, to instruct his delegate to vote against it; as such an entirely foreign and extremely contentious subject as education is certain to cause dissension, and would be most detrimental to the spread of Trade Unionism among the workers of the country.

The course adopted by these Scotch Catholic workingmen impresses us as being commendable in every way, and we trust that their non-Catholic fellow-Unionists will appreciate and act on the advice tendered.

Referring, in a recent sermon, to his conversion to the Faith, the Rev. Alvah Doran, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, formerly a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is reported as saying:

"I have not one word of abuse for the denomination that I quit; and I have only love for all the friends I left behind." We like to believe that this declaration was gratifying to every one of Father Doran's Catholic audience. No doubt a great many of his oldtime friends and associates have the same dispositions toward him, despite his separation from them. We once heard a prominent convert speak in quite a different strain; and, though he had been a Catholic some time, and seemed to be well instructed in his religion and full of zeal for its progress, we could not help fearing for his perseverance. He fell away. There are converts and converts.

From what Catholic source derived we can not say, the liturgy of the Church of England contains a prayer—it is unmistakably of pre-Reformation origin—in which the Almighty is supplicated to remind landowners that they are, after all, "merely His tenants, and should therefore refrain from racking and stretching out the rents of their houses and lands; nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of covetous worldlings; but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents and also honestly to live, to nourish their families, and to relieve the poor." The Creator is further entreated to "give grace to landowners so to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come, that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be content with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others; but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands, and pastures, that after this life they may be received into an everlasting dwelling-place."

This prayer has to such an extent fallen into disuse that probably few are aware that it ever existed. Referring to a recent

appeal to the British Cabinet for its restoration, a writer in the *Chicago Tribune* shrewdly observes: "Inasmuch as the liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is almost identical with that of the Church of England, one may ask why this particular prayer should have been eliminated. It is an inquiry upon the public discussion now in progress as to the attitude of the clergy and vestry of Old Trinity Church in New York concerning the administration of its immense property, much of which consists of high-priced, insanitary tenements in the slums of the Empire City."

For reminiscences, commend us to the writer of the department headed "Et Cætera" in the *London Tablet*. Everything of importance that happens reminds him of something interesting that occurred in the past. No anniversary of any importance escapes his notice, and he always has some information to impart that must be very welcome to the ever-increasing number of persons who seldom read serious books. In reference to the sixtieth anniversary of the death of Mezzofanti, the *Tablet* writer says:

Just sixty years ago on Monday, there died in Rome that linguistic wonder-worker of modern times, Giuseppe Cardinal Mezzofanti. Born of humble origin in 1774, he was ordained priest at the age of twenty-four, having been a few days previously appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of his native city of Bologna; for by this time he was already master of ten languages. From the little income of £25—derived from his professorship, supplemented by the proceeds of private instruction,—Mezzofanti supported two helpless parents. Among his pupils was Byron, to whom, when he was in Bologna in 1817, he gave some lessons in modern Greek. The poet, writing of his stay in that city, says: "I don't remember a man among them whom I ever wished to see twice except Mezzofanti, who is a monster of languages, who ought to have existed at the time of the Tower of Babel and acted as universal interpreter. He is indeed a marvel—unassuming also..." Nine years later, the Crown Prince of Prussia, passing through

Bologna on his way to Rome, reports of the linguist: "He is truly a miracle. He spoke German with me like a German; with my Privy Councillor he spoke the purest French; with Bunsen, perfect English; and with General Gröben fluent Swedish." Another time it was the Grand Duke Michael of Russia who was surprised to find himself exchanging voluble Polish with the polyglot priest.

When Gregory XVI., who called Mezzofanti to Rome in 1830, made him a Cardinal eight years later, a deputation of fifty representatives of as many tongues and dialects waited on the new Eminence with their congratulations. The Cardinal was equal to the occasion, rendering spirited thanks to each in his own language. It was to Dr. Cox, the Rector of the English College in Rome, that the Cardinal said: "Well, if you *must* know, I speak forty-five languages." Wiseman, in his "Four Last Popes," attests "Mezzofanti's perfect utterance and expression in the few languages with which I happen to be acquainted. . . . Though it was natural that he should be fond of conversing in his many languages, I should doubt if ever it was done from love of display; for he was humble and shrinking on every occasion. Indeed he knew his powers to be a gift rather than an acquisition."

In the same number of the *Tablet*, the writer of "Et Cætera" indulges in some pleasantries concerning typographical errors, observing that "nobody should be hard on a misprint, or even a misquotation, since both are inevitable in days of haste." We haven't leisure just now to look up the quotation from Byron. We remember that he did refer to Mezzofanti as a prodigy, but we doubt if he ever called him a "monster."

The organization, at one of the colleges, of a "non-secret anti-fraternity club" for those students who do not, or can not, belong to any of the multiplied "fraternities," affords the *Inter-Ocean* an opportunity for moralizing on a common enough tendency in human nature. We quote:

Perhaps the best illustration of this tendency to become what we oppose is afforded by the Puritan forefathers. Fleeing from religious intolerance and a State religion, they seized the earliest opportunity to manifest the one and establish the other. If any one had the temerity

to point out the inconsistency, they would probably not have seen it, because this was their own intolerance and State religion and not the other man's. . . .

A particular type of the "freethinker" met with at times affords another case in point. His particular pride is to stand as the firm opponent of extreme sectarian narrowness. But a little conversation reveals the fact that our broad-minded individual is himself a beautiful illustration of intellectual narrowness. He wants everybody to be free to think his way, but he is incensed at the idea of any one availing himself of his freedom and thinking the other way.

It is all only an additional illustration of the sentiment wittily expressed by the eighteenth-century Bishop Warburton: "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

The prediction that the Church is destined to be the only form of Christianity to possess enduring existence in this country is not a particularly novel one. The disintegrating forces inherent in the very nature and constitution of each and all of the sects made it clear long ago, to discerning philosophers, that none of them can hope to exist in perpetuity; and for at least a century it has been a commonplace among unprejudiced thinkers that there is no logical standing-ground between Catholicity and infidelity. None the less interesting on that account, however, is the testimony occasionally borne by sectarians themselves to the probable triumph of the Church, and to the conditions which give rise to that probability. Here is the latest prediction of this nature to come to our notice,—it emanates from the Rev. Mr. Tallmage, a Presbyterian minister of Philadelphia:

Now I am going to say something you may not agree with me in, and which will shock some of you here present. The only Church which is dealing with the spiritual development of her little children aright is the Catholic Church. The Catholic priest says: "Let me mould the child up to twelve years of age, and I care not who has the child after that." And, mark me, on account of the parochial school, the Catholic Church is to become the universal or the conquering Church of America's future.

And when I say this I am not attacking the

Catholic Church. Mr. Beecher used to say that some people had two requisites for heaven: "First, do you believe in Christ? Second, do you hate the Catholics? Well, then, pass into heaven." Like Mr. Beecher, I am no bigot. I would infinitely prefer one of my children to be a Catholic rather than to have him go to no church at all. Indeed, I would prefer one of my boys to be a good Catholic rather than a poor Presbyterian, although I would prefer to have my children good Presbyterians than good anything else.

But, whether I like the Catholics or no, one fact is certain: they train their children for the Church. The result: the Catholics are simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. The coming universal creed of this land is the Catholic creed, unless we as a church have the brains of the Catholic priest and put the chief emphasis of our spiritual work into moulding our children under twelve years of age for God.

This clergyman's point as to the spiritual care of the child is, of course, well taken; but we trust that his roseate picture of our going ahead by "leaps and bounds" will not engender any smug complacency that we are doing all we can and should do for this country's ultimate conversion.

Inability correctly to estimate relative values is characteristic of a considerable portion of mankind; and the characteristic is most in evidence among enthusiasts, ardent advocates of some special project, — men with a hobby. As a result, we have extravagant, indefensible statements from, for instance, prohibitionists, anti-vivisectionists, physical culturists, and vegetarians. Even in the matter of advocating the parochial school one may overstep the boundary that divides the sane from the nonsensical, in which case some such corrective as the one contained in the following extract from a letter to the *Casket* is entirely apropos:

Parents are only too prone to cast off responsibilities which they see Church and State willing to assume; and the exigencies of controversy in defending the legitimate action of the Church in the matter lead us to exaggerate the place of the school in the training of the child, until some . . . venture to belittle the

place of the home in that work. That is a great mistake. There are many thousands of children in Catholic orphan asylums. Take five thousand of them and assume that they are cared for and trained by the most virtuous members of our religious Orders, — and that is saying much in the way of solid holiness of life. On the other hand, take five thousand children of the same age in Catholic families of the average kind, just good, ordinary Christians. I have no hesitation in saying that the percentage of good Christian citizens will be far larger in adult life among the latter than among the former. My own observation led me to this conclusion long ago, but I find it confirmed by the important Child Caring Congress held some weeks ago in Washington. There is, and there can be, no substitute for the home in general. Exceptional cases must be provided for in exceptional ways. The Catholic school is needed to *supplement* the home, but is a poor makeshift as a *substitute* for the home. School-training begins at the average age of six to seven years; home-training begins at the average age of six to seven weeks. The process of "letting him have his own way" begins or is corrected about that time. Many mothers are careless or unskilful teachers, but they are all teachers; and the world will be a sorry place to live in when they cease to be teachers.

It can not be too insistently impressed upon Catholic parents that the obligation of rearing their children as good, practical Catholics rests primarily upon *them*, and that they can not legitimately shift their responsibility onto the shoulders of nurses, governesses, private tutors, or even the exemplary Sisters or Brothers who conduct the parochial school.

We have often advocated in these columns the substitution, by Catholics, of spiritual offerings for flowers at funerals, and have had occasion more than once to commend such substitution by some of our Catholic societies. We accordingly read with genuine gratification the other day, in the *Daily Times*, a secular journal of Moncton, New Brunswick, an account of a Catholic funeral whereat the offerings of friends were exactly what we would have them be. Says the *Times*: "As had been requested, flowers were not generally contributed. On the other hand, the

spiritual offerings were..." Then follows a list, more than half a column in length, of separate spiritual gifts, aggregating a total of 118 Masses offered, 151 Masses heard, 118 Communion, 159 Stations of the Cross, 294 Rosaries, with a number of Spiritual Communion, the *De Profundis*, litanies, invocations, and "participation in indulgences gained during one year and applicable to the souls in purgatory."

We congratulate the Moncton Catholics on the excellence of their taste, and the *Times* on its publication of the most satisfactory list of mortuary "flowers" that we have met with in a long while.

In the uniformly interesting "Book-worm" department of the *Catholic Register and Canadian Extension*, Dr. William Fischer makes these practical observations on an ever-timely topic:

But can we produce a Catholic reading public even though present existing conditions are rather disheartening? Let us begin in the school-room, — teach the children the names of the Catholic writers and their productions; let them memorize short passages from some of their works. Let us fill up the juvenile libraries of the older boys and girls with the books of our best Catholic American short-story writers. Let our colleges and academies throughout the land keep on hand in their libraries all the new books of the Catholic publishers, and let them introduce a course of Catholic American literature that will familiarize their students with the works of the Catholic novelists, essayists, and poets. Let the priests establish reading-circles in their various parishes where the Catholic novel and the Catholic paper and magazine are much in evidence. And above all, last but not least, let the father and mother keep a watchful eye over the reading-matter of the children at home. It is their duty to support Catholic books, Catholic magazines, and Catholic newspapers.

Many of the foregoing recommendations may impress the reader as instances of emphasizing the obvious; but those who are best acquainted with conditions — literary conditions — in American and Canadian Catholic life will be the last, we feel certain, to pronounce them useless and unnecessary.



Easter.

BY S. M. R.

ALLELUIA! Hear it ringing
 In the songs the birds are singing!
 Alleluia! Christ hath risen!
 He hath fled the lonely prison!
 Alleluia! Flower-bells ringing
 Fragrant joy-notes wide are flinging,—
 Christ is risen from the dead!
 Alleluia! Hearts are swelling,
 Eagerly the tidings telling!
 Alleluia! Christ hath risen!
 Broken is death's lonely prison;
 Joy in every heart is swelling;
 Hope once more on earth is dwelling,—
 Christ is risen from the dead!

Some Easter Eggs.

BY HOPE WILLIS.



IND-HEARTED Frances and her two little companions, Tessie and Martie, were going home from school. They had a long way before them; but they did not seem to mind the walk morning and evening: they were accustomed to it. Behind them trudged an Indian man and woman, laden with packages. At length they came to a large oak tree, under which a trough had been set for horses and cattle. A little removed from the trough, at that side of the tree which faced the strip of woods, which the giant oak seemed to guard as a sentinel at the door of the forest, a crystal spring, bubbling up from a miniature pool, paused for a moment on its way from the mountains to the sea.

The children and the Indians rested here. The girls each drew a small portable cup from her school-bag, filled it, and sat down on the thick green moss.

Opening their bags, they now took out bread and butter, pie, cheese and apples. Their backs were turned to the Indians, but presently the woman touched one of them on the shoulder and said in broken English:

"Have you, perhaps, an old tin cup with which we may drink? My husband and I we have walked very far and we are thirsty."

The girls looked at one another. They had nothing but the cups from which they drank every day, and the prospect of lending one to the Indians was not at all inviting. What was to be done? Two of them shook their heads, one of them being the girl on whose shoulder the Indian woman had placed her hand. But the third, looking into the kindly eyes and tired face of the woman, replied, taking her cup from beside her:

"Yes: here is one." And she handed it to her.

"But it is not old. It is your own for drinking," rejoined the woman.

"Never mind. I have another," said the child.

The woman hesitated, and the child felt that she understood. The woman thanked her and passed on to the spring. She and her husband took a long draught and began to munch some "crackers" they had in a bag. The three little girls, as children will, watched them curiously. The old man wore a red handkerchief around his head; the woman removed it, wet it by pouring water from the tin cup upon it, and then replaced it.

He nodded and smiled gratefully. Then the child who had given the cup got up from her seat beneath the oak, and carried

to the Indians two pieces of pie and two hard-boiled eggs.

"I thank you very much!" observed the woman. "You are good!"

"You look tired," said the child. "Have you come far?"

"From Las Penesquitas Ranch," was the reply. "We work there. This morning early—very early—we went into the town with an old wagon and an old horse. But the wagon broke down, and the horse was afraid and ran away. And so we must walk home. My husband he has the bad headache; he has fallen out of the wagon, and he is old."

"How far have you to go still?" asked the child.

"Perhaps five miles."

"With all those bundles?"

"That is nothing. Now that we have had to drink and to eat, it will be easy. I thank you for the cup, which I will leave here at the spring for others. Some one has taken the old rusty tin can away. *Dios te guarde, chiquita!*"

The twain shouldered their bundles and pursued their way, branching off from the road to a bypath.

"Did you ever see such impudence!" cried Tessie. "How she took your cup that you were drinking from! I think those Indians are dreadful."

"But I gave it to her," said Frances. "I told her I had another one. So I have,—two or three of them at home."

"And did you see her hang it on the twig yonder?" exclaimed Martie. "I heard her tell you she was going to do so. I should think she would have given it back to you, or at least asked you if you didn't want it."

"Now, that was nice of her," rejoined Frances. "She did it because she knew I wouldn't care to drink out of it again. She was too polite to offer it to me. I'm afraid you girls don't understand the Indians as well as I do. You haven't lived in California very long."

A whizzing, pounding automobile, full of veiled women and goggle-eyed men,

now distracted the attention of the children from the subject under discussion, and the incident was forgotten.

Spring was at the full. It was almost Easter time. Once more the three companions were sauntering home from school, and again they paused to rest beside the spring. As they sat there chatting, a great, lumbering wagon came along, an Indian driving. The man stopped, got down and tied his horses to a hitching-post near the trough, and slowly descended the hill toward an olive orchard in the distance.

The wagon had been left so close to where the children sat that, by stretching a little, they could have touched it with their hands.

"That's the old Indian whose wife got the cup from you, Frances," said Tessie.

"Yes, I believe it is," rejoined Frances.

"I hate Indians!" continued Tessie. "They are so mean and treacherous."

"I don't think they're any more so than other people," replied Frances. "I think that old woman had a nice, good face. It would be no wonder if they were mean and treacherous, though; they've been treated so badly. Just think how they were turned away from Warner's Ranch, where they had lived so many years."

"Oh, you're a 'softy,' Frances!" said Martie. "You're always doing some sort of ridiculous thing for queer people, or taking the part of some 'galoot.'"

"Martie!" cried Frances, indignantly. "I'll not walk home with you any more if you use so much slang. You're getting too dreadful!"

Martie laughed. She might be slangy in her speech, but she was not sensitive.

"Come now, Frances," she entreated. "Don't be angry. Let's talk about Easter eggs. I'm going to have a lot."

"Are you?" inquired Tessie. "Mother doesn't believe in such things."

Frances sighed. "Our chickens all died of the croup," she said; "and eggs are so high this spring that we can't afford to

buy any—for amusement. I don't mind much, though, so long as father is able to work again. Besides, I never had any luck in coloring mine very prettily."

"Here comes that old Indian again!" said Tessie.

Stolidly looking ahead, the man passed them without a glance, as is the fashion of his race. As he unfastened the reins and mounted to the high seat of the wagon, a head and arm became visible above the straw, and a woman sat erect, gazing down at the three little girls. Frances recognized her, and smiled.

"Come, please!" said the Indian woman.

The child went to her.

"Do you live far from here?" inquired the woman.

"About a mile," said Frances.

"Are you coming here next Friday or Saturday maybe?"

Frances reflected. "I think so," she said. "Oh, yes! We have to drive down to Peralta to meet my little cousin from the city."

"What day?"

"Friday afternoon."

"It will be Good Friday?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"About three."

"Very well; I am here."

"Are you ill?" asked Frances.

"No, only sleepy. I have been three nights sitting up with my friend at Ramona. Now I go home."

The old man touched his horses. He was about to start. The woman continued to smile kindly on Frances until she could see her no longer.

"I wonder if she heard what we said?" asked Tessie, after the wagon had gone.

"I suppose she did," rejoined Martie. "but I don't care,—though I'm sure I'd be afraid of her if I met her on a lonely road."

"Nonsense!" said Frances. "She'd never hurt you. She is a good woman. I saw a Scapular and a medal around her neck."

"What can she want to see you for?" asked Tessie.

"Maybe to give you a rattlesnake skin" said Martie. "Ugh!"

"I'd like that," said Frances. "I'd love to have a hatband or belt. My Uncle Paul, who lives in town, is a saddler. He fixes such things."

"I've heard that the Indians eat rattlesnakes," said Tessie, with a shudder.

"I don't know why they shouldn't taste as good as some things we eat," answered Frances,—"*eels*, for instance. Come, girls! It's getting late. We'd better go."

On Good Friday afternoon, Frances and her cousin, delighted to meet again after a year's separation, were seated in a light wagon driven by the brother of the little country girl. Frances had forgotten all about the Indian woman until they reached the watering trough; and there she was, standing under the oak tree, with a large package in one hand, while in the other she held a light cage made of withes, in which were a beautiful Leghorn hen and rooster.

Her face smiling, her eyes beaming, she approached the wagon. Depositing the cage in front of the boy, she said:

"Here, good little girl, is a pair that will bring you beautiful eggs and chickens. I have a hundred, so I can spare them. And here," laying the round covered bundle in Frances' lap,—"*here is something for Easter*. Take care that you do not break; and open not till Easter morning. It will keep."

"Oh, you are too good, too kind!" cried Frances. "How my mother will love to have those Leghorns! Please tell me your name."

"I am Sebastiana Lugo," answered the woman. "At Agua Caliente—Warner's Ranch—I was born and lived all my life until I was driven away with the rest of my people. So, too, with my husband."

"And are you happy where you are now?" asked Frances.

"Very well, very well," said the Indian woman. "But it is not like my home, with the mountains all around and the water running, running all the time."

"Thank you,—thank you a hundred times!" said the warm-hearted Frances. "If you are ever near the San Filipo Rancho, you must come to see us. We live there; my father works part of it on shares."

"That I will do," said the woman. "And I, too, thank you for your kindness; and I am glad to remember that there are some men and women and children who do not hate the Indians and believe that they have good hearts."

Frances blushed. The woman must have heard every word of the conversation between herself and her schoolmates.

"Sometimes it is because they do not know," said Frances.

The Indian woman smiled.

"I wish you and yours and all whom you love a holy Easter!" she said. "And some day, maybe, you will see me there at San Filipo. *Adios, chiquita buena!*"

When Frances opened the covered package on Easter morning, she found a beautiful Indian basket, round and flat, with pretty circular handles. It was lined with dried moss, in the midst of which lay a dozen Easter eggs, most delicately tinted in saffron, scarlet, deep and light blue, pink, green and violet,—a veritable rainbow of color. Nothing like them had ever been seen in the neighborhood. And it may be taken for granted that the little Indian-haters and their adherents had reason to alter their views when they saw and admired the beautiful and appropriate gifts of the grateful Sebastiana.

OUR SAVIOUR risen from the grave is usually depicted in raiments of white, as symbolical of life and light. He often holds a banner or a standard in His hand; this is the sign of victory over sin and death.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—LIFE AND LOVE.

YES, it was "Papa! papa!" who had broken through the gates of death to save his little girl.

But, oh, surely there was no death in the stalwart man that, dashing aside the cedar branches, caught Kitty, speechless and almost breathless, to his heart. There was no death in the strong clasp of those arms, in the kisses showered upon brow and cheeks and lips; no death, only life and love,—life and love.

"Kitty! Kitty! My own precious child! Thank God that I hold you safe in my arms! My poor Mary's little babe! Thank God, thank God!" And the strange tears of a strong man rained down upon Kitty's upturned face.

"O papa,—my own dear papa, hold me fast or I will die of joy! Papa—"

The trembling cry broke off in a gasp, a sob, and all things seemed to fade away from Kitty,—all but the sweet sense of enfolding arms lifting her forever out of all fear and sorrow and pain.

"My God, she is dying!" cried her father. "Doctor!" he called excitedly.

"Tut, tut! It is only a faint," was the cheery answer of the physician who had come to Uncle Dave's aid. "Take her to the house, Captain; one of our nurses will be up there. The shock has been too much for the poor little girl, that is all. I'll look out for your brother."

"Do all you can, in God's name," said the Captain, hoarsely. "I must take care of Kitty now."

And under that dear, tender care, Kitty wakened into dreamy consciousness again. Some one was pouring rich, warm wine between her lips; all around her were light, life, kind faces, friendly voices. But all lesser things were lost in the supreme, bewildering bliss. She was in papa's arms, pillowed in his heart; the

dear voice she had never hoped to hear again was soothing, cheering.

"Kitty—my own dear Kitty!—it is all over, dear,—all the danger, all the fear. You are safe, my little girl,—safe in my arms. I am here to take care of you again; to love you, to live for you."

"O papa, papa!" Kitty whispered. "Are we dead and—and in heaven, papa?"

"Dead? Not a bit of it!" answered papa, in a cheery voice that had a little break in it; "though, as for heaven, we are about as near to it as we can ever get on these lower shores. Didn't you know I was coming to you, Kitty? Didn't you get my telegrams or letters I sent to the convent? Mother Paula told me, when I saw her yesterday, that she had enclosed them to you here."

"O papa, I didn't know! I never got them!" murmured Kitty; little guessing how Uncle Dave had consigned all the St. Ursula correspondence, unread, to the waste-paper basket.

And then, still safe in those dear, strong arms, Kitty heard the wonderful Robinson Crusoe story papa had to tell her: how he and old black Eph, who would not leave him, had stuck, like the brave seamen they were, to the sinking ship when all the rest had taken to the boats; how they had managed, somehow, to keep afloat and reach a little island in the Pacific, where they had been stranded for long months, until a passenger ship had seen their signals and taken them off; how, the ship being bound for China, he had been obliged to circumnavigate the world to get back to his little girl; how he had cabled his safety to Mother Paula as soon as he could strike a live wire, and he had written from every port; and, finally, how, after hearing at St. Ursula's where she was, he had been making his way to her last evening, but had missed the late train, and was waiting at W. for the next train, when he heard of the outbreak at the Ridge.

"O papa, how did you hear?" asked Kitty, in blissful wonder. "How did you

hear in time? For the wires were cut, and poor Cripps couldn't have got a message to you so soon. Oh, it must have been the angels who warned you, papa."

"The angels!" repeated papa, and again the little break came into the hearty voice as he drew Kitty closer to him. "It looks very much as if they *did* lend a hand, little girl. It was a good priest, Father Davis, who sent in the alarm. It seems he was holding a mission up here, and was riding across the mountain to another station when an Italian woman flung herself in his path and began to jabber out a wild warning in her own tongue, which fortunately he could understand. He must save the 'little signora, who had baptized her baby so it could go to the good God.' And then came the whole story of the outbreak on the Ridge,—my poor brother's attempted murder, your danger. She had tried to warn you before, she said; but she could not write English, and perhaps you did not understand."

"Anita!—O poor Anita!" faltered Kitty.

"Father Davis lost no time in reaching the nearest telegraph station. When the news reached W., where I was fuming at a six-hours' wait, there was a wild sailor man to stir things up as you can guess. The landlubbers began to talk about official orders; but I gave them salt-water talk that made them hustle; and I had that 'special' loaded for a fight and out on its way like a South Sea hurricane before they could get their breath. My, the way we ripped across the mountains! I stood by the engineer, and told him I'd double his year's salary if he got us here in time. We slackened only once at a little place about twenty miles from here, where we took up Father Davis, who begged us in his dispatch to give him a chance to quiet the men. And he did it, sure! The first word from him in their own lingo was worth a volley of musketry, especially as we had the muskets to back him. There are two companies of W. militia holding the Ridge, and hard at

work putting out the fires; so all danger is past. Here comes Father Davis now."

And Kitty lifted her eyes in joyful recognition of the tall priestly form that entered the room.

"What news from the front, Father?" asked Captain Dillon.

"Things are quieting down," was the cheery answer. "The soldiers have about forty men under arrest. Benson—the ringleader, I understand,—and some half dozen others who resisted, have been wounded; the rest of the poor fellows are fighting the fires most obediently. They are like children, these simple foreigners,—swift and unreasoning in passion, and as swift and earnest in repentance. They had been stirred up into momentary frenzy, that has gone out like a spent fuse. Of course it is not for me to question your worldly wisdom and judgment," added Father Davis, with his winning smile; "but I do not think you would regret proclaiming pardon and peace."

"That is for my brother to decide, if he is able," answered Captain Dillon. "But I fear very much that he will push the law to its harshest limit in retribution for to-night's work."

"Ah, then we can only pity and pray for our poor sinners,—eh, little girl?" said Father Davis gently, as he laid his hand for a moment in benediction on Kitty's head, and turned away again to his "poor sinners"; for the hands were clinging to the *padre* like frightened children, who felt that this friend alone could keep them from harm.

"And now, if my little girl can spare me, I must go to see about Uncle Dave," said papa, as, with another warm hug and kiss, he left Kitty nestling among the big leather cushions of the couch, feeling as if she were still in a blissful dream,—a dream that, after the dark horror through which she had passed, seemed full of light, life, friendliness; for soon the Markham carriage rolled up in kindly haste to the spiked iron gates, with the Judge and his pretty, brown-eyed wife, forgetful of

any unpleasantness, and full of anxious sympathy; with Phil, in his soldier uniform, sorely disappointed at having missed the fight; and Cripps, who had managed to get over the hills and rocks to the "Injun trail" and give the alarm.

And Kitty found it not the least comforting experience of this wonderful night to have dear Mrs. Markham "mothering" her as, save in very dim remembrance, she had never been "mothered" before. For even St. Ursula's tenderness had its wise limitations; and little girls were not coddled and kissed and cried over in the fond, foolish mother-way that Mrs. Markham coddled and kissed and cried over wide-eyed little Kitty to-night; while between times she managed to have a warm bath made ready, a soothing draught concocted; and by various other methods that mothers know so well, Kitty's quivering nerves and throbbing brain were quieted at last into happy, restful sleep.

"She will be all right now," whispered the lady softly, as, with practised hand, she felt the little sleeper's pulse. "Poor, darling little girl, she has had enough to drive her into brain fever!"

"Yes, she's had enough to drive her into her grave," grimly answered Cripps. "What that child has had to put up with in this black hole of a house, without a glimmer of light or life or love, nobody but me and Tim knows. But—bless the Lord!—it's all over, and she's back in the sunshine again."

In the sunshine indeed, as Kitty realized, with a glad leap of her heart, when she opened her eyes next morning to find papa smiling down upon her, and the whole Ridge radiant with golden light. The smoke clouds had all swept away; the fires of forge and furnace for the first time were quenched; the pant of engine and clang of steam-hammer were stilled. Soldiers were keeping order in the smouldering ruins of the great Dillon Works; the fierce giant who had held the Ridge seemed laid low; and, in the new sunlight streaming from the unclouded sky, the

sweet mother-face over Kitty's mantel smiled tenderly down upon the two boys at her knee. "Little Jack" was safe again, but "big Dave"?

"Uncle Dave?" whispered Kitty, a little tremor in her voice. "O papa, how is poor Uncle Dave?"

"Holding his own," answered papa. "He may pull through yet, the doctors say; but he's in the breakers, little girl,—poor old Dave is in the breakers, and pretty close to the other shore. I have been up with him all night, his hand gripped in mine just as we used to grip hands long ago. And he is asking for you."

"For *me*! Oh, you must be mistaken!" exclaimed Kitty, thinking of the gloomy silence of these long, long weeks. "Uncle Dave can't be asking for me!"

"For you,—for 'Niece Katherine,' as he calls you. It was some time before I realized that that was his name for you. So jump up and dress, Kitty dear, and go to Uncle Dave. If he were well and strong" (and papa's face hardened for a moment), "I'd take you away where he would never lay eyes on you again. But as it is, Kitty,—as it is, we must forgive and forget,—forgive and forget."

And, with the words, papa bent down and imprinted a lingering kiss upon the little girl's forehead,—a kiss that put a seal on the sad, bitter past forever.

When, a little while later, they entered the darkened room where, swathed in bandages, grim and grey and ghastly, Uncle Dave was making his fight for life, there was only one feeling in their hearts,—pity for this stern, hard old man who had shut out all love and tenderness from his life, as the smoke of his chimneys had shut out God's sunshine. Even though her own dear papa, tender and loving, was at her side, Kitty trembled as she drew near the bed, and the old shadow seemed to fall across the gladness of her sunshine,—the shadow that would have blighted any other flower less sweet and strong and deep-

rooted than Mother Paula's convent rose.

But the eyes that once gleamed so fiercely under their shaggy brows were now lifted with a new look to Kitty's face.

"Niece Katherine," said Uncle Dave, stretching out a weak hand to her,— "little Niece Katherine!" (How strangely softened was the harsh, stern tone!) "I want to tell you that I heard all last night,—that I heard all. I know how you stood by me,—how you refused to leave the old man who had been so hard to you; how you faced fear and danger and death, little Niece Katherine, for my sake. I heard all, even the prayers you whispered in my ears. And good prayers they were, Niece Katherine. They've been running in my head all night.—I have been a fool, Jack" (and Uncle Dave lifted his wistful gaze to his brother),—"a dull, blind, hard-headed, old fool!"

"And I a fierce, quick, hot-headed one," answered Captain Dillon. "So there was a pair of us, Dave; but, as my own little girl's prayer says, we're sorry for our past and ready to amend. So it's peace and pardon all around,—isn't it, Kitty?"

"O papa,—Uncle Dave, yes indeed!" said Kitty, eagerly. "And the poor people at the Works are sorry, too. Father Davis says so. They were just quick and hot-headed. Of course the real bad men who led them on must be punished; but for the rest let it be peace and pardon all around, please,—please, Uncle Dave!"

For a moment the grim face, swathed in bandages, darkened with the fierce old frown, then it cleared again.

"You're asking more than you think, Niece Katherine,—more than you think. I've been lying here planning how I would get even with these scoundrels; but, instead, I'll even up with you for last night,—for all the days and nights we've been together. So you can give it out, whether I live or die: peace and pardon all around,—peace and pardon to master and man, for little Niece Katherine's sake, peace and pardon!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Disappearance of John Longworthy," one of Dr. Maurice F. Egan's most popular stories, first published in *THE AVE MARIA*, is being translated into Danish.

—Messrs. Pustet & Co. have published two important supplements to the "Compendium of Moral Theology," by Fathers Sabetti and Barrett, S. J. The first deals with the Decree *Ne Temere*, the second with recent decisions of the Roman Congregations regarding Holy Communion, etc. These supplements form a book of eighty-five pages, which is uniform with the original work.

—One of the leading London publishers is advertising, among new spring books, an illustrated edition of Canon Schmid's "Easter Eggs," which Mr. Clement Shorter characterizes as "an ideal Easter gift for children." So it is. If some enterprising Catholic publisher were to issue a new edition of all of Canon Schmid's stories, we feel certain they would be in general demand. We are quite as sure, however, that any attempt to "work off" the old, wretchedly printed and unattractively bound books would be in vain.

—"The Treasure and the Field," by Isabel Hope (B. Herder), is a simple story, though the thread of interest is woven of three distinct strands—the soul-experiences of Father Wargrave, Gertrude Armstrong, and Winifred Leslie, all of whom are led from the Church of England into the Church of All Lands. The doubts, the difficulties, the graces, the conquests that made up the sincere lives of these seekers after truth are no doubt common, if we could only read the hearts of many around us. This story must quicken our sympathy for those who are outside the Fold, and inspire us to pray for all who truly seek, that they may find the treasure which is hid in the field, and to which the kingdom of heaven is likened by our Blessed Lord.

—Catholic readers have good reason to complain of the neglect often shown to really eminent Catholic scholars by our own leading journals. The death of Mr. W. H. Bliss, one of the most learned men of our time, who for more than thirty years was the official representative of the British Public Record Office in Rome and Central Italy, rendering invaluable aid to historians like Gardiner, is noticed in six lines by the Rome correspondent of the *London Tablet*. The non-Catholic *Athenæum* devotes more than two columns to this distinguished English scholar, who was formerly an Anglican parson. In reviewing his career, the writer

pays fitting tribute to his scholarship, industry, sincerity and modesty, thus concluding:

It would be difficult to say more of his personal character without betraying the partiality of friendship, yet no one could know him at all well without feeling warmly toward him; and, owing to the varied circumstances of his life, his friends were many both at Rome and in England. They will remember, and miss, his light-heartedness and courage, no less than his kindness and his honesty. He was, as a Roman tradesman once expressed it, *una così cara persona*.

—Among the recent penny pamphlets of the London Catholic Truth Society we note "Seek and You Shall Find," by Dom Norbert Birt, O. S. B. It has to do with a letter written away back in 1827 by a youthful convert to the Faith. One's first thought on reading this rather remarkable epistle is that if "C. C.," the youth in question, was only an average boy of sixteen in those days, then the boys of fourscore years ago were rather better equipped in the matter of thought and expression than are the young men of the present self-satisfied day. A very interesting pamphlet.

—The life and work of the three literary giants of Spain—Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderón—are masterfully dealt with in a new book ("Chapters on Spanish Literature") by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, just published by Constable & Co. Calderón's claims as a poet are thus enthusiastically stated in a passage on the *autos*:

Calderón dealt with his abstruse theme more than seventy times—not always with equal success, but never quite unsuccessfully, and never repeating himself unduly. This is surely one of the most dexterous exploits in literature, and Calderón appears to have done it with consummate ease. His reflective genius, steeped in dogma, was far more interested in the mysteries of faith than in the passions of humanity, far more interested in devout symbolism than in realistic characterization. His figures are pale abstractions? Yes; but he compels us to accept them by virtue of his sublime allegory, his majestic vision of the world invisible, and the adorable loveliness of his lyricism.

—Book-lovers possessed of long purses and able to erect fireproof libraries must find unalloyed pleasure in collecting and housing such precious old tomes as the following, offered for sale by an antiquarian bookseller at Tunbridge Wells, England. These works, in more or less perfect condition, are constantly turning up, and not a few of them are worth their weight in gold; though, strange to say, many do not seem to find ready purchasers, and so are exposed to the danger of being further injured or utterly destroyed. Could any book-title be more quaint and appetizing than this: "Of the interchangeable course or variety of things in the whole world; and the concurrence of armes and

learning, thorough the first and famousest nations: from the beginning of civility, and memory of man, to this present. Moreover, whether it be true or no, that there can be nothing sayd which hath not bin said heretofore: and that we ought by our owne inventions to augment the doctrine of the Auncients. . . . Written in French by Loys le Roy called Regius, and translated into English by R. A. Lond. Charles Yersweirt, Esq., 1594?"

The following extracts from the "Summarie" give a further idea of the contents of this interesting old folio:

Of the Souldan, of the Ottoman, of the Sophi: where there is mention made of the estates of the great Cham of Cathay, of the king of Narsingue, of the Moscovite, and of Presbiter John. How that in this age have bin restored the tongues, and knowledges, after they had surceased about almost twelve hundred yeres, having newly receaved great light and increase; where are considered, the meruailes of this present age, through Europe, Asia, Africke, the new-found landes, in the East, West, North, and South: beginning at the great and invincible Tamberlan. Moreover, how that many goodly things unknowne to antiquity have bin newly found out,—printing, the direction to sayle by the needle of steele rubbed on the Lode-stone, carying alwaies the point answerable to the place where we imagine the Pole Artique, by means whereof the whole sea hath bin sayled over, and the whole world knowne thorough out. Also how amongst the meruailes of this age have risen new and strange diseases unknowne heretofore, and divers sects have sprung up. Noveltie of inventions, navigations never attempted heretofore, and discovering of New Lands unknowne to Antiquitie. Of navigations, and discoveries of Countries, peregrinations, and voiajes by Land.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Treasure and the Field." \$1.
- "Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.
- "Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
- "Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert. 15 cts.
- "Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.
- "Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

- "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.
- "Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.
- "Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingen. \$1.50.
- "Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.
- "The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.
- "Dangers of the Day." Monsignor John Vaughan. \$1.
- "Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.
- "The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.
- "The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. George Glauber, of the diocese of Omaha; Rev. Edward Nobert, diocese of Providence; Rev. Alphonsus Depoorter, diocese of Peoria; Rev. Martin Bischof, S. J.; Rev. Gammelbert Brunner, O. S. B.; and Rev. Constant Bernard, O. P.

Brother Callixtus, C. S. C.

Mother M. Praxedes, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Samuel Wallace, Mr. Herman Abel, Mrs. Anna O'Connor, Mrs. Catherine Stewart, Mr. Thomas Callan, Mrs. Gertrude Reimbold, Mr. John McCabe, Mr. William H. Corden, Mr. Patrick E. Looney, Mrs. Margaret Morgan, Mrs. Johanna Connor, Mr. Thomas Woods, Mr. William A. O'Neill, Mrs. Cecilia B. Kaylor, Mr. Joseph Savage, Mr. Joseph Pallenaude, Mr. Terence Gaffney, Mrs. Mary Peck, Miss Mary Drescoll, Mr. George Probeck, Mrs. Catherine Coveney, Mr. Frank Rackel, Mr. Peter Murphy, Miss Frances Weetman, Mrs. Annie O'Neill, Mr. Julian A. Dashwood, Dr. Charles West, Mr. William Breiner, James, Rose and Margaret Gurry, Miss Harriet Strabler, and Mr. Henry Luthamer.

Requiescat in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Dougherty, Philippine Islands:

C. H. G., \$2; J. A. Mc., \$1.

To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.:

E. M. B., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXVIII. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 17, 1909.

NO. 16

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Prayer to the Virgin Mother.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF JULIA JADOVSKAYA,
BY THE REV. C. T. WILSON, M. A.

MOTHER of intercession, hear me
When I offer thee my prayer!
A grievous sinner, clothed in darkness,
Let me still thy blessings share.
When sorrow, care, and loss befall me,
When mine enemies gain way,
In the hour of saddest suffering,
Come thou to my help, I pray!
A holy joy — thirst for salvation —
Place thou deep within my heart;
To the heavenly kingdom guiding,
Let me not from truth depart.

The Canticle of Ages.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

THANK God, we have at last in the English tongue a Comment on the Song of Songs! It is from the pen of the gentle St. Francis of Sales.* (The Comment of St. Bernard has appeared only in part.)

I stood on the banks of an Irish river, — the largest in the islands of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I saw the waters of the Shannon roll calmly, majestically to the sea. It was miles broad where I stood. I marked its winding course, and my eyes followed its ebbing tide for miles and miles. Boat or sail there was none. As if in some far-off, unknown, uninhabited land, it flowed idly down-

ward. Even so, through the centuries there rolled the majestic Song of Songs. As the river, with its motion and power and wealth and life, rolled silently and, alas! uselessly downward, so did it.

Of the inspired books of Scripture, the one that bore on its face the divinest touch of inspiration; composed by one who was not only the wisest of men, but who, in the magnificence of his throne, in the abundance of the riches and blessings of his reign, in (it might almost be said) the details of his kingly form and stature, and certainly in the tender suggestiveness of his name — "The Peaceful," — was the most direct and faithful prototype of the Eternal Second Person when He would deign to take a human shape and live a mortal life on earth; and yet there the great work stood, as if it were the Sealed Book of the rapt Evangelist.

The river brought to the senses
"The odor of brine from the ocean."

The Canticle brought to the spirit the foretaste of joys from heaven, — idly; alas, idly! It spoke in a tongue we did not understand. When Bishop Federigo Borromeo spoke to Don Abbondio, "it was," observes the author of "I Promessi Sposi," "as if a hawk had taken a chicken in his talons and borne it aloft into an atmosphere too pure for it to live and breathe in." It was so when the Song of Ages spoke to us. Souls in ecstasy,

* "The Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles." Composed by Blessed Francis de Sales, Bishop and Prince of Geneva, Founder of the Order of the Visitation of Holy Mary. Translated from the French by Henry Benedict, Canon Mackey, D. D., O. S. B. With a Foreword by his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. New York: Benziger Brothers.

saints in complacency, might sound its depths; but our little plummet-line scarcely reached beneath the surface. The masters of deep thought through the ages, saints of rare spiritual insight in the centuries, like celestial bees gathering the honey of heaven on earth, have hummed around and nestled within its petals; and, returning laden, have stored up for us, poor drones, against the poverty of our winter, the ambrosia of paradise in overflowing combs of priceless worth.

[] In the early centuries, the great Origen, not to mention others, wrote a comment on the Canticles. In the Middle Ages, St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas did the same. In later times, the Eagle of Meaux and the Dove of Geneva did so. We thank them and bless them all, but with the last alone are we for the present concerned.

[] The author of the Canticles is Solomon. It was not done in parts by various writers, as some have thought; but was the exclusive work of creation's wisest mind. In interpreting it, all holy and prudent writers are agreed that we must not confine ourselves to a strictly literal meaning of the Sacred Text. A person would not escape the severe condemnation of the Church who should limit the sense to the verbal, literal meaning. Even the gentle St. Francis of Sales seems to forget his usual mildness when writing of some who made use of such liberty. He says: "Even the nature and attributes of God or of the soul are not named therein; but, instead of all this, eyes, ears, teeth, lips, necks, garments, gardens, ointments, and a thousand like things; which have caused confusion in the explanations by reason of the liberty which each commentator has taken to bring these words to his sense; and, what is worse, by reason of the insupportable license which commentators have taken of understanding in one same page the same word in different manners and for different things."

All the writers whose names have been

mentioned insist on the partly literal, partly mystical interpretation of the Divine Song. Further than that they are not agreed. For instance, the Bishop of Meaux, the great Bossuet, looks on the several chapters as each belonging to one night of a magnificent banquet given for eight days in honor of Solomon's marriage with his favorite queen. We will say *en passant* that the view held by Bossuet would make the Canticle to be written by the King in the heyday of his worldly life, and therefore in the heyday (alas!) of his sinfulness. Now, it is not for one like me to say that the divine odor which the saints have ever found in the Song is strongly against that view; but I will declare that it has been more pleasing to me to read what others have thought,—namely, that Solomon repented in his later days; that the Book of Ecclesiastes is the index and proof of his repentance; that this repentance gave place to divine charity; and that, as he was almost inconceivable in his transgressions, so was he all but inconceivable in the transports of his love. Personally, I was rejoiced when I found that this opinion was held by so many holy writers. The whole of St. Francis' Comment supposes their view.

The reader is aware that the Book of Ecclesiastes immediately precedes the Book of the Canticles, and serves, let us say, as a preface to it. It breathes the greatest seriousness, and reads like the convictions of one who had by personal experience seen the utter hollowness of all temporal things.

"The words of Ecclesiastes, the son of David, King of Jerusalem. Vanity of vanities, said Ecclesiastes; vanity of vanities, and all is vanity. . . I have seen all things that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit. . . I have spoken in my heart, saying: Behold, I am become great, and have gone beyond all in wisdom that were before me in Jerusalem. And my mind hath contemplated many things wisely, and I have learned. And I have given my

heart to know prudence and learning and errors and folly; and I have perceived that in these also there was labor and vexation of spirit. . . .

"I made me great works. I built me houses and planted vineyards; I made gardens and orchards, and set them with trees of all kinds. And I made me ponds of water, to water therewith the wood of the young trees. I got me men-servants and maid-servants; and had a great family, and herds of oxen and flocks of sheep, above all that were before me in Jerusalem. I heaped together for myself silver and gold, and the wealth of kings and provinces. I made me singing men and singing women, and the delights of the sons of men, cups and vessels to serve to pour out wine. And I surpassed in riches all that were before me in Jerusalem. My wisdom also remained with me. And whatsoever my eyes desired, I refused them not; and I withheld not my heart from enjoying every pleasure, and delighting itself in the things which I had prepared; and esteemed this my portion to make use of my own labor. And when I turned myself to all the works which my hands had wrought, and to the labors wherein I had labored in vain, I saw in all things vanity and vexation of mind, and that nothing was lasting under the sun."*

These are the opening chapters of this most impressive book. They do not read like the writings of a man in the prime of his years, and who is surrounded by luxury and adulation; they read, rather, like the convictions of one who looks back with a sobered eye on the blaze and glare of the world, and who sees that it is all unsubstantial and hollow. And the closing chapters are no less solemn.

"Cast thy bread upon the running waters; for after a long time thou shalt find it again. . . . In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening let not thy hand cease. . . . Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the time of

affliction come. . . . Before the sun and the light and the moon and the stars be darkened, when the keepers of the house shall trouble, and the strong men shall stagger, because man shall go into the house of his eternity. . . . Before the silver cord be broken, and the golden fillet shrink back, . . . and the dust return into its earth from whence it was; and the spirit return to God, who gave it. Vanity of vanities, said Ecclesiastes, and all things are vanity."*

It will help us, I think, a long way toward the right reading of the Canticles if we have in our mind an aged, sober, repentant Solomon, looking up with a wealth of love to the God of Love, who had shown to him such mercy and love as had never before been heard of on earth, not even in his father David's case; and thus foreshadowing in his life the infinity of sinfulness† and the infinity of love of the adorable Saviour in His Passion.

Throughout the Canticles, "the King," "the Bridegroom," "the Beloved," is, according to all, none other than Jesus Christ; and Solomon but foreshadows Him. Now, let us look on our Blessed Lord, for instance, in the Garden of Gethsemane, prostrate, alone, His soul sorrowful unto death, and then every pore of His body becoming not alone a fount but a supernatural witness of supernatural love. Or take Him as He lies lifeless in the only arms whereon, since He came down from His throne of love, it was fitting He should rest. Every wound of His sacred body is to me, even but to look on it, a kiss of love; every sear, every bruise, every weal, every mark, every drop of clotted gore—oh, "let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth! His love is better than wine." No ointments poured over a dead body, not even the fragrant treasure of Magdalen, "which might be sold for a hundred pence," gave forth such sweet odor as the wells in the

* *Ib.*, xi, xii.

† The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. (*Is.*, liii, 6.)

* *Eccles.*, i, 11.

hands and feet and side, as the bruises and blood and tears and sears and weals,—aye truly, “smelling sweet of the best ointments.”

It is possible that as “Abraham saw His day, and rejoiced”; that as David heard the Lord God say to [His Son] Our Lord, “Sit thou on My right hand, till I make thy enemies thy footstool”;—it is possible that Solomon likewise saw Christ beforehand in some or in several or perhaps in all of those enchanting forms—the cross, the crib, the tabernacle—which have evermore rapt into ecstasy the saints of the Church.

“While the King [Jesus Christ] was on His throne [hanging on the cross, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, hidden beneath the sacramental species and looking through the lattices, laid on the lips of the faithful recipient and carried into the bosom],—“while the King was on His throne, my spikenard [my heart] gave forth the odor of sweetness [acts of faith, hope, and divine love]. His left hand [His sacred humanity] under my head: and His right hand [that is His divinity] shall embrace me.”

In Holy Communion, there are two annihilations; and in all the religions that have ever been, in all the tribes and tongues, there has not been heard the like. The sovereign Lord of heaven annihilates Himself and becomes a little particle of bread, out of mercy and love; and the sovereign lord of earth annihilates the noblest thing beneath the heavens (his reason), and trample it underfoot, out of obedience and faith. It is a meeting that angels in heaven may look on with wonder and awe. “My delight is to be with the children of men,” says our Blessed Lord. “My Beloved to me, and I to Him,” says the faithful soul, “till the [eternal] day break, and the shadows of earth retire.”

The Bridegroom of the Canticles is confessedly Jesus Christ. The Bride is variously taken to be the Blessed Virgin, the Church militant, and the personal

soul of the humble adorer. There are portions of the Canticles which are eminently adaptable to our Blessed Mother. The Church itself proclaims this; for at the very outset of the Sacred Office in honor of Our Lady, it takes the antiphons from the Canticles; and indeed it may be said that the whole Office of the Blessed Virgin “smells sweetly of the odor of its ointments.” Now, if we will only remember that the Divine Office very faithfully expresses the spiritual and mystical mind and thoughts of the Church *docens* (or teaching), and that it permeates the mind and thoughts of the Church *credens* (or believing), and that this action and reaction have been going on for at least a thousand years, we do not wonder that not infrequently with commentators Our Lady is taken as fulfilling in reality the beautiful and blessed rôle of the Bride in the divine Song. That view, however, it must be said, is not universally received.

Personally, I confess, I like to meet those writers who apply the sentiments of the inspired Ode to an individual soul. “There were for me,” says Newman in the “Apologia,” “two luminously existing beings—God and my soul.” It is to the individual soul that St. Francis of Sales applies the Canticles in his Comment. St. Jane Frances de Chantal, in her depositions for his canonization, says that “he was distinguished by his unusual knowledge and understanding of the Scriptures”; and adds that the saint himself “told one of his chaplains that he considered this to be a very especial grace bestowed on him by God.”

The Book of the Canticles is mainly a dialogue between the Bridegroom and the Bride,—between our Divine Lord and the soul that tries to love Him. If we had lived before original sin left its evil effects upon our nature, we could have read it *inoffenso pede*,—that is, without danger of tripping; or if we ‘had chastised our bodies and brought them under subjection,’ we might then perhaps have read

it without anxiety or disturbance. But, for our corrupt nature, its language is so ardent that we must bring before our minds the image of the wounded Saviour, or the remembrance of His humility in the Tabernacle or the Crib, and walk warily, to ensure reading the book aright. With these precautions, it is full to overflowing with acts of divine love.

Bearing in our minds the image of the Saviour's Passion, when, for instance, He "came in the red robes, in the garments dyed of Bosra," as He faints under the cross which He is striving to carry for us, and falls prostrate to the ground, we read, in the first chapter, this outburst of the soul: "Let Him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth; for Thy breasts [O Lord] are better than wine, smelling sweet of the best ointments. Thy name* is as oil poured out; therefore young maidens have loved Thee. Draw me; we will run after Thee to the odor of Thy ointments."

The soul whispers to "the daughters of Jerusalem" (which are her own worldly thoughts distracting her), and tells them of the love of Jesus: "The king hath brought me into his storerooms." The storerooms of the Saviour are His holy Passion and His state of humility on the altar. And, having silenced all worldly thoughts by this reminder, she turns her whole attention to her Lord: "We will be glad to rejoice in Thee, remembering Thy breasts more than wine. The righteous love Thee."

The soul again addresses her own distractions: "I am black,† O ye daughters of Jerusalem, but beautiful [by grace] as

* And I saw heaven opened, and, behold, a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True; and with justice he judgeth and fighteth. And his eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head many diadems, having a name written which no man knoweth but himself. And he was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood; and his name is called the Word of God. (Apoc., xix, 11-13.)

† We are corrupted by original sin, and therefore black; no one was *white* from conception but Mary.

the tents of Cedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Do not consider me that I am brown, for the sun [Adam] hath altered my color. The sons of my mother* have fought against me; they have made me as the keeper in the vineyards; my vineyard † I have not kept."

Then, turning to her Saviour, she cries: "Show me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest, where Thou liest in the midday, lest I begin to wander after the flocks of Thy companions." ‡

The Saviour speaks: "If thou knowest not, O fairest of women, go forth, and follow after the flocks,§ and feed thy kids beside the tents of the shepherds."

The Divine Lord considers how brave she is in her love: "To My company of horsemen || in Pharaoh's chariots have I likened thee, O My love! Thy cheeks are beautiful as the turtle-dove's; ¶ thy neck as jewels. We will make thee chains of gold,** inlaid with silver."

The soul interposes: "While the King was at His repose my spikenard sent forth the odor thereof." Thinking of her Lord carrying the cross, she exclaims: "A bundle of myrrh is my Beloved to me; He shall abide between my breasts. A cluster of cypress [grapes] my Love is to me, in the vineyards of Engaddi." ††

The Scriptures all speak to us of one thing especially—the love of God. And

* The evil effects of the sin of Eve.

† The vineyard is the soul.

‡ The choirs of angels.

§ The myriads of angels; the "kids" are her own unruly thoughts and feelings; the "shepherds" are the angels.

|| The company of horsemen are the angels; a soul in the state of grace is like an angel. St. Francis of Sales says, in his "Treatise on Divine Love," that some souls while on earth—for instance, St. Francis of Assisi—surpass in love the angels in heaven.

¶ When a soul is in the state of grace, God, even in His omnipotence, could not turn aside from it and refuse to love it.

** The chains of gold are the inspirations and virtues that bind the soul to God.

†† The vineyards of Engaddi, on account of their low position in the valley of the Dead Sea, were famous for the richness of their grapes.

each inspiration we attend to, each act of love we make, brings about this result: the soul more readily listens to the next holy inspiration, and more heartily and more ardently breathes a new act of love. St. Francis, in his preface to the *Comment on the Canticles*, puts this with his usual order and simplicity:

"As soon as the sinner is in the state of grace, he has the possibility of serving God with merit, together with reluctance and difficulty; having persevered, he serves Him easily; after he has become devout, he serves Him promptly; if he is a contemplative, he serves Him joyously; grace giving the possibility; charity, the facility; mental prayer, the promptness; the multitude of delights, joyousness. Above all these acts are ecstasy and rapture; for when in prayer, meditating and contemplating, man so attaches himself to the object that he goes out of himself, loses the use of his senses, and remains absorbed and drawn out of himself. This estrangement of the understanding is called rapture, on the part of the object which rapt the soul; and on the part of the power which is absorbed and swallowed up, is called ecstasy,—the furthest effect of mental prayer here below."

It is a difficult thing to climb a lofty and solitary mountain. Amateurs may practise at it; and, while they keep to safe places and beaten paths, it is a useful and healthy exercise. Few wise people, however, attempt the heights, lost in the clouds of heaven, without taking a guide with them. Now, an act of love is a blessed work; to elicit an act of love is a practice that angels look upon with delight; to read the Bible, the Sacred Passion, or the Book of the Canticles, in order to spur on the soul to love God with greater ardor, is a heavenly exercise; but to try to reach, unguided, the dizzy heights of mental prayer, is for ordinary souls a rash and dangerous undertaking. Even so spiritual a writer as St. Francis of Sales confesses, in his preface to "A

Treatise on Divine Love," that "in the following treatise nothing is introduced which I have not learned from others." He uses almost the selfsame words in his preface to the *Comment on the Canticles*.

Now, if before reading the *Comment*, we study somewhat carefully "A Treatise on Divine Love," from Book V. to the end, or at least Book V., "which treats of complacency and benevolence, the two principal acts of divine love," the explanations of the Canticles will be much more readily understood. St. Francis thus explains his view of the mystical meaning of the book:

"Mental prayer is the mystic subject of the Canticles; but what things would Solomon, or rather the Holy Spirit, say of it? He would show us by how many degrees a soul being in mental prayer can rise to the higher consideration of God, and with what remedies it can strengthen itself against many obstacles; whence this division may be made: There are five principal obstacles in prayer, five principal remedies, and five degrees of it; but the sixth scene represents a soul which, having overcome all the obstacles, has no longer need of remedies; and to each of the five other scenes is given or laid down an obstacle, a remedy, and a degree."

It will not be amiss if we give in brief what some other commentators have said. St. Augustine: "We know that the Cantic of Canticles is a chaste song of holy love, holy charity, and holy sweetness." St. Jerome: "The whole book commends the chaste loves of Christ and His Church under a figurative expression." St. Ambrose: "In the Proverbs and in Ecclesiastes, Solomon the Peaceful, the Beloved of the Lord, corrects morals and teaches the nature of things; in the Cantic of Canticles, he unites Christ and His Church, and celebrates their marriage-feast in sweetest songs." St. Gregory of Nyssa: "Christ, the King of Israel, uses this Solomon as an instrument through whom He speaks to us, first in Proverbs, then in Ecclesiastes, and after that in the

Canticle of Canticles." St. Bernard: "Bring modest ears to a discourse which, patently, is about love. And when you think on those lovers it is fitting that you think of them not as a man and woman, but as the Divine Word and the human soul. . . . Love everywhere speaks; and if any one wishes to gain a knowledge of those things that are read, let him love. A frozen heart can in no way receive a burning word."

Two comments on the Canticles are attributed to St. Thomas, but only one of them is considered to be genuinely his work. St. Thomas used to say to Reginald, his fellow-novice, that whatever he knew of the Scriptures he learned not from study but from prayer. "Being sent by Blessed Gregory X. to the Council of Lyons, he there fell sick, and during his illness explained the Canticle of Canticles."* According to the testimony of St. Francis of Sales, "St. Thomas drew his last breath with his hands clasped, his eyes raised to heaven, and pronouncing these words of the Canticles, which were the last he had expounded: 'Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the fields.'"

In the following words St. Francis gives the purpose of his own Comment: "This Book treats of the way to arrive at a perfect form of mental prayer. It points out the obstacles thereto, the remedies for these obstacles, and by how many degrees we can arrive thereat. The scene is Jerusalem,—the militant Church."

The second portion of this beautiful and handy volume of the Library of St. Francis de Sales is beyond all praise. From beginning to end it is like honey. It contains the depositions of St. Jane Frances de Chantal on the process of canonization of St. Francis, and has all the holy attraction of his writings. It was a happy thought to put this Life of the saint beside his Comment on the Canticles; it is an everyday, practical example of what the sweetest of saints urges in his holy book.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVII.

IT would have been difficult for Desmond to give, even to himself, a coherent account of the feelings with which he followed the girl whom he knew as Hester Landon into his uncle's chamber. He would probably have described his condition as one of mental chaos, so fast did one thought follow and displace another, so incapable did he find himself of realizing the situation he had helped to bring about. It was with a sense of almost incredulous amazement that he regarded the figure which preceded him into the room. Harry Wargrave's daughter! Was he dreaming? It seemed that he must be.

But when, having crossed the floor, he paused by the great, carved mahogany bed, and looked down at the motionless form extended upon it, he was conscious of one controlling thought which brought all other thoughts into the coherence of order: an intense conviction that something more than chance had governed the events which led to this conclusion; which brought the nurse, in her garb of service, to the side of the grandfather who had never seen her; who, having spent his life in administering and worshipping justice, was now struck down by the crushing revelation of his own injustice toward his only son. The young man glanced across to where she stood, this girl so strangely led to her father's home. With her arm around one of the carved, twisted bedposts, she was gazing steadily at the figure lying before them,—the face with its clear-cut features, set like sculptured marble; and the long, thin, scholarly hands folded on the breast. He wondered what she was thinking; and, as he wondered, she lifted her eyes to his and spoke, very quietly:

"What a noble face it is! I am glad to have seen it."

* Rom. Brev., March 7.

"I knew that you would be," Desmond answered. He glanced around quickly to see if Virgil, who had been in the room when they entered, was still present; but Virgil, whose feelings were not yet placated toward the invader of his domain, had noiselessly withdrawn. So he was able to go on, a little eagerly: "Don't you feel, in looking at this face, that whatever error he committed was through the very excess of his great qualities?"

"My father used to say something of the kind," she replied slowly. "He always admired, understood, and—yes, forgave. You were right in divining that. But I—ah, let us not talk of it here! It does not seem right, though he knows nothing of what we say."

Nothing indeed; there could be no doubt of that. But for the regular breathing, he might have appeared dead, so entirely was the soul a helpless captive in a body which, like a broken instrument, refused to do its work,—to express either thought or feeling. And, regarding this immovable repose, it was easy to believe that it might pass into the deeper repose of death, without even a glimmer of renewed consciousness.

But if such consciousness should come! Desmond suddenly threw back his head and looked up at a picture which hung over the bed, where the eyes of the occupant must open immediately upon it. It was a very charming picture,—the extremely well-painted portrait of a girl in her bridal dress. All in white, with the fleecy veil swept back from her face, and her soft hair crowned with orange blossoms, she stood, three-quarter length, so that the slim grace of her young figure showed, looking out of the canvas with lucid, smiling eyes,—eyes so perfectly reproduced in another face that he was not surprised Mrs. Creighton had recognized them at once. He might have wondered that he had not recognized them himself, but for the fact that since his boyhood he had not seen this portrait until to-day. But now—as his gaze

dropped from the canvas to the girl standing beneath it, all in white also, with the same outline of feature, the same slender grace of form—he involuntarily uttered an exclamation which made her glance at him quickly, with interrogation and something like reproof. He pointed to the picture over her head.

"Have you observed that?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I observed it as soon as I came into the room, and recognized it immediately. For I have often heard my father speak of that also, and say—"

"How much you are like it?"

She nodded assent.

"Yes," she said again. "Do you perceive the likeness?"

"A blind man might perceive it," he told her, with a touch of pardonable exaggeration. "You spoke a little while ago of your right to be here. You carry the right in your face."

She shook her head, lifting it with an air of pride, as, Desmond felt instinctively, the gentle, smiling girl of the portrait never would have lifted hers. Clearly there was a harder strain, whether from nature or training, in this other girl, to whom she had handed down her features and her eyes.

"I found no right whatever on that," she said coldly. "I am only sorry that I did not realize sooner how strong the resemblance is, and I would not have come. Now I am sure that it will be well for me to go as soon as possible."

Desmond turned his eyes to the insensible face lying on the white pillows before them.

"The only possible reason for your going," he said, "would be a fear of harming *him*. But, since I see him, I do not think that anything will ever again have power to harm him; I don't believe that he will ever regain consciousness."

"It is by no means certain that he will not," she said. "I have seen cases like this, where consciousness returned very unexpectedly. When Dr. Glynn comes—"

She paused abruptly, for at this moment steps and voices were heard in the corridor outside. The door of the chamber opened, and Mrs. Creighton, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn, entered.

"Ah, Laurence, you are here still?" the former said, in discreetly lowered sick-room tones, as they approached the bed. "We have come to see how my poor brother is. I suppose there is no change in his condition, Miss Landon?"

"None at all since you saw him last."

"One can hardly hope for any—yet," Mrs. Creighton said, with a sigh. "But my cousin, Mrs. Selwyn, did not wish to leave without seeing him. This is Miss Landon, the nurse who has taken charge of the case, cousin Elizabeth."

Mrs. Selwyn, whose attention since she entered the room had been absorbed by the sight of Judge Wargrave, and who was now regarding him with sorrowful intentness, looked up at these words. Desmond, watching her closely, saw her eyes suddenly expand when they fell on the nurse. She stared for an instant, and then, extending her hand, grasped Mrs. Creighton's arm.

"Rachel!" she exclaimed, "don't you observe—it's the most astonishing thing I ever saw!—how much Miss Landon resembles cousin Maria,—how much she is like that portrait?"

Mrs. Creighton, who had evidently given no thought to the portrait up to this time, now glanced at it quickly, and from it to the girl standing beneath it. She also was plainly startled by the likeness between the two.

"There is—some resemblance," she said. "I observed it when I first saw Miss Landon. But it is—er—more striking in this dim light, and on account of her dress."

"It's—amazing!" Mrs. Selwyn declared, still staring at the girl. "I've never seen anything like it, in the way of a chance resemblance. And—and, Rachel, how do you think it will strike cousin George—if he ever recovers consciousness?"

"We must ask the doctor—" Mrs. Creighton was beginning, when the nurse quietly interposed:

"That seems almost unnecessary. I think there is no doubt that I should leave, if my resemblance to this portrait is indeed so strong."

"It is very strong," Mrs. Creighton murmured. And then she turned to Desmond: "Don't you see it, Laurence?"

"Oh, yes, I see it!" he replied, a little reluctantly, since nothing was further from his wish than that Hester Landon should go away. "But we can hardly imagine that my uncle will ever recover sufficiently to recognize a likeness of the kind. And, in any event, Dr. Glynn is the person to decide—"

"Of course I never meant anything else," Mrs. Creighton said hastily. "I should be very sorry if Miss Landon thought that I intended to imply any desire for her to go."

"I did not think so," Miss Landon assured her. "But we are agreed that no risk of any shock to Judge Wargrave should be run. I am sure Dr. Glynn will be of that opinion, and I shall ask to be relieved from further duty when he comes."

"That seems a pity," Mrs. Selwyn observed. "I'm confident that you are a very good nurse. I have had much experience with nurses—having had two operations performed, as well as many severe illnesses,—and I can tell a really good nurse as soon as I see her. There's a clearness of look and a coolness and steadiness of manner,—you have it all, and I think it would really be a great pity to deprive Judge Wargrave of your excellent services because of a resemblance which, after all, may not be as strong as we fancy, and which he may never see at all."

"I agree with you heartily," Desmond said, conscious of more cordial feelings for Mrs. Selwyn than he had ever known before. "In fact, I don't think we ought to entertain the idea of Miss Landon's going away on such a fanciful ground,

unless Dr. Glynn says that it is absolutely necessary. And I'm quite sure," the speaker ended confidently, "that he won't say anything of the kind."

Miss Landon gave him a glance which he readily interpreted as one of extremely doubtful approval; and, turning, bent over her patient, who had suddenly stirred a little.

"I believe that he is sufficiently aware of the talking to be disturbed by it," she then said, addressing Mrs. Creighton. "It will, perhaps, be better not to discuss the matter further — here. I will come into the sitting-room, if there is anything else you would like to say to me."

"There is nothing — nothing at all," Mrs. Creighton answered quickly. "Cousin Elizabeth, I think it will be best for us to go now. Laurence, I almost forgot to tell you that Bobby wants to see you before he leaves."

They all filed out of the room; but as Desmond held the door open for the two ladies, Mrs. Selwyn paused for an instant and glanced back at the silent figure on the bed, watched over by the portrait hanging above, and its living reproduction below. Her eyes, when they met his, had an awe in them which he comprehended through sympathy.

"It's — the most astonishing thing!" she exclaimed, when they found themselves walking down the corridor outside. "I don't know how it affects you, Rachel, but I don't mind confessing that it gave me a turn I haven't got over yet when I looked up and saw — it seemed as if I saw cousin Maria herself standing by the bed!"

"It was rather startling," Mrs. Creighton acknowledged; "and the reason why I didn't mention the resemblance to you was because I wanted to find if it would strike you as it struck me when I first saw the girl. I couldn't immediately place the likeness. I only knew that she reminded me of some one I had seen; but it flashed upon me who it was before I saw her again; and then — in that room —

in that white dress — well, the resemblance *was* simply amazing. No one who ever saw my brother's wife could have failed to be struck by it."

"Not possibly," Mrs. Selwyn agreed. "Who is the girl? Does anybody know anything about her?"

Mrs. Creighton shook her head.

"It hasn't occurred to me to inquire anything about her personally," she said. "Dr. Glynn simply recommended her as a good nurse, but I think she is a stranger in Kingsford. Didn't I understand that she was one of the passengers on your train, — the train that was wrecked, Laurence?"

Desmond, assenting briefly, was unable to refrain from adding that it was extremely fortunate for the other passengers that she had been one of them.

"No doubt she is a good nurse," Mrs. Selwyn remarked. "As I said to her a few minutes ago, I have had so much experience that I can tell at a glance whether a nurse is competent or not. She looks as if she would be admirably competent; but it is surely strange that she should have come to nurse cousin George. It almost makes one feel — er — a little superstitious."

"There is nothing to be superstitious about," Mrs. Creighton declared, in apparent forgetfulness of her own remarks to Desmond not long before. "Very likely we are fanciful. The likeness probably isn't as strong as we think. It may have been only the white dress and her standing under the portrait which made it seem so remarkable."

By this time they were descending the staircase; and Edith, who was with Selwyn in the hall below, caught the last words, and turned with a look of surprise to Desmond when he joined them.

"What are they talking about?" she asked. "Who was standing under a portrait in a white dress?"

"Miss Landon the nurse," he replied. "You know the portrait of my uncle's wife in her bridal dress which hangs over his bed?"

"That lovely picture? I should think I did know it well! It is the thing I should most like to possess in Hillcrest. But what has the nurse to do with it?"

A wild impulse to say what she had to do with it—in other words, to explode a bombshell in the family circle—seized Desmond. But, aware of the obligation which bound him to restrain this impulse, he only answered, a trifle shortly:

"Nothing, except that she resembles it strikingly."

"Resembles it,—resembles that picture? Oh, nonsense!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am not giving you my own impression," he said. "Naturally, that would be of slight value. But my aunt and Mrs. Selwyn were both so much struck by the likeness that they are discussing it yet."

"That doesn't signify much," Edith returned. "People often see resemblances in the oddest manner where they don't exist at all. I won't believe that a mere stranger, coming into the house by chance, can resemble my favorite picture. Why, that girl, as she is painted there, looks as fine and high-bred as a princess,—a very flower of aristocratic conditions! And to talk of an ordinary trained nurse resembling *her*!"

Wilder and stronger grew Desmond's impulse to speak,—so wild and strong, indeed, that he was forced to keep his lips closed to prevent his tongue from betraying him. And so it was Selwyn who answered the young lady's scornful words.

"But there are a good many trained nurses in these days who might be described as flowers of aristocratic conditions," he reminded her. "There's General Singleton's daughter, and Miss Brooke—one of the Brookes, you know,—and Miss Carteret—"

"I know," Edith cut him short impatiently. "But the fact that those girls have gone into nursing, partly under pressure of necessity and partly because it's a fashionable fad, doesn't make trained

nurses, as a class, other than people who, however estimable, are certainly not flowers of aristocratic conditions, and whose training tends to harden them in a very unpleasant manner."

"Oh, I say!" Bobby deprecated. "I really don't think that's the case—except with a few, of course."

"The stamp of their training—a training which must harden—is on them all," Edith insisted. "And, therefore, I'm positive that to talk of a resemblance between this nurse and that lovely picture is simply absurd."

Desmond looked at her quickly, and as she met his glance she was struck by the restrained excitement which it showed. But his manner was quiet enough as he said:

"You are so contemptuous of our opinions—of your mother's and Mrs. Selwyn's as well as of mine,—that I challenge you to come and see for yourself whether or not there is a likeness between Miss Landon and that portrait."

"Very well." She took up the challenge promptly. "Shall Bobby come also?"

"There's no reason why he shouldn't. And probably" (addressing Selwyn) "you would like to see my uncle?"

"I hadn't thought of it," Bobby answered candidly. "But I wouldn't mind seeing the nurse and the portrait; so, if you're sure I won't disturb the Judge—"

"He is unconscious, you know," Desmond remarked, "and can hardly be disturbed,—although it will be well to refrain from talking in his chamber."

"Are those the nurse's orders?" Edith asked. "I suppose she feels it necessary to assert her authority in some way. But, as a matter of fact, one could talk, if one liked, without the faintest danger of disturbing him. I was with him just before she came, and I know that it was impossible to rouse him in the least degree."

Having learned by this time that, despite her many charming qualities, Miss Creighton was not one with whom it was wise to argue, Desmond held his

peace, and, together with Selwyn, followed her upstairs. She led them into the Judge's sitting-room, where his great chair stood pathetically empty, beside his closed desk; and where Virgil, with face set in deep lines of sadness, rose from a seat by the window as they entered. Edith paused, hesitated, and looked interrogatively at Desmond.

"Perhaps we had better send and ask the nurse to come and speak to us," she said. "It is only courteous to recognize her authority in the sick-room before taking Bobby in. Virgil, will you go and tell the nurse that Miss Creighton would like to see her for a moment?"

Virgil, in well-trained silence, disappeared into the adjoining chamber; and there was a short interval, in which no one spoke, but in which Desmond, whose nerves were on edge, was unpleasantly conscious of Selwyn's tattooing on the back of a chair. Then the portière which hung over the door was drawn back, and Hester Landon entered. As the moss-green folds of the curtain fell behind her white-clad figure, throwing it into effective relief as she paused, Desmond was again struck by the impression of something cool, fresh and delicate — of all exquisite potentialities of healing — which she produced. He stepped forward quickly, before Edith could speak.

"You must pardon us for troubling you so soon again, Miss Landon," he said. "But Miss Creighton wishes to take Mr. Selwyn" (he indicated Bobby, who bowed in his best style) "in to see Judge Wargrave, and she thought it best to consult you before doing so. Edith, I believe you have not met Miss Landon?"

Despite her somewhat supercilious attitude of mind toward trained nurses, Edith was incapable of treating anybody with discourtesy. Indeed, according to the code of manners, in which she had been educated, courtesy was particularly due to one who was in any degree a social inferior. She thought Desmond's interference rather uncalled for, but her

manner left nothing to be desired in graciousness when she said:

"How do you do, Miss Landon? I have heard so much of you, of your noble work in the railway wreck, that I am very glad you have come to help us take care of my dear uncle. We would like to see him for a few minutes, if you are quite sure our presence will not disturb him."

"I am sure that your presence will not," Hester answered, with her quiet nurse's manner; "but it is possible that talking might disturb him a little,—at least, as Mr. Desmond knows, it seemed to do so when Mrs. Creighton and Mrs. Selwyn were here a short time ago."

"Yes," Desmond told Edith, "it certainly seemed so. We were talking about the—er—portrait over the bed, and he stirred as if our voices annoyed him."

Edith lifted her brows. She was plainly incredulous, but did not express her opinion.

"We will not talk at all," she assured the nurse. "Mr. Selwyn simply desires to look at him."

Mr. Selwyn, conscious of having no such desire at all, nevertheless murmured something which sounded like acquiescence; and Miss Landon, again drawing back the portière, invited them by a gesture to enter the chamber.

A moment later they stood silently grouped about the bed on which the recumbent figure lay, with so much majestic calm in the lines of the chiselled face, the quietly extended limbs, the folded hands, that the incapacity of illness was almost forgotten. For even in this extremity of physical weakness, the strong character, the dominant will, the keen intellectual force which had made Judge Wargrave throughout his life such an impressive personality, still asserted themselves, and still had power to inspire in those who saw him something so closely approaching to awe that even Bobby Selwyn, after gazing for a moment with a look of unusual gravity on his

countenance, drew back and whispered to Desmond:

"Seems incredible he isn't able to rouse himself. One can't associate the idea of incapacity with *him*! You feel as if he had will enough to do anything,—to open his eyes if he liked, and say something—er—conclusive, you know."

"I'm afraid," Desmond responded, in equally low tones, "that he has said something conclusive indeed. I wonder, by the by, what it was,—his last utterance? One would like one's last utterance to be noble and dignified, if possible; at least his should have been so."

"But last utterances aren't often, I believe," Bobby said; and then abruptly, in an unconsciously louder tone: "Oh, by George!"

Desmond seized his arm warningly, but he did not heed; he was staring at the portrait, and from it at the nurse, whose face turned quickly toward him with a look of admonition. But Selwyn lost the admonition in studying the resemblance which struck him with such overwhelming force that he forgot everything else.

"Never saw anything like it!" he announced in tones which rang through the silence of the hushed room. "It's simply astounding, how much alike—"

But the nurse's lifted hand now stopped his words. Judge Wargrave, at sound of that loud "By George!" had stirred, as if responding to the call of his own name; and when the strident tones went on, he opened his eyes. There was an instant's pause while the nurse bent over him. His gaze settled on her face and rested there—at first blankly, then gathering expression as the light of understanding came slowly into it. And then—while those who stood by, motionless as statues, held their breath in suspense—there followed a flash of recognition: the lips unclosed, the tongue seemed struggling to speak, and finally, with great effort, uttered one word:

"Maria!"

(To be continued.)

"They Shall Look upon Him."

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

FATHER WILLIAM EYRE, S. J. (1823-1898), hid many of his great gifts very successfully; being, for instance, much more ready to help others in their literary work than to put forward literary work of his own.* Many who lived with him and thought they knew him well would hardly have deemed him capable of writing a poem so pious and so pathetic as his "Thoughts after Benediction," to which he prefixed, as a second title or motto, *Et Clausa est Janua*—"The Door is Closed,"—recalling the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.†

They close the door! They hide from sight
The Lord of life and love and light,—
That God who, risen, took His place

Full oft 'mid friends that loved His Cross;
Then, in a moment, hid His face,

And left them mourning o'er His loss.

Yes! He, a while, was here in view,
Amongst us all, His chosen few;
Now He is gone, and leaves us sad,
Half sorry that we were so glad.

For joy is o'er:

They close the door!

And we, with Mary, in the gloom,
Weep by our Love within the tomb.

They close the door! Now all depart,
And leave the church with swelling heart;
While I from out my trance awake,

As one who was of sense bereft;
And once again my place I take

With friends on earth I deemed were left,
For I had thought me in the sky
With angels worshipping on high;
And some with harps made joyous sound,

* The sumptuous "Life of St. Ignatius," by Stewart Rose (the Countess of Buchan), was in great part his work. His anonymous version of Father Valuy's "Directorium Sacerdotale" is double the original in bulk and worth. He was theological censor of the *Dublin Review* during the editorship of Dr. W. G. Ward, when the censorship of that important periodical was by no means an irresponsible sinecure. His share of the great wealth of his father, Count Eyre, enlarged and beautified Stonyhurst College on such a scale as almost to claim for him the title of "founder." He ought not to be forgotten.

† St. Matt., xxv 10.

And some sweet incense waved around.

My dream is o'er:

They close the door!

But music's chimes, and fragrance rare,
To show what was, still flood the air.

They close the door! I feel too late
How hidden blessings round us wait;
For He was here, who is always

Our hope on earth, our bliss above;
Nor did I beg of Him to stay,

Nor thank Him for His gift of love.
My speech was not, "The day wanes fast;
My house, sweet Jesus, go not past!
With burning words my heart inflame;
In breaking bread teach me Thy Name."

No! All is o'er:

They close the door!

My God has vanished from my sight;
My sun is set, and all is night.

They close the door! Oh, how I long
For that glad day when I, among
Thy countless lovers, Jesus blest,

Shall see Thee without let or veil;
And, leaning on Thy loving breast,

That Presence praise which may not fail:
When Thou hast opened heaven's gate,
And all the saved shall on Thee wait,
To gaze on Thee for evermore!

For no one there shall close the door,—

No, never more

Shall close the door!

But we shall see Thee as Thou art,
And love for aye Thy Sacred Heart.

I fear it is coldness of heart that has made me sometimes almost resent the exaggeration with which I have been disposed to charge these verses. Why should the worshipper feel such a difference when our Sacramental Lord, who came forth to receive our homage and to give us His benediction, allows Himself to be placed again within His prison, and the door of the Tabernacle is shut,—*et clausa est janua?*

But may not this sense of reaction be really felt without any pretence or exaggeration? I can imagine a very devout and loving heart finding such delight in the rite of Benediction that, when it is over, the change of feeling would almost

be such as this holy priest describes. The faithful gathered together by a special summons, the flowers on the altar, the many lights, the music, the silver and gold and crystal, the monstrance, the tabernacle unlocked, our Eucharistic Saviour raised on His throne to be seen by all, the *Tantum ergo Sacramentum*, the rising clouds of incense, the *Panem de celo*, and the prayer *Deus qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili*; and then, after many secret acts of faith and love and adoration in the hearts of the assembled faithful, our hidden Saviour, with the help of the uplifted arms of His priest, is raised to bless all the people—men, women, and children—kneeling there (*cernui*) "with heads bowed down,"—all this is to living and loving faith a spectacle inconceivably more pathetic, more thrilling and more solemn than when the Sovereign Pontiff gives the Blessing *Urbi et Orbi* from the *loggia* of St. Peter's.

Happy they who have "an insatiable appetite for Benediction,"—as I once heard remarked of the good people of Limerick. What graces must be bestowed during this sacred rite! What contrition must be excited in many hearts! What holy resolutions must sometimes be inspired during these blessed moments, which are indeed moments of benediction!

This sensible devotion is not necessary to make our prayers and spiritual exercises profitable to our souls and pleasing to God. But it greatly strengthens and consoles us; and that we have not more of it is generally our own fault. Now, what is it that God often makes the occasion of these special graces, these thrills of inspiration, this increased warmth of devotion? It is frequently the open manifestation and exhibition of the sacramental species under which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is really present in His humanity and His divinity.

Benediction opens with a brief Exposition, though we generally reserve this latter term for a church function which places the Host visibly before us during

a longer space of time, even many hours. The Church does this to exercise our faith, to stir up our fervor, to gratify the devotion of the faithful. Therefore it would be wrong to yield too far to that feeling I have hinted at, as if it were the same thing to have Jesus near us whether we see Him or not. The Church's mind is shown by her granting an indulgence for the mere act of looking devoutly on the Host when elevated after the Consecration. Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., with his wonted erudite ingenuity, has discovered in this the reason of one of the ceremonies of High Mass — namely, that torchbearers come in and kneel behind the priest during the Consecration, and depart immediately after. He remarks also that for this purpose, in order that the white Host might be seen more clearly against a dark background, the custom has in some places prevailed of drawing a dark veil above the altar behind the chalice at the most solemn crisis of the Mass.

There are some nuns whose beautiful vocation is to adore perpetually our Eucharistic Lord exposed amidst a blaze of lights above the convent altar.

They spend their lives before His Throne,
God seen by Faith alone,—

His own, His own!

Through half the night and all the day

They pray, they pray, they pray,—

Oh, happy they!*

When for some reason this perpetual Exposition may be suspended for a little time, these souls feel lonely and as it were orphaned, because, although their Lord is still near them within the tabernacle, they do not see Him as they are wont under the Eucharistic disguise.

A writer in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament* (New York) refers to a remarkable passage in the "Revelations of St. Gertrude," which shows how acceptable to God is this longing to see the Sacred Host, while it illustrates also the drawing which devout people mostly have to gaze intently on the Blessed Sacrament. She

was divinely instructed that 'as often as a man gazes with desire and devotion on the Host, where the body of Christ lies hid sacramentally, so often does he increase his merit in heaven; and that, in the future vision of God to all eternity, there shall be to him so many special and congruous joys as the times that on earth he gazed with desire and devotion on the body of Our Lord; or, which is greatly to our present purpose, when he so much as desired to do so, and was reasonably hindered from doing it. Hence Lancelotti gives it as one of his special devotions for the Octave of Corpus Christi to try to hear Mass where you can see the Host lying on the corporal; or, if this be impossible, to look intently at It in the monstrance. So necessary in Christian things is familiarity in order to reverence.

Yes, loving familiarity does not conflict with true reverence. The reverence that shrinks from familiarity, and does not desire nearness and union, is not the reverence that God wants from His poor human creatures on whom His Heart is set. We must beware of any trace of Jansenism in our awe and reverence for the Eucharistic mysteries. That arid and desolating heresy strove to keep the faithful away from the familiarity which Jesus sought for specially in this device of His love. We, on the contrary, must strive to give Him what He wants: "Child, give Me thy heart!"

These thoughts have clustered chiefly round the holy rite of Benediction. They may end with a suggestion which some might find useful in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament. As there is a Spiritual Communion as well as a Sacramental Communion, might we not at some of our Visits try to receive Benediction spiritually? Let us go through the preliminary acts in imagination — repeat some of the Benediction hymns and prayers,— and then, bowing our heads and adoring our Hidden Lord, whose very disguise is hidden from us, let us beseech Him to bless us and those for whom we are moved

* Written at Drumshanbo, County Leitrim, Ireland.

to pray,—the members of our household, our relatives and friends, our city, our country, our people, the Universal Church, and the Sovereign Pontiff at its head; or else some individual soul,—some one whom we know to be in trouble, some poor sinner, some one who may be at that moment struggling with a terrible temptation, or some one who may be passing through the dreadful ordeal of death. Unselfish prayers of this kind might help us to find more practical interest and consolation, less dryness and dulness and vacancy, than we perhaps experience sometimes, even when kneeling before the Tabernacle.

Rose Denham's Easter Hat.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

ROSE DENHAM opened the solitary letter that lay beside her breakfast plate. It contained a printed notice that her story had won the weekly prize of one guinea, and a post-office order for that amount from the editor of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*.

"O dear!" the little woman cried. "How lucky! And I never really expected it! Now" (triumphantly) "I can buy that hat for Easter!"

Three or four times during her modest breakfast of toast and tea did Miss Denham read the slip of print from the *Ladies' Own Magazine* and examine the post-office order. Twelve years previously, Doctor Denham's daughter had been considered the prettiest girl in Cirencester, and not even a fair share of work and worry had yet robbed her of her good looks or her cheerfulness. At Doctor Denham's sudden death, it was found that he had made no provision for his daughter. His practice had not been particularly lucrative, and he had been generous and careless in money matters. Two or three friends came forward to offer Rose a home, but the girl had preferred to be independent. She had received a good

musical education, and decided to try to earn her living as a music teacher.

Chance brought Rose to the small market town of Burnham; and for the first years of her residence there she had succeeded in obtaining a fair number of pupils. But, as time went on, the girls of Burnham became, as elsewhere, more engrossed in outdoor sports and pastimes. Perhaps, too, Miss Denham became a little bit old-fashioned. At any rate, the pupils fell off; and at the time when she received her guinea from the editor of the *Ladies' Own Magazine* her financial position was not of the best. True, Rose had inherited from her mother a trifling annuity which sufficed to pay her rent; she was not in debt; and she had five or six sovereigns stored away toward any emergency,—but that was all.

Spring had come; the shop windows of the town displayed many novelties in ladies' clothing. Rose was aware of the battered appearance her hat presented, and she had paused more than once before a shop window which displayed a remarkably pretty hat that was purchasable for fifteen shillings. Yesterday Rose had sighed as she passed that particular window on her way to a pupil's house. But now she could not be accused of undue extravagance if she ventured on buying a new hat. "And I have had my old hat four years!" Rose said to herself as she prepared to go out.

Even in the old hat and well-worn navy-blue costume, she looked younger than her thirty-five years demanded. Her fair hair was plentiful and untouched by grey, her lips curved readily into a smile, while her eyes were blue and bright. She walked briskly to the post-office, exchanged her order for a sovereign and a shilling, and made her way to the shop where that particular hat was for sale. Womanlike, she paused outside for another look at the article.

"It is very pretty," she said to herself, "and trimmed with good taste. I had a hat something like it the year before

poor father died. Phil Brand admired it."

Rose sighed. Philip Brand had been her father's assistant; but some time previous to Doctor Denham's death, Brand had gone to Germany to study some branch of surgery. Rose had been not a little disappointed that he had failed to send any word of sympathy or condolence to her in her sorrow. In her own simple, girlish way, she had made an idol of the clever young Doctor. He had seemed so eager to help the sick and poor, so tireless in their service, so gentle and patient with suffering of all kinds.

While Rose gazed at the hat and thought of the past, a woman, pale and wild-eyed, drew near, and cautiously inserted her hand into the pocket of the navy-blue jacket. Rose turned hastily, to find her shabby purse in the woman's hand. No one else was near.

"Oh," she said, "that is my purse!"

The woman drew back with a low cry.

"You won't give me in charge? Oh, don't! I am mad and miserable."

"Give you in charge! To the police, you mean? No, no, poor thing! I should not do that in any case. And you look wretched and ill."

The woman burst into tears.

Then Rose did one of the kindly, impulsive things that helped, perhaps, to keep her youthful.

"There!—don't cry. See, there are people coming! Walk with me toward the church. It is quiet."

So Rose and the woman paused underneath a big elm that grew in front of an ancient church.

"Now," Rose said gently, "tell me what is wrong with you."

"It is my husband. He was ill, and was sent to one of the London hospitals to undergo an operation. And one of the nurses has written to me that he is dying. I want to see him, and I have no money,—not a shilling. I saw you put the money in your purse at the post-office, and I followed you. Here is the purse. I never stole before." (The

woman again broke out into weeping.)

"I wanted to see my poor Jim so much!"

Rose took a quick resolution.

"You shall see him. There are twenty-one shillings in the purse. Keep it."

"Keep it!" the woman echoed.

"Yes."

"Oh, God bless your kind face! And if I live I will pay you back. What is your name, please?"

"My name is Denham."

The woman slowly repeated the name.

"My name is Lizzie Jackson. Jim and I belong to Burnham, and I know your face. I have seen you at times. Oh, God bless you, Miss Denham! But, maybe"—the woman's eyes surveyed her companion's well-worn clothes,—“maybe you need the money?”

"Oh, not particularly!" Rose answered.

"And now you had better hasten. A train leaves for London soon."

Later that day, while Rose Denham was engaged in retrimming her oft-retrimmed hat, Mrs. Jackson presented herself at the door of a large London hospital. By a lucky chance, a tall grey-eyed man was in the hall as she mentioned her name and business.

"James Jackson's wife!" the man exclaimed. "Well, that's lucky! Let me see you!" He surveyed her sharply. "I am Doctor Brand. Your husband has been operated on, and, in spite of all efforts, is sinking. Don't cry" (impatiently). "He's dying, I believe, simply because he won't make an effort to live. Did he care very much for you?"

The woman did not resent the question.

"He did!—he did!"

"Well, come with me. I am deeply interested in the case. The first operation of the kind, you see. Keep quiet and calm. Your voice, your presence may have a good effect on your husband. Urge him, encourage him as best you can to live. Come!"

Mrs. Jackson followed the surgeon to a private ward of the great hospital. A doctor sat at the patient's bedside,

his hand on the sick man's wrist. Two uniformed nurses were also present. One of them, at a sign from the surgeon, removed Mrs. Jackson's outdoor garments.

"Now talk to him," Doctor Brand said.

The woman knelt down by the bed.

"Jim!" she said in a quiet, penetrating voice. "I am here. You must get well,—you must get well! Jim, I am Lizzie, your wife. You must get well,—you must get better. Do you hear me, Jim?"

The keen eyes of the surgeon saw a scarcely perceptible stir of the white eyelids; the hand of the doctor by the bed felt a faint flutter of the man's pulse.

"Go on!" Doctor Brand said.

"You must get better, Jim! I couldn't live without you, dear! I am lonely and very poor. But God is good, and you will get better. Listen! I had no money to bring me to London, but I met a kind woman,—oh, what a good woman! She gave me money to fetch me here. And she was poor herself,—not so poor as I, but poor, I know. God bless Miss Denham!"

Doctor Brand's attention wandered for a second from the patient.

"Miss Denham?" he questioned.

"That was the name." (The woman did not turn her head.) "Jim, do you hear? Don't die,—don't die! Try to live, and you and I will pay her back."

Again there was a flicker of the sick man's eyelids, a stronger beat of the pulse. Doctor Brand gave a whispered order to one of the nurses, who approached the patient and held a teaspoon to his lips. The Doctor by the bed spoke.

"The pulse is certainly stronger now."

Three days later, when James Jackson was on the way to recovery, Doctor Brand drew Mrs. Jackson into a small room as she was about to leave the hospital after her daily visit.

"Tell me about that Miss Denham—how she looks and where she is living," he asked.

Mrs. Jackson did so, and Doctor Brand lost no time in going to the small provincial town where Rose Denham resided. As he stood outside the door of the lodging-

house, Rose herself opened the door.

"Rose!" he said.

"Phil!" Miss Denham ejaculated; and the two stood gazing at each other till Rose recovered her presence of mind. "Won't you come in?" she said.

And in Rose's shabby sitting-room the famous surgeon explained how he had been lying seriously ill in a foreign hospital at the time of Doctor Denham's death. On his recovery, he had visited Cirencester, and found that Rose had disappeared, leaving no address.

"I have been trying to discover your whereabouts ever since. I always meant to ask you to be my wife, Rose," Doctor Brand said. "Will you marry me now?"

Rose's answer was an affirmative; and on her wedding-journey she wore the Easter hat she had been gazing on when Jim Jackson's wife stole her purse.

The Price.

BY M. H.

FOR the joy set before thee,
 The cross;
 For the gain that comes after,
 The loss;
 For the morning that smileth,
 The night;
 For the peace of the victor,
 The fight.
 For the white rose of goodness,
 The thorn;
 For the spirit's deep wisdom,
 Men's scorn;
 For the sunshine of gladness,
 The rain;
 For the fruit of God's pruning,
 The pain.
 For the clear bells of triumph,
 The knell;
 For the sweet kiss of meeting,
 Farewell;
 For the height of the mountain.
 The steep;
 For the waking in heaven,
 Death's sleep.

An American Monastery.

A DISTINGUISHED English convert visiting the United States writes as follows of the Franciscans of Santa Barbara, California. Our readers will be interested in his impressions of an American monastery, and grateful to the friend who shares the letter with them.

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Knowing how anxious you are to learn of the impressions which I am forming respecting Catholic life and activity in this great country, I send you a brief account of my visit to Santa Barbara, California, and of the thoughts and feelings which are uppermost in my mind. Such thoughts are best and most accurately expressed while the impressions are still fresh in the mind, and while no change in external environment can tend to weaken and modify them.

Of the Old Mission itself, its foundation and history, it will be unnecessary for me to speak, as you are probably better acquainted with it than I am. It is bound up with the life and work, with the trials, difficulties, and triumphs, of the Church in this country. One realizes here what God has accomplished through the zeal and devotion and self-sacrifice of those early pioneers who planted the Faith in these lonely wilds, and who turned a very desert into a garden of roses. I do not think that we, in this modern age, can form an adequate idea of what they have endured, and over what difficulties they have triumphed. The record of their labors is written in letters of gold upon the pages of American history, and the beauty of that writing the Last Day only will disclose. We can but thank God for that gift of grace which set these human forces in operation, and which, through such humble and simple instruments, accomplished such great things.

Santa Barbara stands as a memorial of a great and heroic time, and as a testimony to the constraining, wonder-

working power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of the great Church of the Redeemer. One can not live in this old Franciscan mission without being impressed with the romantic side of the Catholic religious life, and with the wonderful way in which the Church adapts herself to the needs and requirements of the modern age. And it is this aspect of the matter which presents so many features of interest to my own mind.

We have here a perfect and natural union between the spirit of the past and that of the present, and in this union we recognize the marvellous potency and elasticity of the Catholic Faith,—its power to meet the changing needs of every succeeding age, while preserving intact its spirit and integrity. Indeed, it presents us with a complete refutation of the many objections which moderns are so apt to advance against the work and mission of the religious Orders in these days, and which have such weight with superficial and half-instructed minds.

If anybody imagines that, in this old Franciscan monastery, he will find evidence of stagnation in the matter of the religious or intellectual life, a crowd of ignorant and narrow-minded friars who live in the ideas and spirit of the past, and who neither know nor care what men are thinking, who are preserving and inculcating impossible and Old-World methods of thought and of life,—such a one will find himself greatly mistaken. I doubt very much whether any secular priest is so well-informed and up-to-date, and so accurately acquainted with the movements of modern thought, as these brilliant young friars at Santa Barbara, who devote their lives to the training of the young, and who pass their days in the isolation and seclusion of the cloister. The wonder is that they can achieve so much, considering the conditions under which they live, and the inevitable social limitations which the rules of their life and Order lay upon them. But the problem is solved when one comes to

live amongst them and has an opportunity of penetrating beneath the surface and the mere outward appearance of things.

They are pre-eminently men of deep and solid piety, and of strong and fervent faith. It is not that kind of faith which seeks for compromise with the spirit of the times, which senses danger in every new phase of science or philosophy, and which fears to look modern problems and difficulties in the face. It is the faith which rests upon calm confidence and inward assurance,—upon that sense of certainty which fervent and constant prayer, joined with accurate philosophic thought, alone can impart. It is the faith which vividly and constantly realizes the things unseen and eternal. These Franciscans know the difficulties of the times as well as they are known by other educated and thoughtful men who are in immediate touch with the intellectual life of their age. They have read the books which reflect that intellectual life. They are acquainted with the problems which in these days confront the Church. They are in the habit of carefully weighing and considering them; and their splendid philosophic training enables them to lay their fingers upon the flaw in a plausible argument or to refute the claims of a scientific proposition. They are intelligent and careful students of our great modern thinkers; they have a wonderful knowledge of Newman's writings and of our modern religious and secular literature; and they are thus in a real sense in touch with the thoughts and speculations of that world from which the conditions of their life of necessity exclude them. It is immensely instructive and interesting to observe all this; and I feel that it is an aspect of our Catholic life to-day of which little is known in the outside world, and respecting which the most absurd and false ideas are apt to be entertained.

And there is about these men a wonderful kindness, courtesy, and tactfulness, which they have certainly not acquired in the school of the world, and which

is therefore manifestly the product of the operations of divine grace in the soul. They seem to know, and instinctively to interpret, one's feelings, ideas, sentiments, and prejudices; and, as a consequence, there is a large and generous charity in their treatment of the guest and the stranger. Their piety is simple and true and sincere, but it is never obtrusive; a restraint, a sweet reasonableness, seems to be its very keynote. One must love and admire these men, who have surrendered so much, and who, amidst environments such as theirs, have developed such splendid traits and characteristics. But how different is all this from what the world imagines and believes! How mistaken is its judgment respecting the conditions and possibilities of the religious life in the modern age!

There is, connected with the Old Mission, St. Anthony's College, in which a number of boys receive their education free of charge, and from which the ranks of the Franciscan friars are recruited. This college is beautifully situated; it has good and airy class-rooms fitted up with modern requirements; and there is about the boys that quiet and subdued air which suggests the spirit which animates the institution, but which is far removed from anything approaching mawkishness or morbid piety. They have their outdoor games and exercises—baseball, tennis, and sea-bathing,—but regulated in such a fashion that the main aim and purpose of their life and work are not lost sight of. All the teaching at the college is done by the young Fathers, set apart and trained for their work; and very hard and trying and often, I am sure, monotonous work it is. But all is accomplished quietly and unobtrusively, and there is an entire absence of that fuss and flurry which characterizes so many secular educational institutions. Each man knows his work, and goes about it quietly, and performs it for the good of men and the glory of God.

Less than half the students educated

at St. Anthony's College give clear proof of their vocation to the sacred priesthood; more than 50 per cent, therefore, receive a splendid education, entirely free of charge, and take with them into life the wholesome lessons which they have learned at Santa Barbara. I venture to think that the good Fathers need have no fear as to the future of those boys. I am confident that the impressions formed at a place like this will prove to be permanent ones, and will not easily be effaced in after years. Will these boys ever fully realize, I wonder, what they owe to these quiet religious, to these kind and simple-hearted men, who give themselves so unreservedly to their great work?

It is difficult to realize that all this is going on without endowments and without regular and settled sources of income,—that the entire work of the Franciscan Fathers here is being maintained by the gifts and alms of the faithful. It is with them, in the strictest sense, a living from hand to mouth; and one is distressed to think that there are often empty coffers, and, as a consequence, troubled hearts and restless nights. I am told that frequently the last cent has been spent, and no one knows how further means are to be obtained. Special prayer is then made to God, and there is often relief from immediate care and distress. Would that one could free these men, or induce others to free them, from that ever-recurring care and anxiety!

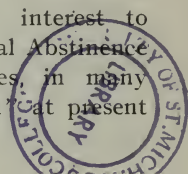
I shall be leaving Santa Barbara to-morrow; but I am leaving it with a grateful heart; for it has not only given me both bodily and spiritual refreshment, but it has taught me many a useful lesson. I feel that it has been good for me to have been here, and that I am a better man for having come in contact with these good Fathers. I pray with all my heart that God may prosper them and their splendid work, and that, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life, it may be my good fortune to meet them again.

A Wise Decision.

EVERY member of the League of the Cross before being admitted into the society takes this pledge: "I promise, with the help of God's grace, in honor of the Sacred Thirst, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and to discourage the use of them as much as possible." Past experience and present conditions have convinced many members of the League in Sydney, Nova Scotia, that, until there is a radical change in public sentiment, no law absolutely forbidding the sale of alcoholic liquors as a beverage can be permanently enforced in that city with any degree of success. They are, moreover, convinced that a good license law, carefully regulating the sale of such liquors, would materially assist in lessening the evils arising therefrom. The members in question have accordingly asked their Bishop, Mgr. Cameron, of Antigonish, whether, in the event of a good license law's being submitted for their approval, they can, consistently with their League of the Cross pledge, co-operate by their vote or otherwise in granting such a license law.

One can readily understand with what indignation the average high-priest of Prohibition would regard such a question, and with what emphasis he would return a negative answer. We are glad to see, however, that Bishop Cameron has taken the common-sense view of the matter. He replied that "the members of the said society are free to co-operate by their vote or otherwise in granting license law, if in their opinion the circumstances demand it, and such license law is calculated to control and regulate the sale of intoxicating drinks more effectively than absolute prohibition."

This decision may be of interest to members of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in the United States, in many parts of which "local option" at present is a burning question.



Notes and Remarks.

The robust common-sense of the *Presbyterian Standard's* (Charlotte, N. C.) attitude on the question of capital punishment in this country will commend itself to a very large number of Americans:

Apart from the Gospel, nothing would work more for the salvation of the country than a number of well-conducted, well-considered, and well-timed hangings. Be it understood that we want no hangings by mobs, made up for the most part of brutal ruffians. . . . The kind of hanging that would do good is where a capital offence is clearly proven against a man of some standing, who has money, and who has employed shrewd and unscrupulous lawyers to exercise their talents to the utmost to defeat the ends of justice. There are plenty of opportunities for such hangings,—opportunities that are going to waste. Opportunities of this kind are afforded by men who have killed their wives,—killed them with circumstances of aggravated cruelty; and by men who tote a pistol around to defend their honor, and who have killed men to avenge a petty insult. . . . Let us have some hangings that will mean something,—that will make the man who is capable of taking the life of his fellow think seriously about how it would feel to have a halter around his neck and his feet dangling in the air with no support in reach. Such seeming cruelty will be a great mercy toward the innocent.

Without at all questioning the sincerity or the sanity of the opponents, on principle, of capital punishment, it is allowable to remark that spurious sentiment plays altogether too prominent a rôle in the United States murder cases; and we reiterate our personal opinion that an increase in speedy legal executions would effect a notable decrease in illegal lynchings.

As a terse and quite adequate characterization of some varying types of Americans, this, from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, is worth reproduction:

For a first-class snob commend us to C. H. Fowler, of Springfield, Mass., who has written a letter to the *Republican* of that city to the effect that Olive Fremstad, the singer, once did housework for his family in Minneapolis. For a sensible woman, with delicacy of feeling, com-

mend us to his wife, who said, when asked about the statement, that she regretted her husband had written the letter; that she wished Mme. Fremstad every success, and that she had nothing further to say about the matter. And for a prima donna with sane American views of real worth, commend us to Olive Fremstad herself, who replied, when the letter was brought to her attention: "Of course I worked for his family. What dishonor is there in doing so? I worked hard and at the same time trained my voice, and I think I should be given all the more credit for my success."

So say we, with the incidental remark that if the Springfield person finds himself very generally considered a cad, he has only himself to thank for it.

It was clear-headedness and kind-heartedness, along with so thorough an appreciation of the gift of Faith as to make him deeply desirous of communicating it to others, that rendered the late Father George Angus so successful a controversialist. If he failed to make his readers see and feel as he did, his words, far from causing resentment, invariably made a favorable impression and disposed outsiders to hear him again. His power of expression was remarkable; he could say the same thing in fifty different ways, all striking. From a characteristic article by him, published in the same number of the *Tablet* which records his death, we quote the following extracts:

As regards the doctrinal revival in Anglicanism, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that this revival prevails amongst a section of Anglicans only, and that in the Church of England there are several "schools of thought." Indeed there are, as regards doctrine, many open questions. Baptismal regeneration, the Real Presence, the sacrifice of the Eucharist; confession, prayers for the dead, prayers to the saints,—all are held and taught, and at the same time are not held and taught, by Episcopalians. That is, they are true and not true. Even supposing our advanced friends gain leave to wear, by authority, vestments which they now wear without authority, how does that improve matters? Have they got authority to teach, as part of the "faith once delivered," the verities which I have just mentioned? And, if they have, what of the other clergymen who refrain from teaching such verities, and deny

that they are verities at all? We hear a good deal of "better understandings" between the Orthodox East and the Anglican West. My belief is that if the Orthodox East better understood the Church of England, she would say of her pretty much what Catholics are obliged to say—however disagreeable it is to have to say it. Tell us, she might observe, what you *all* hold, not what some here and there hold, and some here and there do *not* hold; and explain to us why you have quarrelled with your legitimate Patriarch, the Bishop of Rome, and why you are not first reconciled to him before you seek communion with us? Something like this was indeed said to Mr. Palmer, of Magdalen, when he went to Russia, and coquetted with the Russo-Greek Church, which he found to be as stiff and unbending as that Catholic and Roman Church of which he happily became a member. . . .

One can not praise too highly the many labors of love, the zeal and self-sacrifice of devout and devoted Catholic-minded Anglicans; while, at the same time, it is impossible to be too severe upon their ecclesiastical standing. While such a position is tenaciously maintained, how can we look for, or even think of, reunion? And, in view of such an illogical position, surely the wearing or non-wearing of vestments, and the eager discussions concerning such matters, seem at least to partake of religious frivolity; and, if this be too harsh a judgment, may we not say that much time and labor are wasted regarding things which, taking other matters into consideration, are not of supreme importance? .

Serious-minded Anglicans who read Father Angus' article, which was suggested by the discussion on ecclesiastical vestments at the recent meeting of the York Convention, must feel that many disputants among them are like giddy schoolboys playing marbles when they ought to be studying their lessons.

The ubiquitous correspondent asks the episcopal editor of the *Fargo Bulletin*: "What do you think of baseball games on Sunday?" And Bishop Shanley replies:

The question is blunt enough, and, in view of actual happenings, a little hard to answer. In a future number of the *Bulletin* we shall give the Catholic teaching on the observance of the Sunday. At present our correspondent must be satisfied to know that baseball games and other obstreperous sports on Sunday are decidedly bad. If Catholic boys will persist in

the practice of playing ball on Sunday, as an organized ball club, they are most urgently requested to call their club by some name that does not in any way connect them with the Church.

We particularly commend this last sentence to the attention of parish organizations of all kinds. The startling incongruity between the name of the parish or church and the particular function—minstrel show, dance, whist party, raffle, or what not—may not be remarked by those concerned; but the incongruity exists, notwithstanding.

Apropos of athletic sports in general, football and baseball in particular, our young people might do worse than reflect occasionally on this declaration of ex-President Roosevelt:

You ask me to speak about vigor of body. I believe in it for its own sake. I believe in it still more as an aid to vigor of mind, and, above all, to vigor of character. But I do not believe in it at all if it is made an end instead of a means, and especially if play is permitted to become the serious business of life.

A paper that might well form an appendix to a volume of pastoral theology is Dr. Walsh's article, "The Physiological Psychology of Scruples," in the current *Ecclesiastical Review*. The average confessor will find it illuminative in a variety of ways; and the ordinary victim of the scrupulous habit would derive, we think, undoubted benefit from its perusal. Here, for instance, is a paragraph that is worth meditating by a goodly number of unfortunate individuals to whom life—and more especially the spiritual life—is a constant agony:

Patients must be made to realize that their condition, whether it refers to over-solicitude with regard to duties in ordinary life or duties in the spiritual life, is really morbid and due to functional disturbances in their mode of action. They must be made to see that their doubts are unreasonable, and that decided effort of their own will is needed in order to overcome the tendency to revert to doubts about everything that they do. Above all, for those who are bothered spiritually, it must be made clear that there are many similarities

between their condition and ordinary nervous patients; and that they are enjoying no special favor of spiritual trial, nor, on the other hand, suffering any special persecution from unseen powers. This putting of many phases of the subject of scrupulosity on the plane of the merely physical and psychic at once simplifies the matter, and encourages scrupulous individuals to overcome their troubles.

Scruples are often, no doubt, a trial sent by God, just as is sickness; and of course whatever God wills is for the best. It should be remembered, however, that some evils — sin, for instance — God can not positively will, but merely permits. To characterize as "the will-of God" an illness which a person has contracted through deliberate exposure or criminal indulgence is to misuse terms; and occasionally, perhaps, scruples are less a trial from God than a self-willed affliction.

The late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett was gifted with an exceptionally good memory, and during his schooldays at Downside was brought into contact with men of strong personality; nevertheless, one is surprised to learn how deep were the impressions made upon him while still a mere boy. The following passages of autobiography, quoted from the *Downside Review*, should have very special interest for Catholic parents, priests, and teachers:

On the last day of August, 1849, my mother took me to Downside. I completed my ninth year a few days after. . . . The first event which made a lasting impression on me took place on 'All Saints' Day, 1849. The sermon was preached by Dr. Coombes, who was then nearly eighty-four. He was born in 1766, had been brought up in France, and was already in Holy Orders at the time of the Revolution. He had known many victims of the Reign of Terror. During that wild time he came to England; and at Bath, in the spring of 1797, he made the acquaintance of Burke just as that statesman was passing from the scene. Dr. Coombes, in the year 1849, was almost, if not quite, blind, and had to be led to the place in the chapel whence he addressed the boys. In remembering All Souls, he told us the story of the September massacres in Paris, of the death of the Princess de Lamballe, and described in vivid detail some of the

scenes which took place at La Force, at the Châtelet, and at the Conciergerie. That sermon interested me beyond measure, and the effect has never been obliterated. It led me to the study of history, — one of the chief pleasures and largely the occupation of my life. . . .

In the early part of my time, there were two men of very remarkable personality. These were the Rev. M. Hodgson and the Rev. Benedict Blount. They shared the fate of reformers who appear before the hour for reformation has come. Up to the year 1854, ecclesiastical history, however, was taught extremely well. My teacher was the Rev. A. Bulbeck. I look back with deep gratitude to the instruction I received from him. It is no exaggeration to say that when I was about fourteen there was not a single boy in my class who could not give an intelligent account of the evolution of the doctrine of the Incarnation, of the proceedings of the first six General Councils, and who was not fairly acquainted with the history of the Papacy and with the leading controversies which agitated the mediæval world.

The conversion of Sir Rowland's father, which restored a branch of the Blennerhassett family to the Fold, causing much rejoicing among the Catholics of England and Ireland, was the sensation of the hour. Sir Rowland was buried at Downside, where his Catholic life began. He was well known as a writer, especially on foreign politics. He was an Inspector of Schools in Ireland, 1890-7; and President of Queen's College, 1897-1904. Three years ago he was created an Irish Privy Councillor.

Unimpeachable testimony as to the signal merits of one band of our foreign missionaries is borne by the Governor of Uganda (Africa). In a letter to the *London Times*, he writes:

I recently had occasion to visit the refuge that the White Fathers have established for the unfortunate "Sleepers" at Kisoubi, not far from Kampala. As soon as it became known that this malady was so infectious that its victims were cast out of the villages, these worthy missionaries, heedless of all danger to themselves, gathered together a great number of the poor outcasts and devoted themselves to the care of the sufferers. These afflicted beings were received, fed and nursed by the missionaries without any distinction of religion or condition. During the last five years they

have kept constantly in their hospital a hundred poor "Sleepers," and borne all the expenses of their support. The five hundred who lie at rest in their cemetery are, alas! a proof of the inefficacy of the remedies by which medical science has sought to stamp out the disease.

A pendent to the foregoing may be expected to appear, a few months hence, in the African letters of the strenuous American, who will by that time have probably had personal experience of the self-sacrificing lives of priests, Brothers and Sisters in the wilds of the Dark Continent.

A curious coincidence noted by a recent writer is that the same district should have been the home of Calvin, the so-called Reformer; Rousseau, the revolutionary; Voltaire, the greatest of infidels; and St. Francis de Sales, the gentlest of saints. There is no end of such strange things in life. The Blessed Curé of Ars bore a striking resemblance to the Sage of Ferney, though no two persons that ever lived could have been more unlike in character. Celebrity also occasions strange comparisons. The "types of the saintly life" described in a book thus entitled, by a Protestant author, which came under our notice last week, are Marcus Aurelius, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, John Bunyan, Mrs. Fry, and President Garfield!

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, ex-M. P., has been in his time an entirely frank and an occasionally acrid critic of the political tactics of the Irish clergy; but he distinctly declines, we are glad to notice, the rôle of disgruntled Catholic assigned to him by the discredited Rev. Dr. Horton, the Convent-Inspection monomaniac. Writing recently to the *London Daily News*, Mr. O'Donnell said:

Dr. Horton has done me grave wrong in introducing my name as a witness against monastic institutions. I have never written a line against any institution of my Church. My writings against certain abuses in Ireland dealt entirely with evils resulting from the political relations which have lasted for more than a century

between the British Government and the political priesthood....

At the same time, allow me, as a Catholic, to protest indignantly against the intolerant insolence of some recent references to Catholic convents in Great Britain. A convent is at the least a co-operative society, and I am not aware that religious principles diminish its rights. The presence of large numbers of refugee sisterhoods is a reproach to foreign persecution, but not a justification of British inhospitality. The Rev. Dr. Horton has before him an immense field of "female celibacy" to reform and regenerate. By the time he has dealt with the thousandth part of that awful and horrible evil, he will possibly have learned enough to induce him to reverè the halo of sanctity with which the Catholic Church surrounds the virgins who follow the Lamb.

Social conditions in most English (as other) cities, and presumably in Dr. Horton's own London suburb of Hampstead, give the foregoing advice a point as unmistakable as it is keen.

The Rev. Doctor Joseph Hocking has been seeing visions and dreaming dreams of the British Lion's squirming beneath the oppressive heel of Romanism. Those pestiferous English Catholics have (in Mr. Hocking's mind) "captured the press."

No fewer than ninety-two of the leading newspapers of Great Britain were represented at the recent Eucharistic Conference, and the story of the Conference in such papers as I have seen was told in terms of warmest eulogy. I do not hint that there is any collusion between editors of newspapers and the Roman Church, but the Roman Church has seen that representatives of its creed are on every newspaper. The Romanists have gone far to capture the press of England.

Anent which ridiculous assertion of Mr. Hocking, a working journalist writes in the *Catholic Times* of London:

I am confident — and I feel quite sure every pressman extensively familiar with journalism in England will agree with me — that if any religious leaders could be said to have captured the English press — I do not think it can be truthfully said the representatives of any creed or creeds have captured it — it would be the Nonconformist cleries. Catholic members of the staffs are comparatively few; and, no matter how great their capacity, they receive hardly

any of the higher positions. Even in the big Lancashire cities and towns, the number of Catholic reporters and sub-editors, not to mention editors, is far from equalling the proportion of Catholics to the population.

As for the specific occasion mentioned by the Nonconformist firebrand, the *Times* contributor says:

In closing too soon — for I have much more that I should like to say, — a word about the Eucharistic Congress. Mr. Hocking suggested that all the newspapers received colored reports from Catholic representatives. Well, I attended the Eucharistic Congress, and was astounded to find that the reporting for the news-agency, which supplies the vast majority of the daily papers with reports, was done by Protestants. If ever there was work that required technical Catholic information, it was theirs; and to one of them who sat near me during the Greek service at Westminster Cathedral I expressed my sympathy in his difficulties. He made no secret of them nor of his Protestantism. So much for Mr. Joseph Hocking's veracity.

But the most severe rebuke to Mr. Hocking and Dr. Horton, his *alter-ego*, that we have seen appears in the *Daily News*; it is from the pen of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. His letter is too long to quote entire,—besides, some portions of it are for English readers; the following paragraphs, however, will show the drift of the argument:

Dr. Horton and Mr. Hocking seem to have two main accusations against the modern press. The first is that the facts about Catholicism are mentioned; the second is that the facts about Catholicism are not mentioned. Touching the first of these charges, there is surely nothing that needs explanation. That Catholicism should be often mentioned is as natural as that America should be often mentioned; it is a very large thing. What would Dr. Horton say of me if I complained that the United States, with extraordinary cunning, got itself alluded to in many magazines, encyclopædias, and atlases? He would reply that a man talking freely can hardly help mentioning America. Neither can he help mentioning Europe. And Catholicism simply means Europe for one thousand years, and half Europe for nearly two thousand. Such an institution could not hide if it wanted to; it is like recommending social self-effacement to an elephant. You do not say that the Eiffel Tower has been very successful in getting itself admitted into most photographic views of

Paris. If Rome bulks large in newspapers (which has not been proved), it is not because of Rome's cunning and perfidy nor because of Rome's courage and wisdom. It is because Rome, both pagan and Christian, must bulk large in the mind of any intelligent man.

The second count is not gossip about the Catholics, but silence about them, — the alleged suppression of "anything unfavorable to Catholicism." Though not the most commercial of men, I am worldliness itself compared to Dr. Horton, and I will give him upon this point the plain answer out of Fleet Street. If it is true that London editors and sub-editors are by this time somewhat shy of printing anti-Catholic scares, it is for the practical reason that they so often turn out to be untrue. The truth is quite the reverse of the present accusation. It is not that some fact is found against Catholicism but is not published. It is that it is published and is then found not to be a fact. This has been the history of a hundred expositors of Romish evil, of the dirty half-wit "Maria Monk," of the fugitive profligate Achille, and numberless others. So when Dr. Horton says sternly to the practical sub-editor, "You have not had enough anti-Popery revelations in your paper," the practical sub-editor laughs, and says: "Thank you! We have had quite enough."

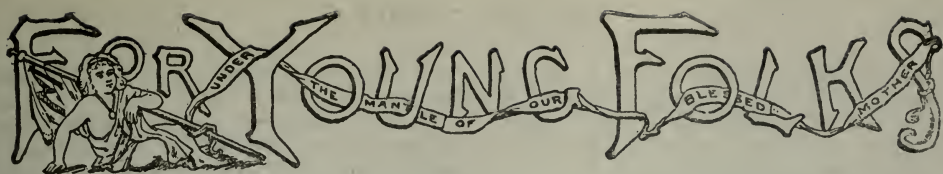
Senator Root, of New York, is one of the inconsiderable number of North American public men who adequately gauge the merits and demerits of the peoples occupying the southern portion of this hemisphere. At a public banquet some time ago he said:

The far greater part of the distrust or ill-feeling of the South Americans toward the United States comes from the haughty and disdainful conduct of the North Americans in their relations with the Latin-Americans, who are polite, genteel, sensitive, and endowed with a vivid imagination.

Commenting upon which tribute the *Southern Cross* appropriately remarks:

During his stay among us in Buenos Aires, Mr. Root's personal qualities and his winning eloquence made him extremely popular. His friendly reference to South America will no doubt be appreciated here, because, whether it means much or nothing, the kind word is always more pleasant than the harsh one.

And the true word, be it added, is more judicious as well as more pleasant than the false one.



A Cross Word.

BY VIRGINIA McSHERRY.

A cross word once spoken, a coach and six horses can not bring it back.—*Chinese Proverb.*

THREE little maidens as happy as sunbeams
Out in a garden were playing one day,
When suddenly something as black as a raven
Flapped its wings round them, and Joy fled
away.

On the grass and the trees and the bright summer
sunshine,

On the birds and the flowers, the shade seemed
to fall.

What do you think could have caused the
commotion?

A cross little word was the cause of it all.

Homeward it followed the three little maidens;

One cross little answer of course led to more,
And babies were crying and people were scolding
Wherever the crossness had darkened the door.

Some one must stop it, the cross little answer;

The farther it goes the more harm it will do.

A cross word once spoken can not be o'ertaken,
Not if a coach and six horses pursue.

A little bird sat in old apple tree,

And the tune that he whistled the little maids
heard:

"There's one way to bring back a cross little
answer.

To stop it, send quickly a kind, loving word."

"I am sorry indeed," said the first little maiden,
And so said the second and so said the third;
And they made up their minds without losing a
moment

To send after the cross one a kind, loving word.

Then the sunshine came back to the birds and
the flowers;

For the kind little message they put on its track
Had soon overtaken the cross little answer

That a coach and six horses could never bring
back.

The Queen's Promise.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—A HAPPY DAY.

EARLY a year had passed since,
that blessed message of peace and
pardon had echoed like strange
music over Blackstone Ridge,—music
which Father Davis had voiced into words
of counsel and warning that reached
every listener's heart. As soon as it was
possible, "papa" had taken Kitty away
for a bright, brief holiday with Jeanie
Riggs and her gay crowd; and then she
went back to St. Ursula's for a school year
that seemed to her, in contrast with the
past, the happiest, brightest she had ever
known. And now it was summer time
again. "Commencement" was over, and
Kitty was speeding across the mountains
with a glad holiday party that filled the
parlor car with chatter and laughter and
girlish glee.

There was Jeanie, who was to spend
part of her vacation with Kitty; Loulie
and Carrie Vane, who were travelling to
their grandmother's mountain home,
under Captain Dillon's care; Phil and
Letty Markham, who had been obliged
to wait the closing of school this year
instead of flitting before time with the
younger children to the "Lodge." And,
with papa in command, it was a jolly
crowd indeed that feasted and frolicked
as they sped across the sunlit heights on
their holiday way.

There was one faint shadow to dim
Kitty's joy: they were to stop for two
days at Blackstone Ridge, Captain Dillon
having important business with his
brother. With her memories of gloom
and horror of the place—memories that
still haunted her in troubled dreams,—

Kitty dreaded the visit. She had written dutifully and affectionately to Uncle Dave, and received several stiff replies, assuring "Niece Katherine" of his slow but sure recovery, and informing her that the Works were in operation again and all things satisfactory.

And Kitty would have been glad to drop all acquaintance with the Works at this "satisfactory" point, and never see Blackstone Ridge again. But papa wished to stop on their way to the mountain springs where they were to spend the happy summer, and Kitty was too loving and unselfish to speak of the creepy horror that still chilled her young heart when she thought of Uncle Dave's home. No doubt papa, who could read his little girl's face, saw the light of relief that came over it when Phil and Letty begged that all the young people should stop for a night with them.

"We will all drive over to the Ridge in the morning," said Phil.

"Very well," Captain Dillon answered, with a smile. "Make it a morning visit, then; night is a little gloomy even yet at Blackstone Ridge. I'll go on ahead this evening and stir up Uncle Dave."

And so it happened that, after a hilarious visit to the Lodge, where the summer jollifications were in full swing, Kitty found herself again rattling along the "Injun trail" in Phil's pony cart, through the brightness of the summer morning, on her second visit to Blackstone Ridge. Jeanie and the rest of the party were to join them a little later on. It was a gay drive; still, laugh and chatter as she might, something of the old chill stole back upon Kitty as she neared the turn of the road that led to Uncle Dave's grim domain.

But, as she reached it, she gave a startled little cry. Rows of whitewashed cottages stood on either side of a smooth cement way, each cottage with its tiny patch of green before the door; the new Works stretched airy, spacious, and well-built, across the Ridge; the old smoke

banners were mere silvery mists against the clear blue sky.

"O Phil," gasped Kitty, "this can't be Blackstone Ridge!"

"It's nothing else," replied Phil, who was doing his share of staring. "Dad said your uncle had made some changes; but, my! I didn't look for anything like this."

And, quite speechless with surprise, the newcomers drove on over roads in which the cinders and slag had been smoothed under concrete, where ashes and rubbish had been cleaned away, and the mountain breeze swept at its own sweet will; for the new Works had been constructed for light and air as well as fire and smoke. Broadening into a handsome carriage way, the road turned toward Uncle Dave's house. The iron-spiked gates were down; the new gates swung lightly between stone pillars, bearing urns filled with growing vines; the black cinder path was a gravelled carriage sweep, circling a grassy lawn. Kitty felt she must surely be asleep and dreaming, until there came a glad shouting and barking from the old cedars; and crooked Tim stumbled out, with his Buddies leaping at his heels.

"Boss, Captain, they're come! *She* is come, mam,—little Missy is here again!"

And Cripps, her hickory-nut face now stretched into a smile, came hurrying from the back porch.

Papa flung open the door; Uncle Dave, paler and greyer and thinner than of yore, stood on the threshold with his hand outstretched to her. And so, in a glad, bewildering tumult of welcome, Kitty was at the grim old home again.

Even in the house everything was different. Sunlight streamed through the once dark windows; the sweet-faced mother, with her two boys, again smiled over the dining-room mantel; old silver, put away for years as "nonsense," shone on sideboard and buffet, and there was a new set of china wreathed in rosebuds.

"O Cripps!" exclaimed Kitty, when she had time to take breath and give Cripps

a good hug in the kitchen, "everything is so changed!"

"Changed!" chuckled Cripps, grimly. "Land, I should say so, child! Dave Dillon ain't been the same man since that night he lay under the cedars. And it's you that did it."

"I!" exclaimed Kitty,—"I, Cripps!"

"You, child, and nobody else," repeated Cripps. "The way you stuck by him, with me begging and praying for you to go off; the way you nursed and watched him and prayed over him, with death and fire and danger all around you! It got to him, child,—it struck right down into his flinty old heart and touched some spring, that has been running ever since. And the way he's taken to my Tim," added Cripps, her face softening into a mother-smile,—“the way he's taken to that poor, crooked boy is just amazing. He made Tim tell him all about the book-learning you gave him last summer, and the catechism stories; and he said, though *you* were the best teacher he knew, he would try and keep the lessons up. And so Tim's going next year to some Brothers' school, where they'll look after him, Father Davis says, and make him as good a man as if he was six feet tall. And your uncle is going to pay for him just as if he were his own born son."

"Yes," said Tim, who, while waiting for his dinner, had followed her into the kitchen, and was feasting his eyes on his restored little Missy, "we've all been trying to 'mend our lives' since you left. Boss says that's what you whispered in his ear when he was lying there most dead. He ain't never forgot the words. 'We'll have to mend our lives, Tim,' he says, 'before that little teacher of ours gets back.' And Father Davis comes up now and preaches three times a year; and, betwixt them and the new houses and the short shifts at the Works, the men are quiet as lambs. Buck Benson won't trouble them any more; for that there shot he got from the soldiers last summer turned on his lungs, and he died.

But I forgave him beforehand, as you said, little Missy,—I forgave him good. I wrote it down with my own hand and sent it to the hospital, with six oranges and a jar of mam's apple-sauce. And Anita has chirked up and got married to one of her own Dagos, that treats her all right. Yes, everybody up here has mended their lives," concluded Tim, as he proceeded to attack the bacon and cabbage with which mam had filled his plate. "They've mended their lives, sure."

"Well," said Uncle Dave, as Kitty returned to the porch, where he and papa were smoking their after-dinner cigars, "you find things a little brighter than they were last summer, Niece Katherine?"

"O Uncle Dave, yes!" answered Kitty, as she sank down on the step at his feet. "Oh, I would never have believed Blackstone Ridge could be so nice!"

"Then perhaps you won't mind giving us a day or two," said Uncle Dave. "Tim told me that you once said that you would like to give a picnic at the Ridge,—turn all hands loose for a holiday. We'll do it to-morrow."

"O Uncle Dave!" exclaimed Kitty, wondering if she could believe her own ears. But the grim old face to which she lifted her eyes wore a smile that made it look almost like papa's.

"To-morrow," repeated Uncle Dave. "The holiday was promised three months ago; but the men agreed to wait for your coming, Niece Katherine. It will be the first holiday given at Blackstone Ridge, and it shall be given in your name."

"And we'll make it a rip-roarer to be remembered forever; won't we, Kitty?" said papa, jubilantly.

And the holiday that followed was indeed one to be remembered forever at Blackstone Ridge. All night long there was the pleasant hum of preparation, and by morning busy hands had done their happy work in the fashion of the sunny lands across the sea. Flags and pennants fluttered from every available point; arches of pine and cedar and mountain-

laurel spanned the road and gateways; old holiday garbs had been brought out, and men and women were gay in jackets and sashes, kirtles and bodices unused for years; while all the brown-faced little children were in white, wearing wreaths of wild flowers. The first morning train brought a Sicilian band, in pointed hats and red jackets; and ten white-capped waiters in charge of a car load of refreshments,—huge freezers of ice cream, and crates of berries, and mounds of frosted cake, to say nothing of the solids which would appeal to the sturdier appetites.

But before the "rip-roaring fun" which papa had promised began, there was a sweeter celebration. Standing at her uncle's gate, with her father, Uncle Dave, the Markhams, Jeanie, Loulie, and Carrie, who had all come over from the Lodge, Kitty looked out on what seemed a very beautiful Old-World picture. Forming in double lines, the little white-robed children leading the procession, the holiday makers came along the new-made roads from the silent Works, where the smoke wreaths curled far away in silvery mists against the summer sky. The Sicilian band marching behind, struck a familiar strain; and then, in full, rich chorus, rose the *Ave Maria*, swelling like a wave of blessed harmony over rock and ridge and height; childish trebles, girlish contraltos, manly tenors, — all upbearing the blessed chant. Kitty and Jeanie took up the well-known words that to them were household music. Judge Markham, papa and Uncle Dave, even Cripps, fell into line as the procession marched on and on, under the fluttering flags and laurel arches, round the bend of the Ridge to the mountain paths, widened and cleared into a broad roadway, and leading to the grassy nook where the Falls leaped in rainbow spray from the rocks, — the green level where Kitty had taught, and Tim "learned."

And there, there — Kitty felt it must all be a beautiful dream, — there, as if it had grown out of the rocks, stood a little stone chapel, just finished, even to the

gilded cross on the spire, and the sweet-toned bell swinging beneath, — aye, even to Father Davis standing in his white robes at the open door. And as the procession passed in, still singing, papa paused and put his arm around his little daughter.

"Our gift, Kitty," he said, — "yours and mine; our thank-offering to the good God for all He has restored to us. Uncle Dave added the spire and the bell that shall sound its call of love over the mountain ridge."

"In your name, Niece Katherine," added Uncle Dave, hastily, — "in your name. You've taught me a deal I never tried to learn; and I thought if there was any way of keeping up that teaching of yours in this Ridge, I would go in for it."

"O Uncle Dave," murmured Kitty, realizing all this blunt confession meant, — "dear, dear Uncle Dave!" And, for the first time in her life, Kitty flung her arms about Uncle Dave's neck and kissed his rough cheek. "I do love you, Uncle Dave!"

"There, there!" said Uncle Dave, much abashed at this public demonstration. "You haven't seen the best of things, little Niece Katherine. Tim told me the story of the rose slip you brought to Blackstone Ridge, — the rose that folks say was once a thistle bush. He brought it here last spring and planted it out."

"And just look at it, Missy!" cried Tim in triumph. "Just look at it! See how it's grown!"

Kitty looked. Deep-rooted in its sunny shelter, sending its new green shoots up in every direction, already wreathing the quaint, arched window of the little chapel, the "Queen's Promise" stood white with fragrant bloom.

(The End.)

An Easter Symbol.

The peacock, with its train displayed, symbolizes the Resurrection and our souls' immortality; its appropriation as the emblem of worldly pride is comparatively modern.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have just added to "Everyman's Library," an admirable selection as a whole, "Everyman, with other Moralities, and Three Miracle Plays."

—The late Dr. H. M. Luckock, one of the best known Biblical scholars among Anglicans, is referred to as a strong advocate of prayers for the dead. He was the author of a popular book entitled "After Death."

—The impression that Erasmus was an advanced Protestant—a sort of Harnack—is still general among people who ought to be more enlightened. One of the last to express this erroneous notion is the distinguished ex-President of Harvard College. It needs only an acquaintance with Erasmus' writings to refute the idea. "He was a cultivated Catholic scholar," says the *Athenæum* (March 27), "not a concealed Wycliffite."

—One of the most welcome of new books is the revised and cheaper edition of "The Imitation of Christ," set forth in rhythmic sentences, according to the original intention of the author. The translator, who modestly withholds his name, gives us the gratifying assurance that no passage has been smoothed over, toned down, or omitted, merely to suit the particular tenets of any school in the Christian Church." The book is arranged in such a way as to furnish reading for a year. Mr. Elliot Stock, publisher.

—That singing is taught in all schools is evident from the number and variety of song books offered by purveyors to the army of young folk under training. The American Book Co. offers two excellent books for the use of teachers and pupils,—namely, "Aiken's Music Course," and Johnson's "Songs Every One Should Know." They are excellent compilations, and both include only the best in words and setting. Aiken's work embodies elements of instruction with the songs; and Johnson's collection is suited for general as well as school use.

—The obituary of the week includes the name of a well-known Catholic editor—the Rev. David V. Phalen, of the diocese of Antigonish, N. S. Under his able management, the *Casket* has been a great power for good among non-Catholics as well as Catholics throughout the Province. Its opinions on religious, literary and educational subjects always commanded respect and were frequently quoted by the press of Canada and the United States. Father Phalen was a model priest—as pious, humble and self-sacrificing as

he was learned, honored, and efficient. His example of patient suffering and unremitting toil, of willingness to live and work, and of perfect resignation to die, will long be remembered by all who were privileged to know him. *R. I. P.*

—A pamphlet of thirty-two pages, containing as much genuinely useful instruction, interestingly presented, as can be found in many a pretentious volume fifty times its size, is "Marriage," by the Rev. John Charnock, S. J. (London C. T. S.) For young men and young women, and their parents as well, no better penny's worth of reading is available. Here is a specimen paragraph:

A great evil of our times is that the young girl of to-day knows little of womanly duties. Many spend their day now in work which was formerly done by men; and, when they return home at night, hold themselves exempt from learning household duties,—from what it becomes them to know as women. How mischievous this is, their own future and future generations will learn. A self-respecting, sensible girl will love home, and will set herself to learn the all-important science of housewifery,—how to lay out her money, and how to make home a *home*, and herself a useful woman. This she will hold her paramount duty, infinitely more important than shopkeeping or typewriting.

—By the death, last week, of Mr. F. Marion Crawford and the noble Polish lady best known as Helena Modjeska, we lose a distinguished novelist and a celebrated actress. Both had been in ill health for a long time and resignedly awaiting the end, which came with the blessings and peace of Holy Week. They will be sincerely mourned by a host of friends and admirers in many lands. Mr. Crawford was a convert to the Faith, which he cherished with deep devotion, making manly profession of it on numerous fitting occasions. He was a gentleman of charming personality—simple, amiable, affectionate and unaffected. He was most admired by those to whom he was best known. Madame Modjeska is referred to by her intimate friends as the most womanly of women,—one who was not less beloved than admired, and who honored her religion even more than she graced her art. *R. I. P.*

—Francis Thompson's remarkable essay on Shelley, just issued in book form by Messrs. Burns & Oates, affords a striking illustration of the ill fortune of authors and the obtuseness of editors. Originally written for the *Dublin Review* in 1889, but unaccountably returned to the author, the precious manuscript was thrown aside and apparently forgotten. Found among his effects after his death, it was again offered to the *Dublin* and warmly welcomed by the new

editor. Its publication was an event in the literary world, the extraordinary merit of the essay being recognized at once by all lovers of letters. For the first time in the history of the review, a second edition of a notable number was demanded and exhausted. Thus did the work of a dead author become the chief glory of the periodical which had dishonored it nineteen years before.

—The news of the death on the 17th ult. of Father George Angus, of the archdiocese of St. Andrews, Scotland, an old and valued contributor to the *London Tablet*, often quoted by us, has caused deep and widespread regret. Though sixty-seven years old and in feeble health, his friends had somehow counted upon his living a long time yet, and were shocked to hear of his sudden death. He was received into the Church thirty-six years ago by another convert priest; but such were his character and disposition that he never lost the affectionate regard of his oldtime associates, who referred to him as "a good fighter and a good friend." Many of them, including clergymen of all denominations and professors of the University of St. Andrews, were present at his funeral. Father Angus understood as only a convert can the prejudices and misunderstandings of those outside the Church, and by his writings did much to remove both. His death is a distinct loss to the Church in English-speaking countries. *R. I. P.*

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1.
 "Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.
 "Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.
 "Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert. 15 cts.
 "Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.
 "Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

- "The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.
 "Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.
 "Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingen. \$1.50.
 "Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.
 "The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.
 "Dangers of the Day." Mgr. John Vaughan. \$1.
 "Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.
 "The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.
 "The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Rev. D. Chisholm. 3 vols. \$4.50.
 "How I Came to Do It; or, The Celibacy of the Clergy." Rev. J. Blackswite. \$1, net.
 "The Dark Night of the Soul." St. John of the Cross. \$1.50.
 "The Boy Savers' Guide." Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. \$1.35, net.
 "Pilgrim Walks in Franciscan Italy." Johannes Jørgensen. 80 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Bradley, of the diocese of Baker City; Rev. George Angus, archdiocese of St. Andrews; Rev. John P. McCloskey, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. David V. Phalen, diocese of Antigonish; and Rev. Stanislaus Betz, O. F. M.

Mr. Walter Weld, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Michael Dunn, Mr. John J. Patterson, Mme. Helena Modjeska, Mrs. Thomas Horan, Mr. John Austin Woods, Mr. Peter Joyce, Dr. Henry Pasko, Miss Mary Collins, Mrs. C. A. Tiernan, Mr. Augustine Schneider, Miss Olive Clair, Mr. Thomas Carlin, Mr. William Elliott, Miss Mary A. Keane, Julia Hamilton, Mr. John McGovern, and Mr. Joseph Weber.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Dougherty, Philippine Islands:
 Friend of THE AVE MARIA, California, \$20;
 Friend, San Francisco, \$5.
 St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:
 M. J. and M. O'C., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Guiding Stars.

BY JOSEPH I. BREEN.

AS when of old, 'neath soft Judean skies,
The Wisemen wondered at the heavenly Star
Which had so strangely caused them to arise
And follow, silent, where it led afar,
To stranger lands where smiled the Victory won,
The Dreamed of Ages, God and Man as one;

So do I marvel that your tender eyes,
So full of childish love and modesty,
Can guide me safely when, 'neath darkened skies,
Temptation, luring, smiling, whispers me,—
When sin with silent scorn and mockery
Would blind my eyes to Christ and Calvary.

What England Owes to Ireland.—A Retrospect.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ACCORDING to a well-known modern writer, "It is with the landing of Hengist and his war-band at Ebbsfleet, on the shores of the Isle of Thanet, that English history begins." And, despite the physical changes which have taken place since the fifth century, the prominent features of the country remain practically the same; so that, in the misty grey-green level of the present Minster Marsh, it is easy to discover what was once a broad arm of the sea, separating Thanet from the mainland of Britain, through which "the pirate boats of the first Englishmen came sailing

with a fair wind to the little gravel-spit of Ebbsfleet." To the left, lie the broken ramparts of the ancient fortress of Richborough, and the town of Sandwich; for now the older sea channel has been replaced by tracts of marshland. To the right, "the white curve of Ramsgate cliffs looks down on the crescent of Pegwell Bay."

There is a certain charm in the somewhat desolate scene; but the place noted for the landing of Hengist is more noted still as the landing-place of Augustine, who, at the head of his band of monks—"strangers from Rome," as they were called—set foot, in 597, on the very spot first touched by the English conquerors more than a century before.

Preceded by a silver cross and a picture of "the great King, our Lord Jesus Christ," the missionaries entered Canterbury; and thus, in a short space of time, that "earliest royal city of German England became the centre of Latin influence." But, great though this influence undoubtedly was; though the Christian Faith brought back civilization, art, and letters; though union with the Western world was renewed, and "the Latin tongue became again one of the tongues of Britain, the language of its worship, its correspondence, its literature,"—yet very soon an even greater influence made itself felt throughout Western Christendom.

The older Celtic race, that Roman and German had swept before them, had accepted Christianity with an unparalleled outburst of enthusiasm. Ireland, the fair Green Isle, so soon to become famous for

her saints, received the Faith from the lips of her great apostle, St. Patrick, with quite extraordinary fervor. Her conversion was whole-hearted and complete; the new life within her surged up with strong and ever stronger force, till, like a mighty river, it broke all boundaries, and swept in a tidal wave of missionary zeal over the countries of Europe.

It must be remembered that, at this period, in Italy, Gaul, and Spain, the vigor of Christianity was exhausted in the bare struggle for life, whilst Ireland was unvisited by invaders. Letters and arts seemed to spring up like flowers in the path St. Patrick trod. Not only were incredible numbers converted to the true Faith, but young men and maidens eagerly embraced the religious life. Monasteries were founded, and became centres of science and Biblical knowledge. Learning fled from the Continent and took refuge in the famous schools of Ireland; Durrow and Armagh became the universities of the West.

Not fifty years after the death of St. Patrick, "Irish Christianity," we are told, "flung itself with a fiery zeal into battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world." If we sail the Northern Seas, we find an Irish missionary laboring amongst the Frisians; if we go amongst the lawless Picts of the Highlands, it is the same. In Yorkshire and Northumbria, St. Aidan wandered on foot, preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom. Another holy Irish priest, Boisil, led a little band of devoted missionaries to Mailros, that famous house of sanctity and learning which eventually developed into the Abbey of Melrose. St. Chad set out to convert the Mercians. "The canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name," observes a reliable authority, "another Irish missionary, before whom the spirits of flood and fell fled wailing over the waters of Lake Constance." Again, an Irish missionary, St. Columban, founded those monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines, whence

devoted men went forth to teach in countries near and far.

As a matter of fact, it was Irish missionaries like St. Fursey and St. Felix — the latter, though himself a Burgundian, doubtless owed his faith to St. Columban — who evangelized East Anglia. The good Burgundian Bishop's name still lives in the places called after him — Felixston and Flixton (Felixtown); and a careful study of the history of Christianity in England proves to demonstration that the torch of truth was borne by Irish hands into the most pagan strongholds; whilst literature, learning, even the very writing of the country grew and flourished under Celtic influence and in the monasteries founded by Celts. To return, however, to St. Columban.

It has been suggested that the stupendous labors of this saint in Northern Italy induced Pope Gregory the Great to attempt the conversion of the English in Britain. Be this as it may, the work of St. Augustine and his Roman missionaries in Kent soon began to suffer from the effects of that reaction which inevitably follows great religious results, especially when, as in this case, those results had been materially aided by the conversion of King Ethelbert, at whose death the pent-up waters of paganism once more broke forth.

Penda, the King of Mercia, saw, in the return to old beliefs, a means of furthering his own personal ambitions; hence the sudden appearance of Mercia as the champion of the heathen gods. Northumbria, on the other hand, under its new King, Oswald, flung itself into the struggle. In 635, Oswald gathered around him a small force, near the Roman Wall; and, setting up the Cross as his standard, held it with his own hands till the hollow in which it was placed was filled in by his soldiers. "Then, throwing himself on his knees," it is related, "he cried to his army to pray to the living God." Victory eventually remained with the Christian soldiers. Cadwallon, the Welsh King, fell fighting

on "Heaven's Field," as the spot was afterward called; and the point for us is that it was the influence of Irish missionaries which nerved Oswald to this struggle for the true Faith.

"On a low island of barren gneiss-rock, off the west coast of Scotland, an Irish monk, St. Columba, had raised the famous monastery of Iona. Oswald, in youth, found refuge within its walls; and on his accession to the throne of Northumbria he called for missionaries from amongst its monks."

St. Paulinus, one of those who followed St. Augustine from Rome, and who is usually known as the Apostle of Northumbria, on account of his great labors there, and his conversion of King Edwin, had been obliged to withdraw on the fall of that King; and now Irish priests were once more to step into the breach. It is interesting to find, from a pious tradition, that St. Columba is said to have assured King Oswald of the victory he would gain over the Welsh army.

St. Columba, who has been named the Apostle of the Picts, was born in the county of Tyrconnel, and from earliest childhood his thoughts were fixed upon that fair country whose wonders "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." He gave himself entirely to God, practising the severest bodily austerities, such as fasting all the year round, lying on the bare ground, with a stone for his pillow, and so forth; yet all the while the calm sweetness and graciousness of his young face bore outward witness to the inward grace which urged his soaring spirit upward and onward, making him count all sufferings and difficulties light, because for him it was in very truth "no small matter to lose or to gain the Kingdom of God." Often he longed to die, desiring in all sincerity, like the Royal Psalmist, to fly away and be at rest in his celestial home; and when, four years before he died, angels in a vision made known to him the fact that, in answer to the prayers of his brethren, his death had been deferred four years,

he wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged!"

Despite these aspirations—this heavenly homesickness,—however, the saint never let the thought of the hereafter allow him to grow weary in well-doing here on earth. He was untiring in good works during the whole seventy-seven years of his saintly life; and when, in 565, his zeal having offended King Dermot, he departed for Scotland, he labored in his new sphere with almost incredible energy. History tells us that he not only founded a hundred religious houses there, but wrought marvellous conversions amongst the Picts, "who, in gratitude, gave him the island of Iona,"—that hallowed spot, forever to be associated with his pure name. There he raised his famous monastery, the school of so many apostolic missionaries and martyrs,—the mother-house from which were to spring so many other noble abbeys in Britain and throughout Europe.

At last the hour of his release came. On June 9, 597, when in choir, surrounded by his spiritual children, he remarked to his disciple Dermot: "This day is called the Sabbath,—that is, the day of rest; and such will it truly be to me; for it shall put an end to my labors." Then, having knelt down before the altar, he received Holy Viaticum, and immediately after "slept sweetly in the Lord."

Closely associated with King Oswald in the evangelization of Northumbria was another Irish monk of the island of Hy, or Iona—St. Aidan,—of whom passing mention has already been made. This noted missionary threw himself heart and soul into the arduous task of converting the barbarous Northumbrians, whose obstinate paganism might well have deterred a less zealous preacher. He went from place to place, the King acting as his interpreter until he had mastered the English tongue.

King Oswald himself, it will be remembered, attained a high degree of sanctity, and is commemorated on the 5th of

August. He "loved much to sing Office" in choir with his Irish monks, we are told; and "after Lauds would remain through the night in prayer." His charity won all hearts; and, assiduous as he was in his religious duties, he never on that account neglected the needs of his subjects. Together he and St. Aidan journeyed from village to village; the latter everywhere urging the faithful to frequent the sacraments, and the heathen to give alms and do good works. At the same time his Christlike sweetness, meekness, and humility were such that, though he rebuked the powerful with all the fearlessness of his priestly authority, "none ever took offence"; and his converts rapidly became noted for the fervor and austerity of their lives, even the laity fasting on Wednesday and Friday during the greater part of the year.

St. Aidan, it is scarcely necessary to state, fixed his episcopal See at Lindisfarne; and from the monastery there founded by him preacher after preacher went forth, all glowing with the fire of that divine love which prompted them to carry Christ's message into the heathen realms surrounding them. So great was the sanctity of the missionary monks of Lindisfarne that the place soon became known as the Holy Island; and thence also sprang in later years those noble schools of piety and learning which covered the northern portion of Britain from the Tyne to the Forth.

"The meek shall inherit the land," says the Royal Psalmist; and truly Aidan, the humble Irish monk, won for himself vast possessions in the number of souls he brought out of the darkness of paganism into the glorious light of Faith. He was called to his reward in the year 631; and the vision of his pure soul ascending to heaven, accompanied by a bright band of angelic spirits, so inflamed the sensitive heart of St. Cuthbert, then a shepherd boy on the bleak upland (still famous as a sheep walk near Lauderdale), that he felt an overwhelming impulse to leave

all and enter a monastic house. This impulse did not pass, but, growing strong and ever stronger, crystallized into a resolute will toward the religious life; leading him, in spite of every obstacle, into the midst of those "untilled solitudes where a few Irish monks of Lindisfarne had settled in the mission station of Mailros" (Melrose).

Thus again, in the person of the Apostle of the Lowlands, as St. Cuthbert has been called, were the people of England indebted to the land of St. Patrick for the ever-widening and ever-increasing radiance of truth; for, though not himself an Irishman, St. Cuthbert owed everything to his training in Mailros. It was not until after thirty-four years of fervent religious life—"nine of which had been spent in eremitical solitude"—that, much against his own will, he was made Bishop of Lindisfarne, and began those evangelical labors which have made his name so famous.

Whilst the missionaries were journeying hither and thither, in their efforts to convert the peasantry, Northumbria saw a great number of monasteries spring up amongst its hills and valleys, perhaps the most noteworthy of them all being that of Streonshalh, where St. Hild—or St. Hilda, as she is generally known—placed her abbey on the high cliffs of Whitby, looking out over the cold grey waters of the wild North Sea. St. Hilda, who was of royal lineage, has been called the "Northumbrian Deborah." Even bishops and kings sought her advice; and "Whitby," to quote the words of a non-Catholic historian, "became the Westminster of Northumbria." Edwin and Oswi were buried within its walls, as well as many men and women of noble birth. The double monastery—(there were two entirely distinct houses, one for nuns and the other for monks, over both of which St. Hilda ruled) grew ever more and more famous. The sainted John of Beverley was amongst her scholars; and he, in his turn, when in the See of York,

founded a school which became celebrated for its learned men. No schools, indeed, were more famous than those of Jarrow and York.

Northumbria, by the middle of the eighth century, had become "the literary centre of the Christian world in Western Europe"; and the whole learning of the age culminated in the person of a Northumbrian scholar, a pupil of St. John of Beverley—Bede the Venerable, whose youth was trained and his long, tranquil life, so touching in its simple grandeur, wholly spent in Jarrow. He has been justly called "the father of our national education, the first figure to which our science looks back."

And to whom did this great English saint, theologian, scholar, and historian chiefly owe his fame? Undoubtedly and unquestionably to the tradition of the older Irish teachers, which first directed his young steps into that path of Scriptural interpretation which was later on to make his name illustrious. Granted that, owing to the constant journeys to Rome of St. Wilfrid and St. Benedict Biscop, materials for study had accumulated in Northumbria; granted also that the libraries which were forming in York and Wearmouth contributed to the same end,—the fact remains that the Venerable Bede derived, in the first instance, from Celtic sources, that special trend of thought which was eventually to develop in so wonderful a way; and which, leading him on and ever onward in the fascinating search for knowledge, made him while still quite young "master of the whole range of the science of his time."

In conclusion, a word must be said about another name famous in English history—the name of one of the greatest ecclesiastical statesmen and rulers, one of the greatest scholars and most gifted minds, Britain has ever produced,—a man whose genius built up a kingdom,—a monk who made his abbey the first seat of learning in the land. St. Dunstan "was educated," we are told, "by the Irish

monks of Glastonbury." To them he was, like the Venerable Bede, indebted for that all-important early mental training which ultimately made him one of the most striking figures in history.

The large and statesmanlike course which St. Dunstan pursued in the general administration of the realm; the deep interest he took in promoting all branches of knowledge, and in founding famous schools in the forty new abbeys he helped to raise; the extraordinary results he achieved in the cause of education; his care for commerce as shown in the laws which regulated the monetary standard, and the enactment of common weights and measures for the country,—these facts are too well known to need repetition here. But sufficient, we think, has been said to prove what a stupendous work Ireland has done for England in past ages; whilst in respect of the Faith, not alone in the past but equally to-day, has England to thank Ireland for the whole-hearted, selfless devotion of hundreds of missionary priests, both secular and regular, but for whose untiring and unceasing labors the seeds of divine truth would have withered away, and the light of the Catholic religion been forever submerged in the darkness of heresy and unbelief.

THE way to teach little children moral and spiritual realities, is by presenting these as realities and allowing the facts to precede and suggest the interpretation; just as, in the study of nature, the things go before the definitions, and the flowers and the stars are seen with the eye before botany and astronomy are read with the understanding. On this principle, a true and genial home-life is better discipline for the child than any lectures on domestic economy; and a broad and earnest church-life is far better than bodies of divinity or libraries of ecclesiastical history.

—*Samuel Osgood.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XVIII.

"It is," said Dr. Glynn, "one of the most gratifying things I have ever known that the Judge should have recovered consciousness in any degree so soon."

He spoke to Mrs. Creighton, on whom, however, his cheerfulness did not appear to have an entirely reassuring effect.

"But, Doctor," she demurred, "how about his mind? That was perfectly clear as soon as he rallied at all from the other attack. But *now*—you have heard that he imagines the nurse to be his wife!"

"An entirely temporary condition," the Doctor replied. "The mind has not altogether cleared yet, and therefore confuses persons as well as names; but I believe that it will clear—"

"And that he will be quite himself again?"

"W-e-l-l"—the word was drawn out slowly,—"perhaps not quite himself as we have known him. We could hardly expect that. But he will recover the use of his faculties to a certain degree; and it is not likely that he will continue to mistake the nurse for his wife. What a really remarkable resemblance, by the by, there is between Miss Landon and the portrait of Mrs. Wargrave! I scarcely wonder that, in his present condition, the Judge should confuse one with the other."

"There is a very strong likeness," Mrs. Creighton agreed. "Before he roused, we were all struck with it, and were inclined to think that it would be well for Miss Landon to go away, because we feared just what has happened—a shock to him."

"But there hasn't been any shock," the Doctor interposed positively. "On the contrary, the recognition of the likeness has had a distinctly stimulating and beneficial effect. Miss Landon spoke

to me herself about going away: she seemed to have an impression that you desired it."

"Oh, she is mistaken about that! Or, if I expressed any desire of the kind, it was only because I feared the effect of the likeness on my brother. But I always said we must ask you whether she should go or stay."

"I told her to stay; in fact, I would not hear of her going. In the first place, we could not replace her as a nurse without trouble and delay; and, in the second place, the Judge would probably miss her and be distressed and irritated. Anything likely to have that effect on him must be carefully avoided. If he is kept perfectly quiet in mind and body for a few days now, I have every hope that he may rally again."

"I am very glad to hear it,—very grateful!" Mrs. Creighton observed, in a tone of deep feeling. "It is more than I expected."

"It is much more than I expected," the Doctor frankly replied.

It was indeed a fresh proof of the strength and vitality of Judge Wargrave that, after his unexpected and somewhat startling recovery of consciousness, he did not again relapse into unconsciousness so deep that he could not be roused. There was, it is true, a difficulty in this rousing, as if the soul had withdrawn to some inner citadel of the senses, from which it came forth reluctantly and with an effort. But it did come forth when summoned by a voice that he knew. And to everyone except Desmond it was strange that no voice had such power to rouse him from the coma-like condition into which for several days he fell as soon as the demand upon his attention was over, as the voice of the nurse. That the only name his tongue seemed able to pronounce was that by which he called her—the name of the wife of his youth,—was, they agreed, not so strange; but his response to her voice was a matter of astonishment to all, and of distinct resentment to Edith.

"You would think," she said to Desmond, "that Uncle George would respond to the voice of some one whom he knows and loves rather than to that of a mere nurse. I don't—I really *don't* understand why this stranger should come in and take the first place with him in this manner."

"Oh, yes, you do understand!" Desmond told her. "You know it is because—"

"Of an accidental resemblance to his wife? Of course I know that; but, as far as I am concerned, I don't see the likeness as the rest of you do; and I don't think it accounts for the manner in which he responds to her voice."

"Perhaps there is a similarity of voice as well as of face," Desmond suggested, feeling himself the worst of hypocrites, since he was perfectly convinced that such a similarity must exist by inheritance.

"It seems to me more probable that it is merely the association of the voice with the face," Edith remarked reflectively. "But, in any case, it is strange and—disagreeable. I wish that Dr. Glynn had never brought the nurse here. There's really no need of her at all, and it is a pity mamma had not sent her away before poor Uncle George roused to consciousness and mistook her for his wife."

"Then you would have missed a very dramatic moment," Desmond observed. "I shall never forget how we all waited to see what would be the result of Bobby's exclamation,—holding our breath while my uncle opened his eyes and the light came into them as he saw Miss Landon. Then when he called her 'Maria!' in a tone such as I am sure no one but his wife ever heard from him before, one felt oneself wonderfully moved."

"I didn't!" Edith declared. "I felt disgusted."

Desmond could not restrain a laugh, although it was a trifle nervous.

"I believe that you are positively jealous of the nurse," he said.

"I am jealous for Uncle George," Edith returned,—*"jealous that he should*

be wasting his deep and rare affection on a mere—"

"You must remember," Desmond interrupted hastily, "that he is not wasting his affection at all. It is directed toward his wife, and not in reality to the nurse whom he mistakes for her. But you'll be glad to hear that the Doctor thinks this condition merely temporary, that in a little while he will probably know who she is."

"I shall certainly be glad when that time comes," Edith said, a little loftily. "I love and admire him so much that I confess I find the present state of affairs very trying."

Pondering these utterances, and others like them, Desmond presently took his way upstairs. The situation was so far a false one that he could not avoid feeling irritated by it; and this irritation was largely directed toward the nurse, although he had candor enough to admit that he was chiefly responsible for her presence at Hillcrest. "But I could not have expected *all this!*" he said to himself; by which vague expression he meant the universal recognition of her likeness to the portrait of Mrs. Wargrave, and the fact that his uncle's clouded mind had mistaken her for the grandmother she resembled. These things being so, he had an intense conviction that she should speak—or allow him to speak,—declare who she was, and take her rightful position in her father's home. Miss Creighton's slighting allusions to "a mere trained nurse" roused in him a deep sense of annoyance; for he could not lose sight of the fact that it was of Harry Wargrave's daughter that she spoke, of the—yes, of the rightful heiress of Hillcrest.

The last thought struck him like a blow, so that he positively paused and gasped over it. Of course she was, in justice, the heiress of Hillcrest; and yet—there was the Wargrave Trust; and there was his uncle's will, naming himself as the Wargrave heir! Fortunately, he remembered, people could not be forced to accept inheritances which they felt were not

justly theirs; but, again, neither could other people be forced to take such inheritances. And he had a strong conviction that nothing on earth would ever induce Hester Landon to take what was not explicitly given to her. "Oh, by Jove!" he muttered helplessly to himself, very much as Bobby Selwyn might have muttered; for the muddle of the situation seemed, on the surface, hopeless; and all that he was sure of was that the key—if key there were—lay in the hands of the girl of whom he was thinking.

A few minutes later he was standing by his uncle's bed, looking at those hands—white and slender, yet with capability expressed in every line—as they changed the pillows and performed other offices of a nurse about the patient. The manner in which the old man roused from his state of partial unconsciousness to acknowledge these attentions with a smile and a word or two of grateful appreciation was, Desmond thought, hardly less than pathetic in the light of the actual state of affairs. He tried to rouse the same notice for himself, but it was more difficult. There was doubt and uncertainty in the glance which met his own, and the lips were altogether unable to utter his name.

"I don't believe that he knows me at all," he said to the nurse, when the eyelids fell over the eyes, as if the mind rebelled against further effort.

"I think that he does," she answered. "But he is evidently puzzled and confused between past and present. This state will not last, however. The mind is clearing; I notice that very perceptibly."

"He certainly knows you very well."

"You mean that he knows me as the person he mistakes me for? Yes, that is true, and it is also natural. I must look very much like her."

"So much that I—I want to talk to you about it," the young man said impulsively. "He does not need anything more just now. Will you come into the sitting-room for a few minutes?"

She hesitated an instant, and then—

"If you think it worth while," she said, a little reluctantly. "Ring for Virgil. Judge Wargrave must not be left alone."

When Virgil appeared, she walked into the next room; and Desmond, following, closed the door between it and the chamber,—the door over which a curtain always hung, since Judge Wargrave was very susceptible to draughts. Then he approached the girl, who had paused and turned toward him.

"Do sit down," he said, drawing a chair for her before the open window. "You must be tired."

"Not in the least," she answered. But, nevertheless, she sat down, and then leaned forward with an exclamation of involuntary delight at the scene outspread below,—sweeping valley, gently rolling hills, and distant woods, all steeped in the dreamy softness of that exquisite Indian Summer which in Carolina lingers far into December. "How beautiful!" she murmured as if to herself; and, presently turning her eyes to the young man who was leaning beside the window, she added: "It is a fine old place. I am not sorry to have seen it—once."

Desmond perceived, and promptly seized his opportunity.

"It is your rightful home," he told her quickly. "You ought to feel this, and—and you ought to feel also that your present position here is a false one."

There was something like a flash in the lucid depths of her eyes as she answered:

"I don't acknowledge that it is a false position, for I am here simply and solely as a professional nurse; but if it were, whose fault is it?"

"Mine," he replied. "And, being mine, I have a sense of responsibility which makes me very uncomfortable."

"You must pardon me for observing that you should have thought of the things which make you uncomfortable before you incurred the responsibility," she said a little dryly.

"I suppose that I should," he answered.

"No doubt I was presumptuous; but, you see, I didn't know anything about some of the things. Particularly, I didn't know that your likeness to your grandmother is so strong that it would be noticed at once."

"I didn't count on that," she confessed. "If I had, I should not have come. I am extremely sorry now that I did come, and I have tried to induce the Doctor to let me go away."

"And he will not?"

"No, he will not consent. I could only go by taking the matter into my own hands, and leaving without his permission. But I am averse to doing this,—not only from a professional standpoint, but because his strongest argument for my staying is that he regards my presence as a distinct benefit to the patient."

"Yes, I heard him say so very emphatically. He thinks that the likeness which makes my uncle mistake you for his wife has had a beneficial and stimulating effect upon him."

"So far it has," she conceded. "But I am not sure what the effect may be when he realizes that I am not the person he takes me for. Therefore I think it would be well for me to go before he realizes this, and then he would fancy that it had all been a dream that 'Maria' had been beside him." She clasped her hands tightly together as they lay in her lap, and a sudden note of entreaty came into her voice. "Oh, I want to go away!" she exclaimed. "Can't you help me to do it? It is your fault that I am here."

"I know that it is my fault," he said. "But I would rather help you to stay than to go. Indeed, in my opinion, you *must* stay: it is your duty as well as your right to be here."

"It is not my duty; I deny that utterly!" she told him, with something like fierceness.

"Denying a fact does not change it," he reminded her. "This old man is not only your nearest relative, since I take for granted that your mother is not living—"

"My mother died when I was an infant."

"Well, then, where have you any tie nearer than the tie which is here?—any duty more pressing than a duty to your father's father—"

"Who unjustly condemned and banished my father!"

"On the contrary, who condemned him through the high sternness of his sense of justice, and who now lies crushed and broken under the late knowledge of his mistake. And in this sad condition no one can help him as you can. You have the word of the Doctor for that. No one of those who love him best can do for him what you have the power to do. And yet, in the face of an opportunity so great that, as I told you before, it could come only once in a lifetime, you talk of going away!"

His tone carried such a keen edge of reproach that for a moment she could only stare at him, with a mingling of wonder and resentment in her eyes. Then:

"When I listen to you," she said, "I seem to have a glimpse of things—ideals and standards—which are new to me, and which have a certain attraction,—an attraction that has brought me here, and which I now regret. So I think I will close my ears—"

"You can't close your mind," he interrupted confidently. "Many people can do so, but you are not one of them. You see what I mean. You recognized its force in coming here; and now that you are here, you can not, you dare not, go away."

"I dare do anything that my conscience and judgment approve," she told him a little proudly.

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that!" he returned. "But the point is that neither your conscience nor your judgment will approve of this, and so you can't do it. You must stay at Hillcrest, and I have come now to beg you to stay as something more than a nurse."

"You mean—"

"I mean that I want you to let me tell

my aunt—*your* aunt also—who you are.”

“Do you remember that it was only on the condition of your promising to keep the secret of my identity that I came here?” she demanded.

“Of course I remember it,” he answered; “but I am begging you to release me from that promise, I am begging you to recognize that it places both you and me in a false position.”

“I don’t recognize it,” she replied coldly; “but if I did, I should still decline to release you from your promise. Nothing would induce me to do so,—nothing! The only way in which you can change the position you consider false is by helping me to get away.”

He shook his head.

“I’ll never do that!” he said.

There was an instant’s pause as they looked at each other, will set against will, neither with a thought of yielding, and both so absorbed in the tension of the situation that they were entirely unconscious of the slight click made by the closing of a door, which had been noiselessly opened behind its portière.

“I must remind you,” the girl said presently, “that by your appeals you overbore my decision and induced me to come here, and that I came only because you pledged your honor to keep my secret—”

“Oh, I’ll keep it!” he said abruptly. “I can’t do other than keep it, if you insist. But you are wrong, I’m sure of that.”

“You should have been sure before you persuaded me to come,” she replied, as she rose from her seat. “If the situation is a false one, you have yourself chiefly to blame; though I am to blame also for yielding to your persuasions. I can help you only by going away as soon as possible, and that I will certainly do.”

“I beg you most earnestly—” he was beginning, when she lifted her hand.

“Some one is talking in the next room,” she said; “and—ah, Judge Wargrave is calling!”

She ran across the floor, followed quickly

by Desmond, and opened the door leading into the chamber. The scene upon which they entered was as startling as it was unexpected. Judge Wargrave had partially risen, and was sitting on the side of his bed, evidently making an effort to rise to his feet, from which Virgil on one side and Edith on the other were trying to restrain him, while he called loudly and repeatedly: “Maria! Maria!”

Hester Landon came quickly forward, and as his gaze fell on her he became instantly quiet, the distress that had been on his face vanished, and he held out his hand to her with a pathetic expression of gladness and relief. “Maria!” he said again; and then, murmuring something unintelligible, but which seemed to be an expression of his fear that she had left him, he lifted to his lips the hand she had given him, bending his head over it with the air and grace of a courtier kissing the hand of his queen.

Desmond glanced quickly at Edith. She had drawn back as the nurse approached, and her eyes met his now, shining with indignant anger under her dark, level brows. Her voice fell on the silence like the stroke of a bell, as she addressed him.

“I am sorry,” she said, “that I was so unfortunate as to rouse Uncle George. I came in a few minutes ago; and, finding the nurse absent, I spoke to him, wondering if he would know me. I don’t know whether he knew me or not; all that he seemed to observe was that I was not the nurse, and he was so dreadfully distressed that he began to call and tried to rise at once. It is fortunate” (she now addressed herself a little haughtily to Miss Landon) “that you had not gone very far, since neither Virgil nor I was able to control him.”

“He has never been disturbed by my absence before,” Hester said quietly; “so I did not hesitate to go into the sitting-room for a few minutes to speak to Mr. Desmond.”

“He seemed to be afraid that I had come to take your place, and wanted to

go in search of you," Edith said; and there was no mistaking the hurt feeling in her tone.

Hester looked at her with something like compassion.

"You should not mind that," she said gently. "Surely you understood that it is because he mistakes me for some one else."

Miss Creighton lifted her head.

"The explanation does not render the fact less disagreeable," she remarked crisply; "and I shall be careful not to subject myself to anything so unpleasant again."

She turned as she spoke and walked out of the room. Desmond lingered a moment to say to the nurse, in a low, significant tone, "You see how impossible it is for you to think of leaving him!" and then followed Edith.

(To be continued.)

The Silent Chantries.*

BY E. M. DINNIS.

THERE is silence in the chantries where the faithful men of old

For the faithful men departed pious vigil thought to keep,

When above her children's slumbers soft her chant the mother trolled,

When the Church's *Requiescat* lulled the weary dead to sleep.

Like the throbings in the bosom of the ships that homeward bear

The wanderer o'er the ocean, so from out the chantries rose,

Majestic, calm, deliberate, the piston-throb of prayer,

As they prayed the dead men onward to the Port of God's Repose.

And the souls on Pain reclining to the chantry turned their ear,

To the mystic mechanism set a-throbbing in its breast;

And they tuned their song of waiting to its measure, constant, clear,—

* In the ancient English cathedrals, the old chantries may be seen used as lumber corners, vestries, etc.

To the music of the chantries where they sung men home to rest.

Like the sudden grim cessation of the engine's pulse by night,

When the song of hope and progress is to rhymic silence turned;

When the fog is on the ocean and the peril left and right,—

So fell silence on the chantries, on the altars spoiled and spurned.

And the souls becalmed in Sorrow from the stagnant waters cried

For the pulse which bore them onward to the haven of their rest,

When were checked God's wonder-workings in the chantries far and wide,—

When they chained the hands that hallowed, when they stilled the voice that blest.

So the dead men are forgotten in the cloister cold and grey;

So the souls are unremembered as their dust beneath the sod.

In the little quiet corners beats no living pulse to-day,—

In the little wonder-corners where they sung men home to God!

Verily, the stones about us in the arches fair, the heights

Cast up to Heaven in worship, cry aloud to fill the void,

When the children's voice is silenced, when are quenched the altar lights;

For even so His creatures the Creator hath employed.

Aye, the stones all saturated with the suffrages of years—

The stones shall give their song back to the silent chantry air,—

Shall render to God's glory, to allay the dead men's tears.

The praise of other ages, the re-echoing voice of prayer;

Till the sacring bell is sounded, till the great Unseen is swayed

By the mighty act, the mover of the pendulum of Grace;

Till is kindled light perpetual where the dead rest unafraid

From the tapers in the chantry, Death and Life's fair trysting-place.

Medical Student and Swagman.*

BY SIDNEY HALL.

IT had been a sweltering day, moist, with hot winds blowing; and now the sun had gone down like a ball of fire in a bank of blood-red clouds. The ground was parched, dry and broken with many a fissure, and the air was laden with the pungent smell of burned grass and pines and gum. The dust swirled along the track, — you could scarcely dignify it by the name of a road; though, in places, it was fenced in by weather-beaten, time-blackened timber fences. Gum-trees, white and ghostly, and mostly decayed, looked up skyward. The whip-bird made spasmodic efforts, but the note was even more lonesome than usual. Everything seemed "out of sorts" with everything else; and the man who tramped along, with his "swag"† slung over his shoulder, seemed to be in perfect harmony with the discordance, so forlorn and listless was he. He was exhausted, for he had done many a lonely mile that day. Tall, dark, with hair just silvering a bit, he would have been a handsome fellow if dissipation and sickness had not left their stamp upon him.

When he came to the top of the "road" he paused; the way before him seemed to lead nowhere, while his thirst was almost unbearable. His "billy can" was empty; and, though he had a grain of tea, he had no water to make any. So he sat on a stump and cursed! There was no particular reason why he should give vent to his feelings in this manner, but habit is strong.

Fifteen years make a big hole in one's life, and bring about many changes. Charlie Wilson was no exception; and

* Founded on fact.

† In Australia, the bundle of clothes, blanket, etc., carried by the "swagman," or one who travels in search of employment.

even his best friends would have said he had fulfilled the prophecies made long ago by wiseacres, with many a head-shake and hand-uplifting, that he would surely "go to the dogs." Charlie had gone — straight!

When I met him first, Charlie Wilson was as fine a fellow as one could wish to meet, — open-handed and generous, light-hearted, care-free, with a laugh and a joke for all his friends. He was supposed to be studying surgery; but, whether it was that the young man had too great a reverence for the "subject" or was unwilling to tarnish the bright steel of his dissecting knife, the dissecting room was not very often honored with his presence. But there was another reason too, not hard to find. Charlie was fond of a glass, — too fond of it, if he had but known; and he was particularly fond of a glass in a particular spot, because it was served by a particular individual. Charlie always said she was above her position, that she felt it very keenly, and that it was a charity for a fellow to talk to her and help her to forget even for a while. And certainly Queenie Rice did seem to be out of place in a bar, — that's but truth. She had a quiet, refined manner which checked any attempts at familiarity; but she admired Wilson, who was a gentleman.

There was another who was accustomed to go to this particular bar, — a certain Tom Mostyn. Mostyn was almost the antithesis of Wilson, in disposition as well as physically, and there was little love lost between them. Everyone could see that. But what everyone could not see and did not know was the fact that Queenie Rice was in Mostyn's power in some inexplicable manner.

Charlie continued to go to the "Three Jolly Tars" — that was the name of the bar — to perform his act of charity and drink more than was good for him, while as often as not he met Mostyn there. Several of the students had done their best for him in the way of friendly

expostulations; but he laughed all their warnings away, and continued his course.

One night there was a bit of a row. I don't quite know how the affair began, but it ended by Charlie's having to rest himself at the expense of the ratepayers in a police cell. The fine which was inflicted next morning was only a nominal one, but the consequences were disastrous for poor Charlie Wilson. His father heard of the trouble, and came down upon his son in the most approved *pater-familias* style, which produced no good results, but had the effect of embittering Charlie. If his mother had been living, things would never have come to such a pass; but Mrs. Wilson had been dead some years, and Charlie's sisters were so cowed by their father that they were powerless to help their brother in any way. Things went from bad to worse; and the visits to the "Three Jolly Tars," begun through motives of "charity," were continued now of necessity; for one morning Charlie woke up to the fact that he was in the grip of the drink-devil.

The only man who had any show of influence over Charlie was Hugh Williams, a quiet, steady worker, brilliant too, and a really religious-minded fellow. He had acted the good angel more than once; but now he realized with a sinking of heart that his influence was a thing of the past.

The climax soon came. Everyone knew that old Wilson had cut down his son's allowance; yet, despite that fact, Charlie went the pace as madly as ever. Now, students are a loyal-hearted body, and medical students in particular are not given to rash suspicion or hasty judgment; but when ugly rumors began to go about concerning the disappearance of sums of money belonging to these same students, they were not to be blamed for keeping close watch. To make matters worse, the proprietor of the "Three Jolly Tars" discovered that some one was quietly robbing him; and, shrewd, canny man that he was, he marked some coin as

a means toward finding out the thief.

The upshot of the whole affair was the discovery, in Charlie's desk, of a postal order belonging to a student, together with half a sovereign and two half-crowns which were marked, and which the proprietor of the "Three Jolly Tars" declared to be his. The college authorities investigated the matter, but Charlie declared his innocence in so simple a manner that they could not but believe him. He knew absolutely nothing, he said, of how the order or the money came into his possession. The owner of the postal order refused to go further with the matter; but the proprietor decided to prosecute.

Charlie was arrested and put on his trial for theft. He pleaded "Not guilty"—what else could he do?—and told the judge that he knew absolutely nothing about the money or the order. Yes, he needed money, he was in debt, but he had never stolen in his life. "Call the first witness," said the judge; and then, to Charlie's horror and amazement, Queenie Rice, trembling, with a face the color of death, and with a hunted look in her eyes, stepped into the witness-box and swore away Charlie Wilson's liberty and honor. She had seen him take the money from the drawer in a hasty, furtive, nervous manner, when she had gone into another apartment for a few minutes. I suspected that her evidence would bowl the poor fellow over, and so it did. He was dumfounded, dazed, and scarcely heard the rebuke the judge gave him; waking up only when he knew he had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment—and then it was the girl's shriek which awakened him as to how things were.

Now, there was not a man amongst us who believed Charlie Wilson to be guilty. Things went dead against him and were as black as could be, but we all knew him better than to believe that he was a thief. Even Mostyn, antagonistic as he always had been to Charlie, was heard to declare that the idea was a

monstrous one,—that Wilson never would have been guilty of such an action.

I was permitted to see Charlie once or twice, but he was too gloomy to talk much. Of course old Wilson was in a bad way; came to see his "convict son," as he called him in his anger, and told him plainly that he need never show himself at home again. He had done with him, completely and for all time.

Most of the men of Charlie's standing left after a year or two, got scattered, and were gradually lost sight of. The only one whom I kept in touch with was Hugh Williams; and when Hugh had taken a brilliant degree, he astonished all who knew him by throwing up medicine and entering a religious Order. He finally became a priest and was stationed in London.

It was in London that Williams met Queenie Rice once more, in one of the wards of the B—— Hospital. She was dying, poor girl, he said in a letter at the time; and it was necessary for her to tell him who she was, so terribly changed was she. She was not a Catholic, and did not send for him from any religious motive; but she wanted to ease her mind and heart,—to repair a grave injury she had done.

Charlie Wilson was innocent. He had never stolen anything. Mostyn was the one who had taken the money from the drawer, and he had also robbed from the students systematically. But he hated Wilson, and hated him specially on account of his evident admiration for Queenie. She had helped Mostyn with money from time to time, and it was not her own money. Mostyn discovered this, and so had her in his power. Then came the crash. The thefts were discovered; and Mostyn, to save himself, had put the order and the marked coins in Wilson's desk, and forced her to appear against Wilson, with the threat that if she did not he would expose her. She had married Mostyn later on, but bitterly had she repented. He was a heartless scoundrel,

and his thefts did not cease when Wilson had been declared guilty. At last she could bear with his brutality no longer, so she had left him. She was dying, as I have said, but she must do this act of justice before she departed.

Such were the particulars. Needless to say the law was set at work, and poor Wilson was released. His innocence was established, and the papers had notices of the case and of the miscarriage of justice which had occurred; but Wilson had been four years in prison, and he left it a free man indeed, but soured for life.

I went to meet him on his release, and found him grateful for all that had been done; but bitter and cynical, with hate in his heart for those who had wronged him. He would not listen to the suggestion of Father Williams that he should try to make things right with his father. "No!" he said. "He closed the door upon me: I shall not give him the chance to open it."

At last, after some delay, Father Williams and I went down to Tilbury one morning to see him off to Australia. That was nine years ago. He wrote a few times in the first two years, then his letters ceased, and we lost all tidings of him. Six years later I was at Tilbury again, this time in order to see Father Williams himself off.

"I'll try to find out Charlie's whereabouts," he said. "I may come across him, though Australia is a big place. In case I do meet him, I'll be sure to let you know."

When Charlie had rested a while, he shouldered his "swag" once more and set off again on his tramp; and, after a couple of miles' slow walking, he descried a few houses in the distance, and knew his journey that day was nearly ended. He came to one of the houses and asked for a little water and something to eat. Not only were they given with that hospitality which one always meets in Australia, but he was forced to come inside and sit

down; for, truth to tell, the woe-begone appearance of the man had touched the big, motherly heart of the woman of the house. So he rested and ate in comfort, enjoyed a smoke too—the first for many days,—and was given to understand that he could stay the night.

He learned that the woman's name was Flynn; that she was Irish, as he had suspected; and that just then she and all the other people of the place were in a high state of excitement in consequence of a mission which was being given to them. So he would not mind being left alone a bit when she went to the evening devotions. They did not begin until eight o'clock. When the time to start came, Wilson was about to go out too; but Mrs. Flynn would not hear of his stirring. "You're all right," she said. "You're not an ordinary 'sundowner.' No! Just bide where you are, and rest yourself." With that, the kindly soul went off. Her words moved Wilson in an unwonted manner, and his feelings got such a grip of him that, in the end, he followed the others.

He saw the church in the distance and made for it, but did not enter. He could hear the murmur of the voices within; and then, after a pause, the music of a hymn floated to his ears. He grew strangely excited. It was years since he had heard that hymn before, and what changes had taken place meantime! Old memories, long dead, began to revive. His eyes grew dim. He was ashamed of his softness; yet the music rose and fell, working its way still deeper into his hardened heart, touching it, breaking down the barriers of hate and sin and cynicism; drawing him with an impulse that would not be resisted, until he found himself inside the building. He did not kneel; he was too dazed and upset to make any movement whatever: he just stood there at the door, with hat in hand and his eyes lowered, thinking the while, though he was scarcely conscious of even doing that.

And then the preacher's voice smote his ears. Where had he heard that voice before? Was the world turning upside-down? The voice came low, thrilling, magnetic, compelling him to look up. And when he did so, he reeled; for his knees gave way under him, and it was all he could do to refrain from calling out. The preacher was Williams!—Williams of all men; his oldtime chum, friend and angel; the man who had stood by him when all others had deserted; who had been brother and father to him!

"If there are any here to-night," said the preacher, "who have strayed and have got lost, ah, let them listen to the pleading of the Good Shepherd, whose Heart aches for them to return!"

How Wilson got back that night he never knew; but Mrs. Flynn found him near the house, lying quite unconscious. With the assistance of her husband, she carried him into the house, and they put him to bed. Next morning he was in a raging fever. Some of the neighbors wanted Mrs. Flynn to remove him out of the house, but that was not her way.

"Is it have his death on my soul?" she said to them. "Sure maybe his poor mother is living, and how could I look in her face on the Day of Judgment and me after letting her son die like that!"

Good, warm, old Irish hearts! God bless them wherever they beat! The world is the better and brighter for the sympathy and kindness they pour around them so lavishly.

Mrs. Flynn spoke to Father Williams, who came to see the strange man. You can picture his astonishment when the stranger turned out to be Charlie Wilson.

"We were at college together, Mrs. Flynn, and in many a scrape besides; but we lost sight of each other. Poor Charlie has had a rough time of it, I fear; but he's come home at last. May God reward you in time and eternity, ma'am! For you may be the means, in His hands, of saving a soul."

Day after day during the remaining fortnight Father Williams went to see Charlie, but always to find him unconscious. Finally, the turning-point came, and Charlie awakened to face the great Beyond, and to see his old friend's eyes looking into his.

"Hugh!"

"Charlie!"

They clasped hands, and the tears of weakness ran down poor Charlie's face. Gently and with great kindness did Father Williams tell him what was before him. Charlie knew already.

"And, Hugh, I'm glad to go, in one way; for it means rest at last, and home too, where nobody will close the door upon me. But I've made a sad mess of my life. I'm sorry now—sorry from my heart,—and I hope God will forgive me."

Charlie made his confession, was anointed, and Father Williams promised to bring the Viaticum—the Bread for the Way—next morning. Mrs. Flynn had everything prepared; and there, in that out-of-the-way village, thousands of miles from his own land, Charlie Wilson, medical student and swagman, received his last Communion.

"Hugh, old man, I'm happy now," he said later on in the day. "You'll be with me at the end, won't you?"

Father Williams promised. That night the end came. He was with his convert, holding the blessed candle in his hand, and reciting the prayers for the dying.

"Good-bye, Hugh! The door is open; they won't—"

Before he could finish the sentence, the tired life was over, and the soul of Charlie Wilson had gone before his Judge.

They buried him next day, and a few kindly Irish hearts sorrowed for him; while they showed their longing, too, by bringing from a shady spot in the Bush some fresh green sods to cover his grave. There he sleeps, within sound of the mighty sea, underneath the gum-trees and the bays, awaiting the Great Day that knows no ending.

The Mystery of the Sistine Madonna.

BY MARIE CLOTILDE REDFERN.

WHAT impresses and pains a Catholic heart most in travelling through Germany is the loss the Church has sustained in that country; for even Saxony, with its Catholic monarch, is essentially Lutheran. For myself, I can not look at their churches. Even from an architectural standpoint, the mere sight of them sends a pain through my heart, and impulsively I cry: "O Eucharistic Christ, why art Thou not here?" And, closing my eyes in sorrow, I whisper the divine praises.

This feeling comes over one in the galleries as well (this condition of things is not confined to Germany), when one sees those beautiful pictures painted for churches and shrines, to excite the devotion of the people, torn from their vocation, so to speak, and forced to fill one so different; for elevate and educate they must always do. Nevertheless, it can not but sadden a Catholic heart to see hundreds of Madonnas and figures of our dear Lord and His saints used merely as art studies.

Strangely, in spite of circumstances, such is not the case with the subject of our sketch—"The Madonna di San Sisto." There is a divine secret or mystery hanging around this picture, which can not be explained. It must and will fulfil its vocation; and possibly it does so more widely where it is than if it had been left in the church for which it was painted.* The strange anomaly is that, notwithstanding the fact that it is in a public gallery, it is in reality in a chapel, or shrine room, apart; for in this great gallery of twenty-five hundred paintings, this exquisite picture, and this one alone (in fact, as far as I can recall, it is the

* The Sistine Madonna was painted by Raphael for the Benedictine monks of Piacenza. In 1753, they sold it (for what reason we know not) to the Saxon Elector, Frederick August II, for the sum of \$45,000.

only picture so placed in any public gallery), is in a room by itself, enshrined in a beautiful blue and gold frame, over an altar, the decorations of the room as well being in keeping. And all who enter, leave, if they do not come, in prayer.

I have spent hours before this most beautiful, most wonderful work of genius and inspiration; and during these visits this is what I have invariably seen. Every man doffs his hat, which he has probably worn through the rest of the gallery; every woman comes in on tiptoe. The voice and tread of the American girl alone now and again disturb the holy silence; but even she is soon subdued, once in the mysterious presence. All speak in a whisper, all sit or stand in prayer,—the young, the old, the youth, the maid.

One day I heard a visitor whisper to her companion: "There is something I have never seen before! The copies don't give it." It was my own fourth visit, of an hour or more, and I could not refrain from saying: "And every time you come you will see something new; and by and by it will speak to you, and then you will be afraid that the next revelation will be that the curtains will drop and everything will float away."

This is what impresses me most in the picture: the atmosphere, the wonderful life and movement of the whole. Most persons will tell you of the deep, penetrating look into the unseen and unknown of the Mother and Child; and truly this is marvellous. Still, the atmosphere, the movement, the life of the picture impress me even more. I feel that they must soon vanish from sight, so real is the movement of the clouds, so light the figures. There is a wonderful quickening sense to the whole—figures and sky alike—that is more than art.

While one is drawn with love to the perfect Mother and Child, one can not overlook the accompanying saints. St. Sixtus, in his priestly robes, absolutely detached, sees nothing but the vision, and is in an ecstasy of adoration; while

St. Barbara, not yet entirely detached, as her dressy costume attests, is casting a parting glance at the receding world beneath. Not that her face shows regret: on the contrary, her expression is one of sweet peace; at the same time it shows a gentle sorrow of leave-taking. This and much more one can see in this incomparable picture; and that, somehow, it is more than the work of man, this mysterious power affirms.

A Regrettable Performance.

NEXT to the way of the transgressor, that of the Catholic publicist is one of the hardest. No sooner has he refuted the errors of some non-Catholic or anti-Catholic writer, than he is called upon to correct those appearing in the works of perhaps a doctor of the Church, as translated by hostile or incompetent pens. Such errors are so common, though sometimes quite unintentional, that Catholic readers have repeatedly been warned against Protestant translations of Catholic books. Some time ago we announced an English version of St. Bernard's great work, "*De Consideratione*," to be published by the Oxford Clarendon Press. It has since appeared, but we regret to learn that the translation bristles with slips and blunders. For instance, this sentence in Book IV, chapter viii, *Uterque ergo Ecclesiæ et spiritualis scilicet gladius, et materialis; sed is quidem pro Ecclesia, ille vero et ab Ecclesia exserendus*, is translated: "Both swords belong to the Church,—the spiritual and the material; the one is to be used to defend the Church, but the other must even be banished from the Church." There is no meaning in this, and St. Bernard, needless to add, never said it. What he did say was that the one sword (the temporal) was to be drawn for the Church, and the other (the spiritual) by the Church.

We had thought that the imprint of the Clarendon Press was a guarantee of accurate scholarship, but evidently it is not.

Notes and Remarks.

We laugh at the superstitions of what many of us call the Dark Ages,—because we are so much in the dark regarding them, as Maitland keenly observes. But was there ever a more widespread or unworthy superstition than that of print? It is enough for any statement or report, no matter how false or absurd, to be printed in a newspaper in order to win easy credence from the general public. Even intelligent persons, well-read and well-informed, are constantly imposed upon in this way; and they accept and repeat as Gospel truth the lies and gossip of the irresponsible and unscrupulous press. The sort of reports that would be accepted only with the proverbial grain of salt, if at all, coming from the man in the street, are unquestioned as a rule when set afloat by the man in the newspaper office. And it is a waste of breath on the part of the initiated to assert that the majority of newspaper men care very much less for what is truthful and accurate than for what is sensational and picturesque. Something to make their papers sell is what they are looking for, first of all. The false report of to-day can be contradicted to-morrow, if needs be; but meantime it serves its purpose. The notion that the chief aim of the editors and publishers of secular journals is to give their readers trustworthy news and accurate information is as absurd as it is general.

One of the most respectable newspapers in the United States was lately obliged to publish on its editorial page a contradiction of an absolutely false report of an occurrence in the House of Representatives the day previous. This was done without a word of apology or regret, though two Congressmen had been grossly misrepresented; and it is very unlikely that the imaginative reporter received any rebuke. The same journal, in its issue

for the 9th inst., published the following special cable dispatch from Rome, which was headed, "Successive Forms of Worship Revealed in Discovery in a Church in Rome":

An archaeological discovery has been made at the Church of St. Marcellus, which at the time of the persecution of the Christians was the only place of Christian worship in Rome. An altar, composed of a pagan cippus of sculptured marble, containing relics of saints, enclosed in a mediæval altar covered with modern marble, was found behind the present altar. The discovery practically shows the successive transformations in Christian worship since the time of Pope Marcellus, who was elected in the year 308.

"Successive transformations in Christian worship"—could anything be more ridiculous? It would not be less absurd to assert that the increasing use of Turkish rugs in America is indicative of the gradual spread of Mohammedanism amongst us.

A recent English writer asserts that the Church of S. Francesco in Rimini was devoted to "the dedication" of Sigismondo Malatesta and his mistress Isotta, also that there are certain chapels in Rimini where this precious pair are "sanctified." That nonsense like this should still be written is not so surprising as that so many editors should yet be found to publish it, and so many persons to read it without protest.

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"Psychasthenia," a new medical term likely to become familiar in scientific works, is defined as a type of morbid mental activity peculiarly characteristic of present-day civilization. One form of the malady commented upon at length in the *Medical Record* by Dr. Charles L. Dana is the abnormal regard for animals. No sane person will advocate cruelty to dumb beasts; but well-ordered sympathy will give the preference to rational rather than irrational sufferers. Says Dr. Dana:

The animal, being dumb, is helpless, but so is the baby; and so, practically, are the sick poor, while the defective child is vastly more the slave of circumstance than the dog or cat, which have chances everywhere. This all seems

very commonplace, but it has its application. I plead for sick humanity, and against the excesses in such sentiment for animals as leads to selfishness and injustice, and the development of more psychopathic states. There is growing up an enormous mass of artificially cultivated tenderness toward a supposititious suffering. There will come next tears over the suffering of a fading flower, and sorrow over the unquenched thirst of the withering plant. This lack of proportion in the kindly sentiment is harmless enough generally, but it develops by mutual encouragement among the unstable and by self-indulgence, until the individual becomes the victim of a psychosis and a source of distress to self and friends, or demoralization to family and of serious social injustice.

Another form of psychasthenia that merits castigation is the sentimentality that regards a notorious criminal, red-handed and often enough unrepentant, as a fit recipient of flowers and tears and sympathetic visits from women, girls, and girlish men.

From an interesting Report, "The Revision of the Vulgate," issued from St. Anselm's, Rome, we quote this authoritative statement as to the scope of the important Commission of which Abbot Gasquet is the head:

The object of the Commission is definite and limited, and it is clearly set forth in the charge given to the members by the Pope. It is to determine the text of St. Jerome's Latin translation, made in the fourth century. The task undertaken by this learned Doctor of the Church in the last quarter of that century, was the production of an accurate text of the Latin Bible to take the place of the numerous versions then current. At the present day, scholars are practically agreed as to the competence of St. Jerome for the work given him by Pope St. Damasus. He, moreover, had access to Greek and other manuscripts, even then considered ancient, which are no longer known to us; he could compare dozens of texts for every one we can now examine; and he had means of testing the value of his authorities, which we do not now possess. It is obvious, therefore, that the possession of the pure text of St. Jerome's version is greatly to be desired, and it would unquestionably furnish the basis of any critical edition of the present authentic Latin Bible. No doubt our present text substantially represents that which St. Jerome produced in the fourth century; but no less

certainly is it clear that it stands in need of close examination and much correction. It is consequently the aim of the present Commission to determine with all possible exactness the Latin text of St. Jerome, and not to produce any new version. How far St. Jerome was correct in his translation is altogether another matter, and to determine this will no doubt be the work of some future Commission.

Appropos of the financial side of the question of revision, the Report mentions assistance received from America, and even from non-Catholics, and adds:

It has been suggested that more would gladly take some part in the work, if some practical suggestion were made. The bishops of Belgium have set an excellent example of how to assist, by each making himself responsible for two hundred francs yearly, which in this case is collected by his Eminence Cardinal Mercier. From America also some, like the professors of St. Bernard's Seminary at Rochester, have sent annual subscriptions. If the Right Reverend Bishops in various countries would give or collect some small sum annually, and if more seminaries would emulate the example of Rochester, the work would go on without the financial strain which at present presses upon the Commission.

The current *Month* contains a practical and very interesting article on "The Catholic Federation of London." While much of what its author, the Honorable Charles Russell, has to say is local in its character and application, much, too, is of general import. The following paragraphs, for instance, are as true of Catholics in this country as of their co-religionists in England; and we quote them all the more readily as they corroborate a point often expressed in these columns:

Enough has been said to show what an extraordinarily rich field for noble work there is, if only Catholics will come forward and take their share in it. But Catholics must not enter upon the work as mere protectors of Catholic interests. If they do, nobody will listen to them. They must show that they have the interests of the whole community at heart. No man is so unpopular on public bodies as the man who attends only when he has some little axe of his own to grind. They must establish a reputation for solid and unselfish work in all the business

of the body they join. Work is an irresistible force; nothing can stop men who work. When they have thus won the respect of their fellow-members, they will be able to protect the interests of their co-religionists.

It will be good for Catholics to associate on equal terms with their fellow-subjects. Their doing so will gradually do away with the strong prejudice which, unfortunately, still exists against Catholics. They will do away with the silly idea that Catholics are a nation within a nation. As members of public bodies, Catholics will learn the art of administration, which will be invaluable to them, not only in their private careers but in the government of their own numerous charitable concerns. Incidentally, they will open to their fellow-Catholics a fair share of careers in municipal service now practically closed. They will enlarge the horizon of their outlook on life; and, whilst doing great good to others, they will make their own lives more interesting.

Practical experience has shown, in many cities and towns of this country, that those Catholics most able on occasion to protect the interests of the Church in a variety of ways are precisely those who have earned the prestige of public-spirited citizens, interested in civic affairs, and promoters of every cause making for the betterment of municipal conditions and the general good of the community.

If there is any truth in the saying that manners reflect morals, and if the assertion that lack of good manners is one of the most glaring traits of American youth is not wholly false, the following indictment of the parents of the land by a correspondent of the *New York Sun* should command general attention:

... These parents appear to be entirely oblivious of the importance of a good home education, of the instilling of decent manners and good morals in their children, and to be convinced that a good college education is the only thing that is essential. Perhaps that is the reason why, so far as good manners are concerned, the average collegian to-day is such a barbarian. Heaven help the boy who, not having been trained in the rudiments of good manners at home, expects to acquire them at college, where in these days the manners of football prevail!

Part of the bad manners of the American

youth consists of his boastfulness and conceit. This is a national trait steadily inculcated at school and college. If it is to be overcome, it can be done only by the common-sense of the youth himself, and by association with those of other nations who are more civilized,—with the citizens of France, for example. The foundation of good manners must be laid at home, and this the American parent to-day absolutely fails to do. Our children are becoming insufferable in this respect, and nowhere more so than right here in New York.

Another correspondent of the same paper maintains that the public schools are largely responsible for the lack of good manners so noticeable in American boys and girls, a great number of whom would seem to have had no home training whatever. "As at present constituted," he writes, "our public schools—many of them—are breeding places of insubordination and bad manners."

In the course of reading our foreign exchanges, we occasionally meet with instances of official bigotry on the part of British Colonial governors; but we have learned to look forward either to a subsequent rebuke thereof by the offending official's superior or to an apology from the official himself. The latter was the course recently adopted in Ceylon. Some time ago Father Heimbürger, S. J., was asked to introduce a deputation to the Governor, Sir Henry McCallum. "As the deputation entered the room, Father Heimbürger was about to fulfil his mission when he was stopped by the Governor, who said in a very rough tone: "You are a clergyman, aren't you? I had on a previous occasion to refuse to receive a deputation because it was led by a clergyman, and I have a great mind to do so now. However, I will listen to what you people have got to say, but I will not hear *you*,"—addressing the priest. Father Heimbürger then tried to say that he wished only to introduce the spokesman, and had nothing to say himself. But he was again rudely prevented from speaking by the Governor, who remarked in a loud

and aggressive manner: "No, I will not hear anything from you! You Padres ought to attend strictly to the spiritual wants of your people, and not meddle in politics."

They have a Catholic Union in Ceylon; its members took action to resent the gross affront; and, as a result, the Governor's secretary took pains to assure the Union that his Excellency desired it "to be distinctly understood that he did not intend to offer any affront to the Rev. Father Heimbürger. He has the greatest respect for this priest, who has for so many years been doing excellent work at Trincomalee,—so much so that, being desirous of learning the present social conditions of the inhabitants of Trincomalee in consequence of the withdrawal of the Army and Navy, he invited the Rev. Father to breakfast"; and finally that "H. E. has enjoyed such pleasant relations with the Roman Catholic clergy and laity in the different Colonies in which he has served that he is glad of the opportunity which you have kindly afforded him of dispelling a misapprehension which has unfortunately arisen."

Which means that Sir Henry went through the unpalatable performance sometimes known as "eating crow." All officials who offend as he did should be forced to do the same.

While the ordinary American may not be an expert in tariff matters, and may fail to appreciate the relative abstract economic advantages of free trade and protection, there are several concrete facts which he thoroughly understands. One of them is that if a tariff for increased revenue is necessary, then the ordinary, common-sense, fair-play plan is to raise the tax on luxuries, and decrease—to the vanishing point, if possible—the tax on necessities. Tea and coffee are nowadays practical necessities in this country; they should certainly be on the free list; and the proposal to put a tax of eight cents a pound on the former article deserves to

be strenuously opposed by every one of our legislators in Washington.

It has been no surprise to Catholics to learn that during the past year as many as six new religious denominations were started in the United States, all of them being the result of cleavage in existing sects. The most notable disintegration is that among the Christian Scientists. "Bishop" Sabin renounced the dominance of "Mother" Eddy and organized a new society. Discord and division among his followers are only a question of time. The Christian Catholic Church of Zion, once under the autocratic rule of "Prophet" Dowie, is fast going to pieces. All efforts to unite the numerous divisions of Baptists and Methodists have failed. The Episcopalians and Presbyterians seem to be more unsettled than ever, while the Congregationalists are reported to be losing ground everywhere. So it goes, and it is the most natural thing in the world. What surprises a Catholic is that the sectarian bodies hold together so long.

The Catholic chapel at Weihaiwei, China, is a room in a dwelling-house. Father Hallam, O. F. M., the zealous missionary stationed there, appeals for aid toward the construction of a church. The first of these two considerations, quoted from his letter, is of universal application; the second concerns specifically subjects of the British Empire:

How can you better invest a portion of your money than in giving a little for the glory of God and the conversion of souls? Almighty God is more generous than all men, and will know how to return you a hundredfold.

Again, what better reparation can you make to the Chinese for the long-standing evils inflicted on them by the disgraceful British traffic in opium, than by providing a dwelling-place for the Most High amongst them, where they may learn to know, love, serve and praise their and our common Creator?

☛ We trust that all our charitable readers may keep Weihaiwei in mind when next they take to almsgiving.

Notable New Books.

The Degrees of the Spiritual Life. A Method of Directing Souls According to their Progress in Virtue. By the Abbé A. Sandreau. Translated from the French by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Two Vols. Benziger Brothers.

All should be grateful to Dom Bede Camm for this translation. The original French edition of Abbé Sandreau's book is widely known, and deservedly so; for it is an able treatise on the principles and conditions of the spiritual life. The author bases his work on St. Teresa's "Interior Castle," and takes the teaching of this great saint as his guide. He treats successively of the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive Life, of their nature, of their elements, of their phases and conditions. Not only does he reproduce, on each point, St. Teresa's teaching, but he groups around this the teaching of the great masters of the spiritual life; and the ideas are so well connected as to avoid the appearance of a succession of quotations, and form a continuous and well-graded exposition of the science of the spiritual life. There is scarcely any point in this field which is not touched upon, and about which a director can not find enlightening help. As the translator remarks, this work, "though primarily intended for priests and religious, is by no means adapted to them alone; and there are few indeed who are in earnest about their salvation who will not get help and light from its perusal."

Though there is a rather detailed table of contents, the use of the volume would have been greatly facilitated by an index,—which the translator should have added, even if the author has followed in this respect the somewhat common but certainly bad custom of his countrymen.

Some Roads to Rome in America. Edited by Georgina Pell Curtis. B. Herder.

One hesitates to call the records herein contained "human" documents, for there is so much of the "divine" evident in the manner in which the subjects thereof were guided to the roads along which they travelled to Rome. The half-formulated question in the mind of the present reviewer—"What is the object of such a collection of experiences?"—was more than answered before three of the forty-eight records had been read. To those outside the Church, this book must be a revelation; to those wavering at the threshold, an encouragement; to the writers of the interesting and inspiring soul-stories, a matter for humble pride; to all Catholics, a testimonial to the

truth of the Church, an act of thanksgiving to God. Most persons taking up the book will turn at once to some special "confession of faith"; but on every page there is something of interest, of edification. In any book of "collections," individual readers will find "omissions" to them unaccountable; but we venture to say that Miss Curtis will not have many acts of "commission" laid to her charge. Notwithstanding the difficulties attendant upon editing contributions such as make up this interesting volume, she has, without destroying the personal elements in the records, unified them, thus making each one more forceful, while giving to the whole a power and a sense of finality most convincing.

To those who outlined their journey to Rome, no small difficulty presented itself; for in religious biography, more than in any other kind of writing, one may never lose sight of the Greek motto, "Nothing too much"; and it is high praise to add that there is little or nothing one would wish omitted. So interesting and so diverse are the records that one is tempted to quote. Major Brownson relates the following incident:

One day, in the summer of 1844, I was reading the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel; and when I came to the eighteenth verse, I asked my mother: "What church was it that Christ built on the rock, which the gates of hell should not prevail against?" She answered: "That was the Catholic Church."—"Then," I said, "that must be the true Church?"—"It was," she replied, "at first; but it became very corrupt, and in the sixteenth century holy men believed they were commissioned to reform it."—"Then," I said, "the gates of hell did prevail against it!"

My mind kept on revolving this thought, that the Catholic Church was the Church which Christ founded; and by the time that I came to read in St. Matthew's last chapter, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world!" I was fully convinced that the Catholic Church was the true Church, that Christ was in that Church and in no other.

Margaret Terry Chanler, wife of Winthrop Chanler, Esq., and sister of the late Mr. F. Marion Crawford, says that during her days outside the Church, "a prolonged study of Dante's 'Divine Comedy' was probably laying in my mind the foundations of Catholic synthesis. . . . I realized how vastly inclusive Catholic belief could be; how logical, while it transcended all logic; how it ministered to all humanity with its divinity." Dr. Hasket Derby, who for years sat at the feet of Phillips Brooks, tells us that he missed the note of dogma from the sermons; and he adds this significant thought: "I could not help noticing the great change from the doctrines I used, as a child, to hear from my old pastor, Dr. Vinton, at whose feet Brooks himself sat. It was a different religion that was now inculcated. And I asked myself the question, 'If so great

a change has occurred in a lifetime of a single individual, what will be the case in my children's time, and what will be taught their descendants?" Mr. Frank Spearman gives a logical narration, informed with a distinct charm; and it is eminently a human document. The story of Miss Susie Swift, once Brigadier in the Salvation Army, now a Dominican Sister, is as fascinating as her experiences are varied. Last, but by no means least in point of interest and sincerity, is the story by X Y Z; and it, as nearly all the other accounts, breathes unmistakably the spirit of faith, peace, and thanksgiving. This book should have a large sale, for it is calculated to do much good among all classes of readers.

The Legends of the Saints. An Introduction to Hagiography. From the French of Père H. Delehaye, S. J., Bollandist. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. Longmans, Green & Co.

After some preliminary remarks about what constitutes for him hagiographic legends—namely, the relations of the Lives of the Saints as they have been transmitted to us through popular traditions and unauthenticated by history,—Father Delehaye studies the different elements which concur in the development of the legend, the part of the hagiographer, and his attitude of mind in the writing of the Life of a Saint. He explains the divers kinds of hagiographic texts, and, in the case of St. Procopius of Casarea, gives a typical illustration of the formation of a legend. In a long and important chapter, he discusses the question of the pagan survivals and reminiscences in relation to different elements of Christian worship, such as saint-worship as contrasted with hero-worship, holy places, dates of festivals, pagan legends, etc. All these points are illustrated by numerous examples. Historians and apologists will find, therefore, in this work valuable remarks and suggestions; they will have at hand, as regards hagiography, clear information about the numerous factors which have influenced its formation and development, and of the relative importance of these factors.

General readers, however, will not forget that Father Delehaye would not like them to forget—namely, that this study is "mainly devoted to the weak points of hagiographic literature"; that it deals especially with ancient and medieval hagiography; that the fact of saint's having an amplified or unauthentic legend does not mean that he has no authentic story, and much less that he has never existed; finally, that even unhistorical legends have their rôle and merits worthy of our respect; they have given expression to the ideal beauty

of the Christian religion which is partly realized in the life of the saints, and they have helped to its realization in the souls of those who have heard or read them. "Their life [the life of the saints] is, in truth, the concrete realization of the spirit of the Gospel; and from the very fact that it brings home to us this sublime ideal, legend, like all poetry, can claim a higher degree of truth than history itself."

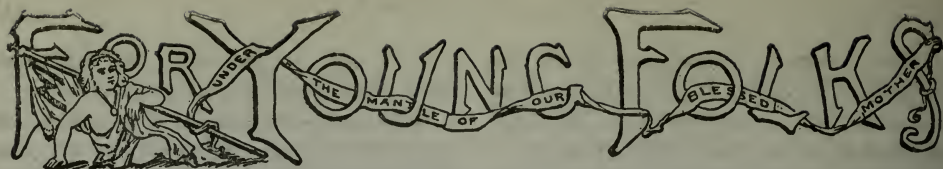
Little Angels. A Book of Comfort for Mourning Mothers. By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Burns & Oates.

The original inspiration for this book, we are told in the foreword, came from the early death of the first-born child of Lord Russell of Killowen, and many a "mourning mother" will thank God for that inspiration. Father Russell, in tender, priestly fashion, begins his work of comfort by showing the close connection between the Heart of Jesus and the little children who are early taken from their mothers' arms, and he tells why they are called "little angels." He does not forget the sorrow of the mothers who are thus bereaved, and the consolation he offers them is that suited to Christian mourners. There is sentiment but not sentimentality in the prose and poetry he cites in illustration of the truths set forth.

As one reads the record of sorrowful hearts in the lines consecrated to the "little angels" of many lands, one hears, in the running waters and in the wind, the voice of Rachel bewailing her children and refusing to be comforted; and then one sees in sun-ray and star-gleam the promise of the Sacred Heart to comfort and to strengthen; for It alone has "healing for every wound, solace for every sorrow."

Child of Destiny. By William J. Fischer. Toronto: William Briggs.

Though not a great novel—great novels are rarities save in the publishers' prospectuses,—*"Child of Destiny"* is a very good story. While the title is possibly a trifle strained as regards the charming young heroine, that is comparatively a slight matter; and the tale is not only well worth the telling, but exceptionally well told. The character-delineation is vigorous and specific, the dialogue sprightly and interesting, the not very intricate plot naturally worked out, and the denouement all that the vast majority of novel-readers could wish. We confess that we had read more than half the book before deciding that it merited the distinctive designation "Catholic novel"; but the latter portion of the story leaves no doubt possible on that point. The book can be cordially commended to our readers, young and old. It is very attractively produced.



Little Jack and Uncle Barney.

BY M. G.

I.

"**Y**OU ask the driver, an' he'll let you go. There's a steamer goin' to sail this afternoon, an' there's a bunch from here just goin' down to the wharf in the bus. You tell old Patsy to let you ride with him up in front, an' you kin see 'em all get on, an' the boat sail off."

The speaker was a young elevator boy in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. His only passenger at present, and the one to whom he had just addressed this speech, was a little boy about four years old. He was a very pretty child, with clear, grey eyes; he wore a red suit, red shoes and stockings, and a red cap, and looked for all the world like "Buster Brown." His real name was John Meridith, but no one called him "John." To his mother he was "Jack," to his nurse he was "Master Jack," and to everyone else he was "Buster."

Jack's father having died two years before, Jack and his mother made their home at the hotel, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Meridith had any living relatives. The first thing Jack did after his arrival was to make friends with all the elevator boys, porters, waiters, and the other inmates of the establishment; and now the affection of their kind hearts was stirred to an active sympathy for the poor little fellow, whose threatened loss he was too young to appreciate. His dear mother, cared for by two trained nurses, was lying at the gates of death.

Just a week before, Mrs. Meridith had been taken with a severe chill, which, owing to her delicate constitution, had rapidly developed into pneumonia. The

crisis was near at hand; and, on account of the cold atmosphere of her room, Jack was not permitted to see his mother for more than a few moments daily.

On this present afternoon, Jack's nurse, who had struck up an acquaintance with one of the waiters, was consulting with him upon nothing in particular. Knowing that Jack was riding up and down on the elevator, as was his custom, she, supposing that he would stay there, did not bother to look after him. Jimmy, the elevator boy, had been telling Jack almost every day about the big steamers that sail from the docks across the ocean to Europe, and the little lad had expressed a desire to see them.

"Does ou fink Patsy'll let me go?" he asked.

"Sure thing," answered Jimmy, who wanted the little fellow to have some fun, and really thought there was no harm in his going with old Pat.

When they reached the first floor, all was confusion. The bus was about to start for the wharf; and many people were rushing here and there, crowding and pushing to enter the conveyance.

Jack hurried out to the street, and was about to address the old driver, when a porter whose first day it was at the hotel, and who therefore did not know Jack, picked him up and thrust him inside the bus. At first Jack felt inclined to protest; but it struck him that perhaps had he asked the driver, old Patsy might have said "No"; and as he could kneel upon a seat and look out of the window, he might see just as well as if he were on top.

When the docks were reached, stewards and porters came running up to carry the suit-cases and grips, and one of them took hold of Jack and carried him on his shoulder to the boat.

"There, sonny!" he said, as he set the boy beside the group of ladies with whom he had ridden to the wharf. "That was almost as good as a boat ride, wasn't it?"

Jack followed the ladies out on deck. He was enjoying himself thoroughly, and it never entered his little head as to how he could get home again. In fact, all thought of home had vanished in the novelty of the scenes around him. Soon the gang-plank was drawn in, the ropes untied, and the steamer, giving a long, shrill shriek, and cheered by the crowd on shore, was towed slowly out of the harbor.

Jack stood looking at the waves made by the big vessel as she cut her way through the water, when a little girl, just about his own age, came up to him. "Let's play tag," she said. "You be *it*." So they started on a merry run along the deck, and soon the other children joined them.

II.

Meanwhile what was going on at the hotel? At about four o'clock, the nursemaid went in search of Jack to get him ready for tea. After looking in all his favorite nooks and not finding him, she bethought herself of the elevator. Probably he was still there with Jimmy. So she rang the bell: the car shot up, and before her stood the boy Jimmy.

"Where is Jack?" she inquired.

"He was to ride down to the docks with Patsy this afternoon," he replied; "but I have not seen him since the bus came back."

Nora then went in search of Pat, who knew nothing about the little tot. And now the entire hotel was alarmed; for everyone knew and loved "Buster."

It was time for Jack's daily visit to his sick mother, and she called Nora to ask why he did not come. The poor girl did not know what to do. She was certain that if she told Mrs. Meridith the truth, it would diminish her small chance of recovery. But at last, after exhausting all the excuses in her power, the girl

blurted out the sad news of Jack's loss, amid sobs that almost choked her.

Inquiries were made everywhere, and the detectives set to work on the case; for many thought that the child had been kidnapped. A full-length picture of Jack was inserted in all the papers, with a description of his features and everything he wore that day.

The new porter had, of course, heard them all talking about the lost boy; but he never thought for an instant that it could be the one whom he had lifted into the bus, until he picked up the evening paper, saw the picture, and read the description. He went immediately to the authorities and told them what he had done. At the same time the porter at the wharf was reading the same thing; and, remembering the little fellow he had carried on the boat, he, too, informed the police. The steamer was due in Liverpool at the end of the week; so a cable dispatch was sent, notifying the officials to have the vessel thoroughly searched on its arrival.

Meanwhile Mrs. Meridith sank lower and lower. Believing that something terrible had happened to her baby boy—that he had been run over or stolen,—she concluded that she would never see him again, and felt that she had nothing now to live for. Her energy was gone, and she cared not whether she lived or died. Toward night the crisis came. She made no fight for life, and as the clock struck twelve her soul passed into eternity.

III.

Jack was having a merry time with his little companions; and as it was only the first day out, and the passengers were not yet acquainted with one another, all the grown folk thought that Jack belonged to some one among them.

When the dinner bell rang that evening, Jack, who had been listening to some music in the grand saloon, followed the ladies and gentlemen into the dining hall. They took their seats, and Jack was left

standing in the middle of the floor all alone. A great wave of homesickness now suddenly swept over him and tears sprang to his eyes. Many glanced curiously at the solitary figure of the little boy, and wondered what had become of his mother or nurse, that he should be left to stray into the big dining-room where the children never came.

"Well, my little man," said an old gentleman, kindly, "and where do you belong?"

Everyone looked about, expecting to hear some one of the ladies call him, but no one did so.

"I don't know," sobbed Jack, in answer to the old gentleman's question.

"But where is your mother? Who brought you on the boat?"

"Muzzer's home in bed. Her is sick, and a man wiv brass buttons putted me on the boat."

"But who is with you on the boat, my little man? Where is the man with the brass buttons?"

"He isn't here," said Jack, answering the last question first. "I's all alone on the boat."

There was a long silence. Was it possible that the little lad had run away? Such was the question that came to every mind. Great tears rolled down Jack's cheeks. He was hungry, and wanted his "muzzer."

Dinner was forgotten. All the ladies wanted to mother Jack, but he would have nothing to do with them. He clung to the tall, kind-faced, elderly gentleman who had questioned him.

The captain was informed at once, and a wireless telegraph message was sent to New York, stating that a little boy was on board, all alone. The police knew at once that it must be Jack, but nothing more could be done until the boat should land at Liverpool. The child's guardian, however, was greatly relieved on hearing of his safety.

The gentleman to whom Jack had taken such a fancy offered to care for him during the voyage. He was Lord Fitz-

gerald, of Ireland. He had a little cot placed in his stateroom, and one of the ladies volunteered to put the boy to bed.

After smoking on deck for a while, his lordship thought he would go to bed himself. He entered the stateroom softly, so as not to awaken the little fellow. There he lay, his golden hair all tousled on the pillow. Lord Fitzgerald bent to kiss the tiny face. As he stooped down, a small gold medal hanging around the boy's neck caught his eye. It was a medal of the Immaculate Conception. Jack stirred in his sleep. His lordship tiptoed away, so as not to awaken him; but as he stepped backward he knocked over a chair; it clattered to the floor, and the sleeper awoke. He smiled and sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"Jack never said him prayers," he said, looking up into the man's kind face. "Ou hear me say 'em?"

Lord Fitzgerald was descended from an old Irish Catholic family which had fallen away from the Church many years before. He was of no religion at all, and it appeared rather strange to him that so young a child should bother his head about prayers.

"Go to sleep, my boy!" he said shortly. "You can say your prayers to-morrow."

"But—but muzzer always hears Jack's prayers," persisted Jack; "and muzzer says Jack mustn't go to sleep 'less he say him prayers."

His eyes filled with tears, and his lordship's heart softened.

"Well, well, be it so, little one!" he replied, as he seated himself; and little Jack clambered out of bed and knelt at his knee.

"Our Favver, who art in hebbin, bless muzzer and make Jack a good boy. Jack's very tired to-night, Dod; so bless Uncle Barney, and scuse me for bein' sleepy. Amen."

Lord Fitzgerald had told Jack, earlier in the evening, to call him "Uncle Barney." The tears sprang to the man's eyes as the baby lips uttered "Bless

Uncle Barney." That the little fellow had remembered him in his prayers touched him deeply. He kissed the child again and laid him gently in bed.

During the night the old gentleman would start up, and "Bless Uncle Barney" would keep ringing in his ears. He would then feel angry at himself for having been so softened by a child; but, no matter what his pride said to him, "Bless Uncle Barney" would return persistently to his mind.

Throughout the voyage across, Jack clung to his lordship. Of course he often played with the young children, but as soon as he was tired back he came to Uncle Barney.

At last one morning everything was in commotion on board. The cry of "Land ahead!" roused more or less excitement. There was a wait of some hours before the passengers could leave the steamer. A cable dispatch was brought on board stating that the mother of the lonely child had died, and that he was to be sent back to America, to his legal guardian, by the next steamer.

IV.

Lord Fitzgerald, who had made the little boy his companion during the tedious hours of the long voyage, could not now bear the thought of parting with him. He determined, if possible, to adopt him; whereupon a whole series of dispatches passed between Lord Fitzgerald and Jack's guardian in America. Of course they could not come to an understanding through dispatches. Mr. Sullivan, the guardian, was an attorney of some repute and an extremely conscientious man, who made sure that he was right before going ahead in any important matter. He insisted that the child be sent back to him.

So Lord Fitzgerald, taking the boy with him, sailed back to New York. He went straight to the lawyer's office. Mr. Sullivan, meantime, had been making inquiries as to the character of the man

who wished to adopt his ward. He was himself a staunch Catholic; and when he learned that his lordship was not, he had serious doubts as to whether he should give his consent to the adoption of the little boy by a non-Catholic.

He was sitting in his office one afternoon, thinking of his dead friend, Mr. Meridith, and wondering what he had better do. He was awakened from his reverie by his office boy, saying:

"Gentleman to see you, sir. Very important. Says he must see you right away, sir."

"Very well; show him in, Joe."

The door opened, and Mr. Sullivan turned to see a tall, stately figure standing before him.

"Mr. Sullivan, I presume?" said the gentleman, holding out his hand. "I am Lord Fitzgerald."

Mr. Sullivan rose and shook hands.

"Ah," said he, "I suppose you have come about the boy! Have you brought him with you?"

"No," answered his lordship. "I left him in charge of a nurse at the hotel."

Not going into detail concerning the conversation that ensued, let it suffice to say that it was very animated. Lord Fitzgerald was firmly resolved to adopt the boy, and the attorney was equally determined not to give the child to one who would raise him as a non-Catholic. The conversation waxed warm. At last his lordship said:

"See here, now! This will not do. I love that boy. Can you not make the remaining days of an old man's life happy? I will give him every advantage and treat him as if he were my own son. You can retain control of his property until he becomes of age. He can lose nothing by being with me, and I promise to provide handsomely for him in my will. Come, now, do not refuse me!"

He was actually pleading. That this kind old man really loved the child was beyond a doubt. At last the lawyer softened.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said he. "When John Meridith died, he appointed me the legal guardian of his child. From boyhood up we were true friends. As we shared the same Faith, he wished me to be the guardian of his son; so that, in case anything should happen to his wife, he could trust me to have him brought up a Catholic. Now, from inquiries I have made concerning you, I am satisfied that in every way you are qualified to care for the child. It is quite plain that you love him. The only objection is that you are not a Catholic; but I understand that you are a man of your word. I think I can trust you. If you will sign a contract, thereby agreeing to have Jack placed in the care of a Catholic governess until he attains the age of ten years, when he shall be sent to a school conducted by the Oratorian Fathers in England, I will consent to the adoption."

His lordship agreed to sign the paper; Jack was adopted, and as soon as possible the two sailed for Ireland.

V.

On the outskirts of the little town of Frenchpark stood Lord Fitzgerald's estate, consisting of many acres. Through the woods and meadows flowed a clear crystal stream, on the banks of which grew forget-me-nots, daisies, and the native shamrock. Here, by the stream or wandering in the woods, Jack spent many pleasant hours. Lord Fitzgerald had secured the services of a young lady who was well known for her piety and learning. Her name was Ellen O'Grady. She was a very sweet girl, and the little boy soon became deeply attached to her.

His lordship had given Jack a Shetland pony on his fifth birthday. It was jet black, and Jack called it "Black Beauty." Every morning, accompanied by Miss O'Grady, he took long drives in a dear little basket cart, drawn by Black Beauty, through the beautiful country roads around Frenchpark. He soon became known to the peasants as the "little

Earl." As he passed their cottages he would stop and chat with them for a while. They all loved him, and many a time he gladdened some old dame's heart by his bright chatter and merry laughter.

So the quiet years rolled on, little Jack bringing sunshine into the great, gloomy mansion of Lord Fitzgerald. The old Lord was very proud of his adopted son, and nothing pleased him more than to be with the little boy. They took long walks and frequent drives together; and as the time drew near when Jack was to be sent away to school, it almost broke the old man's heart to think of the parting. But he was a man of his word, so the day finally came when Jack was to start for England. The parting was very sad. There were tears in his lordship's eyes and a catch in his voice as he bade the boy good-bye in the parlor of the school.

"Don't be lonesome, Uncle Barney!" said Jack. "God will take care of your little boy, and every night I'll pray for you."

VI.

At school Jack was diligent and studious. Although so young, he had a very strong faith, and under the kind and gentle care of the good Fathers he soon developed a fervent desire to devote his life to God. He loved to hear the Fathers tell of the saints and martyrs; and, best of all, of St. Philip Neri. It was his ambition to be like that great saint.

When nearly twelve years old, Jack began to prepare for his First Communion. The day was set for the 24th of May, Jack's birthday. He listened to the instructions with rapt attention, striving each day to become more like his patron, and to purify his soul so as to make it a holy dwelling for the Divine Host.

When younger, he had not understood why Lord Fitzgerald never went to church with Miss O'Grady and himself. Afterward, when he realized that dear Uncle Barney did not love and serve God, it nearly broke his little heart. Since then, every day he prayed that Uncle Barney

might receive the grace of a sincere conversion.

About a week before his birthday, Jack was taken seriously ill. Lord Fitzgerald was sent for, and when he arrived at the school he found the child in the very arms of death. He had brought with him two eminent physicians. That night the crisis came. Jack had been delirious since his lordship's arrival, and of course did not know him. He lay tossing on his little bed, raving about a bright light; and he would start up, crying: "I'm coming! But let us take Uncle Barney with us. Uncle Barney does not know the way. If we leave him, he will never find the road." The two physicians and the village doctor worked over the little sufferer all night.

Lord Fitzgerald knelt by the bedside, his face buried in his hands. Oh, the agony of that proud, cold heart!

"My boy, my boy!" he cried, great sobs shaking his whole frame. "Don't you know me,—don't you know your Uncle Barney?"

But the boy only stared with great, unseeing eyes, and murmured:

"Yes, we'll wait for Uncle Barney."

One of the Fathers came and laid his hand upon the shoulders of the poor old man. His lordship lifted a face full of agony and despair that brought tears to the eyes of the kind priest.

"Pray," said the latter,—*"pray, and God will hear your prayers."*

His lordship caught the Father's hand in both of his.

"I don't know how to pray!" he cried. "Tell me, you who have given up all for God,—tell me that there *is* a God,—a God who is merciful, and who will answer the prayers of those who pray."

Following the eyes of the priest, he turned his agonized face to a large crucifix hanging on the wall, and stretched out his hands.

"O God," he cried, "it is true that I have neglected Thee, forgotten Thee, doubted Thy very existence! But if there *be* a God in heaven, have mercy upon me

and save my boy! Give me back my boy as a sign that there is truly a God and a merciful one."

"You are exciting yourself," said the doctor. "This will not do. You must lie down for a while."

He led the old man to a couch, where, sinking down upon it, he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke, the sun was streaming in at the window and the Father stood over him, smiling.

"Our Lord has heard your prayer," he said.

Lord Fitzgerald started to his feet.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Is it true?"

He rushed to the bed, and there beheld the boy sleeping peacefully. Falling on his knees, he poured forth to the Almighty the silent thanksgiving of a grateful and believing heart.

Jack soon awoke, and recognized the kneeling figure.

"Uncle Barney!" he cried, happily.

There was great rejoicing in the school that morning. Little Jack was a general favorite, and the news that the crisis had been safely passed was received with joy by everyone.

Lord Fitzgerald approached the Father who had told him to pray.

"Father," he said, "will you hear my confession? I was baptized a Catholic, but have never practised my religion, or even believed in it until now. I come back at last, like the prodigal. Will you help me?"

The 24th of May dawned bright and beautiful. As Jack could not receive Holy Communion in the chapel with the other boys, it was decided that he should receive upstairs in the infirmary. After the celebration of Holy Mass, all the First Communicants formed in procession, and, with the priest at the head carrying the Blessed Sacrament, they marched up to where Jack and Lord Fitzgerald were waiting. The young lads were all eagerness to see Jack. The scene was most impressive. The boys knelt around the bedside of their beloved comrade,

each one with a lighted candle in his hand.

A deep silence reigned in the room as the Sacred Host was received by Uncle Barney and little Jack; but as they bowed their heads in thanksgiving a chorus of clear young voices rang out on the morning air:

O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me!

As they knelt there, a peace such as he had never before experienced, filled his lordship's heart, and he whispered: "My God, I thank Thee!"

And here let us leave them,—the old Lord happy in the possession of a new Faith, and Jack rejoicing that his prayers for dear Uncle Barney had been so fully answered.

"The Faithful Norman."

Among the Anglo-Normans who invaded Ireland in the years 1169-70 there was one who won the esteem of her people. This was Maurice Prendergast, a brave knight and noble gentleman known in Irish annals as "The Faithful Norman." He was among the first band of bold adventurers who left England, with the permission of Henry II., to assist the unworthy Dermot MacMurrough to recover the possession of his kingdom of Leinster, of which he had lost sovereignty through his own fault. Maurice Prendergast landed in Wexford in May, 1169, and took part in the fighting that went on between the Irish and the invaders. It was a sad and terrible time; and it is little wonder that, in the carnage and pillage, so many men forgot both truth and honor. The story of "The Faithful Norman" shows the invading soldier's bravery and faithfulness, and the Irish appreciation of these qualities even in a foe.

Prendergast had been commissioned by his leader, Strongbow, to invite a certain Irish chief, Fitzpatrick of Ossory, to a conference in the Anglo-Norman camp;

and he asked and received an assurance for the safety of the Irish prince, who set out from his own quarters with Maurice, and proceeded to the camp of the enemies. The Ossorian prince was graciously received by the Normans; but during the progress of the conference Prendergast learned that treachery was intended to the invited guest. Then—

Maurice the Norman upraised his sword;

The cross on its hilt he kissed and spoke:
"So long as this sword or this arm hath might,
I swear by the Cross which is lord of all,
By the faith and honor of noble and knight,
Who touches you, prince, by this hand shall fall!"

The treachery intended to Fitzpatrick was averted; and when the conference was over, the gallant Norman knight attended the Irish prince to his own camp, and spent the night there with him and his clan; and from thence Irish annalists and poets have told in prose and song of the faith and chivalry of Maurice Prendergast, "The Faithful Norman."

The King's Couplet.

A popular King of Bavaria, having been overtaken by night in the chase, and not wishing to go back to his hunting lodge, took shelter in a dreary tavern. The host was a surly old man; and, as he did not know who his guest was, showed him but scant courtesy. The King had forbidden his few retainers to disclose his rank. Next morning, when breakfast had been served, and the bill had been settled, the tavern-keeper came with the guest-book, to have the King enter his name, according to the custom of the country. The King signed his name in full, and wrote under it the following couplet in German:

Wenn mancher mann wuesste, wer mancher
mann waer,
Thaet mancher mann manchem mann manch-
mal mehr Ehr.

*Which may be rather freely translated:
If many a man knew what many a man is,
The duty to honor him he would make his.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

—Volumes XIII. and XIV. of the English translation of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages" are now in press by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

—The latest edition of Father Wapelhorst's "Compendium Sacrae Liturgiæ" (Benziger Bros.) wins our admiration by its completeness and accuracy. The only improvement needed is a fuller index. No clerical library should be without this most useful compendium. Messrs. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—The death of the venerable friend of animals, Mr. George T. Angell, of Boston, founder and president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has been mourned in every part of the civilized world. As founder and editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, and as instrumental in procuring the successful publication of "Black Beauty," which has had a circulation of half a million copies, Mr. Angell rendered noteworthy service to popular literature as well as to the cause of kindness to animals.

—"Die Jungfrau von Orleans," edited by Warren Washburn Florer (American Book Co.), is a carefully prepared edition of Schiller's well-known drama, and should be useful to teachers of German in fostering a love for the best in literature. Notes, arrangement of text, etc., are all that could be desired; while the bibliography is unusually complete, including notable Catholic references. The Life of Joan of Arc, by Anatole France, is among the works recommended, to which we venture to add as deserving of special notice Andrew Lang's scholarly and sympathetic work, "The Maid of France."

—Commenting on the service rendered to the community by the public library as a bureau of information, the *Dial* remarks:

The free library of Cardiff is said to stand in the very forefront of progress in one respect: it has established a telephone inquiry department; and, if one may credit the reports coming from the head librarian, the new departure has proved a great success. The inquiries received cover a wide range of subjects,—conscription, coöperation, steam-boilers, hedgehogs, ladies' fans, old-age pensions, tailoring, and many other more or less abstruse matters. Where the question requires time for answering properly, the questioner is rung up again; but many inquiries are immediately answerable.

It may be considered doubtful whether the Cardiff innovation is likely to become generally adopted. Given the character of the average librarian, we should think it quite unlikely.

—From St. Boniface's Industrial School, Banning, California, we have received a collection of simple hymns, by the Rev. B. Florian

Hahn, M. A.; the words in German by the Very Rev. S. Brunner, C. PP. S., translated into English by Mrs. Mary E. Mannix, whose daughter, Miss Madge Mannix, furnishes the setting for one of the sacred songs. The hymns were written for the Sisters of the Precious Blood, but are suitable for general use. The title of this hymn-book is "Salvete Christi Vulnera"; and the collection includes hymns in honor of the Precious Blood, the Passion of Our Lord, and our Blessed Lady.

—"Socialism and the Christian Religion," by the Rev. Peter J. Cullen (Mirror Printing House, Marcelline, Mo.), is a brochure of one hundred pages, designed to give the ordinary reader, and more particularly the laboring man, a plain and simple exposition of Socialism. The author discusses, with admirable lucidity and force, the nature of Socialism; its aims and purposes; the banefulness of its teaching and doctrines on religion, morality, and justice; and the manifold evil consequences that would inevitably ensue from its adoption. In a chapter on "Social Reform instead of Socialism," Father Cullen advocates some reforms which not all his readers perhaps will be prepared to accept; but, as an alternative of Socialism, the most radical of them would be thoroughly welcome. The brochure bears the *imprimatur* of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of St. Joseph. When a new edition is called for, the proof-sheets should be more carefully corrected.

—Though not the best of Henry Harland's books—what incomparable stories are "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "The Lady Paramount"—his posthumously published novel, "The Royal End" (it is partly the work of his widow), will not detract from his reputation as a delightful author. He was the happiest man in the world the day he was received into the Church. How thoroughly he appreciated the gift of Faith is shown by numerous passages of his last work. For instance, he makes his American heroine soliloquize thus:

So many religions but no Faith! Where every man, in disobedience to Christ, chooses to be his own Pope! Yet the Holy Father has dedicated America to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. But the very elements in America, so violent and so ferocious—the burning summers, the cruel winters, the appalling cataclysms of Nature,—if these are reproduced in the violent characters of the people, inclined to rape and rapine on a big or little scale, at what end, left to its own devices, will the American character issue? Will it become inflated with power, the great Master Robber of the World? Or will it perish utterly, hoist by its own petard? . . . No Man at the Helm shall save us for more than his few years of tenure. The race cries for

direction, a sane outlet to its emotions. The sole influence which holds anarchy at bay is Holy Mother Church, wise men tell us. Yes, the Divine authority! The sweet miracle of the Catholic Faith may save our people from ending as a nation of brutes; may open to us the gates of Humility and show to us the road to the Greater Glory of God.

—Mr. G. K. Chesterton, called only by his initials in English literary circles, has naturally become an object of much interest and curiosity to his readers. He is a vigorous and original thinker, something of whose personality is reflected in everything that he pens. He is said to talk just as he writes, and to be exactly what he seems—a sincere admirer of the good, an ardent lover of the beautiful, and a raging hater of the make-believe. He laughs loud, listens well, scolds vociferously, and praises enthusiastically; he is abnormally stout and extremely absent-minded; eccentric and independent; boisterous or serene according to his mood—and his moods are many. One who has observed him closely writes:

Walking down Fleet Street some day you may meet a form whose vastness blots out the heavens. Great waves of hair surge from under the soft, wide-brimmed hat. A cloak that might be a legacy from Porthos floats about his colossal frame. He pauses in the midst of the pavement to read the book in his hand, and a cascade of laughter, descending from the head-notes to the middle voice, gushes out on the listening air. He looks up, adjusts his *pince-nez*, observes that he is not in a cab, remembers that he ought to be in a cab, turns and hails a cab. The vehicle sinks down under the unusual burden, and rolls heavily away. It carries Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton is the most conspicuous figure in the landscape of literary London. He is like a visitor out of some fairy tale, a legend in the flesh, a survival of the childhood of the world. Most of us are the creatures of our time, thinking its thoughts, wearing its clothes, rejoicing in its chains. . . . He is a wayfarer from the ages, stopping at the inn of life, warming himself at the fire, and making the rafters ring with his jolly laughter.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Legends of the Saints." Père H. Delehaye, S. J. \$1.20, net.

"The Degrees of the Spiritual Life." Abbé A. Sandreau. \$3.50, net.

"The Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles." St. Francis de Sales. \$1.80, net.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1.

"Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert 15 cts.

"Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.

"Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.

"Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.

"Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingen. \$1.50.

"Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.

"The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.

"Dangers of the Day." Mgr. John Vaughan. \$1.

"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William Johnson, D. D., of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. John Geerts, diocese of Detroit; and Rev. Joseph Slinger, O. P.

Mr. Ambrose Better, Mr. Isaac Henderson, Mrs. E. P. McEvoy, Mrs. Marie Werner, Mr. Charles Purvis, Mrs. John A. Woods, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Mr. Henry Hess, Mrs. Martha K. Kershaw, Mr. William H. East, Miss M. M. Rarig, Mr. Joseph P. Corr, Mr. Charles B. Brown, Agnes Barnes, Mr. Daniel Mahony, Mr. George Eichorn, Mr. William Daly, Mr. Joseph Ackerman, Miss Margaret Kerr, Mr. William Pryor, Mrs. John Ryan, Mr. William Cudworth, Mrs. M. Teehy, and Mr. Benjamin Wade.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For Bishop Dougherty, Philippines: Mrs. B. C., \$1.

St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

Friend per B. J., \$7; Miss T. A. C., \$1



(BOTTICELLI.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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May.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

MONTH of flowers, month of bowers,
 Month of happy sunlit hours;
 Month of azure seas reflecting azure skies that
 bend above!
 Month of May processions twining,
 Month of fragrant altars shining,—
 Month of Her who stoops to listen to our litanies
 of love!
 Month of gleams, month of streams,
 Month of longings and of dreams;
 Month of youthful eyes as tender as the skies
 that bend above!
 Month of promise, month of presage,
 Month of Summer's sweetest message,—
 Month of Her who stoops to listen to our litanies
 of love!

Marye-Thoughts.

BY E. SCHMIDT.

VOLUMES might fittingly be
 written of the thoughts—
 "thoughts of many hearts"—
 that the name of "our dear
 Lady" inspires, and has inspired through-
 out the ages. We can here, however,
 but slightly touch upon some of these
 thoughts,—upon some of the many beau-
 tiful forms of homage and devotion to the
 "lovely Maiden" of the song of Walter von
 der Vogelweide, that the varied minds and
 faculties of men have in all ages united in
 avishing upon their Queen and Mother.

For, indeed, "how to praise her we
 know not." How shall man ever say
 enough of her, "our tainted nature's
 solitary boast," of whose dear name—

The soft, celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 That suffering souls a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below!

Have we not made her the Queen of
 our earthly bowers? Is not the perfect
 lily "which God loves" hers and hers
 alone, the peerless rose her wreath? And
 since it needs must be, that earthly roses
 fade and die and so are unworthy offer-
 ings, has not the blessed founder of the
 "Brothers of Mary" taught all her children
 to twine her garlands of sempiternal roses,
 flowers of her predilection that shall
 bloom forever in the gardens of the sky?
 And in the days of old, the days of
 faith and love, how many were the lovely
 blossoms holy to the "Flower of God"!
 Of such were the snowdrop, "Our Lady
 of the Purification"; the bright marigold
 consecrated to the Annunciation; the
 Virgin's Bower, or wild clematis, blooming
 at Assumption time; the water-lily sacred
 to Our Lady of the Snows; and the
 Arbor Vitæ, of mystic significance, which
 was dedicated to the Immaculate Concep-
 tion in the old monastic calendars.

It was also a beautiful custom to
 dedicate to her the first bright flowers
 of spring, which accordingly were gathered
 for her shrine, as we read in the Life of
 Blessed Henry Suso, 'who placed in the
 spring a fresh garland on her image, in
 the hope that, as she was to his heart
 the fairest of all flowers, she would not

disdain to accept these first flowers from her humble client.' And, indeed, we have personally known a family where, all the year round, the first selection of every bunch of flowers brought to the house was laid apart for the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The fragrance of these consecrated blossoms was also solely devoted to her, no one permitting himself to smell such flowers for personal pleasure; thus recalling the similar prohibition regarding the sacred incense which might diffuse its sweetness only before the Lord God of Israel.

And of comparisons of Mary, "Flower of living things," as an old thirteenth-century hymn styles her, to these lovely children of Nature, there is literally no end to them. She is the "Lily of the valley, the Flower of the field," the Mystical Rose, *Rosa sine spina*, *Rosa mundi*, Rose of the Cross, the "Palm Tree of Cades," and the fruitful Vine of sweetest odor. She is the "Lily of the Trinity, the resplendent Rose of Paradise," of the invocation of St. Gertrude; the "Flower of Grace, divinest Flower," and she is the Queen of flowery Maytime.

It is, indeed, to Italy, "the Blessed Mary's land," that we owe the introduction of the beautiful devotion of the Month of Mary, which has taken such deep hold upon the loving heart of all Christendom. The consecration of the Saturday in every week to the Blessed Mother is also of Italian origin,—“Our Lady's Sunday,” as we have heard it quaintly and prettily styled, apparently having been first devoted to her especial service by the Seven Holy Founders of the Order of the Servants of Mary, the children of her Seven Sorrows.

The stars, "the thoughts of God in the heavens," the "diamond fretwork of the sky," have also lent their beauty to her praise; for she is crowned with twelve stars; she is acclaimed by grateful thousands the Star of the Deep; the Church hails her as the "bright and Morning Star"; the Evening Star she is,

whose mild and beneficent ray gilds the twilight of the day of earthly life that sinks into the gloom that precedes the "dawning of th' eternal Day"; she is, in a word, *Stella mundi*, the Star of all the world. Dante hymns her as "the living Star which conquers there" (in heaven) "as here below it conquered," and as "the incoronated flame."

Very beautiful and touching is the custom, so general throughout the "Island of Saints," of consecrating innocent children to the tender love and care of the "Mother of mothers," — of dedicating innocence to Innocence, beauty to Beauty, grace to the Mother of Grace. Little girls especially, in France, were frequently thus "vowed," as it is termed, by their pious mothers, to the Model of all womanhood; in her honor such children were dressed, in blue and white, or in one of these colors, till they had attained a certain age.

Blue and white have come by general consent to be the accepted colors of our dear Lady, who, it will be remembered, appeared to Bernadette robed in white with a blue scarf, or girdle, "by a singular coincidence, at the time when the first members of the Institute of Marie Réparatrice were pronouncing their vows in 1858." These Sisters wear the livery of Our Lady, being habited in white with blue scapular, cincture and veil, and are often referred to as the "Blue Nuns." Dante styles Mary "the Sapphire beautiful, which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue," from the fact that she is oftenest arrayed in blue by the painters; and, indeed, as blue is usually regarded as the color of faith and constancy, it is most fittingly dedicated to the Virgin most Faithful; while white is, of course, symbolic of her immaculate purity.

In olden days the Angelus chimes were frequently of silver, as emblematic in their soft, clear melody of the sweet, gentle influence of her in whose honor they were dedicated. Usually they bore Latin mottoes inscribed upon their surfaces; and very often, a bell being

christened in honor of Our Lady, the title it received was also engraved upon it. In England these were well known in Catholic days as the "Ladye-Bells"; while the "Marye-Masse" and the "Marye-Well," not to mention the various Guilds of Our Lady that then flourished, gave evidence of the popularity of a trend of thought to which England has long since been a stranger.

There survives even to this day in Rome a beautiful and touching custom, instituted some centuries ago by St. Gaetan, called the "Ave Maria of the Dead." The bells are tolled at nightfall, to remind their hearers of those who are "gone before us with the sign of faith and who sleep the sleep of peace," yet who still groan in exile; and upon that solemn sound it is customary to recite a prayer for them.

Many and diverse, even as the tastes and the necessities of men, are the titles under which we honor the Virgin Mother of God. A few of such, not widely known perhaps, are: Our Lady of the Dead; Our Lady of Health, whose feast is celebrated in Venice; Our Lady of Bethlehem, of whom there existed a famous shrine in France; Our Lady of Paradise (a Cistercian invocation), whose feast occurs early in November; Our Lady of Fair Love, who is venerated by the Lucchese; while as to local dedications, such as those of the celebrated Madonna of Limerick, of Trim or of Aberdeen, not to mention those at Lourdes, Einsiedeln, Genazzano, and Campocavallo, they are practically numberless.

In Our Lady's honor, since the dawning of Christianity, have arisen churches, cathedrals, and convents. Cities and villages even, everywhere, bear her name. And how many a splendid basilica and stately cathedral, how many a humble chapel, both at home and out over the whole world, on the Foreign Missions or in Catholic colonies, has proclaimed to all the earth the glory of her whom 'all generations shall call blessed'!

In her name also, and beneath her protection and love, how many Orders and Congregations of religious men and women have not arisen! The Cistercians, who own her as Patroness and Queen, in whose honor their white habit is worn; the Servites, children of her Dolours, whose Order she herself founded; the Dominicans, "Brothers of Mary," whom she shelters under her mantle, who are the custodians of her rose-garden; Marists, Sisters of Marie Réparatrice, who herself desired their institution as so many Marys of the Tabernacle; Franciscans, whom, according to the tradition of the Order, she keeps sheltered in her maternal Heart,—it were useless and beyond our scope here to endeavor to enumerate them all.

Mother and model is the Blessed Virgin alike of the saint and sinner, of scholar and of laborer, of the prince as of the peasant, of the innocent child as of the world-weary man, of the consecrated nun as of the "joyful mother of children." She is Queen of all that is fairest in the creation of God, and therefore it is meet that all should bring to her feet in one great offering the varied homage of each individual soul and of each nature that exists. She is the Mother of Fair Love, "whose love of us is surpassed only by that of God Himself, who in her would give the world the visible proof of what His grace can make of the child of dust and ashes"; and therefore do we love her and cherish her.

Try it for a day, I beseech you, to preserve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of mind. Compare the day in which you have rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction with that on which you have allowed it to grow up, and you will find your heart open to every good motive, your life strengthened, and your breast armed with a panoply against every trick of Fate. Truly you will wonder at your own improvement.—*Richter.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XIX.

EDITH had walked in very dignified fashion out of Judge Wargrave's chamber, but she must have quickened her pace greatly the instant she was outside; for when Desmond followed, he found no sign of her. The corridor stretched before him empty, although there was a sound of flying feet and rustling skirts around the curving gallery beyond. But when he reached the point where the corridor opened on the gallery, the last also was empty, and the sound of a sharply closing door told him that Edith had taken refuge from pursuit in her own chamber.

He paused and stood for a moment, looking at the closed door with a sense of exasperation against feminine unreasonableness, which is a common masculine state of mind,—as common as the exasperation which is produced in women by the obtuseness of men. "How can she be so foolish!" was his impatient thought, and he was strongly tempted to knock on the door and summon Edith out in order to express it. But wiser thought prevailed, and he walked slowly downstairs, conscious that the irritation which so unpleasantly possessed him was not altogether due to Miss Creighton's unreasonableness. Indeed, he acknowledged to himself that it was chiefly due to his failure to make any impression upon Hester Landon. It was perhaps because he had prevailed with her once—had induced her to see things as he saw them, and to act as he wished, when it was a question of her coming to Hillcrest—that he was so keenly disappointed now at his inability to prevail with her again,—to make her realize the falseness of the position in which they were both involved. He had gone to her, eagerly confident of his power to influence, to convince;

and he had failed utterly! Not only so, he had been reminded that he was chiefly, if not altogether, to blame for the situation of which he complained; that if he had not interfered at a crucial moment—if, in words of current speech, he had minded his own business—she would not now be under the roof of Hillcrest, and beside Judge Wargrave's bed.

All this was true. It was impossible to deny it, yet equally impossible to regret what he had done. He was quite clear on the latter point. However much Hester's obstinacy might irritate, it could not make him sorry that she was where he was quite sure that she should be, and where he was equally sure that, if in any degree it rested with him, she should remain. He looked up and nodded to the portraits hanging around the hall; he had a feeling that they, with their steadfast, watching eyes, were in the secret with him. "I must keep my promise," he confided, half-aloud, to them. "There's no help for *that*. But I'll see that she doesn't leave this house, where we know that she belongs." Then, with a sense of vaguely soothed irritation, he snatched up a hat, pressed it down over his brows, and went out doors.

About half an hour later a motor-car glided with unwonted quietness up to the door, and from it Bobby Selwyn stepped just as Miss Creighton emerged from the house, pulling on a pair of large gloves with a good deal of energy. There were other storm-signals besides the energy, which Mr. Selwyn's wary eyes at once perceived,—a heightened color on the cheeks, a compression of the usually smiling lips, and a gleam in the dark eyes, which swept him with a careless glance.

"Oh, how d'y'e do, Bobby!" Edith said, in a tone as careless as the glance. "I didn't know you were here."

"You couldn't know it," Bobby meekly remarked, "since I have just arrived; and I beg to call your attention to the quietness with which I came up. I don't suppose you heard the car at all."

"No, I didn't hear it," she answered, "or I shouldn't have come out at this moment. I had no desire to meet any one."

"I hope that doesn't mean that you had no desire to meet me," Bobby observed; "for I am, as always, extremely glad to meet you."

"You are very good," she returned impatiently; "but I really can't reciprocate the sentiment at present. I've just remarked that I am leaving the house in order to avoid people, so you must excuse me. You'll find mamma in the library, and she'll be delighted to see you."

"Well, I can't reciprocate that sentiment," Bobby answered frankly. "I shouldn't be a bit delighted to see cousin Rachel under these circumstances,—with you gone off alone in a huff—"

"Bobby, how dare you!"

"But you *are* in a huff, so what's the good of not saying so? I haven't seen you in such a temper in a long time. What has happened? Who has made you so angry?"

"I'm not angry—"

"Oh, what nonsense!" Mr. Selwyn permitted himself to remark. "You are simply fighting mad, and you might as well give yourself the relief of telling me what it is all about."

As Edith looked at him, it was doubtful for an instant whether she would not give herself the relief of blazing out with the temper he divined. But something in his expression, which was at once bold and deprecating, provoked a laugh instead.

"You are perfectly absurd!" she said. "I am not 'fighting mad' at all: I am only 'out of sorts,' disgusted, disappointed, and perhaps a little indignant, and therefore not good company for any one."

"You are always good company for me," Bobby told her simply. "You couldn't be in any condition in which I shouldn't like to be with you. See now! Suppose that instead of going off to—er—sulk by yourself, you come and

take a little spin with me? That will help you to feel better—"

"It wouldn't help me at all. You know that I detest being blown about."

"You shan't be blown about. I'll crawl if you say so,—though it's a curious taste. Come!"—he held out his hand pleadingly. "The car's going beautifully to-day; and while we glide along—for I won't do any speeding at all—you can tell me what has disgusted and disappointed you."

Miss Creighton still regarded him doubtfully for a moment; but there was a temptation in the partial diversion from her angry thoughts, which he offered. All women are aware that there is a certain kind of devotion—the rare devotion which gives much and asks little—that is very attractive to the feminine nature, especially when some other devotion to which they feel they have a right has failed them. Hurt, disappointed and indignant, as Edith truthfully described herself, she was for the first time conscious of a sense of comfort in Bobby's unwavering sympathy, and in the devotion which was always at her service, like the faithful, unexact love of a dog. After all, it might be a relief to talk to him—there are times when a friend is a good safety-valve,—and so, somewhat to his surprise, she said:

"You are so persistent that I suppose I might as well go with you as have you following me."

"Quite as well," he answered, while he helped her into the car; "for you couldn't shake me off, you know,—at least not by anything short of stamping your foot and telling me to begone, as you used to do."

"To hear you talk, one would think I was an awful spitfire!" she laughed; and then added more gravely: "Perhaps I am one. At least there's no doubt I can get dreadfully angry."

Selwyn nodded without looking at her.

"Oh, I know that!" he said. "I mean I know that you can get dreadfully angry;

but, then, it's only when you have good reason for being so."

"I'm not sure of that," she observed hastily.

"I am sure of it," he asserted stoutly. "I'll back your sense of justice every time. At present, now, I'm certain that whoever is in fault, it isn't you."

"Bobby, you are perfectly ridiculous!" she told him. "And yet it is good to have a friend who believes in one even to the extent of ridiculous loyalty."

"I'm sorry you think it ridiculous," he said. "But at least I'm glad that you believe in the loyalty. And, now, what's the matter? Who has disgusted and disappointed you?"

"Can't you guess?"

Something in her tone made him turn and glance curiously at her.

"You don't mean—Laurence Desmond?" he exclaimed with quick intuition.

"Yes," she answered, "I mean Laurence Desmond. Bobby, we've all liked him very much."

"We certainly have," Bobby assented.

"But I am afraid that he doesn't deserve our liking or our confidence," she went on. "Quite accidentally I have discovered something which has altogether changed my opinion with regard to him."

Selwyn did not answer immediately. They had left the grounds of Hillcrest, and were running at the moderate rate of speed which he had promised along the highroad; and, with his gaze fixed ahead, he almost appeared for an instant not to hear. Then he said slowly:

"It has always seemed to me that after one has given one's confidence it's well to be cautious about withdrawing it. There are so many possibilities of mistake in life, you know."

"There's no possibility of mistake in this," she returned. "I have had an instinct from the first that there was something more than ordinary in his acquaintance with the nurse."

"The nurse!" Selwyn's tone showed his surprise. "He's never made any secret

of the fact that he met her in the railway wreck—"

"Oh, yes!" Edith broke in impatiently. "We have all heard about the wreck, and her heroism, and so on; but we have never heard that his acquaintance with her goes very much beyond that. Now, I think it would have been only candid to mention this fact before he brought her to Hillcrest."

"But he didn't bring her. Dr. Glynn—"

"Bobby," Miss Creighton interrupted loftily, "if you think that you know more about the matter than I do, there is really no need for me to go on."

"I don't think so," Bobby hastened to declare; "but we know that Dr. Glynn did—"

"Select her as a nurse? Yes, we know that. But we didn't know what I have just learned—that she really came at Laurence Desmond's solicitation, and because he promised to keep some secret which makes his and her position with us a false one."

"By George!" Mr. Selwyn took refuge in his invariable ejaculation, for he was very much startled. "I wonder," he added involuntarily, "if that can be so?"

"Bobby, you are intolerable! Do you suppose I would say such a thing if I were not certain of it?"

"Oh, I'm sure that you are certain in your own mind!" Bobby explained. "But I must think there's some mistake. Desmond's not that kind of fellow."

"How do you know what kind of fellow he is?" Edith demanded trenchantly. "We really know little or nothing about him. He is very pleasant and—er—plausible. I believe Irishmen mostly are. But such people are often insincere, if not absolutely false."

Selwyn shook his head a trifle obstinately.

"Desmond's neither insincere nor false," he said. "I'm confident of that. There's some mistake."

"There's no mistake, I tell you!" Edith cried irritably. "How can you

suppose I would say such things if I were not sure?"

Selwyn reduced the already moderate speed of the car until it almost stopped, as he turned toward her.

"How are you sure?" he asked bluntly.

"I am sure because I heard the facts I have stated from their own lips," she answered. "I suppose you will ask how I came to hear them, so I will tell you exactly. It was an hour or two ago, that I went to Uncle George's room. I knew that Laurence Desmond had gone up a little while before; but he was not in the chamber when I entered, and neither was the nurse. I asked Virgil where they were, and he said they were in the sitting-room. There did not seem any reason why I should not join them, especially since I wanted to ask the nurse a question or two about Uncle George. So I opened the door between the rooms, and was about to draw back the portière which hangs over it, when I heard them talking so earnestly that involuntarily I stopped for an instant. I was struck by the tone of the voices, even before I heard any words, it seemed to imply so much intimacy. Then, while I hesitated, I caught a few words. I heard her ask if he remembered that it was only on the condition of his promise to keep some secret about her that she had come to Hillcrest, and I heard him answer that they were both in a false position. I was so dismayed by my position that I do not remember very clearly what he said, except those words. But about them I could not be mistaken, for she repeated them; she said that the only way he could change the position he considered false was by helping her to get away."

"And he—"

"Said he would 'never do that.' Then I managed to close the door noiselessly, and get away myself. That is all I know; and of course I should have preferred not to learn it in such a manner, but I had not the faintest suspicion of anything between them when I opened that door."

"Of course not." Selwyn directed his attention again to his wheel. "But the question is, what does it mean? What do you think is between them?"

"How can I tell?" she replied. "It is not a subject that I care to speculate about. But it throws—you must see that it throws—a very disagreeable light on Laurence Desmond's character and conduct."

"It seems hardly fair to make up our minds about that unless we know a little more," Selwyn ventured. "I would suggest telling him frankly what you overheard, and asking him to explain it."

"Ask him to explain it! I!" Edith exclaimed haughtily. "Lay myself open to the charge of eavesdropping!"

"That's nonsense, you know."

"It isn't nonsense. The fact that I overheard what was not intended for me to hear would appear to prove it. Then it's really none of my business to inquire what his relations with this girl may be."

"I don't believe he has any relations with her that he would hesitate to explain," Bobby said stoutly.

"Oh, you don't?" Miss Creighton's tone was extremely crisp. "Then how would you account for his statement about the false position in which he is placed?"

Selwyn shook his head. "I can't account for it," he said. "But I wouldn't be afraid to ask him plainly what he meant."

"It isn't a question of being afraid," Edith told him loftily, "but of not condescending to inquire into what doesn't concern one. After what I heard, I am perfectly certain that there is some tie between the nurse and himself. They may be—married."

This was a suggestion which, metaphorically speaking, knocked Bobby flat. He stared wide-eyed for a moment, and then—

"Married!" he gasped. "I never thought of that."

"I suppose not," Edith answered. "But when one does think of it, everything seems to concur to make it probable. They

arrived together, on the same train—”

“But Desmond said—”

“Kindly be quiet until I finish! They arrived on the same train; and, whether married or merely engaged, we may reasonably suppose that they decided to wait until Laurence could break the matter to Uncle George; so *she* went to the hospital, while *he* came here. What are you shaking your head in that ridiculous manner for?”

“Because you are letting your imagination run away with you. The thing’s impossible. Desmond couldn’t have been here all this time in such a position, and never said a word to the Judge, who would have been so keenly hurt by his lack of confidence.”

“How can you be so absurd as to say in that positive manner that he couldn’t have done it, when you don’t know what he could or couldn’t have done?” Edith demanded exasperatedly. “I have reminded you that he is a stranger to us.”

“Yes, he’s a stranger,” Selwyn admitted; “but I’m quite sure he’s a gentleman. And—women don’t always understand—but there are some things a gentleman can’t do.”

“You are as flattering as you are lucid,” Edith informed him sarcastically. “What is the particular thing to which you have reference at present that a gentleman couldn’t do?”

“He couldn’t,” Bobby answered quietly, “have occupied the position that Desmond has toward *you*, if he were, as you suppose, either married or engaged to another woman.”

“The position toward *me*!” The blood flew to Miss Creighton’s face and fire flashed from her eyes. “Bobby, your stupidity is past endurance! What position do you imagine Laurence Desmond to have occupied toward me?”

“Well,” Bobby returned, “it’s not very hard to define. I should say that he was in the same boat with the rest of us, who were your adorers and suitors

before he came, but that his chance of success has—er—appeared to be better than ours.”

“In other words” (Miss Creighton’s tones were icy now), “you have paid me the high compliment of thinking that I was prepared to accept a man who entered into my life only a few weeks ago, and of whom I know little or nothing, because, I suppose, he is the heir of Hillcrest.”

“Edith, you know that is absurd! No one would ever think such a thing as that of you. But there’s no denying that he is very attractive, and you’ve seemed to like him very much.”

“I *do* like him—I mean I *have* liked him,—but surely one may like a man without being ready to marry him.”

“Oh, yes!” (Bobby’s assent was unqualified now) “You are apparently able to like any number of men without being ready to marry them.”

Edith threw back her head, and in a gay peal of laughter her bad temper seemed to evaporate.

“You are very absurd,” she remarked.

“But, after all, you’re not far wrong. I do like a good many men without entertaining the faintest idea of marrying any one of them. I can’t say” (the note of modernity showed itself now in her candor) “what idea of the kind I might in time have come to entertain with regard to Laurence Desmond, if he had really joined the ranks of my—what was it?—adorers and suitors?—but he never has. Of course we have both seen what mamma and Uncle George hope for—”

“Plain as a pikestaff!” Bobby growled.

“But there hasn’t been anything between us up to this time except pleasant *camaraderie*. Nevertheless, although I personally have no right to complain, I feel that he hasn’t acted well in bringing this girl here in some false position; indeed I am, as I said at first, thoroughly disgusted and disappointed in him.”

“It doesn’t look well on the surface,” Bobby found himself forced to agree;

"but I think he ought to be given a chance to explain. Perhaps you'd let me speak to him—"

"Certainly not," Edith interrupted with emphasis. "What I have told you is in strict confidence, and I shall never forgive you if you mention the subject to him."

"I shall not mention it without your permission," Bobby assured her. "But I believe you are wrong, quite wrong, in making a mystery of the matter."

And thus did two masculine opinions of feminine conduct closely coincide in sentiment and expression.

(To be continued.)

England's Catholic Revival.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

MR. BERNARD WARD dedicates his latest work, "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England,"* to the members, past and present, of our old English Catholic families. Proud of his descent from some of those same families, the present writer may perhaps be allowed to thank Mgr. Ward for the two deeply interesting volumes that describe what was certainly the most critical time through which those families passed. The author has done his work thoroughly, accurately, and impartially. He has had access to the archives of the dioceses of Westminster, Clifton, and of other places, and has made the best use of the materials placed at his disposal. He gives us many documents hitherto unpublished, and these often cast quite a new light on events which happened in the period of which he treats. That period is a short one—a period of less than a quarter of a century, extending from 1781 to 1803,—but so full was it of events that led to the Catholic Revival in England that even the two large volumes Mgr. Ward has devoted to it scarcely suffice to treat it adequately.

There is much in the history of this brief period that is painful reading. But history truly depicted can not be all rose-colored. Nevertheless, I feel sure that the reader will arise from the perusal of these volumes hopefully consoled, and will say with Hamlet:

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Never had the fortunes of English Catholics been at a lower ebb than when the last decade but one of the eighteenth century had begun. True, the Relief Act of 1778 had made it possible for Catholic priests and schoolmasters to live in England without being constantly in danger of imprisonment on the denunciation of anybody base enough to turn informer. It also allowed Catholics to acquire, by purchase or inheritance, real property. Still, Catholics were subject to many disabilities. A Catholic might be prosecuted for not attending a Protestant church; he might be punished for any act of worship in accordance with his religion, or for keeping a school, or for sending his children to be educated abroad. He could not serve in the army or navy, nor practise the law. He could not sit in Parliament nor vote at an election. If a landowner, he had to pay a double land-tax; if a priest, the exercise of his functions exposed him to the heaviest penalties, even to capital punishment.

It was with a view of obtaining further relief that some Catholic laymen formed a committee, the leaders of which were the ninth Lord Petre, Sir John Throckmorton, and the learned Sir Henry Englefield. They appointed as its secretary Mr. Charles Butler, the nephew of the Rev. Alban Butler, the hagiographer. Later on this Catholic committee added to its numbers two of the clergy—Bishop Charles Berington and the Rev. Joseph Wilkes, a Benedictine monk. The laymen of the committee were, as Mgr. Ward shows, men of blameless lives and exemplary piety. But, in their eagerness to

* Longmans, Green & Co.

obtain relief for themselves and their fellow-Catholics who were as helots in the land of their fathers, they overstepped the boundaries of lay-Catholic action. For this they must not be too harshly judged. It must be remembered that, outside of London, almost every Catholic mission in England depended for its existence on some Catholic lord or squire. His purse kept up the chapel, paid its priest's stipend, and it was his dependents who peopled the chapel. The priest in charge of it was practically the family chaplain, whose appointment or removal often seemed to depend rather on the wishes of the squire than on those of one of the four Vicars-Apostolic who then had charge of ecclesiastical affairs in England.

It is not, then, so surprising that men who exercised such patronage, who had kept alight the lamp of the sanctuary amid the darkness of penal times, should deem they had a right to deal with matters essentially ecclesiastical. The guilelessness of such men is almost amusing when they took it upon themselves to recommend the erection forthwith of a hierarchy and of parishes; but we are immediately saddened when we find these worthy men assuming a mutinous attitude toward their ecclesiastical superiors, using a language that was not always either orthodox or respectful, and ready to make a protestation of a heterodox character, and to accept for English Catholics the absurd title of "Protesting Catholic Dissenters"!

Even now it is not easy to determine how far this Catholic committee represented the whole body of English Catholics, small as it then was. At its first general meeting, some thirty leading Catholics were present, and this seems a fairly representative number. But we know that there were Catholics of high position who never acknowledged that the committee spoke in their name. The saintly Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle in Dorsetshire, openly denied the com-

mittee's right to speak in his behalf; yet he was a typical Catholic, the owner of five important estates, and a personal friend of George III., who more than once visited him at his castle.

It was on the King's suggestion that Mr. Weld was able to find a way to build the chapel still existing at Lulworth, at a time when the erection of a Catholic chapel was forbidden by law. The King advised the erection of what was ostensibly a family mausoleum, but its interior could be used for Catholic worship. The royal suggestion was accepted, and so well acted on that more than one bishop was consecrated in Mr. Weld's mausoleum; and notably Dr. Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore, who, as Mgr. Ward remarks, thus became "the first member of that great American Hierarchy which to-day numbers fourteen archbishops and eighty-nine bishops." And it is strange to remember that, until 1783, the great Territories of the United States were, nominally at least, subject to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of the London District! But to return to the Catholic committee.

The Vicars-Apostolic soon saw the dangerous path the committee was taking, and in varying degree opposed it. Grave dissensions now arose among the clergy and laity of England, of which the sad story occupies more than half Mgr. Ward's two volumes, and which, to be understood aright, must be read with all the details there set forth. Mgr. Ward, if I may use the common phrase, "whitewashes" nobody, but gives to each one his meed of praise and his share of blame. The great Milner, the champion of orthodoxy, is rebuked for his too violent use of his able pen. On the other side, the character of Charles Butler is set forth in a truer light than that in which his opponents saw it, and we see not merely his great learning and ability, but also his extensive piety and charity.

At last, amid much dissension and many difficulties, the Bill for the Relief

of Catholics was passed through the House of Commons, more or less in the very objectionable form (especially as regarded the oath Catholics would have to take under it) which the committee had given it. Milner, by his famous handbills distributed at the door of the House of Commons, strove in vain to stop the progress of the objectionable measure. His efforts were rewarded in the House of Lords, where a Protestant bishop, Dr. Horsley, made himself the champion of the desires of the Vicars-Apostolic. Finally the oath was amended; and, the Bill having been voted by Parliament and having received the royal assent, this new Catholic Relief Act came into force on June 24, 1791, "on the actual anniversary of that day," as Mgr. Ward observes, "on which two hundred and thirty-two years before, the celebration of Mass had been prohibited by Queen Elizabeth."

The Act was by no means a full measure of relief for Catholics. It did not admit them to seats in Parliament even were they Peers. It threw open the legal profession to Catholics, and after it had passed Charles Butler was the first Catholic to be called to the Bar. But a Catholic could not become a judge, nor hold a commission in army or navy or any place of trust under the Crown. Catholic chapels, however, became legal under certain conditions, as also the celebration of Mass in private houses. But, to make their marriages legal, Catholics had to go through the ceremony in a Protestant church, and the parson kept his right to bury the Catholic dead. Had Pitt had his way, further measures of relief for Catholics would have cemented the Union between Great Britain and Ireland; but the scruples of King George III. compelled the great minister to abandon them. To his honor be it noted that he abandoned his office at the same time. But perhaps it was providential that Pitt's measures never became law; for, though well meant, they would have shackled the Church

both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

Nothing is more striking, I think, in the history of the period so graphically described by Mgr. Ward, than the manifest way in which Providence watched over the interests of the Church in England. The intervention of a Protestant Bishop had saved the English Catholics from the evil effects of their own handiwork. The scruples of a half crazy King had saved them from the kindly intended tutelage of a Protestant government. Nor was this by any means all. Out of the evils of the French Revolution came two great blessings for England.

The Revolution destroyed the English colleges and convents which the Catholics of England had established during penal times on the European Continent. At an opportune moment, the Revolution drove back the inmates of these venerable establishments to their own country, there to continue their work of praying and teaching. The colleges of Douay, St. Omer and Liège were destroyed; but in England arose new colleges—those of Old Hall, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and others,—to carry on for fresh generations of English Catholics the best traditions of the old establishments abroad. Until then, two houses in England, of which the Bar at York was only of some importance, sufficed to shelter such of the devout sex as lived a cloistered life in their own country. But abroad there were many convents of pious English nuns, and these were now obliged to fly from their beloved foreign cloisters before the advance of the Revolutionary armies of France. Amid many hardships and difficulties, they returned to their own land, and founded there convents that flourish vigorously to this day. Mgr. Ward gives a graphic and thrilling account of the return of these English exiles.

He also gives us a deeply interesting account of the second blessing the French Revolution forced upon England when it drove to its shores hundreds of French bishops and priests. The first to arrive

was the Bishop of Saint-Pol-de-Léon, Mgr. de la Marche, who succeeded in escaping from France, and in crossing the English Channel to Cornwall in a smuggler's leaky boat. Soon a strange sight was seen on the English roads that led from the seacoast to London. Daily they were crowded with all kinds of vehicles, from post-chaises to humble country carts,—all filled with French priests; while many more of these ecclesiastics, who could not afford to ride, accomplished the journey on foot. Great as was then the prejudice of Englishmen against all that was "Popish," their hearts went out to these victims of Revolutionary tyranny, and Protestant nobles, merchants, and others, and the government itself, with extraordinary generosity contributed to alleviate the distress of these victims of persecution. Oxford University helped them with alms and reprinted the Vulgate for their use.

But if the Protestants of England began by pitying the sorrows of the exiled French clergy, they soon learned to admire their piety, virtue, and learning. The French clergy breached the wall of prejudice that more than two centuries had built up around Catholicity in England. We may perhaps date from this time that Catholic progress in that country which last year made possible, in and around the great Cathedral of Westminster, an unparalleled manifestation in honor of the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. Many were the French bishops and priests who visited London on this occasion. No doubt many of them visited the little French chapel, founded in 1797, which to this day stands in the heart of the great city, a relic of days of Revolutionary persecution,—days which have come again, and again peopled England with numbers of French monks and nuns, glad to enjoy religious liberty in a land that even some of their co-religionists in France persist in stupidly calling "perfidious Albion." If certain Catholic journalists in Paris

were capable of reading Mgr. Ward's volumes, they might see how ungrateful is the tone they too often assume when writing of England.

There still exist some other old chapels—as, for instance, one in Warwick Street, London; Milner's chapel at Winchester; and the very primitive chapel of Newport, Isle of Wight,—that are little changed from what they were when the dawn of Catholic revival began for England. Of several of these, of the old colleges abroad and at home, Mgr. Ward gives us many details and some illustrations, as also numberless capital portraits of the many persons mentioned in his narrative.

But I must now take leave of a work which I found difficult to lay aside when I had once begun its perusal. In its future editions, the index might be fuller. Many names mentioned in the text will not be found in it, even when some particular mention is made of the person named. For instance, a namesake of my own is spoken of as having preached "a very good sermon, but had little or no action." Surely this deserved mention in the index. In the second volume, p. 172, there is confusion between Blankenburg in Germany and Blankenberghe in Belgium. In the year 1797, when Belgium was in the hands of the French, it would have been no abiding place for Louis XVIII., nor for the Abbé Edgeworth, his chaplain.

IF you wish to labor with fruit in the conversion of souls, you must pour the balm of sweetness upon the wine of your zeal, that it may not be too fiery, but mild, soothing, patient, and full of compassion. For the human soul is so constituted that by rigor it becomes harder; but mildness completely softens it. Besides, we ought to remember that Jesus Christ came to bless good intentions; and if we leave them to His control, little by little He will make them fruitful.

—*St. Francis de Sales*

Erin in the May.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

'TIS grand to be in Erin when the May is
 o'er the land,
 When the fields are green with verdure, and
 the crooning breezes blow;
 When the trees like leafy giants in their teeming
 splendor stand
 By the rugged, winding boreens, and the road-
 sides, row by row;
 The little birdeens, warbling in the wood and
 through the glen,
 Seem to pour their very hearts out in a sweet,
 inspiring lay
 That lights the lives of children and that haunts
 the lives of men,—
 Ah, 'tis grand to be in Erin in the May!
 There are shy, wee flowers peeping by each
 little winding stream,
 Through the dewy, waving meadows, on the
 hillsides proud and high;
 With a fragrance like the memory of a sorrow-
 shaded dream,
 That changes all our gladness to a soft and
 tender sigh.
 The blackbird calls at eventide from 'out the
 hedgerows' shade,
 'Mong hawthorn sprays like angel hands, so
 lily-white are they,—
 Who that ever yet has heard that song could let
 its memory fade?
 Ah, 'tis grand to be in Erin in the May!
 Some leave behind the Maytime and the black-
 bird's cheery call,
 The fragrant-scented flowers twining round
 the ruins old;
 They leave the loving people, and the childhood
 scenes, and all,
 For the hope of foreign fortune, for the greed
 of foreign gold:
 When He who gave them Erin bids them, like
 the flowerets, die,
 And return to dust and ashes in the strange
 lands far away,
 Their hearts will throb with anguish, as they
 murmur with a sigh:
 "Ah, 'twere sweet to die in Erin in the May!"

In Devious Ways.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

JEAN WILLIAMS stood at the
 window, staring out at the deserted
 street, an unusually thoughtful
 expression in her brown eyes, when
 the door opened and the footman an-
 nounced: "Miss Mallie Butler."

"What are you doing? Apostrophizing
 the weather?" said that young lady, with
 the easy "at-home" air of the frequent
 visitor. "I never know what to do with
 myself when it rains, or when there is an
 off hour in the social whirl. As usual my
 thoughts turned to you, O most wise and
 philosophical friend! And here I am!"

"I am glad you came," replied the
 other, cordially. "I have been doing some
 thinking."

"No! Really?" cried Mallie, lifting her
 hands in mock alarm. "Never do it, my
 dear! It is bad for the complexion and—"

"I have been thinking what a lot of
 heathens we are," Jean went on, calmly
 pursuing her own thoughts,— "dancing and
 flirting and gambling and gossiping during
 all the waking hours of our existence,
 with never a serious thought or a serious
 act to counterbalance—"

"It is the weather, my dear," inter-
 rupted her friend, airily. "It affects me
 in the same way. It is depressing and
 debilitating. Yet a wet, deserted street
 possesses a peculiar fascination for me,"
 she added in a different tone. "It looks
 for all the world like a strip of wet ribbon
 stretching its soiled length between stately
 rows of dignified brown fronts; anxious,
 I am sure, to slink out of sight, yet con-
 scious always of the disapproving eyes
 of the aforesaid fronts,—cold, calm eyes,
 that effectually hold in check the undig-
 nified desire to slink. Society has the
 same effect upon the individual."

"That is just it," Jean broke in. "We
 have nothing higher or better than public
 opinion, and perhaps our own self-respect

and innate respectability, to hold us in check. I long for some other incentive—”

“My dear Jean!” Mallie interrupted, with uplifted hands and brows. “When a girl has vague purple yearnings after a vague, intangible something—in other words, the unattainable,—it is purely a case of ‘love’ or ‘liver.’ You don’t look bilious, so it must be the former. Now, ‘less up! Who is the fortunate man?”

“Do be serious, Mallie!” Jean entreated, with but a fleeting smile for the other’s nonsense. “I assure you I am very much in earnest. We play at keeping Lent,—for instance, wearing subdued colors, but conscious all the while that our gowns are smart and immensely becoming. We do not give big balls perhaps, but there is no lack of informal dances and dinners and bridge parties. The social wheel spins round and round, and we spin with it, like flies caught in a net. We are supposedly reasoning beings, yet we act like foolish butterflies.”

Mallie sank into a chair, regarding her friend for a full minute without speaking. The gay insouciance dropped from her face like a mask.

“I often feel like a big fat spider caught and strangled in its own silken web,” she said slowly. “But, Jean, what ever started you on this train of thought?”

“It is a long story and a rather puzzling one,” Jean said, with a sigh. “But make yourself comfortable in this easy-chair, and I’ll tell you all about it. It will be a relief to talk it over with some one whose mind is unbiased and free from prejudice.”

“Thank you!” murmured Mallie, with a little upward tilt of the chin, as she sank into the comfortable chair. “I am glad that you, at least, appreciate my high mental qualities.”

Jean smiled slightly as she drew a chair opposite.

“You have seen Kitty, my maid, have you not,—the girl Mrs. Brice found for me?” she began abruptly.

“I think so,—the pretty Irish girl with the gentle voice and the air of a princess masquerading?”

“Yes. I see she impressed you, as she impresses everyone with whom she comes in contact. She is always an individual, though always simple, unassuming, and ladylike. No wonder Harry fell in love with her.”

“What!” Mallie cried, sitting bolt-upright, her blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

“My brother has fallen genuinely in love with my maid.”

“Lucky creature,” said Mallie, “to know that she is loved for herself—and not for her bank account! I shouldn’t mind being a maid myself for a little while if—but do tell me the story! Begin at the beginning. It is refreshing, in this age of sham and make-believe, to hear of a case of real love.”

“As you know,” Jean began after a slight hesitation, “I have had a good deal of trouble in finding a maid to suit me. I may be too fastidious, but I simply couldn’t endure to have some of the coarse, vulgar-looking creatures touch me. So when Mrs. Brice telephoned me from the Employment Bureau, where she had gone to secure a housekeeper, that she had found a maid for me, I went at once to investigate. I liked the girl’s appearance and engaged her immediately. While deft and efficient in her work, there was an air about her that suggested that she had been accustomed to something better. But it was not until she had been with me a month or more that I learned that she had come to America expecting to teach music in some girls’ academy or college; but, through lack of the proper recommendation, failed in obtaining such position, and was compelled to take what offered. She has a beautiful voice—a deep, rich contralto,—the kind of voice that goes straight to your heart and brings the tears to your eyes. My brother heard her crooning an Irish love-song one day, as she sat by the open window arranging the lace in my evening gown. There is a peculiar pathos in—even the gayest Irish music as sung by the true Celt, and—

well, you know Harry's penchant for music. I think that was the beginning. The end came this morning when he asked her to marry him."

"Did he *really* ask her to marry him?" Mallie cried breathlessly.

"Yes; and—you may be surprised—but I am sorry that she refused him."

"Refused him!"

In her amazement, Mallie brought her open palms together with a force that made her companion jump.

"I beg your pardon, Jean! I couldn't help it," she said, with a little gasp. "A mere lady's-maid refusing the best catch of the season! It is enough to take any one's breath away. But *why* did she do it?"

"Why did she do it?" Jean repeated slowly, a thoughtful, perplexed look in her brown eyes. "That is just it. You and I, and almost any one in our set, would consider it a very foolish reason. She refused him because of the difference in their religious beliefs—she is a Roman Catholic. She said that she had seen so much unhappiness brought about through 'mixed marriages,' as she called them, that she could not take into consideration the possibility of marrying a man who was not of her faith. Say what you will, there must be something in a religion—"

"There *is* something in it," Mallie said in a low, vibrant tone. "I know, because I ought to be a Catholic myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I! My mother was a Catholic, and died a Catholic; though she is buried in the Protestant cemetery, and an Episcopal minister preached her funeral sermon. Oh, that girl is right! Mixed marriages are the devil's invention; they wreck souls as well as human happiness. My poor mother died of a broken heart. I was only six years old, but it made a deep impression on me. My father is dead, and, of course, I don't want to say anything against him. I can not believe that he realized his cruelty. But you know how narrow and bigoted my aunts

are, and—" she broke off with a little shudder.

"My dear Mallie, I never knew!" cried Jean.

"Very few people here know anything about it; and those who do, have probably forgotten. It all happened so long ago."

"I do not think I ever heard you speak of your mother," Jean said gently.

"No: the subject of my mother lies too deep and is too tragic for ordinary mention. But old memories have been stirring—indeed they are never laid very long,—and this girl's scrupulous adherence to conscience, and her unwavering fidelity to duty, have awakened the old accusing thoughts. Now let me tell you about my mother, Jean."

"If it will not pain you," Jean said sympathetically.

Mallie closed her eyes for an instant, drawing in her breath sharply, as though an old wound had been opened and was bleeding afresh.

"Every thought of my mother is a stab of pain," she began in a low tone. "It was through me and for me she suffered. My mother was delicately reared and was gentle and refined, yielding to my father's wishes in all save one thing. You know—or perhaps you do not know?—when a Protestant marries a Catholic, the Protestant party is compelled to make a solemn promise that the children—if there are any—shall be brought up Catholics. Father made this promise. My aunts tell me that mother was very happy until after my birth. She insisted that I should be baptized by a Catholic priest, and father insisted that the Episcopal minister should perform the ceremony. My old nurse, who was a Catholic, told me that she, at mother's urgent pleading, carried me to a priest and had me baptized. That was the beginning of my poor mother's martyrdom. Father's deep-rooted prejudice against everything Catholic, held in abeyance so long, was outraged that his child should be made one in spite of

himself. Of course my aunts shared his views, and—from that time until her death, my poor mother never knew a moment's peace or any real happiness. And to think it was all about me,—poor, worthless me!"

She stopped suddenly, a wistful, troubled look in her blue eyes.

Jean drew a long breath.

"But have you never tried to learn something of your mother's religion?" she asked gently.

"My dear Jean," Mallie broke in, with a quick sigh, "I see you do not know my aunts, after all! Up until my coming of age—twenty-one (the time mentioned in my father's will when I should obtain control of his fortune), my aunts, as my joint guardians, selected my governesses, my associates, and even the books I read. We spent the last year of my minority abroad. I was flattered and admired (I know now that my fortune had much to do with it) until my foolish head was turned. I became gay and frivolous, and my aunts seemed well pleased. After our return, I plunged headlong into society; and—well, you know what a butterfly I am."

Jean did not reply at once, but sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire; and Mallie went on, with a little sigh:

"If mother had had any relatives, or if there were even one person to encourage me, I think I might be a very different person, Jean. I often wake up in the night with a feeling that mother is calling to me; and sometimes, even in the lull between dances, I seem to feel her gentle, reproachful eyes upon me. Then, to drown the restlessness and the queer little sense of remorse, I plunge deeper and deeper into the social maelstrom."

"My poor Mallie, I never even guessed at the warmth and depth of feeling lying hidden behind that butterfly exterior!" Jean said admiringly. "I thank you for giving me this glimpse of your real self. It is too bad your mother left no relatives. Had she no brothers or sisters?"

"She had one brother named Brian. He and my mother lived alone at Tyrrell Court, which had been the home of the Tyrrells since—what is the matter?" Mallie broke off suddenly, as Jean started, involuntarily uttering a little exclamation.

"A coincidence in names," she said, a little flush creeping into her cheeks. "Did your mother's brother have any family?"

"I think not,—at least I never heard of any. I know he died just before my mother. She had been in ill health for many months when the news of her brother's death reached her, and it completely prostrated her. She never rallied, and died a few days later. I have always understood that they were the last of their family, that Tyrrell Court had been sold, and —"

"My maid, Kitty Blake, confessed to me this morning that her real name is Moira Tyrrell—"

"My mother's name!" Mallie gasped.

"And that she and her brother Brian were born and have always lived at Tyrrell Court, which has been the home of the Tyrrells since—"

"Jean, Jean, where is this girl? She is, she *must be*, my cousin!" Mallie cried, springing to her feet in excitement.

Jean, scarcely less excited, pressed a button; and while they waited, Mallie, too eager and excited to sit down, paced back and forth, her blue eyes shining and an unwonted color in her cheeks.

"Oh, I have always longed for a cousin or a young relative!" she said. "I have had only my aunts. I do not care, Jean, how simple and lowly she may be. If my mother's blood flows in her veins, I—"

A gentle knock brought her to a sudden, expectant standstill. When the door opened in answer to Jean's "Come in!" there entered a girl with Irish blue eyes, and a wealth of blue-black hair framing a small beautiful face.

Mallie, after one swift glance, sprang forward and threw her arms around the astonished girl's neck, laughing and crying in one breath.

"You *are* my cousin,—I know you are! You are just like my mother's picture. See!" she said, opening the locket she always wore attached to a thin gold chain about her neck. "Look, Jean! Is she not just like my mother?"

"I—I don't understand," the girl began, looking in a bewildered fashion from one to the other.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Mallie, smiling through a mist of happy tears. "I am so overjoyed at finding a real live cousin—I am sure you *are* my cousin,—that I have quite lost my head. Miss Williams tells me that your name is Moira Tyrrell, and that you were born and lived at Tyrrell Court, near Dublin. My mother's name was Moira Tyrrell, and she was born and lived at Tyrrell Court until her marriage—"

"Then you are my Aunt Moira's daughter!" the girl cried, a wonderful gladness in voice and eyes. "We—my brother and I—were always under the impression that you died in infancy."

"And I never knew that my uncle had any children," said Mallie. "Come, sit down here, and let us try to unravel the mystery."

It was the old story of intercepted letters,—letters freighted with love and trust and tenderness falling into alien hands; eager, expectant hearts waiting, watching, hoping against hope.

"You shall come right home with me," Mallie declared. "I shall not be able to let you out of my sight, now that I have found you,—you dear, beautiful creature! No wonder my father fell in love with my mother and married her in spite of all opposition."

Moira blushed and then turned pale.

"You are so kind, and I love you for it," she said impulsively. "But I must explain about the menial position I—"

"I had forgotten it!" Mallie said. "You are my cousin,—nothing else matters."

"You have indeed a noble nature. How Brian will delight in you!" the girl cried, with kindling eyes. "But, for my own

sake, I must explain," she insisted gently. "We are very much attached to our home, and it grieved us—Brian and me—to see it falling in decay and ruin. It requires money to keep up an estate, and we had none—"

"Oh!" Mallie broke in, a crimson spot burning in each cheek. Her quick brain had grasped the situation, and her eyes were like stars.

"I thought the money was growing wild on every tree in America," Moira continued, with a soft, half-shamed laugh. "I am something of a musician, and I had visions of a snug little fortune which I should earn by imparting some of my knowledge to the young ladies in a college or boarding-school in this wonderful country."

"And of course you found no such fine opening awaiting you?" observed Mallie.

"In my ignorance, I neglected to arm myself with the proper credentials; so was forced to take the first thing that offered, in order to defray the expenses I had already incurred, and to earn my passage money back to dear old Tyrrell Court,—where my brother thinks I am now, under the protecting care of my old governess, who kindly consented, after much coaxing and persuading, to forward Brian's letters to me, and remail mine to him."

"Then your brother is not at Tyrrell Court now?" Mallie asked.

"No, else I should not be here," Moira returned, a smile playing around the corners of her mouth. "He has undertaken a commission—he is an artist—for a wealthy American family who have recently purchased a beautiful villa near Paris. The work is not congenial; the people are the newly-rich sort, uncultivated, and rather loud and demonstrative in their tastes. But the remuneration was so munificent that, under the circumstance, he felt he could not refuse the offer. He has borne all the burden, and I did so want to help!"

"You *shall* help!" Mallie cried, a won-

derful light in her eyes. "I am rich, tremendously rich; and you shall have all you need to rebuild Tyrrell Court — if, in return, you will try to love me a little."

"I shall not need to try!" Moira replied impulsively.

"Then I am indeed rich!" Mallie said simply.

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One morning, about three years later, a sweet-faced nun, wearing the Poor Clare habit, sat smiling over a bulky, closely-written letter, whose envelope bore a foreign postmark. The letter began, "My dear, dear Mallie!" It was signed, "Your devoted cousin, Moira Williams."

One passage seemed of special interest. The Sister turned back a few pages to reread it:

"You will be glad to learn that Jean has at last consented to make dear Brian happy. For a while I feared that she was going to follow your example,—I 'feared,' because I knew how unhappy such a decision would make my dear brother. But she is convinced at last that she has not a vocation for the religious life, and that she does entertain a very warm regard for one Brian Tyrrell. Harry and I are delighted with the turn affairs have taken. The engagement was announced last night, and the marriage will take place shortly after Easter. My only regret is that you are not here to share our happiness."

"Dear little Moira!" the Sister murmured, refolding the letter with a sigh of content. "She deserves her happiness. We all owe her a great debt of gratitude."



You are by the seashore. The gentle waves are suddenly agitated. You can see no cause. A few moments a vessel rides upon the sky-line. The motion of that ship caused the agitation in the waves as they broke before you upon the pebbled shore. Similarly, we do not perceive the causes of events, but the causes are always there.—*Anon.*

Madame Cottin's Sacrifice.

BY M. DE LA FONTAINE.

ONE November evening in the year 1792, Madame Cottin, the future authoress, sat by her drawing-room window, in the little town of Tonneins, France, perusing, with a well-satisfied expression, some sheets of manuscript that lay on her lap. Outside, the rain pattered upon the cobbles, and a gloomy darkness began to penetrate the house.

Mariette the maid brought in a lamp and set it upon the table.

"Madame must be wanting a light," she remarked; "and does Madame wish me to close the curtains?"

"No, thank you, Mariette! I will close them myself," Madame said kindly, and returned to her manuscript.

She held a pen in her hand, and from time to time scratched out a word here and added a line there. Mariette watched her curiously for some time. "What can Madame be writing on such quantities of paper?" Nothing good,—of that she was sure. Muttering to herself, she finally went out of the room.

Madame Cottin continued her work, reading and correcting until daylight wholly faded. Then she rose and looked out of the window. The rain had now entirely ceased, and only the depth of a thousand puddles bore witness to the recent shower. It was past seven o'clock and no one was about; darkness and the rain had effectually cleared the streets. Presently the lady's thoughts reverted to herself, and she passed in review the events of the last few months.

Left a widow the year before, at the early age of twenty, Madame Cottin's lot had fallen in troublous times; the Revolution had spread as far as Tonneins, and her friends were daily imprisoned, guillotined, or exiled. Even the banker, to whom half of her fortune had been con-

fided, had fled like the rest, leaving ruin behind him. Cast upon her own resources, Madame began to look about for some remunerative occupation. At that critical moment there fell into her hands a newspaper containing a short but vivid account of how Prascovia, the daughter of a Russian exile, crossed the frozen plains of Siberia and obtained her father's release from the Tzar. Thrilled by the narrative, Madame Cottin discovered in these few lines a fund of inspiration; and, sitting at her desk, she wrote the opening chapters of "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia," — a book that was eventually to make her name famous.

On the evening of which we write, however, Madame Cottin, though indulging in no high expectations, was overjoyed, because that very afternoon a publisher had graciously approved of her story. As she looked out of the window, a man suddenly appeared on the other side, staring into the little drawing-room with wild, dilated eyes. Madame Cottin uttered a cry, and stepped back a few paces in alarm. Then, supposing she had to deal with a burglar, she seized the bell-rope. In another moment Mariette would have been summoned from the kitchen, but a supplicating gesture from the man in the street changed her resolve. Instead, she threw open the long French window, and, not without secret misgivings, admitted a gentleman, who turned out to be an acquaintance — Monsieur M., a magistrate of Tonneins.

Madame Cottin drew the curtains carefully behind her unwelcome visitor. She knew that the presence of a burglar under her roof would not have been attended with greater risk than that of this innocent fugitive. The penalty for harboring an exile was death; and she trembled lest some idle looker-on should catch sight of Monsieur M. through the window. Hovering between pity and anxiety, she listened while the magistrate explained his position, stating that if Madame could lend him seven hundred francs, his escape

might be assured on the following night. For the present he was safely concealed in a neighboring stable.

Now, Madame Cottin was far from having banknotes to lend; scarcely a louis remained in the house, and bills from the tradespeople poured in daily. But a generous thought occurred to her. If the bookseller would consent to pay her in advance, the eight hundred francs promised by him would more than suffice for Monsieur M.'s escape; so, forgetting her own urgent need of the money, she told him to return for an answer at about seven o'clock the next evening. A tap on the window pane would apprise her of his presence.

Early on the morrow Madame Cottin went to the publisher and made her request; but he refused.

"Business is business, Madame," he protested; "and it is against common-sense to pay for a manuscript before it is in one's possession."

He accompanied her to the door to bow her out; but the young widow stopped on the threshold and tried fresh persuasion. The magistrate's face, pale, haggard, and pleading, rose before her mental vision, giving her courage; and her words were so forcible, so eloquent, that the bookseller finally consented to a compromise. He agreed to take her the money before sunset; she, on her part, promising to deliver the manuscript.

Madame Cottin worked indefatigably all through the long day, and the last rays of the sun were slanting through the window when, her task completed, she sank back in her chair exhausted. Presently the door bell rang, and Mariette went to open it. But what was Madame's dismay when, instead of the friendly publisher whom she expected, a police officer, accompanied by two assistants, entered the drawing-room and asked for her manuscript. In vain the poor lady wept and implored. The police had orders to seize her papers; and they were resolved to do their duty.

They had already laid hands on the offending novel, when, out of sheer despair, Madame changed her tactics. Feigning a smile, she strove to detain the men; and, in order to gain a little time for reflection, begged them to be seated while she passed round refreshments. To this they willingly consented. Seating themselves round the hearth, they sipped the mellow Sauterne wine; and, as they drank a toast to their hostess, their hard faces softened, their suspicions relaxed.

Madame saw this, and now there flashed upon her mind a way out of her dilemma.

"Would you like to hear my little story, gentlemen?" she asked. "You could then see for yourselves that it contains no treason."

Her heart beat so violently that she could hear its throbbings; and the reaction, when the officers accepted her proposal, was almost more than she could bear. Controlling herself, however, she took up the manuscript, and, in a trembling voice, began the first chapter.

So far, well; but new complications very soon presented themselves. The story, though comparatively short, would take some time to read aloud; and poor Madame dreaded the consequences, should Monsieur M. appear while the police were in the house. Still she kept on reading, and now all her fears were forgotten in the interest of the narrative. Page after page was turned in succession, and she had reached the most pathetic episode of the story when the door bell rang again, and the bookseller appeared.

As Madame Cottin rose to meet the newcomer, her pride as an authoress must have been amply gratified: the officer and his two assistants were wiping their eyes, and Mariette fell on her knees before her mistress.

"O Madame," she cried, "can you ever forgive me? It was I who denounced you to the authorities."

The bookseller relieved the situation by drawing a purse out of his pocket.

"I have brought you the money,

Madame," he said, giving her the purse.

He consented to remain till the end of her story, and Madame Cottin gladly poured out a glass of wine for him.

Never had she been more amiable, more winning; but at the same time her ear was strained to catch the expected signal—the tapping at the window pane. And all at once it came. The gilt timepiece on the mantel struck the hour of seven; it was the moment fixed for Monsieur M.'s return. He was there!

"Excuse me, gentlemen! I feel weak, and must get a breath of fresh air."

Madame Cottin moved toward the window with rapid, uncertain steps. Fortunately, no one in the room doubted her sincerity; the pathos of the story accounting for her faintness.

The bookseller rose quickly.

"Allow me to open the window, Madame," he urged.

But she politely waved him aside. In a trice she had turned the handle of the casement, inhaled the cold, fresh air, and given Monsieur M. the purse. "Go! The police are here!" was all she had time to whisper; then, closing the window, she went back into the room. Now her face was radiant, for the fugitive was saved.

Virtue is often recompensed even in this world, and Madame Cottin's sacrifice of her first earnings did not go unrewarded. She became one of the most successful writers of her day, paid off her debts, and earned a comfortable income. But, while Madame Cottin's subsequent works have long since been forgotten, her name has come down to posterity as the author of that touching and beautiful story, "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia."

AN abounding sense of the ludicrous is one of the best safeguards of mental health; and even a slight endowment will usually nip and stunt the fungus growth of crankery.—*John Fiske.*

Our Mother, and How to Honor Her.

THE beautiful month consecrated to the ever-blessed Virgin Mary is with us once more. Most appropriately is it the fairest of the twelve, for she with whom it will ever be associated is the fairest of all God's creatures. There is so much at this season—the music of birds, the perfume of flowers, the babbling of brooks released from icy fetters, refreshing showers and sunshine—to lift our thoughts to the Author of Nature and of Grace. And how can we praise Him better, how render our homage more acceptable, than to present it through her whom of all His creatures He has honored most highly? All the praise, all the reverence we give to God's saints redounds to Him; for all that we venerate and love in them is a reflection of His infinite holiness and goodness. To honor the Blessed Virgin is not only a delight to every Christian heart, but a duty as well. We are commanded to honor our parents, and Christ's Mother is the Mother of each one of us. The Fathers of the Church declare that when on Calvary the Redeemer of the world confided St. John to the Blessed Virgin, He beheld in him the whole human race, and constituted her the Mother of all the faithful. Says Cardinal Wiseman:

"The Church of God has always believed that when Jesus upon the cross recommended John to His dear Mother as her son, it was not merely that disciple individually, but every one of us, whom He had in view. For certain it is that from the earliest times Mary has been considered not only the Mother of Christ, but also the Mother of all those that love Him,—the Mother of all the faithful. If she is said in Scripture to have laid up and preserved in her heart those first words of her Son's ministry when found at twelve years of age in the Temple, can we imagine that she did less for His last dying words, His legacy on the cross? Suppose a mother, on the point of losing an only son, a well-

beloved and ever-dutiful son, who has constantly done her will, after whose loss she can look for no joy or comfort upon earth; and having watched over him through his agony, with her own heart breaking, he makes her one last request—let it be that she will treat as her son one whom, left an orphan, he has ever, through his life, loved and cherished as his own brother,—would she not seize upon the words, and promise that they should inviolably be fulfilled? Would she lose any time in doing so, when the first paroxysm of grief was over? Would she not at least find some sad consolation in cherishing the helpless friend of her dear lost child? But what is that compared with the circumstances under which that best of sons presented us to the adoption of that best of mothers? Not upon a bed of sickness, to which the ordinary dispensations of Providence have reduced Him, does this affectionate Son commend us, the brethren of His adoption, to His own Mother, but stretched upon the hard cross, in mortal agony of body and mind, in the breaking of His heart and the yielding up of His spirit.

"But that Mother knew more than this. Not to have prized or treasured such a recommendation, given at such a moment, in such a condition, would indeed have been unnatural and impossible. What, then, when she knew that it was love of us whom He recommended to her that had brought Him to that sad extremity; that He was actually giving proof, through every wound of His body, and in every pang of His soul, of the love, stronger than death, which He bore toward us? When, with such strong proof of earnest and deep love on His own part for us, He committed us to her care, asked her to allow us a place in her motherly affections, and transferred His claims upon her parental solicitude to us, could she do less than correspond in the warmth of her heart in accepting that which she saw engaged in presenting these new objects of her love and interest? Must she not love and

feel deeply concerned in their welfare, for whom her dying Son, in commending them to her, showed His love and interest so powerfully?"

How shall we honor the Blessed Virgin? First of all, of course, by a faithful observance of the Commandments. At the marriage feast in Cana, she said to the waiters: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." These words contain the whole of the Church's preaching, and may therefore be taken as addressed to all Christians for all time. St. Thomas defines devotion as "a spiritual act of the will promptly surrendering itself to the service of God." Hence they deceive themselves who think they can honor the Blessed Virgin whilst they remain obstinate in sin, without thought or desire of amending their lives. St. Augustine calls it a kind of false adulation to praise any one without caring to imitate him. True devotion to the Blessed Virgin consists in copying of her virtues, the first of which was perfect conformity to the divine will.

What ought we to do in this month specially consecrated to her? A saint will be our teacher. When dying, St. John Berchmans was asked to give some counsel regarding devotion to Our Lady, — to name some practice of piety. He replied: "Anything, only let it be constant." The worth of prayers depends not so much on their number as on the fidelity with which we offer them. The daily recital of the Litany of Loreto is far better than to say long prayers "by fits and starts." Nor is it necessary during May to multiply our practices of devotion. Of course we all wish to do something extra, but the best we can do would be to increase our fervor—to pray with more attention and recollection. Let us do what we have done in former months of May, only let us do it very much better.

Those who are incapable of great crimes do not readily suspect others of them.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Notes and Remarks.

The interest of non-Catholics in Blessed Jeanne d'Arc, as we may now call her, is not easily accounted for. She is a prominent and picturesque figure in history, but there are numerous others among the saints of the Church. As a problem in psychology, the Maid of France is less interesting than either St. Catherine of Siena or St. Catherine of Genoa, to mention only two among the canonized. That Mr. Andrew Lang, the poet-philosopher of Scotland, who is also an historian and a scientist, should be the Maid's defender, however, seems quite natural; for the Scots, as he tells us in his study of Jeanne's career ("The Maid of France"), "did not buy or sell or try or condemn or persecute or burn or—most shameful of all—bear witness against and desert the Maid. The Scots stood for her always, with pen as with sword." Mr. Lang's book is of great value as well as of unusual interest; and, though not entirely satisfactory to Catholic readers, it is a work calculated to silence all hostile critics of the sainted heroine.

While the ordinary God-fearing American, Catholic or non-Catholic, has had for some years past a fairly settled conviction that the religious and sociological doctrines taught by a professor here and there in secular universities are subversive of all true morality, it is safe to say that he will read with amazement the indictment drawn up against a large number of these institutions by Mr. Harold Bolce, in a recent issue of the *Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Bolce writes from personal experience, and this is what he states:

In hundreds of class-rooms it is being taught daily that the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; that the home as an institution is doomed; that there are no absolute evils; that immorality is simply an act in contravention of society's accepted standards; that democracy is a failure, and the Declaration of Independence only spectacular rhetoric; that the change from

one religion to another is like getting a new hat; that moral precepts are passing shibboleths; that conceptions of right and wrong are as unstable as styles of dress; that wide stairways are open between social levels, but that, to the climber, children are incumbrances; that the sole effect of prolificacy is to fill tiny graves; and that there can be and are holier stairliances without the marriage bond than within it. These are some of the revolutionary and sensational teachings submitted with academic warrant to the minds of hundreds of thousands of students in the United States.

We hope there is exaggeration here; however, the discerning Catholic will see in this indictment an excellent reason for insisting on the establishment of Catholic halls in connection with such of these universities as are attended by any considerable number of Catholic students.

It is a consolation to believe that, on the minds of most readers, the writings of the busy sceptics of our time create no lasting impression. Without always being qualified either to point out or to refute the errors of those who have broken away from the traditions of historic Christianity, every intelligent Christian, who has not himself fallen from grace, realizes to some extent the vagueness of their speculations and the absurdity of their teachings. "A cultivated Catholic nowadays," remarks a reviewer in the *Athenæum*, "reads the works of ordinary sceptics with mere impatience: they seem to him to speak about his religion as men who had never been moved by a fine melody might speak about music."

Another instance of the compelling power of good example was cited the other day by the Rev. B. W. Fleming at the funeral of General Matthew Butler, of South Carolina, former United States Senator and one of the last of the Confederate cavalry commanders. "I asked him one day," said Father Fleming, "what had prompted him to change his faith (and I say this with all kindness, intending no hurt to your feeling, my dear

friends). He answered: 'The Little Sisters of the Poor first drew my attention to the Catholic Church,—their humble, holy lives, leaving home and hearth to minister to the outcast, the homeless, the aged, the forgotten of the world.' Strange indeed this mark of a great mind. Not a great speaker, not a great prelate,—no: the humble, hidden life of good women working in Christ's name won this great man's soul."

Apropos of a recent comment in these columns concerning the imminence of another French Revolution, the following excerpt from the London *Catholic Times* is of interest:

The General Labor Federation is organizing all classes of French toilers, officials and non-officials, for a strike, or rather a revolution; and, according to present arrangements, it will take place in May. The organizers proclaimed their intention at vast meetings on Saturday last. They are Anarchists *sans phrase*. Order, liberty, statesmanship, they detest. M. Pataud, their leader, warns the Government that, if they attempt to repress combination amongst the paid servants of the State, the most formidable counter-measures will be adopted. The talk of patriotism and fatherland is laughed at by the revolutionaries, who propose to crush the capitalists by winning the army over to their side. Unless M. Clemenceau grapples with and overcomes M. Pataud and his followers betimes, they will surely bring about in France another fearful revolution.

Another significant statement concerning French conditions was recently made by Mr. A. F. Sanburn in the Boston *Traveller*. Discussing the remarkable increase of crime in many parts of France, especially crime on the part of the young, he says:

It would not be fair, of course, to assign this abominable state of things to any one cause; but it is certain that the lack of religious instruction in the public schools, and the truancy and juvenile vagrancy due to the inadequate school accommodations since the passage of the law against the Congregations, must be held responsible for a great deal of the trouble. An adult often commits a crime because he is a discouraged, a desperate man. He is often pushed into crime by the hardships

he encounters in earning his bread. But when a mere boy takes to crime, the chances are that he has deliberately chosen crime as a career, because he has been brought up with false ideals, because he has been given wrong standards of living. The criminal of fifteen to twenty, as a rule, has not even tried to live honestly. He has grown up to consider work dishonorable, to believe that the world owes him a living, and that it is his business to collect the debt by hook or crook. He becomes a thief or a swindler, because he thinks it a finer thing to be a thief or a swindler than to be a cabinet-maker or a plumber.

In other words, the laicization of French schools is producing its legitimate effects. Godless education means irreligious or anti-religious citizens, inevitable breeders of anarchy and social chaos.

Of all civilized people, the Spaniards are generally regarded as the least democratic; and of all rulers, the King of Spain is commonly supposed to be among the most aristocratic and autocratic,—one whose life is in constant danger on account of the ill-will which he inspires in his subjects. How erroneous these notions are is shown by Mr. A. F. Calvert in his recent work, "Royal Palaces of Spain." He contends that the Spaniard is democratic at heart; and that King Alfonso, far from being a hated autocrat, is a favorite with all classes. We quote from the chapter devoted to his residence at Miramar,—the most interesting chapter in the book for general readers:

At San Sebastian the dignity and restraint of royalty is largely relaxed, and the English visitor realizes more clearly than in any other part of the country how intensely democratic is the Spaniard at heart. The King of Spain is more in touch with the masses of his people than the ruler of any other European nation. He is an anointed sovereign and the most august personage in the land; but he is a Spaniard,—he belongs to his people, he is one of themselves. In Madrid, court etiquette keeps the sovereign at a different altitude from his subjects; but here he rides and drives abroad, generally unattended, and sets an example of princely amiability and unaffected kindness which distinguishes all ranks of the Spanish nobility. The line of demarcation between the nobles and

the people is so clearly defined that it never has to be emphasized. In their relations there is no unbending on the one side, there is no servility on the other. A grandee of Spain does not imperil his dignity by joining the cotillon at the Casino; a duchess can drink tea at the crowded tables of a public café without taking thought of appearances.

Writing to the New York *Freeman's Journal*, Mr. William F. Markoe says on the ever-timely subject of church music:

Can any one explain why it is that we American Catholics, with all our boasted intelligence and progress, and after five years allowed for preparation, can not observe the simple rules of the Church, or have congregational singing, or do what countless generations of our forefathers in the Faith have done before us, and what nearly every other denomination is doing all around us? Can any one explain why hundreds of Anglican churches, without parochial schools to draw from, can maintain excellent vested choirs of men and boys, while we, with all the advantages of parochial schools, proclaim it an impossibility? One reason is our failure to secure competent choirmasters, thoroughly conversant with the duties of their calling.

Apropos of the foregoing, we are moved to declare that if the average pastor in this country had enjoyed our personal privilege of listening, on Easter Sunday, to Vespers sung in genuine Gregorian chant by choirs of young men and boys, he would have thought the beautiful service an ample justification for the employment of a competent choirmaster.

The Duke of Bronte, who contributes to the current *Nineteenth Century* some personal experiences of the Messina earthquake, writes:

Perhaps the most remarkable and the most pitiful of the ruins are those of the Duomo, or cathedral, which has stood so many centuries, now to be overthrown. The monster monoliths of granite with gilded capitals, which once were the columns of Neptune's Temple at Faro, lie half or wholly covered by the painted woodwork and *débris* of the roof, among which are fragments of marble tombs and inlaid altars, golden figures of angels and sculptured saints,—a mountain of ruined masonry many feet high and open to the sky. The beautifully carved

pulpit has been hurled to the ground, together with the pillar which supported it, with the mosaics and frescoes, with the arches and cornices, which made the Duomo so rich a treasure-house of art.

One thing alone remains of the ancient glory—the colossal figure of Christ in mosaic in the dome of the apse at the east end. It is still there, with serene countenance and hand uplifted in the act of blessing, as for five hundred years or more it has remained, gazing benignly on the passing generations of worshippers. The calmness of that majestic, lifelike figure was startling. I turned from it resentfully. "How can a blessing rest on such awful destruction as this!" I exclaimed involuntarily. Then it was suggested that that benediction might reach beyond the church, beyond the fallen walls of the ruined city,—a message of peace and consolation in their hour of need to souls in sore anguish of mind and body; and I was glad that the apse had not been destroyed.

The Duke's experiences, we rather regretfully note, do not include any meeting with Messina's Archbishop, or any of the clergy or Sisters, who were, nevertheless, sufficiently conspicuous in the matter of saving life and succoring the distressed.

A woman among women, a convert among converts, and a mother of many orphans, was Emily Virginia Mason, whose death, "full of the most edifying incidents of piety," took place some weeks ago in the city of Washington. A brief and belated though most interesting sketch of her, by Father Elliott, C. S. P. (the first we have seen in a Catholic paper), appears in the initial number of *America*. Born in 1815, Miss Mason was an Episcopalian for half a century. Straying into a Catholic church at Alexandria, Va., one evening, just before Benediction, and seeing the altar ablaze with candles, and hearing the sanctuary bell ringing, she approached a man kneeling and almost prostrate, and asked what it all meant. He reached up his hand quickly and pulled at her sleeve, saying, "That's God,—kneel down!" The auspicious moment had come for her. She knelt, and the strong faith of that adorer was communicated to her.

On leaving the church, she at once sought an interview with a priest, and was soon under religious instruction.

"No sooner a Catholic than an apostle," writes Father Elliott. 'It is not too much to say that Emily Mason, from the day of her conversion till extreme old age, joined in every Catholic work of charity or religion she could get into, and always took a masterful share. Nor was this mere outward activity. She was one of the most devout women her priestly friends ever knew,—so all of them will testify. Her aristocratic lineage, her delightful conversational powers, her widely extended acquaintance, her wit, her stately grace and even beauty of person,—all were used wholly for God and His Church. Charity of various kinds was her favorite occupation. . . . After the Civil War, she took charge of the orphan girls of Confederate soldiers, and some of these she was still caring for up to her last illness. As late as 1902 she contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* some reminiscences of the war. She had previously published a compilation of the songs of the Confederacy.' Though an ardent Southerner herself, her brother was twice Governor of Michigan, where he is held in high honor, and where she was respected and beloved by all who knew her.

We hear from time to time of the pitifully meagre salaries paid to many ministers of the various sects; and while, as a rule, we imagine such salaries to be quite as munificent as those received by the average priest, we recognize that the non-Catholic clergyman's very general necessity of supporting a wife and family is an element to be taken account of in any comparison between the two. A new view of the matter is presented by Dr. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, who says:

It is impossible to estimate how much the cause of religious progress is delayed by the fact that a great proportion of the men who assume, as representatives of the Christian denomina-

tions, to take the place of religious leaders, are unprepared for such leadership, — are untrained in the fundamentals of theology, in the elements of learning, in knowledge of mankind, in the interpretation of life from the religious rather than from the denominational standpoint. Meagre as are the salaries paid, they are in many cases equal to the service rendered.

In contradistinction to this inefficiency on the part of sectarian preachers, Dr. Pritchett says:

The old Mother Church has pursued a more farsighted policy in this matter than the majority of her daughters. She requires of all her priests a long and severe training. However one may criticise the kind of education which they receive, or the large factor of loyalty to the ecclesiastical organization which forms part of it, the wisdom of the requirement is unquestionable. To it is due in very large measure the enormous moral power of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, particularly among the great masses of working-people in the cities, where Protestantism has been so markedly ineffective, partly at least because of defects that an adequate modern education would go far toward remedying.

We trust our readers will allow the foregoing compliment to the thoroughness of their clergy's education to influence them — on the Sunday when a collection is taken up for the seminary of their respective dioceses.

Readers interested in world-politics may care to see the case made out by the English advocates of the "two-to-one standard" in the matter of Dreadnoughts. The *Fortnightly Review* for April presents it in this way:

We depend on the sea for our food, our raw material, our communications. Were the sea under foreign control, the island, now a citadel, could be made a prison by our maritime gaolers. We must be, let us repeat it, either the masters of sea-power or its victims. We must be—shall we say?—on the top of the sea or we shall go to the bottom. All this is very plain. But Germany runs no such risks. She, as we have said in these pages again and again, is fighting for a better dinner, while we are fighting for our very life. She already possesses an overwhelming military supremacy. Her armies are within little more than one night's steaming from our shores. She still produces upon her own soil probably

seven-eighths of her total food supplies. And she does not depend for the rest absolutely upon the sea,—need not depend on it at all...

Were Germany simply beaten in a naval war, she would be caused immense loss and inconvenience; but that alone would not destroy the nation, or necessarily prevent it from being as formidable as ever in a comparatively few years' time. Whereas if Germany won the command of the narrow seas, and could throw a sufficient part of her vast military resources upon our shores, nothing in the world would be comparable with our fall. Our imperial existence would finish forever...

Making due allowance for national partiality and rhetorical exaggeration, there remains in the foregoing much that is unquestionable; and even a foreigner can understand, though he may not thoroughly sympathize with, the tremendous excitement recently aroused in England by a dramatic piece representing a German invasion successfully achieved.

We record with deep regret the death, on the 24th ult., at Monterey, Cal., of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. He had been in failing health for a long time, and suffered much both in mind and body; though he was always peaceful, prayerful, and resigned. A prominent and picturesque figure in the world of letters since 1867, when his first book appeared, Mr. Stoddard had hosts of friends and admirers everywhere, to whom his death will be as a personal loss. A remarkably graceful writer and a poet of real distinction, a traveller in many lands and a pilgrim to a thousand shrines, he was above all the most loving and best beloved of friends. His devotion to THE AVE MARIA, to which he was a contributor for more than thirty years, giving it much of his best work, entitles him to the grateful remembrance of all its readers. He was actually engaged on a sketch for these pages when his magic pen fell from his exhausted fingers. Peace to the gentle soul of one of the most amiable and unselfish of men, and one of the most gifted and best beloved of contemporary authors!

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Queen of the Maytime.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

THOU holdest, O Queen of the Maytime,
All Nature's young bloom in thy hand—
The sunshine of Spring and the voices
Of birdlings all over the land.


The balmiest buds of the Maytime
For thee are unfolding their charms;
I'll crown thee with sweet little roses
As white as the Babe in thy arms.

Thou holdest, O Queen of the Maytime,
The prayers of my heart in thy hand!
O weave them for me in a garland
To wear in the Heavenly Land!

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.



ORIGINALLY, Old Preston had been just a college town, set well upon the uplands, with neat white college buildings dominating the view, and white residences peeping from behind shady trees in pleasant gardens to the broad turnpike road that led to the Capitol. It had been a lazy, sleepy place in all things save educational, till some enterprising manufacturer came along one day, and discovered that the broad, swift stream running through the valley north and south, which had formerly been given over to fishing and pleasure boats, could be utilized for purposes of commerce.

The older portion of the town was situated on a broad, high plateau that ended suddenly in a terrace about two hundred feet in width. Below this there was a jagged and uneven formation of

sloping ground, where relics of the primeval forest still lingered, as the place had never been cleared either for dwellings or agriculture. There was so much desirable land around Old Preston that people had not thought it worth while to dig and delve among the boulders of "Piny Woods," as the spot had been called from time immemorial. The pines which originally had grown there had died one by one, until there were only a few left, but still enough to make a sort of boundary line between them and the valley.

The President of the college was a widower with one daughter, a very beautiful and very independent girl of fifteen, who had long since ceased to "astonish the natives" by her original way of doing things or leaving them undone. In spite of her youth, she had long openly laughed at the rival religions in whose environment she had been reared, and refused to become a member of any of the churches.

"I believe in Christianity, of course," she would say, "but not in the shifting kind. Great-grandfather was an Old School Presbyterian; grandfather, a New School; father began as a Congregationalist, and I think he is more of a Unitarian now than anything else. I couldn't bear to be always changing my moorings that way, so I'll be content just to believe—in Jesus Christ."

Olivia Middleford may have shocked her friends and acquaintances by her utterances, but her conduct was above reproach. Although she seldom went to church, it was her invariable practice to read a chapter of the New Testament every Sunday. She had nothing to do with the Sewing Class, because she had never learned to sew; but many a can of soup and basket of provisions were carried by her own strong and willing hands to the sick and poor of the "mill-towners."

Until the factories came to New Preston, as that part of the town where they were situated was now called, there had never been a Catholic church nearer than several miles. The two faithful servants of the President's household were the only followers of our religion that Old Preston knew anything about. But, as it is well known that the Catholic church may always be found where there are working people, one sprang up very quickly after the mills and factories were established. The pastor, Father Shea, was known by many of the Protestants, and respected by all of them.

Four Sisters had lately made their appearance in New Preston, where the priest had rented a store building for a temporary schoolhouse, with a house for the Sisters next door. Olivia had caught the flutter of their black veils in the distance, but she had never met them face to face till the day on which my story opens. She was carrying some soup and other articles of diet to a sick woman in the valley one beautiful afternoon in late October, when she saw two of the Sisters coming toward her from the direction of Piny Woods. One was tall and slender, the other short and stout.

In spite of her lack of prejudice, she shivered a little at the sound of their clinking rosaries. The noise made her think of stories she had heard of chains and dungeons. But there was nothing terrifying in the smiling faces of the Sisters, who stopped and asked her if she could give them the address of a sick woman who had recently come to visit a relative in Old Preston. Olivia could and did. She even went back some distance with them and pointed out the house.

"Thank you, my child!" said the tall, slender one, to whom Olivia felt attracted because she reminded her of the *Vittoria Colonna* her father had given her on her last birthday. The stout one said nothing, but her sweet smile was as appreciative as that of her companion.

Olivia followed their departing figures

with her eyes as far as she could see them, and then resumed her own walk. As she came to Division Street, a narrow lane that separated Old and New Preston, she saw that a tent had been recently put up at the edge of the pine trees, and realized that the Sisters had come from that vicinity. After hesitating a moment, her curiosity triumphed. Instead of proceeding directly down the hill by the path, she decided to pass the tent, and take a short cut to the valley by the road at some distance behind it.

Coming nearer, she saw that the flap was tied back, and a woman sat inside in a large rocking-chair. Olivia paused and said, "Good-afternoon!" not liking to pass so close without saluting the occupant, who was old and seemed feeble. Olivia now observed that the tent was very comfortably furnished, being raised on a good, substantial flooring about a foot above the ground.

The old woman smiled and returned her salutation.

"Excuse me!" said Olivia. "I have been away for a month, and the tent has been put up during my absence. I felt curious about it, and came over to see if it was occupied."

"Yes," answered the old woman, "we have been here three weeks, and like it very much; though I suppose it will be quite cold in winter. Still we can have a stove, and we are used to living this way."

"It would seem so," said Olivia, kneeling in her unconventional way on the block of wood which served as a step. "You have surely mastered the idea of how to dwell in tents. I never saw anything more comfortable than this. I should like to live here myself."

The old woman laughed.

"Won't you come in and sit down?" she said. "I can't move without my crutches, or I should be polite and offer you a chair."

"Thank you, I'll just sit here!" replied Olivia. "I can't tell you how much I admire this."

As she spoke her eyes roved about the inside of the tent, taking in the bright square of red and brown carpet on the floor; the two beds covered with gayly-flowered chintz; the table, with its spotless oilcloth covering; the small gasoline stove placed on a box, with a shelf for cooking utensils underneath; the corner closet, screened from view by chintz, like the bedspreads; between the two beds a small hanging bookshelf, on top of which stood a tiny statue, two vases, and two photographs,—one of the Sistine Madonna and the other of St. Anthony.

"Here is not only order and neatness and comfort, but some refinement," she reflected. "These are not ordinary people." But, with her customary kindness of heart, she quickly diverted her thoughts to say to the old woman:

"When did you hurt yourself? I hope it's nothing very bad."

"I've been an almost helpless cripple nearly twelve years," was the reply. "I never expect to walk again. I fell from a great height, and was lucky not to have lost my life."

"Do you suffer?" inquired Olivia.

"Only from inactivity," answered the invalid.

"But you are not alone here?"

"Oh, no! I have my grandson."

"A young man?"

"No: he is only twelve. He works in one of the mills down yonder. He earns four dollars a week."

"But you are here alone all day?"

"Yes, except at the noon hour, or when one of the women living below comes up to see and help me. They all now about me, and they're very kind."

"Your husband is dead?"

"No: he brought us here. I couldn't travel about with him any longer, and I thought his people were going to enter in this neighborhood; so he brought me here to stay until they're here. If they go South, he will come back and get work in the factories."

There was, in the old woman's expla-

nation, something of hesitancy that made Olivia forbear to question her further. Besides, she was not one of those who think that because people are poor they have no sensitiveness or fine feeling. And it seemed to her that she had remained long enough for a first and unpremeditated call upon an entire stranger. But she opened her basket before rising to go:

"I have some fine currant jelly here. Dissolved in water, it makes a delicious drink. One teaspoonful to a tumbler, with a little sugar if you like it sweet. May I leave you a glass?"

The old woman looked surprised. Olivia could not understand the expression that her face assumed.

"I do not think I want any," she replied. "I really can't afford to buy it, and I can get on very well with an occasional drink of water, and a cup of tea at meals."

Olivia now burst into a merry laugh.

"Oh, did you think I wanted to sell it to you?" she asked. "Not at all! I was carrying some to friends in the valley; and, as there was plenty to spare, I thought I'd offer you some."

"Excuse me, — please excuse me!" exclaimed the old woman. "I am very stupid at times. You didn't look at all like a peddler, and yet when you spoke of the jelly I thought — oh, I beg your pardon, my dear!"

"It is nothing," said Olivia. "The mistake was natural enough. And now won't you have a glass of the jelly?"

"I shall be very thankful," answered the old woman. "Will you kindly lay it on the table?"

Olivia did so, and held out her hand.

"May I come to see you again?" she asked. "I am often down this way."

"I shall be very glad to have you," was the reply. "It is lonely enough here sometimes, with Dickie away all day." And then, as she pressed the girl's hand in hers, she added: "May I ask your name, my dear? Mine is Sylvia Dobbryn."

"I am Olivia Middleford," said the girl.

"Not the President's daughter?"

"Yes," rejoined Olivia.

"O my dear, my dear! And I thought you were a—"

"Peddler!" laughed Olivia. "Don't mind it. I'm sure I don't."

But the invalid would not be comforted. She begged Olivia to take a seat on the chair beside her, and told her, at some length, how her eyesight was failing so rapidly that often she would not know her grandson were it not for his voice. It distressed Olivia to see her discomfiture and embarrassment; so much so that she said at last:

"You will make me quite miserable if you take this foolish thing so much to heart, Mrs. Dobbyn. Now, if you'll let me, I'll spend to-morrow afternoon with you."

"Oh, if you would!" exclaimed the old woman. "I love youth and cheeriness so much. And I want you to see and know my Dickie. He's such a good boy! You will surely come?"

"Indeed I shall," replied Olivia, taking up her basket.

After she had made a few visits in the town and was returning the way she had come, her thoughts still reverted to the old woman and her pleasant, comfortable dwelling in the open.

As Olivia strolled slowly toward Piny Woods, swinging her basket, the mill-whistle announced the hour of five. All at once she realized that her necktie was loosened, and her bar pin (a gift of her dead mother) was gone. She hurriedly retraced her steps. At the foot of the hill she met a boy holding it in his hand. He wore a flannel shirt, denim overalls, and he was in his bare feet. He looked up at her as she approached, and held out the pin.

"You're looking for this, aren't you, Miss?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "I would not have lost it for a thousand dollars. Where did you find it?"

"Right here, where we're standing," he answered, handing it to her.

She took it and thanked him. Somehow, she did not think of offering him a reward. She had never seen the boy before; she could not have forgotten him if she had, he was so bright, so smiling so gentlemanly, in spite of his poor clothes.

"You are Mrs. Dobbyn's grandson? You live in the tent, don't you?" said Olivia.

"Yes, Miss. How did you know?"

"I made your grandmother's acquaintance to-day," Olivia rejoined. "She is a lovely old woman."

"That she is!" replied the boy, lifting his honest eyes to her face.

"And I am going to see her to-morrow again," continued Olivia.

"Do, please, Miss," said the boy, lifting his cap and pursuing his way.

People were always reminding Olivia of pictures. Dickie's curly head suggested the *St. John* that hung in her father's study.

(To be continued.)

Arbor Day.

Arbor Day was originated by Mr. J. Sterling Morton, who was Secretary of Agriculture during President Cleveland's second administration. In 1874, Mr. Morton prevailed upon the State Board of Agriculture of Nebraska to set apart a certain day for the planting of trees throughout the State. The second day of April was named as Arbor Day. Since the establishment of the day in Nebraska, the custom has extended to almost every State in the Union.

A Precious Ointment.

The spikenard used by St. Mary Magdalén in anointing the feet of our Saviour when He was in the house of Simon the leper, was made from the Indian or Arabian nard-grass, an aromatic plant very expensive to cultivate. The purchasing price of the ointment used was probably about \$175.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A second edition, revised, and in large part rewritten, of "Ireland under English Rule," by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, has just been issued by Messrs. J. P. Putnam's Sons.

—A modernized version of "The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey," a work dating from 1196 and first printed on the Continent in 1482, has been published by the John McBride Co. Mr. Valerian Paget is the editor.

—Our English exchanges record the death, on March 29, of Miss May Probyn, a frequent and valued contributor to Catholic periodicals in England and the author of a volume of poems ("Pansies") which won high praise from literary critics. She was a convert to the Church, her father being a distinguished Anglican parson. Miss Probyn was a woman of saintlike faith and piety. By her death, we are told, many a Catholic charity will be deprived of a self-denying supporter. *R. I. P.*

—"An Examination of Socialism," a penny pamphlet reprint, by the London Catholic Truth Society, of an article contributed to the *St. George's Review*, by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M. P., claims to disassociate essential Socialism from "the wobbly ideas that have been tacked on to it by its enemies or its friends—that it is 'atheistic,' or that it involves sexual 'immorality'; that it is 'progressive,' that it is 'Christian.'" Considering Socialism merely as a political theory, Mr. Belloc makes a strong argument against it, and an eminently readable one as well.

—To the graduating class of Worcester University, at the Commencement Exercises of 1907, Cardinal Gibbons delivered a characteristic address on "True Manhood." Slightly altered and amplified, it now appears in a slender, neatly produced volume from the press of Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It is a long time since we have seen a more readable and practical address. Every paragraph is a telling one, every word counts. Many public speakers would do well to make a study of this address; for it illustrates the art of saying much in short space, and shows how to enforce precept by examples. People of all classes are sure to sit up and listen to a speaker who addresses them in this wise:

Does the country need majestic and colossal state houses or our legislative bodies? The Convention that met in Philadelphia in 1787 to devise the most momentous Constitution ever framed for the civil guidance of men, assembled in a hall not conspicuous for its majestic proportions.

What is the greatest need of the times for churchmen themselves? Is it stately palaces that are required for the bishops and clergy? No, my brethren, external pomp does not augment the dignity nor increase the influence of

the hierarchy. "You ought to see what a splendid episcopal house we have for our Bishop," remarked a priest to a brother clergyman from a neighboring diocese. "And you," replied the clergyman, "ought to see what a splendid Bishop we have for our episcopal house." It is not the dwelling that ennobles the Bishop, but it is the Bishop that ennobles the dwelling.

Robert Wright, who was elected governor of Maryland in 1806, fought three duels, for each of which reluctantly accepting the challenge, for he was of a peaceable disposition. But he was unwilling to decline lest he should be branded as a coward. After the third duel a gentleman said to him: "You must be a very brave man to confront death three times." "Not so," replied the governor. "Any coward can fight a duel, but it takes a courageous man to beg another's pardon."

—The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, have been well advised in publishing, in the form of a forty-page booklet, a good translation of "Daily Communion," by the Rev. Edouard Barbe, S. J. The little treatise is avowedly written with an eye to "those minds that are inclined to make objections, and that ask for rigorous demonstrations"; and it is only right to add that the minds in question ought to be satisfied with the case made out. The Papal Decree, its authority, the text, and a commentary thereon, occupy about one-half the booklet; the remainder is given up to adequate replies to objections. Brief, clear, and persuasive, "Daily Communion" merits wide distribution.

—"Essentials in Civil Government," by S. E. Forman, Ph. D. (The American Book Co.), is a text-book for use "in the last years of the grammar school and the first years in the high school." Personally, we believe that both periods might be more profitably spent in acquiring a thorough knowledge of oldtime branches which business men and employers generally declare are unduly neglected; but if a text-book on the subject is to be used at all, Mr. Forman's work has much to recommend it. As to the utility of the knowledge it contains, there is of course no question; as to the advisability of devoting to its acquisition time required for relatively more important knowledge, there is room for doubt.

—The initial number of *America*, it is high praise to say, quite fulfils the by no means modest expectations aroused by the announcement that the *Messenger* was to give way to a "Catholic Review of the Week." Among the needs which the new weekly purposes to supply are: "A review and conscientious criticism of the life and literature of the day, a discussion of actual questions and a study of vital problems from the Christian standpoint, a record of

religious progress, a defence of sound doctrine, an authoritative statement of the position of the Church in the thought and activity of modern life, a removal of traditional prejudice, a refutation of erroneous news, and a correction of misstatements about beliefs and practices which millions hold dearer than life." All these needs were evidently in mind while the first issue of *America* was being prepared, and they are supplied in a way to make us hope that it may have an extended and most successful career.

—In calling the "special attention" of its readers to "The Coin of Sacrifice," by Christian Reid, the *Catholic World* refers to the author as one who has done noble service in the cause of Catholic literature, and expresses the wish that the name and work of Christian Reid were known in every Catholic home. "As a writer of real literary merit and power, she stands with the best writers of fiction of to-day, and is far superior to many who, in advertisement and literary note, are trumpeted as writers whom all should read." It is especially high praise of "The Coin of Sacrifice" that it should have suggested these further remarks, pleading for a more generous support of Catholic literature:

The writing of this note leads us to say that if there ever was a time when Catholics should arouse themselves and break from their lethargy with regard to the support of Catholic literature, Catholic writers, and Catholic publishers, who, like the *Ave Maria* Press, are trying worthily to serve the Catholic public, it is now. We, as Catholics, have writers of unquestionable ability and power. There is no lack of good, reasonably-priced, Catholic literature. The millions of Catholics in the United States, with all their advantages of education, ought surely to cultivate a taste for what is really worthy: to learn something of the beauties, the glories of Catholic literature; to support, even at a cost of a little sacrifice, the Catholic press, and thus enable the Church, and those who are laboring in her name, to do a work that may justly be numbered among the first of her necessary works to-day.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Legends of the Saints." Père H. Delehaye, S. J. \$1.20, net.

"The Degrees of the Spiritual Life." Abbé A. Sandreau. \$3.50, net.

"The Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles." St. Francis de Sales. \$1.80, net.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1.

"Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert. 15 cts.

"Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.

"Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

"The Life of Sir Isaac Pitman." Alfred Baker. \$2.

"Pioneer Priests of North America. 1642-1710." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.60.

"Forgive and Forget." Ernst Lingens. \$1.50.

"Madge Make-the-Best-of-It." M. E. Francis. 80 cts., net.

"The New Scholar at St. Anne's." Marion J. Brunowe. 85 cts.

"Dangers of the Day." Mgr. John Vaughan. \$1.

"The Roman Index of Forbidden Books." Francis S. Betten, S. J. 35 cts.

"The Hound of Heaven." Francis Thompson. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Aloysius Maes, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Nicholas Hughes, archdiocese of New York; Rev. James Donohoe, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John Crehan, diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. Francis Scoles, S. J.

Sister M. de Chantal, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Mr. Fridolin Hartman, Mr. Benedict Wade, Miss Annie Devine, Mr. Richard P. Davis, Mr. John Harrington, Mr. William Floodman, Miss Sarah Daly, Mr. Charles Loehr, Mr. Peter O'Donnell, Mr. Joseph Roll, Mr. Thomas Horan, Miss Ada Hunsinger, Mr. M. J. Golden, Mr. Harry Burghart, Mr. Theodore Seegers, Mr. John P. Lunny, Miss Mary Woods, Mrs. Bernard Corr, Mr. Alexander Bonner, Mr. Edward H. Burke, Mr. James Hunt, Mr. Patrick McCrossin, Mrs. Gertrude Frances Chadwick, Miss Margaret Ryan, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, Mr. Leo Dugdale, Mr. Richard W. Moore, and Mr. John Jones.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 19

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Our Lady of the Seasons.

I.

OUR Lady of the Springtide,
Beneath thy blessed feet,
The earth to life is quickened
And bringeth forth the wheat.
Thou walkest in the vineyard
In white May's morning hour,
And lo! the waiting branches
Are touched to leaf and flower!

II.

Our Lady of the Summer,
Thine eyes the sunlight hold,
That, shining o'er the waving wheat,
Turns all the green to gold.
And where thy gentle footsteps
In paths of radiance go,
The ripening purple clusters
A rarer sweetness know.

III.

Our Lady of the Autumn,
Thou standest 'mid the sheaves,
Crowned Queen of all the harvest
With brown and ruddy leaves.
And where thy blessed footfall
Thrilled through the laden vine,
The grape-flasks pour their treasure
Of summer-mellowed wine.

IV.

Our Lady of the Winter,
The golden wheat is dead,
And yet thou givest to us
The ever-living Bread.
And in a precious chalice,
Where death may have no part,
Thou bringest Love's own vintage
Within thy Son's dear Heart.

Some Writings of a Consul.

BY A. W. V.



THE title of my article opens out an arid vista of classical research. "Consul" is a word suggestive of those bygone celebrities in whose deeds or misdeeds some of us were inspired to be interested by means barbaric and crude. But a paragraph quoted from the *London Tablet* will banish from our minds the thought of "cribs" and dictionaries, and all the paraphernalia, licit and illicit, of early "learning."

"The name of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael in the *Gazette* this week reminds us that our own consular service provides an outstanding example of the happy combination of consular and literary abilities. Mr. Carmichael, who has for the last sixteen years served British interests at Leghorn as Vice-Consul, is now gazetted to full consular rank for the provinces of Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, and Grosseto. Every reader and lover — the terms are in this case synonymous — of 'John William Walshe' will offer Mr. Carmichael congratulations on his promotion."

The foregoing quotation will at once dispel delusions, and will also serve to introduce, if any introduction be necessary, our "Consul" to my readers. And most happy should I be if these poor words of mine urge any one to know his writings; for by them he has enriched the library of literature with manuscripts illuminated

with beautiful thought, and written in the fair hand of living, nervous English.

Mr. Carmichael is the holder of an office full of business detail and commercial activity; yet the poetry of his mind has, from this circumstance, been no more dulled, nor the tenderness of his soul hardened, nor has his style lost aught of its freshness, than have the genius and charm of Austin Dobson been marred by long years at the Board of Trade.

With three of Carmichael's works I am acquainted. The first I shall mention, but only most briefly, is entitled "'The Lady Poverty,' a twelfth-century allegory, translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael." I will not pause to dilate on the exquisite simplicity of this gem of Franciscan literature. The archaic beauty of the original has been preserved faithfully; while the editor has contributed a scholarly preface as to questions of manuscripts and authorship, from which I cull and endorse the following invitation: "I am glad to leave thee free to hasten onward to the green pastures and still waters of one of the fairest of mediæval idylls. Feed in those fresh pastures; dip in the restoring waters. Thou canst not but gather therefrom health and strength, life, and the life to come; together with a right knowledge of the past, a loving pity for the present, and a valorous good resolution for the future."

From this devotional work, which must have been a labor of love to this consular student of things Franciscan, we pass to one of wider appeal,—we pass from Carmichael the student of the legacy bequeathed from Assisi, to Carmichael the keen and genial observer of human nature, to Carmichael the masterly depicter of modern Tuscan life and Tuscan characteristics (at once so obvious and yet so complex), the vivid and cultured guide to quaint and fascinating towns of that land where Religion and Art have found a paradise. The very nature of the people of Tuscany and their environment forbid

that all that is religious should be eliminated from the pages of this book; and indeed we may well rejoice that our author is not ashamed to write with sympathy and appreciation of this aspect of his varied subject, even where the incidents narrated are of his non-Catholic days.

This is not a book to analyze, though it is one to read: it is too comprehensive. As well try to make a thumb-nail sketch of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*. State lotteries, Franciscan lore, mountain excursions and iron mines, descriptions of scenery and details of philology, historical incidents and personal sketches,—all find their place within its blue and gold covers; and, although the contents of this book have appeared as separate articles in various periodicals, there is, throughout, a unity which saves us from too abrupt a disconnectedness,—the unity of a common theme: Tuscany and its people.

The opening chapters comprise a series of character-sketches, briskly and, when need be, even racily told. You will be introduced to Carmichael's cook, to his coachman, and to Bianchi, his unpaid factotum, a Luccan enthusiastic for all things and beings British,—one whose pride and delight it was to befriend even the most disreputable sailors were they but British; and whose end was tragic, yet not inglorious; for the warm-hearted, trustful Tuscan died by the knife in a street brawl, in saving a drunken Welsh sailor from death.

These creatures are very attractive (I mean Bianchi & Co., not the drunken sailors). But two of the portraits stand apart by themselves; they are of winning and delicate character, drawn also from life with facile yet not shallow skill. One is of Fra Pacifico, and the other is of Canon Pucci. Carmichael met both but once; spoke only to the former, and that but once; and yet the reader is not to be envied who, having gazed upon these pen-portraits, should fail to love the gentle Pacifico, and reverence Pucci, the canon and prelate, who, though not a

Franciscan, was indeed wedded to the Lady Poverty and gave his life for the poor. In these two sketches, so tender and restrained, yet as clear and luminous as the atmosphere of Tuscany itself, we perceive the special charm of our author—his refinement and his vivid style. And to see them is to quicken our desire for a larger canvas, for a finished portrait.

I will now make a transition to the Life of "John William Walshe,"—to our author as mystic writer, as the limner of the soul beautiful, with power to touch the finer and more delicate strings of the heart, and endowed with the faculty of expressing himself with pen and paper as graciously and exquisitely as Angelico and Perugino could with brush and canvas. True indeed it is that "William Walshe" is fictitious as an historical person; but there is this consolation: fictitious he is not as a perfectly woven-together whole of many actual parts. I mean "William Walshe" has lived, still lives, and will again and again live in the varying experiences of those we call the saints and the saintly. And our author has collected a gem here and a gem there from the precious store of many a soul struggle and development, and has set them together in a device and setting of beautiful literary workmanship, with harmony and mutual relationship; so that the correlation results in finished being and breathing life; in a coherent personality, knowable and lovable,—yes, and imitable as well.

I will make no attempt to quote. Unlike G. K. Chesterton, Carmichael is no maker of brilliant epigrams, which can be taken out of their setting to scintillate in isolated glory. His pages can not be torn out and read piecemeal. To my readers, therefore, I leave the perusal of that boyhood—the boyhood of "William Walshe,"—so keenly sensitive, so responsive to the beautiful; but, alas! spent in an atmosphere of harshness, misery, and loneliness; a tragedy indeed,—the pathetic tragedy of a boy's martyrdom. Nor can I accompany you

in the translation of that life from the dimness of Manchester to the sunshine of Tuscany, from uncongenial commerce to welcome studies, from harshness to sympathy, from vague aspirations to noble faith; in its experiences of domestic joys and griefs; in its development from cultured piety to lofty sanctity, even to the mystery of rapture and consummated union,—all told with a sensitiveness and a delicacy that never offends or jars.

Nor does our hagiographical creator ever cease to be human and balanced; for Carmichael the Catholic is no ecstatic rhapsodist. And so, in his delineation of a rare soul and touching experience, we are never disgusted by aught sentimental, or depressed by the elimination of what is proper to our humanity. "John William Walshe" is always a man, even if day by day his body becomes more transparent and his soul more luminous.

Apart, then, from Carmichael's true grip of character, over and above his gift of vivid narrative, his more serious pages have a special value. In them we have a message of beauty,—a message of the irresistible attractiveness of a life radiant with eternal light; and this message is expressed with a charm and refinement, without which it would be altogether vulgarized and marred irreparably. And the effectiveness of even this more definitely religious side is not decreased—nay, it is intensified—by the bright vivacity and robust humanity of the writer, together with his pleasing culture. Thus his characters, even those of his fertile creation, live; we come to know them, to love them. They exist not in some sphere dimly about us; they are not repellingly artificial, but bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. They cheer us, delight us, and move us to strive to attain a like quiet beauty of life. And remember it is not pallid, æsthetic beauty: it is the virile beauty of the strong natural, strongly supernaturalized.

Amid so much in this world, that is

stifling to this holy refinement, and surrounded as we are by commonplace ideals, it is like passing from a dark and stuffy attic into fresh air and sunshine, to be in the environment and company of "William Walshe." Few Catholics can read his "Life" without an increase of sympathy and tenderness, without acquiring or developing pure and holy refinement, or without gaining or enkindling higher fervor and love for our holy religion; while those as yet outside the sheepfold of Christ, either by the inheritance of prejudice or by personal ignorance, would, on acquaintance with it, be enlightened and moved. And in saying this I am not merely guessing or theorizing.

To repeat somewhat, if I may: the spirit and genius of "William Walshe" is the infective fascination of a life in which refinement, culture, and a love for the lofty and noble are allied to and consecrated by solid piety and true faith, a combination producing a whole not merely æsthetically but religiously beautiful,—the picture of a true Catholic gentleman; that is, of a man who can discern wit from vulgarity, tenderness from weakness; who is strong but not brutal; emphatic when need be, but never coarse; appreciative and generous, modest and restrained,—a man who not only submits his precious soul-gem to the cutting of hard discipline and training, but also to the delicate polish of refinement and good breeding, so that its lustre and beauty may radiate in the light of God's grace.

ONE good man—one man who does not put on his religion once a week with his Sunday coat, but wears it for his working dress, and lets the thought of God grow into him, and through and through him, till everything he says and does becomes religious,—that man is worth a thousand sermons; he is a living gospel; he comes in the spirit and power of Elias; he is the image of God.—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XX.

DESMOND'S words, uttered as he left his uncle's chamber, remained with Hester Landon after the door had closed upon his exit. "You see how impossible it is for you to think of leaving him!" he had said; and her sinking heart seemed to echo the sentence, while she felt the clasp of the hand which clung to hers, and acknowledged the irresistible appeal made by weakness and dependence. "It was madness to have come!" she told herself; but, having come, she recognized that it was indeed impossible for her to go away without doing serious harm to the patient placed in her charge, against which her professional conscience protested.

And yet, as she presently sat on the side of the bed gazing at him—for even when he dropped again into partial unconsciousness he still kept hold of her hand, as if fearful of her leaving him,—the thought flashed upon her that if she desired a means of revenge for the injury inflicted upon her father, it was here within her reach. Remembering the long pain, the condemnation and injustice which had overshadowed his life, she had often said to herself with the bitterness of impotent passion: "Oh, if I could only repay suffering with suffering, if I could only stretch to breaking the heartstrings of the father who dealt so sternly with him, I should be glad—glad!" Nothing had seemed less possible than that she would ever be able to do this; yet now by a strange chance of fate—so she put it to herself—the opportunity was given, was literally here in her hand.

She looked down at that hand, at the frail fingers which clung to it, and was conscious of a certain fascination in the thought that she had only to withdraw

her hand, withdraw her presence, in order to inflict keen and lasting pain. The temptation to seize the opportunity thus presented almost overwhelmed her. "I have no right to be here—where *he* was cast out—unless I do it!" she thought. "I can have been brought here for no other purpose!" Yet even as she told herself this, some other words recurred to her memory: "An opportunity to do something so fine that, if you lose it, you will never cease in time, or perhaps in eternity, to regret it." Would this be the "something so fine" which she could never cease to regret? And then: "It is not possible that Nature made you in the mould it has without giving you the power to appreciate the highest possibilities in human conduct. And here is a possibility so high that it fairly dazzles one."

Could that be said of the possibility she was now considering,—the possibility of inflicting pain on helpless weakness? And what was it that had been suggested she might do, "if she were great enough for it"? Was it not to forgive, as Harry Wargrave himself might have wished to forgive, the father who had banished him? But all the energy of her passionate spirit rose up to repudiate this. "No," she cried inwardly, "I am not capable of that! I do not even wish to be capable of it! I long, as I have always longed, to return pain for pain,—to make the man who wronged him suffer as he suffered. But it must be intelligent suffering, not that of imbecile weakness. If I went away now, he would indeed suffer, but he would not understand; and I want him to understand fully. The only hope that he will ever do so rests in his recovery. I must help him to get well, as far as he can ever be well again; and then, when he is able to comprehend, I will strike my blow and go."

With a sense of sustaining power in the resolution, she drew her hand gently from the fingers which still clung to it; and, when the eyes opened appealingly

on her face, she bent down and spoke in the quiet tones that a nurse soon learns to make so effective.

"Don't be afraid!" she said. "I shall not leave you,—I shall not go away while you need me."

She hardly expected that the sense of the words would penetrate to the clouded brain, but relied on the tranquilizing effect of the tone; so her surprise was great when Judge Wargrave answered, more clearly than he had spoken since his seizure:

"I need you always," he said, articulating with difficulty, yet distinctly.

"Yes," she assented hastily. "Yes, I understand. Have no fear of my leaving you—now."

She repeated the assurance because there was perceptible anxiety in the eyes which continued to regard her intently. Then his hand went out again and caught hers, while the stammering tongue, with the same pathetic difficulty of utterance, demanded:

"You *are* Maria, are you not?"

It was a startling inquiry; for she recognized that the mysterious mist which obscured the mental faculties was clearing away, that the question meant doubt, and that to answer it was extremely difficult. While she hesitated what to say, her quick ear caught the sound of the opening door behind her; and she turned, with a great sense of relief, to see Dr. Glynn and Mrs. Creighton entering the room. Disengaging her hand quickly, Miss Landon went forward to meet them.

"Well, nurse" (the Doctor's cheerful voice filled the quiet chamber), "how is our patient?"

"There seems a decided improvement in his condition, Doctor," she answered in low, professional tones. "He has just been speaking quite intelligibly. The power of speech is very much improved, and his mind seems growing clearer. He has just asked" (her voice dropped lower still) "if I am Maria."

"Ah!" The Doctor's interest was alert. "And you told him—?"

"I didn't tell him anything, for you came in at the moment. But I was very much in doubt what I should tell him."

"It will be well to evade an answer for some time yet," Dr. Glynn observed thoughtfully. "The impression that you are Maria has done him a great deal of good, and we had better let him come gradually to the knowledge of who you really are. If the mind is clearing, the knowledge will come. But we do not wish it to be in the nature of a shock."

"Direct questions are difficult to evade," the nurse suggested.

"Well, well, I'll see what his condition is," the Doctor said. "He has probably forgotten all about the question by this time."

He moved forward as he spoke; and, approaching the bed, took the hand of the old man, who looked up at him with familiar keenness in his glance.

"How are you, Judge?" he asked. "I think that you are much better."

"Yes" (the answer came distinct, though with slow and difficult articulation), "I am better."

"Good,—very good!" The Doctor was clearly as much surprised as pleased. "You have improved immensely. We'll soon have you on your feet again. Mrs. Creighton, do you hear how well the Judge is speaking?"

"Oh, yes, I hear!" Mrs. Creighton replied eagerly. She, too, leaned over the bed. "Dear brother," she cried, "it is such a happiness to know that you are so much better!"

The Judge regarded her without speaking for a minute, as if settling in his mind who she was; and then, extending one hand, he caught her wrist, while with the other he pointed to the nurse, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"Who is that?" he inquired.

If his question of a few minutes earlier had startled the nurse, this most unex-

pected and apparently altogether intelligent inquiry had a still more startling effect on Mrs. Creighton. She looked appealingly, almost wildly, at the Doctor, and it was he who answered:

"That is some one who is here to help you get well, Judge. You mustn't trouble about anything else."

"What's her name?"

It was the old peremptory accent, the imperative tone that no one had ever disobeyed; and the Doctor cleared his throat nervously before he tried the policy of evasion which he had recommended.

"Never mind about her name," he answered. "As I've just said, she's here to help you get well, and you mustn't excite yourself—"

He paused in dismay; for the Judge abruptly lifted himself to a sitting posture, and, with flashing eyes, said sternly, though with the same difficult utterance:

"Don't talk to me so! I'm not—imbecile. She's not Maria—I know that now,—Maria's dead. *Who is she?*"

"Tell him, Doctor,—tell him!" Mrs. Creighton urged in a whisper; while Hester stood like a statue, challenging as it were the agonized inquiry of the awakening brain, the gaze of the eyes so persistently fastened on her.

"She's a nurse who is here to take care of you, as I've been telling you," the Doctor replied. "You can call her what you like—I'm sure she won't object,—but her name is Miss Landon."

"*What?*"

"Landon. You've heard it before?" (The Judge nodded.) "It was connected with the railway wreck,—don't you remember the railway wreck that young Desmond was in? This was the nurse who was the heroine of the occasion, and helped to save so many lives. We've brought her now to employ her skill in helping you to get well again; and if you continue to improve as you've improved since I saw you last—halloo! This is what I expected! A stimulant, Miss Landon,—quick!"

For the Judge had suddenly fallen back on his pillows, white as they, and the lids closed over his eyes. The Doctor shook his head as he laid his fingers on the pulse, while the nurse brought the stimulant for which he had called.

"Weak heart-action," he said in a low aside to Mrs. Creighton. "That is where the greatest danger lies. I was afraid of this explanation. But the brain had cleared so wonderfully that it couldn't be avoided. Happily, it is over now; and when he recovers from the effect of the shock; he will probably be more like himself than we have seen him since his seizure."

"But will he remember, do you think, what you have told him?" Mrs. Creighton asked.

"Oh, yes, he will remember!" the Doctor answered. "The cloud over the mind is passing off, and he will not mistake one person for another again, nor forget what he has heard. There will no doubt continue to be great difficulty of speech, especially with regard to names; but otherwise I look now for a rapid improvement in his condition."

This prediction was so far justified that within a day or two Judge Wargrave was able to be wheeled in his winged chair into the sitting-room, where the members of the household eagerly assured him that he was "just like himself," while sadly acknowledging to one another how greatly he was changed since he had sat there before. It was not only that he was much aged and very frail in appearance—his face like ivory carving in its paleness, his eyes dull and absent in expression,—but the cloud on the mind was only partially lifted; and the mental faculties, once so keenly alert, were now only capable of slight exertion. He indeed recognized every one who approached him, although unable to call any one by name; but they soon learned that intercourse in any real sense was impossible. He not only spoke with difficulty, slowly and indistinctly, confusing words so that

his meaning was not clear, but his pride suffered so much under this infirmity that, when he failed to make himself understood, he would lift his hand with a tragic gesture of despair, and sink into silence from which nothing could rouse him.

At such times everyone turned instinctively to the nurse, who understood him best, and who could almost always divine and interpret his meaning. Whether or not he remembered what he had been told concerning her, it was at least clear that his dependence upon her increased as he regained intelligence. He was ill at ease whenever she was absent, and his welcome when she returned from exercise or rest was pathetic in its eagerness. He had apparently ceased to confuse her with his dead wife, for he did not now call her by the only name his lips were able to pronounce; but his perception of the likeness which had first startled his faculties did not grow less. It arrested his attention continually; and she often observed him staring at her with a strange, intent, startled gaze, as if doubting who she was. At such times—especially if they were alone—she found herself trembling a little. Instinct told her that a question was forming in his mind which the halting tongue would some day make an effort to ask, and then—what would she answer?

She was meditating upon this one day as she walked among the fragrant alleys of the rose-garden, while the sun was sinking—a great red ball, wrapped in the Indian Summer haze—down the western sky. In the soft radiance, her slender, white-clad figure moved with charming effect among the tall, green shrubs and hedges; and as Desmond approached her he was struck, as often before, by the quality of delicate grace, of something spiritual and exquisite, which her aspect breathed, and which seemed peculiarly expressed in her clear, pale skin and lucid eyes. His own eyes were smiling as he came toward her with outstretched hand.

"I am so glad to find you here!" he said. "I hastened as soon as I caught sight of you from the other side of the river."

She glanced out across the smiling valley, through which the stream, shining now with sunset tints, flowed in its lovely current.

"Were you the horseman whom I saw across the river a few minutes ago?" she asked. "You have certainly made haste, to reach here so quickly."

"I would have made even more haste if possible," he said, "because I feared to find you gone. You have a most wonderful faculty of disappearing. I hardly like to charge you with deliberately avoiding me—it seems perhaps to imply an undue opinion of my own importance,—but it has been rather remarkable, the way in which I have failed to secure any opportunity to speak to you of late."

She looked at him frankly.

"Whether it argues an undue opinion of your own importance or not," she said, "it is quite true that I have avoided you. I don't know whether or not you have observed it, but I think Miss Creighton suspects something—and so I have thought it best to see as little of you as possible."

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I am well aware that she suspects something; and I have consequently avoided *her* as much as you have avoided *me*. For, as I pointed out to you when we talked together last, my position is an extremely difficult one."

"I think I pointed out on the same occasion that the difficulty was entirely of your own creating."

"That is quite true," he admitted; "and I should be willing to accept the difficulty and all that may arise from it, if there were any necessity for the situation. But there really isn't, you know."

"Pardon me! I don't know anything of the kind."

"Then that is because you refuse to open your mind to conviction," he said,

with a sigh. "So far as I am concerned, it seems to me every day more incredible—and may I say absurd?—that you should be here as a professional nurse."

"You may," she told him quietly, "call it what you like; but shall I remind you again that the absurdity is as much due to your insistence as to my weakness?"

"I acknowledge the insistence," he said, "but I must take issue with you about the weakness. I have never seen any one display as much strength as you have done in this trying situation—"

She shook her head.

"It was not strength which I displayed when I let you persuade me against my judgment into coming here," she said. "And it is not strength that I am displaying in remaining now. It is simply weakness, — weakness for which I despise myself."

He was so unprepared for the sudden passion which shook her voice as she uttered the last words that he paused abruptly, and, turning, faced her.

"What does that mean?" he asked. "You give me the impression of being so reasonable, so free from emotional excess of any kind, that I can not understand what you possibly find to despise where I see cause only for admiration."

She looked at him as he stood in the path before her, and he read in her eyes—those clear eyes which in her case were truly "windows of the soul"—all the deep, self-scorn of which she spoke.

"You see matter for admiration," she told him, "because you imagine that I was influenced to come here by the motives you put before me when you begged me to come. But you must understand, once for all, that those motives did not move me. I had no desire to seize the opportunity to render good for evil, as you suggested. On the contrary, I came because I hoped that I might be able to find a means of inflicting suffering on one who had been so cruel, so merciless—"

"No!" Desmond put out his hand and

caught hers, in the force of his denial. "You may have dreamed of such a thing, but you don't know your own nature. You could not do it."

She made no effort to withdraw her hand from his grasp, as she stood still, looking up at him, while something of wonder—the wonder he had roused in her from the first—came into her gaze.

"I don't know how you found it out," she said, "but you are right—I can't do it."

"No," he said again—in assent rather than in denial now—"you can't do it. And it is because you can't that you scorn yourself? How strange!"

"It is not strange at all," she returned. "Would you not scorn yourself if you found weakness where you had thought to find strength,—pity, even something like tenderness, where there should be only the stern remembrance of inefaceable wrong? How does it change what he has *done* that he is old, feeble, stricken now? And yet when I go in to him (as I presently shall go), and he looks at me with that pathetic smile of welcome, I despise myself that my heart melts and I have no courage—no courage—"

"Ah, what injustice you are doing yourself! You have courage for the greatest opportunity that, in my knowledge has ever been given to any one—to render service for injury, to return benefit for wrong."

"No, no!" She tore her hand from his clasp, as she had torn it once before. "You must not give me credit for such feelings. I tell you again that I did not come here for that, but for something very different. Yet day by day this weakness has invaded me, until now I have no strength to do what I had resolved upon, and I hesitate even to strike the one blow still in my power,—the blow of going away."

"I believe it is a blow which would kill him," Desmond said. "You have just spoken of his pathetic pleasure in your return to him. Remember that it

is absolutely the only pleasure that he has now; that his dependence upon you in every way is so great that to fill your place even in the matter of service would be impossible. He cares for no society except yours,—not even the society of those whom he has known longest and loved best. And I can not but believe that some mysterious instinct tells him who you are. If I could only induce you to tell him yourself—"

"Don't try to induce me to do that," she warned; "because I could tell him in only one way—the way I have resolved upon,—and that you would not desire. It is what I have grown too weak to do." She paused, and her gaze turned away, out over the wide tranquil scene of valley and hills and woods toward the sinking sun. "His life is like that," she said: "sinking fast into the night that awaits all, and one couldn't—oh, no, one couldn't add a pang to that passage, whatever weakness the failure implies! Now I must go. No, I can't stay a moment longer. He will be watching anxiously for me. Good-bye!"

(To be continued.)

In May.

(Rondel.)

BY E. BECK.

IN May, that month to Mary dear,
The skies are blue and bright and clear;
With rapturous note the lark soars high
O'er lakes like bits of fallen sky.
In fields afar and orchards near
The blackbird's song is good to hear;
Like scented snows the blooms appear
That on the spreading hawthorns lie
In May.

All through the grasses, violets peer;
The sedge flags rise by marsh and mere;
The sunset's gold, the ruby dye
Of early morn, in beauty vie.
God gives the best gifts of the year
In May.

The Boy without a Country.

BY JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

DURING recess the teacher sat in the doorway of the village school and tried to get comfort and strength from the placid and lovely scene. The lake lay at her feet like a fairy mirror, and the green mountain opposite was reflected from its depths. Spring had come with the tenderness of a bride, shy and blushing; and soft colors, delicate perfumes, little bursts of insect sound and bird music, greeted her bridal march over the land. Miss Clinton reminded her rebellious soul that simply to be alive in the midst of the scene was a precious inheritance of joy; that this jewel of a lake was the Glimmerglass of "The Deer-slayer"; that the power and beauty of a great and noble soul, Fenimore Cooper, mingled with the beauties of the scene; and that the dulness of the schoolroom, the mere trifle of boarding a week with the Roots, and the prospect of teaching forever in the same school, were irritations which should vanish before this paradise of color. If her heart would only follow her mind, and her nerves settle down in obedience to her will! As they would not, she starved in the midst of plenty, and all things became distasteful and hateful. The children had gone some distance away, and their shouts reached her faintly. If only they might never come back to her! Yet she remembered the joy years ago when this school had come into her charge, the honors which she had won there for good teaching and discipline. What had happened to turn her pleasure into such pain and desolation?

It was useless to speculate on the question; but just as she uttered it Mrs. Butler and her son came around the corner of the schoolhouse, and began to explain freely the reason for their visit at recess hour.

"I can't get away anywhere before

ten nor after eleven," Mrs. Butler said; "and, no matter how much we travel, the boy must be at school to keep him out of mischief. We just came to town last week, and we won't stay over three months. That's our way,—here to-day and gone to-morrow. But Charlie has a good head. He was the first scholar in his last school, and he sings beautifully. He behaves well, too; but he has a knack of getting into trouble with other boys, and I'd be just glad if you could keep a special eye on him on that account."

"It isn't my fault: it's the other fellers'," said Charlie in rebuttal.

"Oh, of course, darling!" said the woman, and went on with her explanations, overwhelming the teacher by her fluency and dignity, and by many peculiarities. Her plainly-made costume showed a richness and taste which Cooperstown rarely saw except among the wealthy. She spoke with a slight brogue, and Miss Clinton guessed that she belonged to an Irish colony which had just invaded the town in advance of the new railroad,—mostly laborers with their bosses.

The teacher felt a sudden interest in her visitors, because of a slight difference between their appearance and what she had read and heard about them. History from the town library had given her the impression that the Irish were barbarians, fond of crime, sunk in superstition, and wholly unnatural. This woman wore better clothes than she did, spoke with experience and self-possession, seemed refined and instructed, and rather superior to the women with whom Miss Clinton associated.

In the course of the talk, Mrs. Butler mentioned the country custom of the teacher "boarding around."

"It is pleasant enough for the people, I suppose," she said; "but it must be awfully hard on the teacher, changing her room and her food every week."

"It is very, very hard," Miss Clinton replied with emphasis, as she thought of next week at the Roots'.

"I was just wishing you could come over next week and stay with me. My husband is away. I have Charlie, of course; but he goes to bed early. We took the old Stevens place,—ramshackle now, but very cosy."

And Miss Clinton, glad to escape a week at Roots', glad to see new and strange people at close view, jumped at the offer.

Mrs. Butler went off, leaving behind a sturdy boy of fourteen, with many hints on letting the other boys alone. He examined the teacher, the school and the scholars with interest and boldness. Miss Clinton felt that he needed subduing, so in the presence of the school she interrogated him. In the single room where all the scholars sat together, the desks were arranged around the wall, so that the pupils had their backs to the teacher. The light came in from windows high in the wall. Mischievous boys never knew when the teacher's eye fell on them, or when the fatal slap might be administered. In the early days, this arrangement helped discipline greatly. The answers of the new boy to questions were heard, but he himself could not be seen.

"Your name?" said Miss Clinton.

"Charles Butler, fourteen years old next month."

("Irish!" came a loud whisper, followed by much giggling.)

"Irish?" said Miss Clinton, pleasantly, but also with some secret scorn.

"No: American," said the boy, looking with meaning and a little contempt on the homespun, homecut garments of the boys and girls.

"Where did you go to school last?"

"In New York, at the cathedral; and I know arithmetic up to compound proportion."

A slight awe fell on the children at this enumeration of talent and opportunity. Charles was assigned his place facing the wall, and the incident was over. But Miss Clinton did not descend at once into the gloomy routine of her life. She had a

sensation ahead of her in the week's visit to the Butlers' and relief from the Root nightmare; and the two lifted her up to the normal level of interest in life, which seemed a little sweeter for the time. In fact, a stay at the Butlers' smacked of adventure, since barbarians have queer ways and small respect for life. Charlie Butler did not, however, show any signs of barbarism, and bore the introduction to his mates with indifference. She noted that his direct answers and looks seemed to carry a threat to the other boys; but nothing happened, except a long account of the wonders of New York as Charlie had seen them.

Miss Clinton confided to Mrs. Butler, the first hour of her stay, her belief that boarding around was responsible for her depression. They sat on a shaded veranda at the side of the house, sipping tea and chatting,—just "loafing," Mrs. Butler said.

"If it were not for going home Friday night till Monday morning, I really couldn't stand it," said Miss Clinton.

"You should be in an insane asylum by this," said Mrs. Butler. "Think of going into a crowded family as a visitor every Monday morning, and living on pies and cakes and noise five days, and working all the time in a school more like a family than a school,—for you have all ages from ten to twenty! How in the world do you manage the big boys?"

Before the teacher could explain her method, Charlie came along with a water pail, busy with his afternoon chores. He crossed into the next yard, where a water-pipe faucet and a trough underneath indicated a water supply, and filled his pail. An old man from the window of the next house cried out in anger:

"See here, you Irish boy! I told you once to keep away from that water pipe. You can't have any water here."

"I'm not Irish," said Charlie.

"You belong to the breed, and you can't have no water here. Bad enough to have ye in the town without feeding and watering ye like good stock."

Miss Clinton began to blush for her neighbor, and thought of explaining his gruffness to Mrs. Butler; but the lady seemed to pay no attention.

"We meet his kind everywhere," she said to the boy. "Just go up the road a bit to McPhersons', where you'll get all the water you want, and thanks for taking it."

"Am I Irish?" said Charlie then.

"Of course," said his mother.

"Wasn't I born in, this State? And doesn't a man belong to the country where he's born? I say I'm an American. Don't you say so, Miss Clinton?"

"I really never thought of it, Charlie."

"Run away, child, and let me hear no arguing while Miss Clinton is here.—He would just argue the mind out of you, if you encouraged him. As I was saying, how in the world do you manage the big boys?"

The tired teacher enjoyed the week at the Butlers', where the lady of the house acted as her nurse, with all the tenderness and discretion of a skilled attendant. Charlie continued so to harp on the question of his being Irish or American that in a short time it became the leading topic of discussion in the school, dragging in all matters connected with citizenship. The spokesman of the opposition, one Harry Wilcox, declared that no Irishman could become an American citizen under any circumstances; and the children of the Irish, born in America, remained Irish like their parents. The country would not take as its own so ignorant a class of people. Therefore, Charlie Butler, as the son of an Irishman, could never be an American. The teacher admitted to herself that the opinion represented her own and the feelings of the crowd, though it did not correspond with the facts of existence. However, she threw no light on the vexed question, not feeling any obligation to defend the Irish; and so it fell upon Charlie to settle it by himself.

"I am a boy without a country, if you folks are right," he said to his opponents. "I have no rights over in Ireland or

England, so I'm not wanted there. And if I'm not wanted here where I was born, what country do I belong to?"

And all the boys jeered at his dilemma, and dubbed him the boy without a country at all, at all. Miss Clinton saw, from the stormy expression of his face, that there might be trouble in the school before the important question was settled; and she headed it off by recommending him to lay the case before the wisest man in the village, the great purveyor of water and discoverer of springs, Hiram Church.

Charlie had become much disturbed over his unfortunate position, and wanted a most solemn decision from a competent authority on the question of his nationality. His mother declared him Irish and refused to discuss the other view; his father was absent; the Irish authorities in the town declared him Irish, while admitting that he would have no rights but those of an alien on British soil; the natives declared him Irish as a reproach, and denied him the title of American; and the teacher would not settle the question one way or the other. There remained nothing further to do but to consult Hiram Church, the water wizard, and then to fight the opposition into reason. He had made up his mind, anyway, "to lick Harry Wilcox at the finish." Harry knew it, and was making ready for the struggle. Miss Clinton knew it also, and grew anxious. Mrs. Butler recommended her to leave all such contests of manly strength to the boys themselves, "for it's the way of men to settle many things with the fist, which women settle with tears and language."

One afternoon Charlie encountered the water wizard on the roadside, as he was lugging a pail of water all the way from McPhersons'. Hiram was a tall, whiskered, round-shouldered mystic, with a sad but benevolent expression.

"What ye gettin' water up here for, when the best water in the village busts from the pipe in Guy's yard right alongside ye?" he remarked.

"Mr. Guy won't let me have any because I'm Irish, so I had to come up here."

"The mean old cuss! Well, you jest empty that water where ye stand, an' I'll go down with ye to Guy's an' settle him once an' for all."

"How can you settle him?" said the lad, doubtfully.

"How can I settle him? Well, I jest reckon I own that water and them pipes, an' I didn't give old Guy no monopoly on 'em when I tapped the spring up on the hills, an' brought it down into his yard for the benefit of everyone. Come along."

As they went Charlie laid the great question before this friendly and unprejudiced soul, who asked a few questions and answered with the dignity and positiveness of a judge on the bench.

"According to the Constitution of the United States and the statutes in the book, my boy, ye're an American an' nothin' else."

"But are you sure?" said Charlie. "So many say just the opposite."

"I'll take ye down to Jedge Prindle, and have him say the same thing over again, if ye want to. An' I'll bet five dollars with any man that wants to lose it bad, that the Jedge'll say what I've said. He can't help himself. The law's the law, an' the Jedge knows it. Couldn't yer teacher tell ye the same?"

"I don't know. She didn't seem to care about saying much."

Miss Clinton was standing on the veranda as the two came up.

"Please don't say a word about it here," said Charlie to Hiram, with a glance for the teacher.

"Jest dropped in," said Hiram, "to say that when water is wanted in this region by the neighbors, the place to get it is from my pipe and my spring, flowin' by my permission into Guy's yard. Now, boy, take yer pail to the pipe an' let's see what will happen."

When the water began to flow into the pail, old man Guy leaned from his

window and ordered the boy away; the boy remaining in disdain, the old fellow came out in high dudgeon to enforce his commands; whereupon he got a full view of Hiram in the distance, and subsided from loud abuse into an explanation.

"Same mean old cuss ye always was!" said Hiram,— "mean even about givin' away other people's property. Wonder ye don't die of meanness strikin' in. What right ye got to hinder any one helpin' himself to this water? 'Taint yourn,—you know 'taint. Jest go inside an' stop talkin', an' try an' feel towards God's people like ye feel towards yer own cows. That won't be much, but it'll be better than the p'ison workin' on yer insides jest now."

The old man vanished hastily, and Miss Clinton felt something warm about her heart at the vigorous language of Hiram. She wished to ask if he had settled the question of a country for Charlie; but thought better of it, and remained silent. The man and boy walked away together without offering any information. But the next afternoon, as the children were leaving the schoolroom, when the boys began the usual discussion and teasing for the boy without a country, Hiram came sauntering along in a casual way.

"I'll leave the whole thing to Mr. Church," said Charlie to the disputants, "if you're not afraid. Whatever he says we'll agree to stand by."

Hiram was called by popular vote to settle the vexed question, and his emotional decision fell with awful effect on the opposition.

"What a question!" exclaimed he, rolling his eyes to heaven in wonder,— "what a question from American boys! Goin' to school every day an' not knowin' the Constitution of the United States well enough to know whether a certain person is American or not! I must bring this frightful condition before the school board, an' have a special examination in the Constitution. This boy, Charles Butler, declares he is by birth a native of this

country. You declare he is not. Therefore it appears that this said boy Butler knows more'n the hull caboodle of Otsego County native scholars taken together; for he is right an' you are wrong. Isn't this a sight for sore eyes, to see so many young fools an' ignoramuses gathered in one place? Is this the return which the taxpayers get for their good money, spent on this commojious school an' this excellent teacher? I'm downright ashamed of ye boys an' girls. I really thought the girls knew better, for usually they know a thousand times more'n boys. Charlie Butler is an American an' nothin' else. His father took out the papers which made him a citizen of the greatest country on earth. P'raps that was twenty years ago. Then he was born right in the middle of the greatest city on this continent—New York. So when he gits to be twenty-one, an' has enough whiskers to be considered a man, he kin walk right up to the polls on election day an' plank down jest as good a vote as any of ye. The laws sot down by your great forefathers made all them arrangements. This country wasn't sot here jest for the benefit of a few lazy critters, who'd rather see good water go to waste than to have other people enjoy the drinkin' of it. It's big enough to accommodate the hull world; an' I reckon the hull world'll be here as soon as they find out the amount of water, earth an' air an' sun goin' to waste here. Now, you smarties, jest go home an' study up the Constitution of yer country, an' you won't be goin' around makin' fools of yerselves, statin' things that ain't so."

The disappointed children scattered in various directions, somewhat humiliated by the emphatic speech of the wisest man in Cooperstown.

Miss Clinton came forward anxiously as the last boy went off.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Church," said she, "that there's going to be trouble among those boys over this matter. Did you notice that three or four went down to

the grove as if by agreement, and that Charlie Butler had fire in his eye?"

"No, I didn't, Miss Clinton. As a trustee of this commojious school, I never see too much. Boys are boys. 'Tain't no concern of mine what they do out of school. Every principle starts a fight somewhere in its own way, an' a little blood is usually shed over it. So long's murder ain't done, the elders needn't worry. If you had settled this important question at the start, Miss Clinton, the boys wouldn't be goin' to the grove on the excuse of my learned decision. Let 'em go, however. They'll come back wiser boys; an' I jest do hope Charlie'll wallop sense into 'em."

Since an honorable trustee of the school took the affair so easily, Miss Clinton went home with a light conscience, in spite of the implied reproach of Hiram. Yet she felt guilty of some kind of cowardice, as she sat on the side veranda and sipped tea with the generous Mrs. Butler,—a guilt that grew clearer and more painful as her hostess volubly described a plan for retaining her as a guest until the end of the season, on the ground that her health demanded a quiet house and the same kind of food for some weeks, that the hostess needed company, and that Charlie required special teaching to bring him up to the mark set down by his exacting father. She would hear of no refusal, and enter into no discussion of the matter. Miss Clinton was improving so fast under her treatment that it would be flying in the face of Providence to go boarding around. And the tired teacher settled down into perfect comfort, now that the visit to the Roots and their kind got off her poor nerves.

Charlie came home as usual, and went about his chores whistling. There were no signs of combat on his face or clothing, and his expression indicated merely profound satisfaction with himself and all things. In an interval of silence, he said proudly at tea:

"Mother, I'm an American!"

"Sometimes you remind me of a Hottentot more," she replied indifferently.

He described for her the righteous and learned decision of Hiram, which gave her son a country and removed him from the Irish circle.

"It seems to me, Charlie," his mother answered rather severely, "that you prefer being what you are not to what you truly are."

"No, mother. I'd as lief be a Hottentot as anything else. Hiram says, 'humans is humans wherever you find 'em,—Irish, Dutch or American.'"

"The water has got into his blood," said Mrs. Butler.

"But I object to being neither one thing nor the other. I have a country now. I'm an American."

He spoke with such pride and such meaning that Miss Clinton remarked mischievously:

"I think you must have had to fight for Hiram's decision."

"And I guess we have to fight for everything that's worth having in this world," he replied brightly.

But the details of what happened in the grove did not leak out for months afterward.

Miss Clinton examined her conscience in the light of Hiram's sturdy declaration: "Humans is humans wherever you find 'em." She found herself guilty of prejudice against innocent and unknown people because they were not of her race; and she condemned herself to daily acts of humility before Mrs. Butler, and regaled Charlie on a secret but intense favoritism which cheered his life without exciting jealousy. In the closing exercises of the school, he was selected to deliver the speech on education,—a very high honor indeed; and with admirable tact she selected for the next highest honor the young comrade whom he had pummelled in the grove until, with gasping breath and claret-dyed lips, he accepted, for himself and his faction, the honorable and exact decision of Hiram.

For a little while, before she locked the school door for the short vacation, she stood looking at the lake and the mountain in the afternoon light, recalling the sad aspect of its spring verdure only a few weeks before. Now it looked and tasted of heaven. Her life had grown lightsome again, and she owed the blessing in great part to the people whom she had despised as barbarians. How strangely and yet how sweetly God rules our little lives!

A Word in Defence of a Dead Author.

THE death of Mr. Francis Marion Crawford, we are sorry to notice, has revived in certain American Catholic circles harsh, not to say unjust, criticism of some of his books, notably "Casa Braccio." Although eminent Catholic friends in Rome found no serious fault with this novel, understanding its purpose—"to show the effect of crime in successive generations,"—and remembering that Manzoni's masterpiece also deals with abuses connected with the monastic life, which ecclesiastical discipline has long since done away with and prevented the recurrence of, Mr. Crawford expressed to us his perfect willingness to suppress "Casa Braccio," declaring that he deeply regretted its publication, since its influence was considered harmful. Living abroad for the most part, he had not understood the supersensitiveness of Catholics in this country on the subject of convent life,—a supersensitiveness created by the travesties and calumnies of anti-Catholic writers of the Maria Monk order. He was genuinely surprised to learn to what an extent Americans were still swayed by bigotry and ignorance.

In justice to Mr. Crawford, it should be remembered that he wrote—he was not free to do otherwise, and regretted this—for the general public. There is naturally as marked a difference between his books as a whole and those of Catholic

authors written especially for Catholics as between some of the conferences of Father Lacordaire and the homilies of Blessed Vianney. The latter would not have suited the miscellaneous audiences that flocked to the Cathedral of Notre Dame to listen to a popular pulpit orator, nor would the discourses of the eloquent Dominican have suited the good Catholics of Ars.

Mr. Crawford made honest efforts to benefit his readers as well as to entertain them. His "Rose of Yesterday" is a strong defence of the Catholic position on divorce. He was happy to have written that book; and there can be no question of its good effect on a host of readers who, had it borne the imprint of a Catholic publisher, would not have looked at it. Another novel of Mr. Crawford's with a beneficent purpose, which only the dullest or most frivolous reader could wholly fail to apprehend — of all his books the one that he himself liked best, — is "Marzio's Crucifix." In the humblest way, he consulted a Catholic friend as to whether he might fittingly present pen-pictures of St. Bernard in his novel "Via Crucis." He was encouraged to do so, and they are among the finest passages he ever penned. At the time when Mr. Crawford first realized that he was a victim of the malady which resulted in his death (it was at the conclusion of his lecture course in the United States), he was contemplating — indeed had planned — a new lecture, to be entitled "Why I Am a Catholic." The thought of the good that might result from it in removing prejudice against the Church was a supreme satisfaction to him.

There is much, very much, in knowing a man personally. Mr. Crawford must have been an utter stranger to those persons who, since his death, have not hesitated to say and to print unkind things about him. As for us, we found him a most estimable Catholic gentleman, sincerely attached to his Faith, of which, on many public occasions, he made manly profession. Again, peace to his soul!

Notes and Remarks.

Yet another illustration of the happy change, as regards their attitude toward the Church, that has of late years come over non-Catholic writers and editors is afforded by a review in the *Athenæum* of a work on "Wycliffe and the Lollards," by Mr. J. C. Carrick, recently published by T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh. After taking the author to task for his overloaded and rhetorical style, and the almost total irrelevance of the first few chapters of his book, the reviewer remarks:

The author seems mainly occupied in the endeavor to display his acquaintance with a wide field of Church history, and to find tangents at which he can fly off. That acquaintance is not very deep or critical, as may be judged from his referring to the Pope Joan legend as though he believed it, and from other statements which are surprising. . . . He tells us that "in the Dark Ages — *i. e.*, 350-750 A. D.—the practice of preaching from Scripture gradually decayed, and instead the 'Ethics' of Aristotle or some other philosopher's moral treatises were treated." Such a statement of the method by which the barbarians were converted (nearly all were converted during this period), such indifference to what St. Gregory and St. Augustine wrote, such a strange misconception of the lives described in Bede or Gregory of Tours, would have seemed incredible if it were not here set down in black and white.

There are other statements in the book hardly less ridiculous, though of minor importance.

Congressional speeches, as a rule, do not make particularly interesting reading, save perhaps for the members' immediate constituents—and themselves; but occasionally one meets with an address somewhat out of the common. Such was the speech recently delivered in the House of Representatives, by the Hon. Benito Legarda, resident commissioner of the Philippine Islands. We quote its conclusion:

The Filipino people are not ungrateful for what the American Government has accomplished and is accomplishing for them in those Islands. In several respects, the laws which

govern the Filipino people are superior even to the laws in some of the most advanced States of this Union. We have a superior system of laws regarding coinage and weights and measures, and we have practically banished from the Islands the curse of opium and drug using. We have in operation a most satisfactory system of postal savings-banks and an agricultural bank; and, as I said before, in these and several other respects the Filipino people have reason to be and are grateful to the American Government in those Islands.

The Congress of the United States has always been inspired in its acts by principles of justice and wise equity. Especially has it demonstrated its generosity and liberality when the interests of the poor and the weak were at stake. The Filipino people believe that, coming before this Congress with a just cause, they will receive the same measure of equity as that which the American people, through their representatives in this Congress, have always in the past conceded under similar circumstances. My firm conviction has always been, and remains to this day, unshaken, that a prosperous and happy future smiled on the Philippine Islands from the moment that the Americans planted there the flag which represents liberty, progress and civilization.

Mr. Legarda's eloquent speech was on the tariff bill. We trust that his confidence and that of his people will be justified; but it is permissible to remark that if the forthcoming tariff legislation satisfies the Filipinos, it will accomplish more than it appears likely to do among Americans themselves.

The practically compelling force of example, as distinguished from the less effective power of precept or argument, is thus set forth in *Borinquen*:

In this present day, when the importance of the lay-apostolate is so widely preached, it is more and more brought home to the people that every man is called to the work of saving souls. Many there are who are unable to carry on an active campaign of preaching or instructing, and therefore they think there is no field for their endeavors. This is an error. There is not a moment in which a man may not be spreading the kingdom of God by the silent, potent lesson of a good life. Actions speak louder than words. The value of things is judged by results; and, unhappily, the vast majority of our non-Catholic friends judge of the truth or falsity of the Church by the conduct of her

children. So long as we are not noted for our civic or moral virtues, so long as the word "Catholic" is connected in any way with what is low and corrupt in politics, so long as we remain dishonest, unclean, untruthful, the way to conversion is being made harder and harder for honest souls.

"Do as I say and not as I do," is a bit of advice that is very rarely followed. Human nature continues to recognize the most powerful persuader in the earnest advocate who practises what he preaches.

The truest pleasure that an author can experience is to learn that his books have exerted a beneficial effect on his readers. Mere popularity counts for little, it is so uncertain and in most cases so short-lived. Many a writer whose productions were once in demand on all sides and whose name was familiar to almost every reader, has lived long enough to find himself forgotten and his productions generally neglected. The books that live longest are those in which some portion of the heart and soul has found a lodgement. If one were to name a dozen of the most popular of contemporary authors, Robert Louis Stevenson would, of course, be among them; but it is more than probable that in ten years from now he will be known chiefly for his famous "Open Letter to the Rev. Mr. Hyde." That is of human interest and of real importance, because it is so distinctive and personal. It is impossible, as a French critic has wisely remarked, to isolate true literature from life and reality.

The lasting influence of a book with the personal elements, written from the heart for the purpose of benefiting its readers, is shown in the case of "The Invitation Heeded," by the Rev. Father Fidelis, C. P. It is an old book now, but far from being a forgotten one. Translated into French and perhaps other languages, there is no telling how many it has led into the Church. Mention of the help derived from it is made by several of

those who tell the story of their conversion to the Faith in "Some Roads to Rome in America." A venerable priest, who is a convert from Congregationalism, writes: "By the time I had finished reading it I was as much a Catholic as I am to-day." The story of how this book came into the hands of another convert priest, and helped him to find the source and seat of authority in religion has often been told, but will bear retelling here. The narrator is the Rev. John D. Whitney, S. J., a former president of Georgetown College:

While we were in Newport attending the yacht races for the "America" cup in August, 1870, the captain of the *Mercury*, as a great treat, invited a newly-wedded Catholic couple, who were there on their bridal tour, to return with us to New York after the races were over. The day of departure came. We weighed anchor, set sail and started for home. While we were drifting lazily up Long Island Sound, I was surprised while below to hear the boatswain's mate call away the third cutter. It was a most unusual thing to lower a boat under these conditions, and I ran up on deck to see what it all meant. I found that the bride had dropped a book into the water, and the executive officer, who was on deck at the time, had ordered the boat lowered to rescue it. As soon as we officers learned the cause of the commotion, we smiled at the executive officer's gallantry and turned away. The next day when we arrived in New York, the lady, Mrs. S——, left the book on the wardroom table. I was curious to see what had been the object of this remarkable rescue. I took up the book and found it was "The Invitation Heeded." I read it over and over again with ever-increasing pleasure and satisfaction. I had found the source and seat of authority. . . .

Many years have passed since that November day, — years of study and labor. I have come to know the Catholic Church, her beauty and doctrines, better and better. I have never ceased to thank God for that great grace which led me to know her mission and her functions in the economy of the Redemption, — to heed the invitation of her Supreme Pastor, and enter into her fold.

Verily there is no telling what blessings may attend a good book.

Our foreign exchanges report several interesting discoveries, of recent date. In the church of S. Maria dei Frari at Venice,

which has long been undergoing repairs some fifteenth-century frescoes in a good state of preservation have come to light behind the tomb of the Doge, Francesco Foscari. Mention is made of the discovery of two violin concertos of Haydn. One, in C, was written for Luigi Tomasini, leader of Prince Esterhazy's orchestra. The work is soon to be revived by his great-grandson. The Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin has recently acquired a predella by Fra Angelico, representing the death of St. Francis, which is said to be remarkably fine in color and in good condition. It is not stated where this precious painting had hitherto been preserved.

An exceptionally urgent and pathetic appeal on behalf of the nuns of Our Lady of the Mission, Buthidaung (Arakan), East India, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, and coming to us in her own month of May, is not to be disregarded; and, although numerous other appeals are already before our charitable readers, we hope that some among them will be moved to bestow an alms on the devoted Sisters, whose heavy trial and sore distress are described in a letter from the Bishop of the diocese of Dacca.

Encouraged and assisted by pagans, the Sisters had established a school and orphan asylum in the very midst of a pagan population, — some sixty miles from the nearest Christian settlement. Their charges were all either recently baptized or still pagans. Just as they were beginning to think that they had overcome the greatest difficulties of their undertaking, fire, communicated from a neighboring hill where the natives were burning jungle, destroyed the mission. Being quite outside of the operating sphere of any insurance agent, and having taken the utmost precautions against fire, the Sisters had put off the insuring of their buildings, so that their loss is a total one. Repairing this will be a hard task, — the more so because help from the natives

can not be counted upon. In their judgment of things, superstition plays a large part; and it will require the testimony of the future to convince them that any attempt at rebuilding on the same spot was not foolhardy. In these circumstances, the courage of the Sisters is sorely tried. Alms to help them to repair their loss and to continue their work will secure grateful prayers and be sure to win blessings for the givers.

Writing in the *Fortnightly Review* of the question of high licenses for the sale of liquor in England, Mr. J. B. Firth says:

The conclusion of the matter is this. It is easy to make out a strong paper case against the existing system, both in respect of the actual scale of the license duties and the basis of the system itself. It is easy to point to glaring anomalies, some of which are not defensible, and indeed are not defended. But no alteration will get rid of anomalies, and it will be absolutely impossible for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to raise an additional four or five millions out of the licensed trade without inflicting gross injustice upon the shareholders of brewery companies and upon the tenants of the houses which will certainly be closed down.

The quotation is so far interesting as it indicates what would probably be the opinion of the average Englishman concerning the basic justice—or injustice—of the legislation rapidly becoming popular in many States of our Union: the suppression of the liquor traffic without any thought of indemnifying, even partially, those whose capital is invested in breweries and distilleries, to say nothing of the retail dealers. The ethical point involved assuredly admits of discussion, irrespective of one's personal sympathy for either the "Wets" or the "Drys."

A foreign correspondent writes:

THE AVE MARIA of April 3 quotes the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats* as to the recent Paris strike, and the success of the revolutionary party, whom these papers fear. But has the following found its way into the American press? The revolutionary Trades-Unionists seem really

to have an inkling for true liberty, more than any old Liberal, and as much as any Moderate. They declared to this effect: "We are not all Catholics [*i. e.*, Christians], but we won't have our members tormented because of their religion. We know of postmasters and post-mistresses who have been threatened or deprived or injured because a son was a priest or sang in the church. We have had quite enough of that sort of thing, and we are not going to stand it any longer." (Surely there, at least, every honest man who can overcome bitter prejudice will join in *Vive la grève!*) In this first week in April we read of such an instance, — a poor woman going to be deprived, by the Government, of her post office, because her son had become a priest. Her trades-union interfered, and has beaten the Government's tyrant. Surely the more trades-unions that so act, the better. Then no longer will old French pensioners fear to lose the means of living, if they dare to go to Mass.

The doctrine of Purgatory, with its corollary of prayers for the dead, is so consonant to the instinctive yearnings of the human heart that one wonders why the leaders of the Reformation did not retain it. As is well known, many of their descendants subscribe to this doctrine. Writing to the London *Saturday Review*, "A Plain Man" says on the subject: "I do not profess to know the theology of the matter; but I am very sure that the man or woman who has any Christian belief at all would pray for the dead as a matter of course, if there were no prejudice."

It is a significant "if." We think it altogether probable that, "if there were no prejudice" against Catholic doctrines, the ordinary Christian man or woman would, as a matter of course, venerate in a special manner the Mother of God, would believe that Christ meant what He said when He declared, "This is My body,"—would believe many other things which they now doubt or deny.

We find in the *Freeman's Journal* of New York an interesting reminiscence of that city's first Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes. Sixty-nine years ago, ten

years before New York became an archdiocese, Bishop Hughes was engaged in a struggle for equal rights and fair play in the matter of education. His speech in defence of the Catholic petition for school funds before the Board of Aldermen in the City Hall October 29, 1840, was a masterpiece of eloquence in defence of justice and the majesty of conscience. When he found his efforts unavailing, he addressed to Catholics these words, which ring with the dauntless spirit of one of the greatest of American prelates:

Go build your own schools; raise arguments in stone, with the cross on top; raise arguments in the shape of the best educated and most moral citizens of the Republic, and the day will come when you will enforce recognition.

It was an inspiring appeal; and, although the day of recognition (of the right of Catholics to a share of the educational fund they help to establish) has not yet dawned, still the splendid system of Catholic schools in New York *has* enforced recognition of Catholic faith exemplified in works,—in “arguments in stone with the cross on top.” And it is becoming less improbable, from year to year, that even the right upheld by Archbishop Hughes will eventually be admitted by all.



The praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Horace Fletcher to teach the art of correct mastication, which he is willing to have called Fletcherism, illustrates a saying too old to bear repetition for the present. The art is anything but new. Its principles were taught to the Venetians centuries ago by Luigi Conaro in his treatise on a sober and temperate life. It is all the same whether we Conaroate or Fletcherize our food, but we think Mr. Fletcher should have cautioned his readers against making the least noise in the process. Some warning couplets would be an improvement in the next edition of his little book; they might be called apothegms. A series of these for children begins:

If soup be hot, pray do not blow it;

Wait,—it will cool before you know it.

Notable New Books.

Sodality of Our Lady. By the Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. Edited by the Rev. E. Mullan, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

We know of no more valuable book for directors of sodalities of our Blessed Lady than this translation of Father Opitz's complete manual. The remote object of the Sodality, commonly known as that of the Children of Mary, is first set forth; this leads to an exposition of its immediate object; and so high is the standard of individual sanctity—or, rather, effort to attain sanctity—called for in the members of this bodyguard of Our Lady that one realizes that it is not merely a pious association, but a gathering of elect souls,—a truth emphasized by Father Opitz, who declares that there is, in a sense, a vocation to the Sodality. “To those who wish to join it, is truly addressed the warning of our Saviour—to think well beforehand, if they have the strength and the means to finish the tower which they have a mind to build.” Not to discourage souls who wish to enroll themselves under Mary's banner, the spiritual advantages of the Sodality are explained in a chapter full of pious incentive. The history of this association, now nearly three hundred and fifty years in existence, makes interesting reading, and should cause Children of Mary to regard their certificate of membership as a sort of title to nobility.

Pastors and teachers desiring to establish branch societies will find in this little book full directions for organizing and conducting Sodalities large or small.

Catholic Footsteps in Old New York. By William Harper Bennett. Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

This chronicle of Catholicity in the city of New York from 1524 to 1808, the initial year of the centenary recently celebrated, is one of singular charm and unflinching interest. The author has consulted many a volume of history, annals, chronicles, memoirs, lives, diaries, legislative enactments, and the like material; and has woven from all these strands a continuous narrative that constitutes a genuinely valuable addition to American Catholic history. The story necessarily leads to many a land besides America, and to many a portion of America besides New York itself. Not a few of the Catholic footsteps mentioned in the volume echoed first in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, Africa, and Canada.

Of the men and women whose careers are recorded in his book, and who on the threshold of life received Catholic baptism, the author

says: "A few won the martyr's crown; the lives of others were saintly; many were faithful to the end; an appalling number, because of a lack of spiritual succor in the early days, lost the Faith; and some others, among them a few who should have been 'leaders in Israel,' became a reproach to their forebears." A handsome volume of 500 pages with a dozen fine illustrations, it contains a good table of contents and index, with an extended bibliography.

Carmina. By T. A. Daly. The John Lane Co.

"Herself" should be proud and happy to have such songs dedicated to her; for in them is the best that mind and heart and soul can give to the uttered word. One says "uttered word" advisedly; for the poems included in this second volume by Mr. Daly have an appeal to the ear as well as to the eye, and sing themselves in one's memory. In the first section of "Carmina," the author is the laureate of the lonely, misunderstood, beauty-haunted Italian, whose days are busy toiling "een ceety street," and whose nights are cheered and saddened by dreams of his beloved Italy. If there is an Italian immigrant problem, "Da Sweeta Soil" suggests the solution; and there is heartbreak in the closing stanza of "Leetla Joe":

But baycause I'm 'fraid dat he
Wan day would be 'shame' of me,—
'Shame' for call me "Pop" an' know,
W'en he's fina 'Merican,
I'm so poor old Dagoman—
 W'en I go
Where hees grave ees on da heell,
Dere ees joy for me to feel
Dat my heart can keep him steell
 Leetla Joe.

In the Irish songs there is the true Celtic ring made up of pathos, humor, and true philosophy of life, with faith as foundation. "To a Robin," "The Castle Impregnable," and "The Journey's End" are representative poems among the English songs, each one bearing the hall-mark of real poetry; and when one comes to "L'Envoi," and reads "To a Tenant," one does not willingly close the book and put it aside; rather is one tempted to turn to the beginning and read the poems all over again.

The Churches Separated from Rome. By Mgr. L. Duchesne. Authorized Translation from the French by Arnold Harris Matthew. Benziger Brothers.

Under this title, the well-known historian, Mgr. Duchesne, has put together several studies which deal with the divers religious organizations once constituent parts of the Church and now separated from her. The aim of the writer is to throw some light "upon the causes of certain separations, as well as upon the origins and titles of certain ecclesiastical self-governing

bodies." With this end in view, he summarizes, in a very short chapter of twelve pages, the Church of England's origin, which he shows to be essentially Roman. "England is, of all the countries in the world, the one where ecclesiastical origins are most visibly connected with the Holy Apostolic See of Rome." The rest of the volume is given to the Eastern Churches, especially to the Eastern Schisms; the Encyclical of the Patriarch Anthemius, a haughty answer to the paternal letter "Præclara" addressed by Leo XIII. in 1894 to all those separated from the Roman See—to the Orientals first,—and exhorting them to ecclesiastical and Christian unity; the Roman Church before the time of Constantine, when Rome appears, from the very first ages of Christianity, as the See of Papal Supremacy; the Greek Church and the Greek Schism (the writer shows that this Schism was not a sudden and unexpected event, but the result of a long antagonism and the often manifested ambition of the Bishop of Constantinople); Ecclesiastical Illyria; and the Christian Missions south of the Roman Empire.

The clear and vivid impression that one gets from the description of the Eastern Churches is that, by breaking their connection with the centre of unity and authority, they have lost their vitality and fruitfulness,—branches separated from the trunk, limbs separated from the body. Such is the destiny of all those who, in any degree, under any name, even if they keep that of "Catholic," refuse to see in the Roman Pontiff the divinely appointed and infallible teacher of Christianity.

We remark some inconsistency, on the part of the translator, in the use of proper names; thus we find "Theodore" and "Theodorus" of Mopsuestia, "Denis" and "Dionysius" of Corinth,—slight matters, but avoidable, and better avoided.

Principles of Logic. By George Hayward Joyce, S. J., M. A. Longmans, Green & Co.

Few people, few students even, (at least during the course of their studies), realize the importance of logic. To many the word conveys the impression of a number of speculative, dry, and intricate rules, without practical utility in ordinary life, or, at most, interesting to the subtle debater in order to catch his adversary or evade his arguments. A thorough study of logic, however, is at the very foundation of all true and sound education; it is as practical as common-sense, since it leads directly thereto. We accordingly welcome a work like this of Father Joyce. A good exposition of the principles of logic requires in its author a clear and wide knowledge of the principles of psychology, as well as an able grasp of the principles of

epistemology and metaphysics; this work shows evidence of these requisites. Frankly scholastic in doctrine — we should never forget that the principles of logic, the principles of deduction especially, have found their best exponents among the Schoolmen commentating and interpreting Aristotle, — it will be a most useful and needed correction to the empiricism of Stuart Mill, and to the evolutionism of neo-Hegelianism. Admirably versed in both the Scholastic principles and the modern systems, Father Joyce is traditional in principles and modern in applications. His work is divided into two general parts: the former under the title of "The Logic of Thought," including what is more generally called "Formal or Deductive Logic"; the latter under the title of "The Applied Logic" or "Method of Science."

As a whole, the work is exceptionally excellent. We should like, however, to find in the first part a clearer division of the general problems treated, and would suggest a general and explicit division of this part into "The Logic of the Concept," "The Logic of the Judgment," and "The Logic of Reasoning." A chapter specially devoted to the relations of logic with language and grammar would be of great use. To our mind, it would be of interest to present, before the didactic exposition of the rules of the syllogism, a genetic view of these rules considered as the normal development of the laws of thought. Finally, the criticism of Mill's attacks on the syllogism should be more developed.

We welcome the book, and trust it will be widely read by both professors and students.

Life of the Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf, D. D.

By the Rev. W. J. Howlett. Pueblo, Colorado.

If the cordial reception accorded, two or three years ago, to Father Howlett's "Tribute to St. Thomas' Seminary" is accountable for his preparation of this new and more ambitious work, it is fortunate that the first book proved a success. There is little doubt that the present volume will materially add to the reverend author's reputation. The subject of this Life was a peculiarly interesting personage, as may be judged from the bare list of appellatives given to him on the title-page: "Pioneer Priest of Ohio, Pioneer Priest of New Mexico, Pioneer Priest of Colorado, Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado and Utah, and First Bishop of Denver."

The author has been especially fortunate in that he has had access to what must ever prove the most illuminative as well as the most charming portion of any biography — the intimate letters of his hero. A generous use of these has been made; and it is well within the truth to say that they reveal a character of heroic mould, a born missionary, and a zealous apostle,

over whose multifarious human activities the supernatural motive ever held control. In reading these inspiring pages, one finds it difficult to realize that the conditions exposed and the labors undergone are those, not, of a century and a half ago, but of the still recent period from 1839 to 1889.

The book is a handsome octavo of 419 pages, and contains a number of interesting illustrations.

The Finding of the Cross. By Louis de Combes. Authorized translation by Luigi Cappadelta. Benziger Brothers.

This book gives more than its title promises; for it relates not only the Finding of the Cross, but all the divers other events connected therewith, and the subsequent story of the Sacred Relics. After a description of the Holy Places in the year of Our Lord's death, the author tells us how, according to the custom of the time, the Holy Cross was buried with those of the two thieves. He summarily narrates the life of St. Helena, the youth of Constantine, and the apparition of the Labarum. He then describes the event of the recovery of the Cross with the Title and Nails, and how St. Helena divided the precious wood and distributed it. The last chapter deals with the subsequent history of the Instruments of the Passion as preserved in Rome, Treves, and Besançon; answers all objections, and gives the divers legends woven on the general theme. All this is done in an interesting and scholarly way, indicative of a solid knowledge of the documents, traditions, and the whole literature of the subject.

There is a good index, but we regret that the table of contents is not more developed.

Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon. From "Sancta Sophia." By Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

This is an abridged edition of Father Baker's well-known "Sancta Sophia," — a book especially remarkable for its clear, simple, practical and inspiring teaching on prayer and the interior life. The present editor has omitted some chapters which have no direct bearing on the subject of contemplative prayer; his chief purpose being to put the work within reach of a greater number by revising and modernizing the style, — preserving, however, the spirit and specific character of the original. Let us say that he has succeeded; and we hope that this new edition, in its very handy form, will find place not only in religious communities but in the library of all those who wish for an instructive book of spiritual reading, or desire a clear knowledge of the principles, elements, and rules of the interior life.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

The Queen Month.

BY JOSEPH F. WYNNE.

WHO shall be queen of the year?" they said,
Nature's children sweet;

And, waiting her choice, the winsome twelve
Gathered about her feet.

"Here's radiant June and rare July, with August
The gleaner fair;
September's mild charm or October's rich grace
Might well the title wear."

The mother smiled on the beauteous five,
But sought her younger two.

"My April gay and gentle May,
Is there no crown for you?"

"Ah, mother!" impulsive April cried,
Between a smile and tear,

"I love too well my own wild will,
Such dignity to bear."

Tenderly to the blushing May
Wise Nature, turning, spake:

"Yours is best right, my little one;
The royal name to take.

For you to the Queen of queens belong,
Forever to her art given;

Then, crowning thee, our tribute we'll pay
To the glorious Queen of Heaven."

A Lesson in Honesty.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONY.



RS. HENNESSY lived in
the little town of Ballybeg.
Like most villages near the
outskirts of a city, Ballybeg

was composed of a strange

medley of folk—good, bad, and indifferent;
chiefly the latter, though it is with sorrow
I write it. Tradition had it that the com-
munity owed its origin to the settlement
there a long time ago of a body of trav-
elling "Tinkers," which idea in the minds
of most people seemed entirely sufficient

to account for the more than easy notions
of honesty and other estimable virtues
which prevailed amongst the inhabitants.
But the "Tinkers," or Irish gypsies, as I
know them, are by no means the least
honest or virtuous of their race.

Few people living in Ballybeg, be they
gentle or simple, rich or poor, pious and
charitable or the reverse, were likely to
escape at all times the dishonest atten-
tions of the reprobate amongst the Tinkers.
The farmers' corn and potatoes were
often stolen, the goods of the shopkeeper
"lifted" from the counter or outside his
door. Even the good nuns did not escape;
for their coals were once taken.

In a neighborhood of such indifferent
traditions, it was as refreshing as it was
surprising to meet with a girl of Mary
Hennessy's sturdy honesty and upright-
ness of character. Not only was she a
thoroughly capable servant, immaculately
clean and neat in all her ways, but she
was as trustworthy and honest and open
as the sun,—a girl with whom one might
safely leave the keys of one's coffers or
larders for any length of time, in the
certain knowledge that nothing, however
small, would be misused or wasted or
given away without one's knowledge and
express command.

One day, commenting on her almost
excessive particularity in this respect,
Mary laughed in her usual good-humored
fashion.

"Fear for me, ma'am," she replied,
"not to be honest, with the kind of a
mother I had!"

"How is that, Mary?" I asked, I knew
Mrs. Hennessy as an extremely hard work-
ing and industrious woman, who, despite
much ill health and the early loss of her
husband, had managed to bring up cred-
itably and respectably a numerous young
family, of whom Mary was the eldest;

and I confess I often wondered how she had been able to do it.

"Well, ma'am," Mary went on, "the kind of woman my mother is, she wouldn't let you take as much as a pin, not even the simplest flower or an apple off a tree, that belonged to another person. And talking of flowers reminds me of something that happened a long time ago; and the same thing turned out very well for my mother and all of us afterward,—just almost as if it *was* to be, you'd say, ma'am. It was when we were all very small, just after my father's death, and my mother had to give up our nice little cottage in the fields, because the rent was too high for her, and move with us all into one little room in a back lane of the town. We were so young that perhaps we didn't feel things as much as she did; for I often saw her crying as she mended our clothes at night by the light of a candle, and knew well she was fretting for my father and the happy home that was lost to us.

"One day, when my mother was binding wheat up at Mr. Walsh's farm, and we happened to have holidays from school, my brother Tom and myself went off to gather firewood in the woods of Kilmore; for we were too poor to buy much coal. And I often heard my mother blessing old Mr. Fitzgerald, of Kilmore House, for his goodness to the poor in allowing them to take away the fallen timber and branches in his demesne, — not like many another gentleman, who wouldn't let the likes of them come within his gates.

"Well, when Tom and myself had gathered our bundles and tied them together, we hid them amongst some brambles, and set off for a ramble through the woods till we came close up to the great house itself. I don't suppose we'd ever have made so free only we knew that Mr. Fitzgerald and the young ladies and gentlemen were away on a holiday at the time. There we were, anyhow, right in front of the house, with the lovely lawn all covered with flower beds right up against us. It seemed a regular kind of fairyland to us

youngsters, living for the past three or four years in a back lane where there wasn't even a daisy to be seen, much less lovely roses and geraniums and pansies like these. And we stood a long time in the shelter of the trees, not able to take our eyes from the beautiful sight.

"'If only we had at home a few flowers like those!' I said at length. 'But sure if we had, itself, we have no place to put them, Tom.'

"'Twould be easy enough for that matter to fill a box with clay and stick it in the window,' said Tom.

"'Supposing we took two or three?' I whispered. 'They'd never miss them out of all the flowers they have. Besides, the family is away—'

"Well, ma'am, to make a long story short, the two of us made a dart, and I can tell you there weren't many geraniums or anything else in the bed nearest us by the time we had finished; for we pulled them up, roots and all, just as they came to our hand. We brought them home along with our *bresnachs* of sticks, rolled up together in the little shawl that had been round my shoulders, and no one ever questioned us. You can imagine we were innocent enough; for we thought the time would never come till our mother would be home that night to show her our treasures. She was always very fond of a bit of a flower or something green about her, and we had no doubt at all but she'd be pleased.

"But she was very late at work that night. We had put all the little ones to bed, and were just settling down to sleep ourselves, when at last she did come. And before she was well inside the door, the two of us, full of excitement, began to tell her together, one shouting the other down, all about what we had done.

"'And mind, mother, it was me got the mixed ones! Them with the white and green leaves are all mine!' I said eagerly.

"'And I got the yellow pansies, mother!' Tom cried. 'Molly owns nothing but the few geraniums.'

"But all at once we saw by our mother's looks that something was amiss. She sat down wearily on a chair and folded her hands on her lap. A minute before, her face had been bright and cheerful as usual, as though she were glad to get home; but now it seemed to have grown sad and tired-looking all in minute.

"'You foolish, wicked children,' she said at last, 'to do such an act on anybody, especially on that gentleman who is so good and kind to the poor! I ought to give you a whipping!'

"Our eyes opened at this; for since father's death it seemed as though our mother could not bear to lift a hand to us, though she was strict and severe enough in other ways.

"'I ought to give you a sound whipping,' she went on. 'But no; you must be punished in some other way. Put on your clothes at once, and take your stolen booty, and come with me to the police station. We'll see what the police sergeant will have to say about this business.'

"At that the two of us began to scream and cry to break our hearts. We fell on our knees before her.

"'O mother, please don't!' we pleaded between our sobs. 'We'll bring the flowers back and put them in the very same place, the minute we get up in the morning, if you like.'

"My mother seemed to be hesitating.

"'I'm glad at least that you think of making restitution,' she said. 'But if it's to be done at all, it had better be done to-night. I could not sleep with these stolen things in the house. Dress yourselves quickly, and I'll go with you.'

"Frightened and wondering (for it was now long past ten o'clock), we hurried into our clothes, and half an hour later were walking softly through the woods of Kilmore, our mother holding each of us by a hand, while none of us spoke a word. Indeed, we had no heart for talk; for our mother still looked troubled and hurt; while Tom and myself were filled

with fears of ghosts and goblins, to say nothing at all of the police.

"It was bright moonlight, and the trees threw strange black shadows. The dogs barked angrily in the stable-yard behind the house; and, with our newly-awakened conscience, it was a bit of an ordeal to walk out on the moonlit lawn, and put back the plants in their places as our mother directed; not knowing but that some one might come on us at any moment. However, our hurried and trembling task was soon over, and we got back at length to the wretched little room we called home, whose shelter never seemed as welcome as it was then.

"But that was not the end, ma'am. It seemed that, all unknown to us, we had been seen taking the plants earlier in the day. Mr. Fitzgerald had come home unexpectedly on some urgent business, and from his study window had watched us young rascals pulling up and carrying away his flowers; and it shows the kind of man he was that he didn't come out and give us a good beating there and then. And late that night, when he heard the dogs barking, he had lifted his bedroom blind and seen, to his astonishment, the same two children putting back the stolen plants. He happened to know us by sight, as he did pretty nearly all the children about; and when he met us coming from school the next day, he told us he wanted to see our mother 'about a little matter.'

"Well, I can tell you, ma'am, we were in a fine fright altogether now; for we felt sure that something was going to be done to us, after all. But we gave the message to our mother (for we daren't do otherwise), and she went to him without delay. And what do you think he wished to see her about? Only to say that they were in want of a laundress at the big house, and that, if she cared to take the situation, she could have the lodge for herself and her children to live in. (You know the lodge, ma'am,—the pretty, creeper-covered one on the back road that


everybody stops to look at?) Well, it was there we were brought up, and my mother had the greatest comfort in it; for not only did she get good wages and plenty of food from the kitchen, but all the young ladies' and gentlemen's clothes were given her to make over for us youngsters, so that she seldom had anything to buy for us except boots.

"It was a wonderful change for us all, ma'am, to come and live there in such comfort and happiness, after the squalor and poverty we had grown nearly used to. And Tom and I often whispered to each other, on the quiet, that it was the lucky day for us that we took those plants, though the thing turned out so differently from what we expected. For, of course, it was the bringing of them back—which perhaps we'd never have thought of doing if our mother hadn't made us,—and not the wicked stealing of them, that brought us the good luck. Anyway, ma'am, it was a good lesson in honesty, and one that neither of us ever forgot."

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

 LIVIA thought a good deal about the tent on Division Street, and the people who lived in it, during the time which elapsed between her first visit and the one she intended to pay the next afternoon. Her father was very much amused at the interest she showed, as she was not in the habit of taking sudden fancies. She always sympathized with the poor whom she visited,—so much so that she refrained, from inability to alleviate their misery, from seeing them as often as she would have wished. And she had, moreover, an inward shrinking from the sordid side of poverty—the dirt, the crowding, and their attendant evils,—which often made it an effort for her to perform the neighborly charities she

thought it her duty to do. But toward her new acquaintances she felt no such revulsion; they interested her; she wanted to know more about them, to perform for the helpless old woman any little kindness which might come in her way.

"I wonder if I might venture to take her anything to-day—in a friendly way?" she asked herself, scanning the pantry shelves as she brought out her smallest basket.

A custard pie looked tempting.

"Nora," she called out diplomatically to the cook, who was busy in the kitchen, "this little pie is a 'left-over,' isn't it?"

"What do you mean by a 'left-over,' Miss Olivia?" answered Nora. "Sure they're all fresh pies, baked this morning every one of them—the mince and the custard."

"I mean you made this little pie with some custard you had left, and didn't exactly know what to do with, and didn't want to waste,—wasn't that it?"

With Nora, who had lived in the family since Olivia was a baby, and who still regarded her as a child, though she had passed her fifteenth year, the girl somehow always fell into a childish manner. Nora needed coaxing sometimes, though her heart was always in the right place. At this moment she came to the door of the kitchen and peered into the pantry.

"You mean maybe that you'd like to carry off my dainty pie to some old woman in mill-town that would far rather have a strong cup of tea and a bit of toast."

"You haven't guessed *just* right, Nora dear," replied Olivia; "but you *have* guessed in part. Yesterday, when I was going to see the sick Smiths, and the new little Madison baby, I noticed that a tent had been put up on Division Street, and I couldn't help going over to see who was there."

"I'll engage you did," said Nora. "You were always a curious child. But I don't think it's a ladylike or a safe thing to do—prowling round tents and the like."

"I didn't prowl, Nora: I walked right

up to the door and spoke to the old woman sitting there in a low rocking-chair. She was very nice, but quite lame. She lives there with her grandson, a little fellow twelve years old. I saw him, too, afterward. He is quite attractive. He's an honest boy: he found my pin just where I'd dropped it, and gave it to me."

"Very well, dear; take the pie. But be careful, dear Miss Olivia, how you make acquaintances. You're in the way not to be particular enough, and your papa never checks you. Jim was just telling me, not an hour ago, that those were circus people in the tent."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Olivia. "Just because they choose to live in a tent, which is a most healthful and pleasant way of living, people must begin to say they belong to the circus!"

"Well, I don't know. That's what I heard."

"And even if they were what you say, they could or would do me no harm. I don't believe that kind of people are all bad, do you?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Nora. "I don't like to sin against charity and judge my neighbor; but, by what I've seen my own self in the circus, I can't think it's an occupation for decent Christians. The short skirts and the low necks aren't very modest, though I've seen necks as bare at your own father's table."

"Not often, Nora," laughed Olivia; "only when Aunt Bertha and her friends came for a week. How they did scandalize Old Preston, didn't they?"

"They were the seven wonders of all the world," said Nora. "I mind well how much gossip some of the ladies got out of it."

"Did you say I might have the pie, Nora?"

"Oh, yes! Take it along. The poor creatures aren't likely to have tasted one as good before."

"Thank you!" said Olivia, as she placed the pie in the basket, with two large bellflower apples.

She was nearing Division Street when she met Miss Bella Proud, the censor and gossip *par excellence* of Old Preston, who spent her days in going from house to house wherever doors were open to her. She had never attained any degree of intimacy in that of President Middleford, and it may be on that account that she strongly criticised everything his daughter said and did.

"Going for a walk, Olivia?" she said. "What have you good in your basket?"

"A custard pie," replied Olivia, curtly. She did not like Miss Bella.

"Not taking it over there, to *those* people?" the lady went on, pointing toward the tent, in which direction she had seen Olivia's eyes wander.

"Yes. What of that?" was the rejoinder.

"Why, don't you know they're circus riders?"

"One of them is not, anyhow," replied the girl. "She is a crippled old woman; and the boy, her grandson, works in the factory."

"She used to ride horseback in the circus years ago, and that's how she crippled herself. And that boy can jump through six paper hoops, one after the other, like a flash of lightning."

"How do you know, Miss Bella?" asked Olivia, innocently. "Did you see him do it?"

"I see him do it!" answered the gossip. "I was never in a circus in *my* life, Olivia Middleford."

"Well, how do you know, then?"

"Everybody knows it down in the valley. The old man came with them and settled them here. He used to be a bare-back rider too; but he's old now, so he tends to the animals."

"Well, even if it should be true—though I think, myself, that the story has no foundation except that they choose to live in a tent,—I don't suppose it makes them criminals, does it?"

"Not associates for President Middleford's daughter, I should say," rejoined Miss Bella; "though you don't seem to

think you are obliged to follow ordinary standards, Olivia."

"They're usually too tiresome, Miss Bella," said the girl, not averse to shocking her fault-finding neighbor.

"Well, I don't believe your father would consider such people respectable," Miss Bella observed. "Does he know about it?"

"About what?" asked Olivia, growing indignant.

"This visit."

"I really don't think you have any right to criticise either my father or myself, Miss Bella. I'll bid you good-afternoon," answered Olivia.

"Hem, Miss Pert!" said Bella, in a low tone. Her small head, with its popping, spectacled eyes, was bent eagerly forward, waiting the girl's progress toward her destination; and she did not stir from her position until two large trees hid Olivia from further observation.

Olivia found the old woman alone, awaiting the arrival of her grandson, who had a half-holiday, as it was Saturday. She invited Olivia to take a seat, and seemed very much pleased with the pie. Olivia had not been there long when Dickie appeared, laden with groceries which he arranged very neatly on the shelves, in various tin cans and lard buckets kept for the purpose. When all were put away, he said:

"Grandmother, may I go down and help Father Shea dig up his garden? He is going to plant flowers for the altar."

"Yes, dear, you may go," replied his grandmother.

After the boy had departed, Olivia said:

"Are you a Catholic, Mrs. Dobbyn?"

"Yes, I am. You are not, I suppose?" was the rejoinder.

"Oh, no! Until the mills were built, there were no Catholics here. I never saw one, I believe, except Nora, our cook, until two years ago. But I am sure Father Shea is a very good man. They say he worked on the little church with his own hands until it was built. And he lives in a tiny room behind it."

"I've heard that there's a great deal of prejudice against Catholics here."

"There is, but I can't see why. They seem to be all right; they go to their own church, and don't meddle with others, while the rest of them in Old Preston try to get the Catholic children to go to their Sunday-school. I don't go to church at all myself. I hate squabbling."

"That's not what people are supposed to go to church for, my dear. I wasn't always a Catholic. It's only since my accident that I became one."

"Would you mind telling me how it occurred?" asked Olivia, quite certain she would hear that which would give denial to the rumor that seemed to be current as to the antecedents of the old woman and her grandson.

"As you are not a church member, I hope I shall not shock you or make you run away by what I am going to tell you. Dickie has told me things which cause me to think the people in the valley hold us in very ill repute. I was injured in the destruction of a circus train that ran off a high trestle. My daughter and son-in-law, Dickie's father and mother, were killed in the same accident. We all belonged to the circus."

"Oh!" replied Olivia, not knowing what to say.

"Are you surprised?" asked Mrs. Dobbyn.

"Yes, you seem so—different."

"Well, perhaps I *was* different once. I was not born a circus rider, my dear. I'm going to tell you all about it, because you are so kind and friendly, and I should like to see you often. But I don't wish to appear other than just what I am."

"Yes," said Olivia, returning her smile, and listening attentively.

"I was crazy about horses and all kinds of fancy riding. One day I went to the circus with my brother, and, being a very foolish girl, I fell in love with the life. I had no mother. I ran away from home, and in a few months had cast my lot forever with the circus. I married a famous

rider; he was a good husband. But after a while the life began to grow distasteful to me. But what could I do? And so I never left it."

"But couldn't you have left it? Wouldn't your own people have taken you back?"

"They didn't know where I was nor what had become of me."

"And you never wrote to them?"

"Never. My father was a very hard man,—he would not have forgiven me; and my brother didn't care about me. He was much older. I had a little sister, though. I have often wondered if she's living still."

"How sad!" said Olivia. "Wouldn't your husband have left the circus if you'd asked him?"

"I don't know. I never asked him. He loved it, my dear. Since the time of the dreadful accident that killed my daughter and son-in-law, I've been a drag on my husband. But in a way I've been much happier. There was a priest there; he took little Dickie from his dead mother's arms and carried him to the hospital, where I lay for sixteen weeks. He baptized Dickie and converted me. My religion has been a great happiness to me, and it has done so much for the boy!"

"Is he—is he—" Olivia began.

"Yes, my dear, he has always been with the circus till now. But I must tell you that, although he's as clever and agile as he can be, he doesn't care for it; and that's why we're trying to break away from it. Dickie is very fond of machinery; he wants to learn a trade."

"That will be so much better for him," replied Olivia. "There will not be so much temptation."

"I don't know," said the old woman, reflectively. "The circus people are not so bad as you think. They're like one big family. Of course they are apart from the rest of the world as it were; but they don't mind that, if they really love the life."

"But when they don't love it, as in Dickie's case?" said Olivia.

"Then they ought to get away from it, as he's trying to do. When my husband comes, he's going to see if he can not have him learn the machinist's trade."

The boy returned as Olivia was preparing to go. She had had a long and interesting conversation with the old woman, and had resolved to ask Nora to visit her, as she was a Catholic like herself.

"I've been telling our story to Miss Middleford, Dickie," said the grandmother. "I wanted her to know just what we were, because folks are often prejudiced against circus people."

"Yes, grandmother," replied the boy, looking brightly at their visitor. He did not appear to feel any cause for shame.

"Miss Middleford doesn't seem to mind," said the old woman; "and she says her father would not."

"Neither does Father Shea, and he's worth the whole bunch of them," said Dickie, stoutly.

Olivia laughed. "Nora thinks so too," she said. "I'd like to make Father Shea's acquaintance."

"Easy enough, Miss," said Dickie. "Any day you go down there, he'll be glad to see you, so long as you don't interfere with his children."

"I shan't," rejoined Olivia. "I'm a heathen myself; I don't meddle with the Sunday-schools."

"You'll be all right then with Father Shea," said Dickie.

Taking up the basket, Olivia took her departure, having promised to come again, and to send Nora. She had some misgivings as to how Nora would feel, about visiting the tent-dwellers, but Father Shea's recommendation was quite sufficient for the old servant. She went the next Sunday after High Mass; and, on her return, reported to Olivia that the "Dobbynsses" were "all right," and of a very superior order to the majority of the "mill-townners."

Miss Proud had been hovering around the neighborhood during the afternoon, waiting for Olivia's reappearance. When she saw her, she hurried from the side of a neighbor with whom she had been talking; and, hastening to meet her, she asked:

"Well, Miss Olivia, did you find out anything?"

"About whom or what?"

"The tent-people."

"I didn't go to find out anything: I went to pay a visit."

"And you didn't ask them where they came from or what their business was?"

"There is only one of them who is in any business. He works in a factory."

"Fudge! I knew all that before, Olivia," said Miss Bella. "Let me tell you I *have* found out something else about them. They're Roman Catholics."

"I hope they're good ones."

"They're in full membership, I guess. Miss Bailey says that boy rings the bell every Sunday and stands on the altar with a white gown on."

"I'm sure he doesn't do that, Miss Bella," rejoined Olivia. "That's of a piece with all the rest of the things people say. Good-evening! It is getting late."

Before Miss Proud could reply, Olivia was running quickly down the road. The gossip shook her head and went sorrowfully home.

Olivia had intended going to Division Street again on Tuesday; but Monday morning her father received a telegram stating that his only sister had been injured in an automobile accident and was not expected to live. She was a maiden lady without any near ties except those which bound her to him and his daughter.

Olivia accompanied him to New Haven, where her aunt resided. Her injuries were not fatal, as had at first been supposed; but six weeks had elapsed before the lady was well enough for her niece to leave her. November was well advanced before Olivia returned to Old Preston.

(To be continued.)

Scotia and the Milesians.

The Milesians came to Ireland directly from Spain, and they had reached that country after a long pilgrimage through Europe. They were of the same race as the Dedannans; and we are told that, when the Israelites were in bondage in the land of Egypt, a man of this race, named Niul, wedded one of Pharaoh's daughters. Niul pitied much the sad condition of the enslaved Hebrews; and, at the time of their flight out of the land of bondage, offered Aaron food and help for his people,—a favor always gratefully remembered by them.

Soon after Niul's son, a lad named Gaedal, was bitten by a poisonous snake, and became alarmingly ill. Niul brought the child to Moses; and, knowing the boy's father to be a kind and well-disposed man, and one who had pitied and helped his people, Moses prayed for Gaedal, and laid his rod on the wound made by the serpent. Immediately the child was cured; and, in memory of the miracle, Niul fashioned a banner—known in after ages as the Sacred Banner of the Milesians,—and painted on it a serpent and a rod similar to that carried by the great Hebrew lawgiver.

Time passed on. The descendants of Niul, after wandering for many years through Europe, settled in Spain, and from Spain they made their way to Ireland. The queen who led the expedition was named Scotia; and from her the island was named Scotia. Owing to this fact, many Irish saints and scholars were, in the centuries after, accredited to Britain instead of to Ireland. The Irish poet Moore sings:

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the Western main
Set sail in their good ships, gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain.

"Oh, where's the isle we have seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"

Thus sang they as, by the morning beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—One of the omissions from "Irish Wit and Humor" is supplied by a writer in the current *Fortnightly Review*, who says: "We may remember O'Connell's delightful remark about the great Whig lady 'She has all the rigidity without the occasional warmth of the kitchen poker.'"

—The first two volumes of the English translation of Carotti's "History of Art" ("Ancient Art" and "The Middle Ages") are now ready. (Duckworth & Co., publishers.) Dr. Giulio Carotti is a member of the Royal Academy of Milan and the Royal University of Rome. The English version of his work is edited by Mrs. Arthur Strong. There are several hundred illustrations in each volume.

—The M. H. Wiltzius Co. have published, in neat and durable form, a new mission manual, compiled by the Servite Fathers. Its purpose is to emphasize religious teachings by presenting instructions, devotions, and hymns along the lines followed by the Servite Fathers in conducting the pious exercises of the missions. The usual prayers of Mass, and in preparation for the reception of the Sacraments, are supplemented by special devotions.

—"The Imitation of Christ" in metrical form, revised and edited by the Rev. E. Mullan, S. J., comes to us in a neat, convenient manual from P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is an accurate reproduction in English of the little Latin volume which was "finished in 1441 by Brother Thomas Kempis at Mt. St. Agnes, near Zwolle." To those who have made the ordinary version of "The Imitation" a *vade mecum*, this edition will hardly appeal; but to the many who are being formed spiritually in the sodalities of our land, this little book, prepared especially for them, will furnish wholesome food for mental prayer, and become a solace and a guide through life.

—The Fifth Annual Report of Catholic schools in the Archdiocese of New York, for the Centennial year 1908, should be matter of honest pride on the part of all interested in Catholic education. The Board of Education represented by this fine piece of statistical work as under its jurisdiction ninety-two schools, over sixty thousand pupils, and more than thirteen hundred teachers. The recommendations to teachers are to the point, and show that the interest of the Board is not perfunctory in either its study of conditions or in the suggestions offered. Those on the teaching of religion and English, as well as the remarks on industrial

training, on athletics, and on the need of special attention in the case of defective children, are particularly worthy of notice. New York is to be congratulated on the work done in its parochial schools.

—Mr. B. Herder has just published a new and considerably revised edition of the translation, by Father Eyre, S. J., of "Meditations on the Gospels," the excellent work of Père Médaille, S. J. For the Scripture texts quoted from the Vulgate in the former edition, the English of the Douay edition has been substituted,—a change decidedly for the better. A few words in each of the three points of every meditation are printed in heavier type than the remainder of the paragraph, and thus emphasize the salient considerations to be dwelt upon. A few other changes help to make this edition an improvement on the original one. A handsome volume of almost six hundred pages.

—"Between Friends," by Richard Aumerle (Benziger Brothers), is a story about boys and for boys. Joe Gavin is the hero; he runs away from school, gets into trouble, is—but we must not spoil the story by outlining it. Baseball tactics, politics and bribery in selecting a captain for the team, an exciting game,—what more could a boy want? There is a thrilling chapter which tells of the election, which leads up to a startling denouement. Then there is the closing chapter "Between Friends," in which the tangled threads are untangled. Joe's name is cleared; and the boys, including Scrapes, Spider, Sliver, and Monk, march arm in arm to Fat's studio, to talk things over—"between friends."

—Those of our readers who have perused Father Lambert's effective demolition of Christian Science may be reminded, on hearing of another book attacking that elusive system, of Dryden's

And thrice he routed all his foes and thrice he slew the slain.

Yet the slaying is very scientifically, and withal entertainingly, accomplished in "The Faith and Works of Christian Science," by the author of "Confessio Medici." (The Macmillan Company.) Premising that, judging from recently published works, Christian Science is passing, or will soon pass, in this country, from consolidation to disintegration, the author declares: "Here in England are no signs of disintegration, but all of consolidation; we must wait patiently, it may be for a quarter of a century, till our country is tired of Christian Science. I marvel that so many good people

are kind and polite to her. . . . It is gratifying to add that the author avoids any excess of either kindness or courtesy in the treatment of his subject. The ultimate kindness of his method will probably be termed cruelty by the adherents of Mrs. Eddy; but the average reader of his book will rejoice at the sledge-hammer blows of wit and wisdom with which he effects his purpose. And his purpose is to show that Christian Science is not only absurd as a doctrine but cruel as a practice.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have brought out a new edition of "Reasonableness of Catholic Ceremonies and Practices," by the Rev. J. J. Burke; and the Christian Press Association Publishing Co. have issued a new edition of "Characteristics of the Early Church," by the same author. The object of the first of these books is to show that Catholic ceremonies and practices are founded on Scripture, tradition, and reason. The second proves that the teachings and practices of the Church of to-day are identical with those of the early Church. In an appendix the more important events of the first five centuries of Christianity are noted; and there is a list of the Popes and of the Emperors of Rome from Augustus to Constantine. The six-page index is yet another good feature of the book, which is neatly printed and substantially bound. It is to be hoped that these excellent volumes may find many readers among non-Catholics, for whose benefit both are primarily intended.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.

"Carmina." T. A. Daly. \$1, net.

"Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.

"Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon." Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.

"The Churches Separated from Rome." Mgr. L. Duchesne. \$2, net.

"The Finding of the Cross." Louis de Combes. \$2, net.

"Principles of Logic." George Hayward Joyce, S. J., M. A. \$2.50.

"Between Friends." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Faith and Works of Christian Science." Author of "Confessio Medici." \$1.25, net.

"Meditations on the Gospels." Médaille-Eyre, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"The Legends of the Saints." Père H. Delehaye, S. J. \$1.20, net.

"The Degrees of the Spiritual Life." Abbé A. Sandreau. \$3.50, net.

"The Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles." St. Francis de Sales. \$1.80, net.

"Some Roads to Rome in America." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75, net.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1.

"Jack Smith." Rev. David Bearne, S. J. \$1.

"Cuba Revisited." Mary E. Mannix. 45 cts.

"Short Answers to Common Objections against Religion." Mgr. Ségur — Father Lambert. 15 cts.

"Through Ramona's Country." George Wharton James. \$2, net.

"Many Mansions. Being Studies in Ancient Religions and Modern Thought." William Samuel Lilly. \$3, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB. xiii, 3.

Rev. Edgar Cook, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. William Sheehan, diocese of Albany; Rev. Ulric Scheffold and Rev. George Bien, O. S. B.

Sister Angela, O. S. D.; and Sister Mary Paul, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Charles Betterton, Mrs. Mary Steele, Mr. Daniel Callahan, Mrs. Eleanor Morrison, Mr. James Mahony, Mrs. Eleanor Gordon, Miss Elizabeth Inglehart, Mr. Thomas Duffy, Mrs. Mary Kearney, Mr. Charles Kruttel, Frances O'Reilly, Mrs. Margaret Reinhart, Mr. Peter F. Collier, Mr. Antoine Deitz, Jr., Mrs. Anna Hourigan, Mr. Richard Grace, Miss Elizabeth Cronin, Mr. John E. James, Mrs. Annie Casey, Mrs. Frank Keeshen, Mr. Stephen Callahan, Mr. Patrick Neilan, Miss M. Wimsatt, Mr. William Lytle, Mrs. Mary Ann Reilly, and Mr. John Henson.

Requiescant in pace!



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Nunc Dimittis, Domine!

BY MARION MUIR.

COLD is the heart, by hope forsaken,
Can view the Spring and not awaken.
So bathed in light the vales are lying
That Sorrow's self might cease her sighing.

But, ah, that heart so calmly chill
That Joy's own smile would fail to thrill,
That views alike the storm or shine,—
That silent heart is mine, is mine!

The trees I planted bore no fruit,
The flowers I tended took no root;
I have not strength to strive in vain
And trust a world so full of pain.

As one who gains an Alpine height
Beholds below him valleys bright,
Then turns and sinks to depths below
Forever wrapped in thawless snow,

This life has offered hope to me,
And dreams that died in misery;
They will revive when garden flowers
Unfold beneath December showers.

Then farewell, friend! Thy fond design
Will find a love more worthy thine.
For me no portals open save
The guardian shadows of the grave.

IN a career at school or college it is possible to "catch up"; but in the school of life there are no examinations at set intervals, and success is usually made up of the sum of happy uses of multiplied fractional opportunities.

—S. Weir Mitchell.

Charles Warren Stoddard.—A French Estimate.*

I.



T was in New York, in the studio of John La Farge. I had just returned from a voyage through Southern seas,—a voyage taken not on steamer or yacht, but in the depths of a comfortable easy-chair, and made in two hours. The most original painter that America has produced had been passing before my enraptured eyes some two hundred sketches, all of them interesting in varying degrees; though he said, by way of excuse, that they had often been thrown in a few minutes upon paper dampened by the rain and the sea spray. If that be the case, the unchained elements must be excellent collaborators that contribute much to life and character.

How thoroughly must one have penetrated all the secrets of a country so different from what we have ever seen or even imagined; how entirely its aspects, its traditions, its soul, must have been assimilated by the artist, to give so strong an expression of sincerity to scenes which would otherwise appear to belong to fairyland itself! As I dwelt on this reflection La Farge said to me:

"If you appreciate sincerity study Hawaii and Tahiti in that too little known book in which a genuine prose-poet has concentrated the very essence of his impressions during long sojourns; which

* M. Th. Bentzon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA.

allowed him, beyond everyone else, to know the native life of those regions to its very core."

"Oh," I replied, "the thing has been done, and in such a way that there remains nothing more to be said! Has any one had the temerity to treat such subjects, after Pierre Loti?"

"Pardon me! It was before him. The first works of my friend Stoddard date back to 1868."

"Stoddard! I know him," said I, with the usual eagerness of strangers to show themselves well versed in all matters pertaining to the country which they are visiting for the first time.

"A thousand pardons! But I would take my oath that you don't know him at all. . . . Nor is my friend one of those men whom you can content yourself with admiring: you love him at once, and your love inevitably endures forever. Your purpose going to Washington. He lives there. See him."

In spite of a warning which might have made me fear for my repose, I consented to take away with me a copy of "South Sea Idyls," by Charles Warren Stoddard, about which one of the subtlest, most critical, and least likely to be infatuated men of my acquaintance spoke in such unqualified praise and with quite unusual enthusiasm.

And this prologue is not perhaps useless; for I have never been able to reread—and how often I have reread them!—the written impressions of Stoddard without seeing at the same time the colored impressions of La Farge rising immediately before me; these being to those as the complimentary accompaniment to enchanting music. Which of the two is the better painter? I should be much embarrassed to decide.

II.

One need read no more than ten pages of the "Idyls" to become convinced that Stoddard and Loti have borrowed nothing one from the other. The resemblance

between them consists in their both being enamored of the same latitudes, and even here they differ in the nature of their respective affections. With Loti, although he loved these regions well, it is a transient matter: "Delightful country when one is twenty; one tires quickly, and it is best, perhaps, not to return at thirty." With Stoddard it is the unique tenderness of a lifetime; it is happiness foreseen, regretted, again pursued. The impressions of these two men, despite some surface analogies, differ so much in the main that in listening to them we say: 'Things exist merely in virtue of the sentiment of the observer; they have in them only what we put there.'

While the Frenchman forgets himself in the Cytherean boskets of Papeiti, the American goes on farther, always farther; seeking Nature's hidden sanctuaries—the secret heart of the mountain, some mysterious cascade which descends from a cloud and glides over mossy cushions like a ray of moonlight in a dream.

Neither naval officer nor writer of romances is Stoddard; for his disposition prevents his writing anything long-winded,—any story with a beginning, a middle, and an end. He simply saunters idly through his reminiscences, thrown haphazard fashion upon paper; and, almost without turning the page, he passes quite naturally from the conversational to the lyric tone. There, where Pierre Loti in a fugitive dream intoxicated himself with melancholy and voluptuousness, Stoddard experienced the fruition of an innocent and old-time dream,—a dream that had always impelled him toward primitive, elementary life. Pessimism, sensual or other, is unknown to him. What predominates in this unaffected being is the joy of living; that, and humor in its rarest and most delicate forms, but in its frankest forms as well. His nature craves equally indolence and independence; he has a horror of stern conventionalism, and withal so unquenchable a thirst for tenderness that it makes him, as he phrases it, wear

his heart on his sleeve at the disposal of whoever will take it.

Stoddard goes so far as to reproach the missionaries with demoralizing these innocent pagans instead of making them better; and it is the Protestant missionary whom he assails, for he is just as Catholic as it is possible to be with the ingenuous soul of a converted pantheist. There is not a grain of Puritanism or *Yankeeism* about him. Excellent reasons, these, why he should not be popular! The exquisite perfection of form that characterizes his briefest fantasies could not suffice to win his pardon in a country where "artistic writing" is still a meaningless phrase; where the majority care nothing for picturesque expression, often lauding to the skies authors whose style does not count. Howells, who with Henry James occupies over there the first rank as critic as well as novelist, tried in vain to place Stoddard among the classics.

III.

It was doubtless at this period that Mr. Stoddard clinched the friendship so poetically treated in his "Chumming with a Savage." The outset of this narrative is simply charming. You seem to penetrate with the traveller into this happy valley, where he counts on forgetting the civilized world; you feel the freshness of the little cloud of rain that is over in three minutes, after having bedewed the banana trees with drops that dry up instantaneously. Here is the setting. At one extremity of two abrupt parallel walls, covered with a carpeting of plants and mosses, two exquisite waterfalls vie with each other in whiteness and buoyancy. At the other end, the sea—the true Southern sea—breaks its immensity upon a reef. It wrinkles the placid current of the river that glides silently toward it, having quitted for this meeting the deep basins above the cascades.

This landscape is animated by a figure worthy of it, — worthy, too, of antique statuary. See him: his head covered with a broad-leaf hat, summarily clad in a

short snow-white tunic — a sexless piece of drapery,—from which there emerges, well-poised on a lithe and perfectly proportioned body, a fine head, with a smiling countenance illumined by eyes as brilliant as stars. A boy of sixteen, Kana-Ana is the offspring of a race of chieftains; that is to say, he belongs to an aristocracy which infinitely surpasses all the noble lines of Europe; a Polynesian chief never having been anything else, and his origin dating back to humanity's youth, the days of heroes and of gods. The boy's dignity displays itself by a nobility of gait and address that can not be mistaken. And Kana-Ana is attached at first sight to this other youth, the European traveller; although neither knows more than five or six words of the other's language. Polynesian friendship is sudden, expansive and generous. Having looked at Stoddard frankly and fully during five minutes, Kana-Ana puts his hands on his knees and declares that the traveller is his best friend; that he must come and live with him and never quit him. Pointing out a hut covered with dried herbs on the other side of the river, he says: "There is my home and yours!"

So far as the savage is concerned, the result of his being transplanted is drunkenness, theft, vice, death. Contact alone with the white man is a real misfortune. But the more I read these "South Sea Idyls," the more it seemed to me that the white man, on the contrary, should benefit by his intimacy with the savage. To such an extent have I been impressed by the naive and charming personality of Charles Warren Stoddard, poet and humorist, so frankly sentimental and so delicately ironic. *Imaginative* and *impressible*—these two epithets, which he applies to his island friends, are wonderfully appropriate to Stoddard himself.

IV.

When I reached Washington, my desire to become acquainted with the Capitol, the White House, the obelisk, or even to

attend the sessions of the Senate and Congress, was less eager than the longing to meet the author of the "South Sea Idyls." My first care was to send him a word of invitation. And, having seen him, I was more than ever charmed with his work; for I understood how much of true passion he had put into it. The youth who went so early to contract in Tahiti that fever of regret of which he will never cure himself, has many a white hair now; but he will always be young, in virtue of the vivacity of his sentiments. . . . I admired the utter absence of egoism and artistic jealousy of which he gave a beautiful proof in exalting the book of another author, declaring that nothing more exquisite had ever been written of his beloved island. It was almost with a laugh that he told me how the Boston edition of his sketches, previously scattered through the magazines, had the misfortune of appearing on the eve of the financial panic of 1873, so that nobody took notice of it; and how, on the other hand, a London publisher disdainfully declared that he would never bring out the book under a title so ill-chosen, — one that might suggest verses! So "South Sea Idyls" had to be rechristened "Summer Cruising in the South Seas."

"I made five of those cruises, and the last time I paid a visit to Rarahu. I found her," he added in a tone of tender discretion,—"I found her a little faded." The epithet struck me as a gentle one; for I recalled a photograph I had seen of Rarahu, who is growing old.

But Charles Stoddard is one of those who would not strike, were it only with a flower, any woman, even a simple savage. He had occasion, in the course of his voyage, to meet and know Adah Menken; and he remains convinced that, in the faultless body of that feminine Mazeppa, there was lodged a soul more than ordinarily profound. This childlike simplicity, this goodness depicted in every line of a handsome countenance tired by life's

vicissitudes; this freedom in conversation; this combination (which, it seems, is also characteristic of the Pacific Islanders) of genuine distinction and astonishing spontaneity,—all this explained, even at our first interview, the appreciation of his friend La Farge. The malady of writing does not trouble him who never loved more than nonchalant revery; and so, in talking, he is all the more lavish of the riches of his imagination. I tried to discover what parts of the "Idyls" were autobiographical; and I was led to believe that he had added nothing, or hardly anything, to his youthful reminiscences of Kahele. On the other hand, I could not get him to tell me whether, as a matter of fact, the pearl-fisher of the Pomotou Islands who carried, while swimming, a half dozen of eggs in his braided hair, did really, in an alternative of life or death, open an artery and give him his blood to drink.

"They are capable of that — capable of anything in the way of devotedness," he replied. "Why undertake to change them, to deform them, by civilization? New wine is not placed in old bottles; and in those bottles no wine at all should be put. They are made to contain only pure spring water. They are not for long, any way, the poor people! When you stroll about on one of those nights too fine to permit of slumber, you hear threatening coughs from the cabins you pass, and seem to be walking over graves half dug!"

I made bold to ask him how his conversion had been brought about. I even asked him (thereby, I admit, showing myself wanting in respect to religion and to him): "Was it not from love of paganism that you ceased being a Protestant?" He smiled; and, as if that were too serious a question to reply to in so irreverent a tone, said only: "You will know to-morrow."

The next day, accordingly, he sent me a little volume which lays bare with singular audacity a conscience and a character. It is called "A Troubled Heart";

and on its first page its author had written, in his large, loose hand, so tremulous and so personal, the affectionate formula of the savages, *Aloha!*

It is the usual custom to banish from stories of conversions everything that does not tend to edify, and hence such works necessarily come under the rubric of books of piety. Here, however, the two religions, Protestant and Catholic, are brought face to face with each other in the most piquant manner possible. . . . And, to judge from the effect which Protestantism produced on Stoddard, it must only very moderately ameliorate the condition of other primitive souls. Fear dominated him from his infancy,—fear of the evil which he had not yet committed, and of the punishment which would certainly follow. At night, when the lights were put out, he experienced nameless terrors; for, thought he with fright, we are all sinners.

He grew up, still beset by uncertainty as to the hereafter, and by the imperative need of some definite belief. He made use of his acquired knowledge in seeking for the truth,—first among the Unitarians, who seemed to him to limit their worship to pulpit oratory; then among the Methodists, whose roarings and groanings he detested. On the other hand, he found many a sect that was lifeless, cold, and deprived of all symbolism. . . . A woman, whom he mistook for an angel, almost drew him into the cloudy avenues of spiritualism. It was a woman, too, who directed him to the priest whom he one day asked to complete the religious instruction which long before he had begun alone; drawn as he was to the Catholic Church by the beauty of her song, the pomp of her offices, the antique poesy inherent in all the details of her worship. . . .

Stoddard's own tender heart assuredly compassionated the fate of the lepers; but he pitied especially Father Damien, voluntary prisoner between sky and water; almost bereft of outside correspondence,

as many people feared the contagion that might reach them in a letter. His thoughts were often with the solitary during the year that followed his voyage to Molokai. That year was not fully up when Father Damien wrote, incidentally among other news, that the microbes had made their appearance on his left leg and his ear. Already, with reason, he declared himself lost. He was still living, however, when his friend published the account of his excursion to Molokai, dating it on the Feast of the Purification, 1886. Stoddard was at that time a professor in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

One should read his "Canoe-Cruise in the Coral Sea," with a crew consisting wholly of Fefe, a ten-year old boy, whose name is a diminutive of *elephantiasis*; or "Love-Life in a Lanai," which *lanai* is the equivalent of the Indian *ajoupo*—a grassy hut, or tent, where reigns the greenish twilight of great forests, and where are dreamt dreams the sweetest and most indolent,—dreams that would not be particularly ethereal were they not filtered, so to say, by this fresh, candid, and always youthful imagination; idealized, too, by a marvellous descriptive talent. (Is that the correct word?) Stoddard does not describe Nature: he evokes her for us, makes us see and touch her, breathe and feel her with all her vibrations of light and color and perfume.

This magician tells of his last trip to Hawaii in a little collection, "Hawaiian Life: Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes." This is not a complete work of art, but one finds in it, like so many pearls carelessly strung together, some very original pages; those, for instance, which treat of the prison of Honolulu, the least sorrowful and most comfortable establishment in the world.

What a multitude of strange pictures, how many astonishing figures, must pass and repass, must come and go, in that peaceful retreat where Stoddard nowadays endeavors—without altogether succeeding,

I think,—to forget his first dream: a definitive farewell to the human family; the utter breaking of all ties that bound him to the world; the closest intimacy with Nature, who gives herself unreservedly to whoever belongs to her for good and all! He only half realizes this programme at the Catholic University of Washington, a real palace, situated outside the city, near the Soldiers' Home Park, where carriages pass along the drives as in the Bois de Boulogne. Among the professors, "The Prodigal of Tahiti" occupies an exceptional place. They tell me that his course of literature is characterized by a grace and charm and freedom which enrapture his class; yet it is difficult to imagine this impassioned lover of the Southern seas ever so little imprisoned behind great walls, bound ever so lightly by any rule; and I can not think of him in this last incarnation without recalling the verses that open the series of his prose idyls.

Long ago "the ships that never come" should have brought him success. Perhaps, however, he has something better than what is often understood by that somewhat vulgar word: he enjoys the sympathetic appreciation of some choice spirits, who rank Stoddard's vagabond fantasies among the most delightful bits of literature that have ever appeared in the English language.

WE have never more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity of our little strength, God sends first one, then another, then removes both and lays on a third heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. Each one is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any one to teach alone.

—Cardinal Manning.

A Turn of the Wheel.

BY MARY CROSS.

"NOW I will have a good square meal," Robert Radnor decided, listening to the pleasant and novel sound of money rattling in his pockets.

It was difficult for him to realize that to-day he looked the whole world in the face, a man of independent means; when so short a time ago he had been sitting on a bench in George Square, one of the unemployed, sharing a half-penny roll with a less fortunate fellow-creature who had not even that. Robert's practice of sharing things had tended to keep him in the poverty in which he had been born; and the long period of commercial and industrial depression overshadowing the country had prevented his rising from it. If, as optimists tell us, there is plenty of room at the top, there is also plenty at the bottom, and there it seemed to Robert he was destined to stay; giving thanks the while to Providence that others were not dependent on him; that, if struggle and starve he must, he did so alone, and was spared the anguish of seeing near and dear ones suffer. Then had come one of those romantic turns of Fortune's wheel which ever and anon occur, to prove that truth is stranger than fiction, and sometimes as kind.

As, one day of drizzle, he walked in compulsory idleness along a busy thoroughfare, a combination of greasy mud and banana skin on the pavement resulted in a bad fall for an elderly gentleman who was immediately in front of him. Robert went to the rescue at once, raising the breathless victim to his feet again, and gathered up his umbrella, his eyeglasses, and his newspaper, which had all taken different ways to damage or destruction.

"Give me your arm up that stair," the old man commanded rather than asked, "or there'll be a crowd round us, thinking I am intoxicated. People always

find it best to think the worst of others. Up there,—my office is the second door.”

So directed, Robert supported him, shaken, hurt, and irritated, to a well-furnished office, past a gaping office boy, to an inner sanctum. He removed the old man's muddy coat, got a sponge and towel and water, and effaced traces of the disaster with the unflurried dexterity of one who is used to being useful; and the patient revived, though not to gratitude. With an air of sour suspicion, he made an inspection of Robert that began with his frayed collar and ended with his patched shoes, but took no cognizance of the genial kindness of mouth and eyes vivifying a rather bony, bloodless face.

“You'll expect something more substantial than thanks,” he said gruffly. “You have made yourself so busy just for what you think you'll get, of course. That's the way nowadays. All selfishness and self-interest; everything a commercial speculation, from religion to love and friendship. Friendship, forsooth! My friends like me only for my money, and would turn their backs on me if I lost it.”

“It may be the only likable thing about some of us,” said Robert, thoughtfully. “Strikes me as a bit unreasonable for disagreeable people to complain of not being liked. But here's a straight question, sir. You hint that I did you a trifling service only because I expected to be paid for it. Is there anything in that that should make me like you very much? And may not your friends have cause to ask the same sort of question of you?”

The old man chewed the cud of a new suggestion.

“Perhaps,” he conceded. “And perhaps I should have gained your affection by a slap on the back and a fine speech. Both would help you a lot, no doubt. I suppose you have the usual story: out of work, rent unpaid, wife and children starving?”

“No,” replied Robert, grandly. “I am a celibate millionaire, and adopted this

mean attire in order to be loved for myself alone.”

“I suspected it all along,” said the old man, chuckling a little. “Well, I won't hurt your feelings by offering you money, but you can leave your name and address, and I may find you something to do—when you have spent your millions.”

He chuckled again at his own joke. Robert yielded to persuasion, and scrawled his name on an envelope; he had no permanent address to give. He had closed the interview with a cheerful “good-morning!” when the old man called him back.

“You have dropped something,” he said, pointing to an object glittering on the dark carpet. It had fallen out of Robert's pocket somehow whilst he attended to his queer patient.

“My rosary!” he exclaimed, and with reverence kissed the little cross and medal attached to the blue beads.

“Your rosary? You are a Roman Catholic? Humph! Well, I suppose that's neither your fault nor your merit. Like the rest of us, you would take your religion from your parents, and be just what you were brought up to be.”

“Not exactly,” corrected Robert. “I was brought up a Protestant.”

“Indeed! And why did you turn your coat?”

“Because I found that I had got it on the wrong way,” said Robert, of which reply the other's eyes flashed an appreciation.

“We have a little in common,” he observed, reflectively. “My grey hairs would not protect me if I called John Smith's mother a sinner and an ordinary woman. I do not insult the Lord by describing His Mother in terms I would not and dare not apply to my neighbor's. You will hear from me again, Robert Radnor.”

The episode dropped out of Robert's memory. Months passed, and then an advertisement in the local papers invited him to call on a certain solicitor, when he would hear of something to his advantage.

Responding, he learned that the eccentric old man was dead, and had bequeathed him a sum of money that made him rich, not beyond the dreams of avarice, but beyond his own wildest imaginings.

The legacy would be paid over shortly; and meanwhile the lawyer advanced him money for his immediate necessities, chief of which was respectable clothing. He increased his experiences by the knowledge of how it felt to have all his garments new at one and the same time; and he was desirous of experimenting further on himself by having enough, all at once, of solid, substantial food. Now that the dark days were over, he shuddered at the thought of what he had endured in pangs of cold and hunger.

He turned the pages of memory, and he saw the figure of a lad, emaciated and poorly clothed, sheltering in the doorway of a small shop from a storm of sleet and hail driven by a wind that cut to the bone. Presently the door opened, and a careworn woman looked out. The lad involuntarily raised his arm to avert a blow,—a gesture with which she was familiar; for dread of personal violence, united to weary vigils and futile protests against the squandering of hard-earned shillings, constituted the chief features of Mrs. Connor's married life.

"Come in,—come in!" "Sure nobody here will hurt you," she said, pitying the stranger's misery; and she had taken him into the back shop, dried his coat, and not only given him ambrosia in the form of hot tea and toast, but the certainty of a night's shelter with the pence she pressed into his hand. How true are the words of Dickens that what the poor are to the poor is known only to themselves and to God!

A gentle little girl with soft dark eyes increased Robert's possessions by presenting him with a blue rosary.

"Take it," the mother whispered as he hesitated to accept this offering. "I like her to give, and she hasn't anything else, the darling!"

"But I am not a Catholic," confessed Robert.

"Ah, now, my poor boy! But we'll pray for you, and you'll keep the rosary; and some day, please God, you'll be asking one of His priests to bless it for you."

Robert did not understand; but the rosary lay next his heart for many a day, ever prompting him to thoughts of that mysterious Faith which gathered about its altars the lame, the halt, the blind, the outcast and despised; whose priests moved among them, tender, patient, compassionate, followers of the Crucified, until the hour came when prayer was answered, and humbly Robert sought for guidance, ere long to feel in the very depths of his soul that for him had those sublime words been spoken: "Behold thy son! Behold thy Mother!"

He had not brought himself under Mrs. Connor's notice again. His poverty, which came near to destitution, held him back. But at intervals he passed down the dingy street, and a glimpse of the dark-eyed child and a younger sister wearing black frocks told him that the little family had been relieved of its unworthy head.

One Christmas he sent a card with the inscription:

"The poor lad to whom you gave a rosary one stormy night is a Catholic now. Pray for him to persevere."

The pitying mother, the gentle child, had been the source of many a dream, the central figures in the fairy tales he told himself in weary hours when hunger banished sleep; and he treasured the child's gift through years that seemed leading ever farther and farther away from the hope of those dreams coming true,—years in which, somehow, he had ceased to see her. She must have grown to womanhood now, and joined the army of toilers too. It was good to know that at last his turn had come.

In search of his earliest benefactor, he proceeded to that varied district of Glasgow known as the South Side, and

to a part of it where the shops abound in fried fish, tinned provisions, and anæmic sausages; where pallid children pursue the candy-man with his floating red and blue balloons, and barrows of crockery decorate the gutters.

Mrs. Connor's emporium still existed, despite dull trade and increasing competition. Over an array of pinafores, blouses, and skirts, still appeared the annually-renewed device, "Greatly reduced," which applied to stock, not to circumstances.

Robert entered. She was there, grey-haired, wrinkled, her shoulders drooping under the weight of years and worry, but—and it was that that mattered—she had not gone beyond the reach of human care and kindness. By the eagerness with which she advanced, he judged that a customer was something of a rarity; no doubt his new attire conveyed an impression of unlimited buying powers, and her face brightened a little. He looked around for something that might be even remotely connected with a man's wardrobe; but in vain. He hesitated between a hat pin and a fringe net, then plunged boldly into the sea of adventurous purchase.

"I want a blouse, please," said he.

"Certainly, sir. What size?" asked she.

"Any size," he replied, smiling from sheer delight at having found her.

Mrs. Connor, however, misunderstood his radiance.

"For yourself, I suppose," she said dryly. "I'm thinking we haven't any neat enough for you."

"It is for a tall lady," explained Robert,—*"tall and slender, and must be the very best you have."*

"Beg your pardon, sir!" said Mrs. Connor, mollified by the details. "I thought you were just after having a laugh at me; and I'm not much in the humor for fun, I can tell you, with one of my girls ill."

"Not seriously, I hope?"

There was so much anxious, kindly

sympathy in his tone that Mrs. Connor expanded. She was a woman who kept rather aloof from neighbors, and there are times when silence seems like a prison from which one must escape.

"She has been ailing and weakly a long time," she answered. "The doctor doesn't say what is the matter, but tells me she should have change of air and plenty of nourishing food. Glory be to God, it's easy for them to give orders! I can't even be with her all day, having to mind the shop, and my elder girl out working hard,—typewriting morning, noon and night."

It was the elder girl who had given him the rosary; soon he would have the pleasure of showing it to her, now in a silver case.

"About the blouse, sir," said Mrs. Connor, recalling herself to business, and glancing over her stock in trade. "Did you want print or delaine?"

"I didn't want anything at all," he replied, suddenly and huskily. "I didn't come in here to buy anything. I—I came to see you, to remind you of something you once did. It was a long time ago. But I could better say what I want to say there."

He pointed to the back premises. Mrs. Connor thought she had a burglar or a lunatic to deal with, and mechanically felt in her pocket for her police whistle. However, she permitted him to enter the bare, clean room, where a fire made of smouldering cinders—the sort of fire that never wakens into a blaze, but dreams itself slowly to death—indicated that the problem of how to make ends meet still confronted her.

"You don't remember," said Robert—his throat had become dry, his usual facility of speech deserted him,—*"but I have never forgotten. I stood here—just here—a winter night when I was so high. You warmed me, you fed me. I should have died in the streets of cold and want that night but for your charity. Worse, I should have died outside the Fold."*

And so — and so I have come back at last to say God bless and reward you for what you did."

A year later, and a dainty, dark-eyed girl was gathering flowers in the garden of a pretty suburban cottage. "The tender breath of an April day" swept through the misty green of the trees; blackbird called to blackbird from top-most boughs. The garden gate clashed, and a man, lithe and alert, strode in, singing as he came.

"Good child!" he said, as the girl fastened a cluster of violets in his coat. "Where are mother and Nora?"

"Out walking. Nora is as strong as a lion now; and, really, freed from that terrible shop, mother is growing young. O Robert, what an angel you've been to us!"

Robert Radnor patted his shoulders reflectively.

"I believe I can feel the wings," he declared, with a smile; and, to the music of his young wife's laughter, he entered his sunny home.

Mater Veneranda.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

TWAS an image of the Virgin
Venerated, worn and brown,
Sent unto an English mission
By some far-off foreign town.

Roses made a bower for it,
Candles shed a golden light,
And the clients of Our Lady
Came to it from morn till night.

Children came from fair green woodlands,
Where the pale rath primrose grew,
Where the skylark mounted singing
O'er the fields of harebells blue.

Many a home by her was brightened,
Wanderers came back to stay;
Many a scoffer, many a doubter,
Cast his scoffs and doubts away.

At her feet men laid life's prizes—

Green fresh laurels bravely won;
Fairest maidens heard her whisper,
"For a Bridegroom take my Son."

Many a pilgrim old and weary

Saw her, though his eyes were dim,
Next to Christ in highest heaven,
Pleading mother-like with Him.

Many a mourner knelt before her,

Bowed with anguish; pale lips said:
"Thou art Mother of the living,
• Helper of the holy dead;

"Thou canst bring them quick to Jesus,
Thou canst grant the soul's desire,—
Bring the soul that burns with longing
From that land of pain and fire."

Pleasing to the Heart of Jesus

Were those pilgrims as they knelt
Near the statue of His Mother;
Great for them the love He felt.

By her image Mary waited

Through the night and golden day;
Not one prayer was disregarded,
Not one *Ave* thrown away.

They were treasured like to jewels

With the prayers of long ago,
Said by those who, in life's pathway,
Passed no longer to and fro.

And her sweet eyes saw the blossoms

Brought by fair and toil-worn hands
As she sees them in the abbey
Where, enshrined, revered, she stands.

So the people all that rosetime

Loved that image worn and brown,
As they love it and revere it
In the far-off foreign town.

ALAS for those who have had gifts and talents and have not used them, or have misused or abused them; who have had wealth and have spent it on themselves; who have had abilities and have advocated what was sinful, or ridiculed what was true! Alas for those who have never attempted to cleanse their hearts, or to live in God's sight!—*Newman*.

The Passing of the Old Sardinian Chapel.

BY HERBERT SPRING.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

PROBABLY in no place in the world is the foregoing more exemplified than in the London of to-day. All too fast, ancient landmarks are being swept away, leaving no trace behind them. Passing the other day through the ornamental portion of Hyde Park which lies between the French Embassy at Albert Gate and the drive situated to the north of the Serpentine, we noticed a stone pedestal with an inscription thereon, recording the fact that on the spot in question a pumping house once stood! Why this somewhat prosaic place should have been singled out for such marked distinction we know not; but if the same thing were done in cases of more interest, it would be an advantage to the lover of the past as well as to "the stranger within our gates." It would be a simple thing for the London County Council, after some great alteration, to erect a tablet to the effect that 'Here once stood such a street or square.'

Care, of course, would be needful, since in some cases a commemoration would border dangerously near bathos. To recall the site of a pumping house, for instance, seems to us hardly requisite; though there may be unknown circumstances which justify the course pursued. But, in any event, it appears ridiculous that such a monument should exist, and yet none be erected to show where Northumberland House once stood. Of all the pieces of modern vandalism, surely the destruction of that splendid historic pile was the worst. As one recalls the stately Tudor Mansion which lasted well into mid-Victorian times, and then lifts the eyes to the appalling modern caravansary which has taken its place, we can not but be tempted to cry, as far as Trafalgar Square is concerned, *Ichabod!*

We have been led into making these remarks because another interesting relic of the past is shortly about to be swept away. The Sardinian Chapel—the oldest Catholic chapel in London since the so-called Reformation—is to be pulled down; and, unless some steps are taken, in a few years it will be difficult for the traveller to identify the spot on which it once stood. It is surely too closely allied with Catholic history for this to be allowed. Though its registers date only from 1729, it was built at least fifty years before. The terrible storm which had raged against the adherents of the old Faith since the apostasy of Henry VIII., and which was at its worst during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., lulled during the *régime* of the last of the Stuarts.

Things were in a different state when it was possible for a band of Franciscans to purchase the house which then stood where the presbytery of the Sardinian Chapel now is, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to live there quietly. When one recalls the fact that not long before, under the sovereign who, in less well-informed times, was styled "Good Queen Bess," those who stood firm to the old Faith, which had once been so much the very life of the country that England had been styled "Mary's Dowry," were racked, dragged on hurdles to be hung at Tyburn, and there cut down while yet alive, to have their hearts torn out by the common hangman, the very mention of such peace and quiet seems well-nigh impossible. And yet it was so. Lingard gives 1686 as the year in which the friars were living in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

But the clearing of the sky was but for the moment. The thunder which, after the terrific tempest of Elizabethan days, had been all along muttering in the distance, grew nearer and louder the following year, when the more rigorous of the clergy of the Episcopal Church of Scotland deemed it a sin to hold communication with a sovereign they styled "under the malediction of the Mediator." A while

later, and there came the trial of the seven bishops. Rash, ill-advised and fatal was that struggle. The gates of the Tower had scarce closed behind the prisoners when an heir to the throne was born; and Protestant England, in its rage, did not hesitate to make the charge that the child was supposititious; while to this utterly improbable tale, to their everlasting shame be it said, the princesses Mary and Anne lent willing ears. Even the ultra-partisan Macaulay, the bitterest of all historians against James, would have nothing to do with a charge that not even the most unscrupulous falsehoods of the time could bolster up, and declares that "posterity has fully acquitted the King of the fraud imputed to him."

But James' fate was sealed, and with it the liberties of his Catholic subjects. In the darkness and snowstorm of the night of December 9, 1688, Mary of Modena, with the infant Prince of Wales, crossed the Thames at the exact point where the Horseferry Road now ends, and sheltered under Lambeth church tower till the coach was found that carried them to Gravesend; while twelve days later the unhappy James followed, and the exile of St. Germain's had begun. His warmest partisan can never style him a great king, but he may certainly be called a great penitent. In the seclusion of the old French palace, he made atonement for the sins of his youth; and died, after many sorrowful years, as an eminent writer has said, "asseverating his forgiveness of his enemies — in peace with God and man."

The closing days of the reign were celebrated by a furious attack on the unfortunate Franciscans, and their house was saved from destruction only by the timely arrival of troops. A few days later, and, on the advice of James, they quitted the neighborhood. The King himself had hardly fled before the house was once more surrounded by a furious mob. Mr. Heckethorn in his well-known work on Lincoln's Inn Fields, writing

of the Chapel, says: "It was originally attached to the residence of the Sardinian Ambassador, and dates, as a building, from the year 1648. . . . The Franciscans occupied a mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields in connection with the Sardinian Chapel." These passages are somewhat ambiguous, and it would seem as if the author considered that the property belonged to the King of Sardinia at the Revolution; whereas Mgr. Bernard Ward, in his "Catholic London of a Century ago," shows that, at the time of the riot, the house was the undoubted property of the Franciscans, and that it was not till many years afterward we find it in the possession of the Sardinian Ambassador. All laws of hospitality seemed to have been cast aside during the riot, since Wild House, situated also in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the residence of the Spanish Ambassador Ronquillo, was sacked, and his splendid library perished in the same flames in which were burned the crucifixes, confessionals, and so forth, from the Chapel hard by.

This brutal attack on the latter place of worship seems to have been regarded as a fine act in the bigoted England of those days, just then about to be governed by that singularly unattractive Protestant champion, William of Orange. Both Mr. Heckethorn in the aforementioned work, and Miss Harting in her history of the Chapel, give illustrations of the silver medal struck in commemoration of the event, dated 1688, and to be seen at the British Museum, where it should be asked for as "The Lincoln's Inn Fields Medal." On the one side it gives a picture of the last named place, with a gap showing where the burned house once stood, while a crowd of fanatics dance round the fire made up of the accessories of Catholic worship; and on the obverse are the heads of William and Mary. The medal is handsome, and weighs 1023 grains.

There is, however, a second medal, weighing 745 grains, of which no writer

on the subject hitherto seems to have been aware. On the one side is an engraving similar to that already described of the ruined house and the dancing mob, but the obverse is entirely different. In this Mary plays no part. William III. stands on a central pedestal, with figures of Time and History as supporters. He is clad in Roman costume, his right hand resting on a sword, while in the other he carries a model of a church. *Calo delabitur* is the motto selected for him, while rays of glory descend direct from the Throne of Grace on the head of the man who afterward ordered "the extirpation of the Macdonalds" who perished at Glencoe. Altogether, we confess to being somewhat surprised at the design; for, without desiring to be sweeping, it appears to us that few characters in history were, so far as we can judge, less likely to have rays of glory fall from heaven on them than William of Orange!

It is difficult to obtain anything beyond the barest outline of the attack on the Chapel in 1688. The press of that period was practically nonexistent, while the few numbers of the *London Mercury* preserved at the British Museum have nothing on the subject. The year 1720 seems about the time the property was acquired by the Sardinian Ambassador. At that date, though the fierceness of the storm was long past, all the old penal laws were yet in force. For saying Mass a priest was still liable to be put to death; no Catholic was able to purchase or inherit land; none could hope to rise in any profession; while a general sense of insecurity was felt all round; since at any moment a tempest might arise, and those statutes, which had in former years caused the blood of Catholics to be shed like water, be revived.

The extraordinary ignorance on this subject which still exists among the great majority of English-speaking people, in spite of the publication of the State Papers and other historic documents, must always excite surprise. Surely a

strange Nemesis has overtaken the bigoted Protestant historian in these better-informed days. For instance, in the past he has delighted to wave the flag of the Spanish Inquisition in the air, and to declare that the very essence of Protestantism is true liberty, and so forth; and, lo! the Spanish Inquisition has suddenly failed him. Llorente, its historian, as the best writers of the day declare, "deserves no credence whatever,"—"a violent partisan, whose errors and exaggerations have been exposed"; while writ large on the Statute Book of this Protestant land are laws against Catholicity, red with blood and torture so horrible that one shrinks from setting down the details as exhibited at Tyburn, York, and so forth.* But to return.

Only in the embassy chapels of those days could the unhappy English Catholic hope to hear Mass in peace. It is easy to understand what a boon the one attached to the house of the Sardinian Ambassador must have been to the Catholic Londoner of the period. Mgr. Ward, in his interesting work already referred to, tells us that the place was then only half its present size; while the separate door for the public, though now bricked up, can still be seen. The registers date from 1729, and from that period the history of the Chapel is full of interest. In 1759 the interior was practically destroyed by fire, though the valuable picture above the altar was saved. Just as there is controversy over the copy of this picture which hangs to-day above the altar—namely, as to whether it was painted by West or Rigaud,—so is there a like question as to whether we owe the original to Spagnoletto, an artist celebrated for his skill in extreme contrasts of light and shade, or to Beaumont, who was knighted in 1766 by the then King of Sardinia. The latter question is not likely to be cleared up now; but the one relating to

* For a list of trustworthy historians on the subject of the Spanish Inquisition see the able article in the "New International Encyclopedia."

the copy may possibly be settled when, on removal, the picture can be cleaned. On the occasion of this fire, the Ambassador's house was much injured, and three years elapsed before the Chapel was once more opened to the public. And then came eighteen years of quiet, to be followed by a storm not soon forgotten—the "Gordon Riots."

It was nine o'clock at night before the guards caused the mad "No Popery" mob to leave Westminster, and permitted them to march undisturbed on the Bavarian and Sardinian chapels, which were soon surrounded. It is difficult to say for certain which route the rioters took to reach the last-named place. They may have gone by Long Acre and Great Wild Street, or they may have passed down Great Queen Street. No priest seems to have been near the chapels at the moment when the ruffians arrived. The saintly Dr. Challoner, who was Vicar-Apostolic of the London District at the time, lived not far off, in Castle Street, Holborn. The house is No. 4, and is still standing. There is a good photograph of it in Mgr. Ward's "Catholic London." Everyone knows the picture of the Bishop, vested in cope and mitre and holding his crosier, while behind him is depicted the altar of the Sardinian Chapel. The house which is now the presbytery was then inhabited by the Ambassador. According to Mr. Heckethorn, the latter, when making his escape, carried off two valuable chalices. But a greater treasure was also safeguarded, and that by a woman's courage. To a Mrs. Roberts belongs the honor of removing the Blessed Sacrament. Placed in the terrible position of knowing that the rioters were coming, she took on herself to open the tabernacle door, and carried her sacred burden to a priest who was in hiding at an inn in Holborn.

To reserve the Host in such a place and at such a moment was, of course, impossible. The rioters must have surrounded the Chapel about eleven o'clock at night. As far as can be decided, judging

from various things, we are led to conclude Mrs. Roberts had some delay in reaching the Ship Tavern. Possibly she did not know where the priest was, and had to make inquiries among the faithful few. In any event, it must have been after midnight when she at length reached him; for we are told that he was "fasting," and so decided to celebrate Mass then and there. The room was situated on the first floor. The priest seems to have had all his property with him. We learn that he laid his altar-stone on the table, and then, with a cloth doubled three times, and with two candles, a crucifix, and a small Missal, he celebrated the sacred rite, brave Mrs. Roberts herself acting as server.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXI.

WHEN Hester Landon returned to the house, and, passing with her light, noiseless step upstairs, opened the door of the now familiar sitting-room, she found it filled with the sunset glow which poured in through the wide western windows. And silhouetted against this glow was the figure of the Judge, seated in his great chair, but bending forward in an attitude of strained expectancy.

Her heart smote her; for she knew that this expectancy, this waiting was for her; and she forgot everything except the impulse which had made her a nurse—the impulse to heal and help those who suffered,—when she came forward and saw the pleasure which lighted up the sad old face at sight of her. As he eagerly held out his hand, she said gently:

"I am afraid you have wanted me, that I have been away too long!"

"No," he answered—and she was instantly struck by the clearness of his enunciation, as if there had been a sudden return of the power of speech,—“you

have not been long; but I always want you, and I have been impatient because I have remembered something—”

“Yes?” She spoke softly, encouragingly, as he halted; the distressed look, which had now become habitual, deepening on his face. “It is something in which you wish me to help you?”

“To help me, yes.” The hand which still held hers tightened its clasp, while the other hand lifted and pointed toward the desk. “It is there,” he said, —“a letter—I remember now,—and I must find it. A letter—”

Then Hester began to tremble; for she had not the slightest doubt that the letter of which he spoke was that which had been the cause of his illness,—the letter that had struck him down once, and the mere sight of which, her professional judgment told her, might strike him down again—this time to death. It was part of the weakness which had assailed her, the inconsistency of which she had just spoken to Desmond in the garden, that she felt as if it were more than she could bear, to stand by and watch him receive another blow from the weapon she had forged; and so she said hastily:

“I would not trouble about that just now. When you are better, we will look for the—letter. But not now. You are not yet well enough.”

“I shall never be better.” Again she was startled by the clearness of his utterance, as if the mind, that had dominated the body throughout all his life, was determined to assert its mastery over the weak and failing powers to the end. “Another stroke may come. I have had a stroke, haven’t I?”

“Yes,” she answered. “That is what it is called.”

“Well, you know what that means. Another may come any day, any hour; and then death, or worse than death.”

“Yes,” she acknowledged again (for she recognized that, in the light of this sudden clearing of the mental faculties,

this grasp of the situation by the mind which a little while before had been so clouded, she dared not attempt evasion of the truth); “that may be. But, because it may be, you must take no risk that might bring on such a condition. You must wait, you must grow stronger, before you can safely make any exertion, or do anything to cause mental agitation.”

But even as she talked she saw that her words hardly reached him, so intent was he upon the object which he had in view. His eyes, full of imploring eagerness, were fastened on her face; his hand still clasped hers tightly.

“I can’t wait!” he said. “There is something which must be done. I don’t know what it is until I see the letter; but you’ll help me to find it—Maria?”

She started; for it was the first time he had called her by this name since he had understood who she really was. But now it seemed that once more, for an instant at least, he confused the present with the past; once more, struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, he called her by the name of that wife, and appealed to her, as he might have appealed to Maria herself, to aid him in what concerned them both so deeply. The poignant pathos of the situation—of the truth which he did not know—almost overwhelmed the girl; and, losing sight of everything except that moving appeal, she said quickly:

“I’ll do anything I can to help you; but where *is* the letter?”

“There,” he said, pointing again toward the desk. “It must be there.”

Then, with a feeling of being overmastered by some power stronger than herself, she drew his chair nearer to the massive piece of furniture, followed the direction of his pointing finger to the drawer where the key lay, fitted this in its lock, and opened down the old-fashioned, sloping top, which, lowered, formed the table of the desk, and displayed its inner drawers and beautifully carved pigeonholes. The sight of the familiar

interior seemed to act as a stimulant on Judge Wargrave. He leaned forward, and his hands moved quickly from one compartment to another. But it was soon evident that the mind could not follow the eager fingers. Hester, watching him closely, saw that he was unable to read the papers which he drew out and attempted to examine. She was not surprised when presently, dropping a package, he raised his eyes to her full of pain and reproach.

"You don't help me!" he complained. "And I—I can't find it!"

The piteousness of the appeal was irresistible; and, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she leaned over the desk and pulled open one of its inner drawers. It chanced to be a drawer which held only a single paper, and that a letter which lay staring at her as it were, with the printed name of the Catholic church of Kingsford in the corner of the envelope to identify it. She stared at it for a moment, and then — "*Kismet!*" she murmured to herself as she drew it out.

"Is this the letter you want?" she asked, laying it in Judge Wargrave's hand.

It had an effect upon him on which she had not counted. As his glance fell on the envelope, it was clear that he not only recognized it at once, but that he took up the thread of memory where it had been broken off when, under the shock which this letter brought, he had sunk away into black depths of unconsciousness. Now it seemed to give another shock, as reviving as the other had been paralyzing. Age and illness appeared to fall away from him when he seized it; and the girl, who had seen him only under the cloud of physical infirmity, looked at him with wonder, as, for the moment at least, this cloud lifted, vigor came into his frame, light flashed over his face, and he cried in a clear, ringing voice:

"Yes, this is the letter which gave me back my son!"

"No!" The vehement denial burst from Hester's lips before she had time to think,

or to control herself. "It did not give you back your son," she said. "It only told you what you lost forever when you sent him away."

The hand which held the letter dropped in Judge Wargrave's lap, as he looked up at her. And, meeting his eyes, she knew that the man who regarded her was the man who had been reckoned the foremost jurist of his day and time. The keen intellect was working again as well as it had ever worked; the piercing gaze seemed reading her through and through.

"What," he asked slowly and clearly, "do you know of it? What do you know of my son — or of me? And who are you" (it might have been the judge on the bench who spoke, so full of stern authority was the tone) "who come here, with his mother's face and voice, to tell me what I lost when I sent him away?"

Standing with her back against the desk, to which she was holding with both hands, she answered proudly:

"You must know who I am. Since I have his mother's face and voice, who could I be but his daughter?"

"His daughter—my son's daughter! But I never knew—"

"That he had a daughter? No; he was as proud as you. He would claim nothing, ask nothing, from the father who had misjudged and cast him off. Didn't you know him well enough to know that? He was a Wargrave as well as you."

"His daughter!" The old man sat as if turned to stone, gazing at her. "And he never told me! He died and never told me!"

"Do you think he would have told you *then*?" she demanded, with all the bitterness of long-repressed passion in her voice. "Do you think he would have asked your charity for me any more than for himself? More than once he said: 'If you were a boy, I would claim the Wargrave inheritance for you; it would be only just and right. But as it is, we will ask nothing, not even recognition.'

And I would never have asked recognition,—I don't ask it now, understand that!" she cried. "I did not come here to ask anything. I came to try to clear his name, as he would never make an effort himself to clear it. And God helped me. He must have helped me; for how else was it that the man I sought, and could never have found by my own efforts, was flung dying at my feet, and that he had the grace—oh, the wonderful grace!—to confess the truth before he died?"

Judge Wargrave held out the letter in a hand which shook violently.

"Then it was through *you* that this came?" he asked.

"It was through me, in as far as I furnished the key which enabled the priest to write it," she answered. "But you understand that it was the dying confession of a man who was killed in the railway wreck?"

"I understand: the man who was the—the thief?"

"Yes, the thief and forger which you were blind enough to believe that your son could be. Oh," she cried suddenly, "thank God that the man belonged to a religion which taught him that there was something to *do* to atone for wrong,—something beside merely being sorry! And so, when death stared him in the face, he told the truth; and that is why you have it there, on the testimony of the priest who attended him in his last moments."

"The priest!" Judge Wargrave repeated the unfamiliar word, as if wonderingly, to himself. "God forgive me," he said slowly, "that during a long life I have thought poorly of priests, and held the confessional an instrument of an evil! Now I see how great an instrument of good it is,—now that it has given me back my son!" He held out the letter again in his old, trembling hand. "Read it to me," he said; and then, as he hesitated: "You know I can not read it myself."

The appeal of his helplessness, even more than that of his tone, overcame the girl's attitude of resistance. As he extended the letter, something in his manner and glance seemed to say: "It concerns us equally—you and me,—and us alone." And it was this recognition of her right to share in the revelation which cleared Harry Wargrave's name forever of any shadow of dishonor, that made her take the letter and drop on her knees beside his chair; for so only she felt that she could read it.

When she finished reading, there was silence in the room,—silence which to Hester's fancy still echoed with the sound of the words she had spoken. For, few and simple as those words were, she knew their tremendous import to the old man who listened so eagerly, drinking them in as it were. And it seemed to her that there might be others listening also; the son who had heard his sentence of banishment in this room, and went out of it so proudly, and the mother who had died broken-hearted because of his going. Surely they must be there in the gathering shadows to hear her voice read aloud the words—which but for her would never have been written,—that made an end of cruel, misunderstanding and estrangement.

Still kneeling, she looked out of the great western window, over the broad acres of the Wargrave heritage which lay below, to the far horizon, where the ineffable glories of sunset had faded into that luminous calm which, with its hint of heavenly remoteness, speaks to our poor hearts, as nothing else on earth can speak, of the world toward which we are hastening as pilgrims and wayfarers. Filled with the thought of those who had already reached that world, as well as of the old man beside her who stood upon its threshold, the girl was conscious of an exaltation of spirit such as she had never known before,—the exaltation of one who has attained to some height from which, if only for a brief instant, the meaning

of life becomes clear, its bitterness is wiped away, and the gracious purposes of God are justified. By what a strange and wonderful way she had been led to the spot where she now was she suddenly seemed to see, as if by a flash of illumination, while Desmond's words sounded in her ears: "A wonderful opportunity to do something so fine that, if you lose it, you will never cease, in time, or perhaps in eternity, to regret it." And again: "It means that, representing the man who was unjustly banished from his father's house, you can go back to that house, to return benefit for injury; to give service to one stricken down by the knowledge of his own terrible mistake; to offer—if you are great enough for *that*—the forgiveness which Harry Wargrave might have wished to offer to the father who indeed judged him wrongly, but to whose teaching and example he owed the qualities for which you admired and loved him." And then the ringing appeal seemed once more sounding in her ears: "Isn't this worth doing? And aren't you strong enough to do it?"

She almost gasped again, as she had gasped in listening to what her spirit even then acknowledged as a call to arms; for the question still faced her—was she strong enough to do it? Only a little while ago, down there among the roses, she had cried out upon her weakness, which she now knew to be strength. But was this strength great enough for the demand upon it? She had returned benefit for injury; she had given service to one sorely stricken by his own great mistake; she had brought him the knowledge which, in his own solemn words, gave him back his son; and now there remained one thing still to do—was she great enough to do it?

Half unconsciously, she started to rise to her feet; but the old man's hand fell upon her shoulder, and she remained kneeling beside him, while he spoke as she had not heard him speak yet; for the deep fountains of feeling were broken up,

and he was moved as in all his long life he had never been moved before.

"Harry's daughter!" he said. "Harry's daughter! And she comes as a stranger under my roof! O my God! How dare I ask You to forgive me, when I can never forgive myself! Child, I don't wonder that you want to go, now that you have done what you came to do. But before you go I should like to fall at your feet and beg one word of pardon for Harry's sake. Did he go away without a sign of forgiveness for the father whose heart was broken for him? Oh, my son! my son!"

The passionate cry, the outburst of weeping—the hard weeping of manhood and old age,—such as rives the very heart asunder, were more than she could bear. "Are you great enough?" a voice seemed whispering in her ear; and she answered by putting her arms about the bowed and shaking form.

"He always understood and forgave," she whispered. "I have come to tell you that, too. And before he died he said: 'When you see my father, give him my love.' I thought he was dreaming; for I never imagined it possible that I would ever see you, and I knew that *he* knew how I felt toward you. But the dying have strange insight sometimes, and I believe that he foresaw what would follow if we ever met."

He looked up at her with a light which was like a blessing on his face.

"Child," he said, "*what* has followed?"

And she answered: "Pardon and love."

(To be continued.)

IF death does not break their [the Holy Souls'] ties of love toward us, the same should not sever our bonds of love toward them, nor prevent us doing what we can in their behalf.—*Di Bruno*.

THE Biblical expression, "Avoid the very appearance of evil," has become a proverb in England and America; but the Japanese say, "Do not tie your shoe in your neighbor's melon patch."

A Tyrolese Shrine.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

AT no great distance from the busy thoroughfare, the noisy centres of civilization, even close beside the beaten track of the tourist, may be found quiet, secluded villages, which, for superb scenery as well as salubrious and invigorating climate, equal, if they do not surpass, the most frequented and well-known health resorts. This is especially the case in the Tyrol, which abounds in lovely nooks ignored by the guide-books, and of which the traveller, whirled swiftly by on his way to the snow-clad Alps, is entirely unaware.

The little village of Maria Stein, at the foot of the Angerberg, is one of these picturesque spots. It possesses a more than ordinary interest, an attraction which appeals not only to the eye but to the heart of the Christian; for it contains an ancient shrine of the Blessed Virgin. Natural charms are indeed not lacking to it; for the tract of country in which it is situated is said to be the most beautiful in the lower valley of the Inn. If the pilgrim, after leaving the highroad to Innsbruck, and climbing the heights which lead to the rugged ridge of the Angerberg, descends the side of the mountain into the smiling valley below, his course will take him past many a scattered hamlet, lonely homestead in the midst of orchards, or picturesque chalet surrounded by a belt of oak trees, until he reaches the chief point in this fair landscape—the village of Maria Stein, consisting of some thirty houses (with a population of scarce a hundred and fifty souls), grouped around a rock, or rather a huge block of stone, half overgrown with ivy, on which stands one of the most singular sanctuaries of the Tyrol—a tall, straight rectangular-sided tower, surmounted by a turret with a cupola, as unlike as possible to a church. The rock

which forms its base rises out of a small lake—once a large sheet of water, now half filled with reeds and water lilies,—in which the edifice is mirrored.

The history of this peculiarly un-ecclesiastical building explains its remarkable appearance. Until 1556, it was a castle, originally in the possession of the Knights of Freundsberg. The last scion of that house bestowed the stronghold, Ritterburg, on the Church, of which he was a loyal son, and it became a renowned place of pilgrimage in medieval times.

The legend relates that the last possessor of the castle, Friedrich von Ilsung, when transferring it to the ownership of the ecclesiastical authorities, carried with him to Augsburg, where he took up his abode, an image of the Blessed Mother of God, which he had placed in the chapel. But this change of residence did not please the august Queen of Heaven; she loved the tranquil seclusion of the lowly village. On entering his oratory the next morning, Baron von Ilsung found that the image had disappeared, and all search for it was fruitless. Presently tidings reached him that the Divine Child and His Mother were again at Maria Stein; they had returned thither during the night.

Herr von Ilsung suspected that the inhabitants of the village, loath to part with the image of their beloved patroness, had surreptitiously removed her to her former place. He made another attempt to induce her to bless his town abode with her gracious presence, but with the same result. To his great chagrin and to the joy of the pious villagers, the next day she again fled from the city to the solitude of the quiet valley among the mountains; and there she has remained ever since, dispensing her favors to the suppliants who kneel at her shrine. The news of the strange reappearance of the statue at Maria Stein spread like wildfire in the district, and many pilgrims came from far and near to welcome their beloved Mother and Mistress.

A steep, narrow, winding flight of steps

cut in the rock lead up, between high walls covered with votive offerings, to the entrance of the massive old stronghold. The lowest of the ancient baronial halls, where in days of yore knights of fame held their banquets, is now converted into a chapel; upon the altar is enthroned the image of Our Lady with her Divine Child, both adorned with gold crowns. Above this is another, much larger hall, under the sharply sloping roof, on which is the belfry; this is the public church of the place. To reach it, a hundred and forty steps must be climbed. From the narrow, loophole-like windows of this church is obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country, the long line of fir-clad mountains standing out boldly on the horizon, while the nearer Angerberg overlooks the fertile meadows. The courtyard of the quondam castle, where the chaplain busily tends and trains his fruit-trees, is half surrounded by the houses of the sacristan and the schoolmaster, and the school itself, the portal of which is guarded by two life-size painted figures of knights armed and armor-clad.

Of the objects of interest formerly to be seen in the treasure-house above the sacristy, few are now remaining. There is a crossbow which belonged to the Emperor Maximilian I.; a gilt crown and sceptre of massive silver studded with jewels, probably worn by the Emperor Matthias; an episcopal mitre and staff; a beautifully written and illuminated Missal; also two elegant reliquaries. Otherwise nothing noteworthy in the way of antiquities is to be seen, unless it be a collection of old portraits in the schoolmaster's house.

The climate of Maria Stein is delightful. The tall pines of the dense forests, besides the high mountains on the east and west, screen the village from all rough winds. There are two excellent inns for the accommodation of pilgrims and tourists, whether they repair thither in the hope of obtaining temporal health or far more important spiritual blessings.

The Same, Always and Everywhere.

ALTHOUGH devotion to the Blessed Virgin is now more widely spread and more universal than in former times, it is a mistake to suppose that it is more intense or more practical. The prayers and hymns and litanies in use to-day—the best index of the minds of Christians—are identical with those of the first centuries. Take the example of St. Mary of Egypt. It is related that in the time of her sinfulness she endeavored to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and found herself repelled by an invisible force. It was on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, probably in the year 383. Lifting up her eyes and seeing an image of the Mother of Christ over the porch, she burst out into the following prayer: "O Lady and Virgin, who didst bear the Word of God according to the flesh, I know that it is neither reasonable nor decorous that I, so foul with sin, should look on thine image, who wert ever a stainless Virgin! Nevertheless, since thy Son became man to save sinners, help me in my desolation. Order the door to be opened even to me, that I may adore the holy Cross." "It is no wild conjecture, then," as Father Dalgairns observes in his introduction to "The Fathers of the Desert," "that the cry, 'Lady, Lady, forsake me not,' which she afterward used, must have been ever on the lips of Mary of Egypt during her long wanderings in the desert."

The hymns composed by St. Ephrem in the fourth century are full of the most glowing expressions; for instance, "After the Trinity, thou art Mistress of all; after the Paraclete, another paraclete; after the Mediator, mediatrix of the whole world." Could anything be more like the litanies of the present than the hymns written for the Christians of Abyssinia in the sixth century,—hymns in which Mary is called "Our Mother," the "Ark which contained the Law," the "Gate of Salvation," and so forth?

The Virgin and Child were an object of devotion in Christianity long before the Cross. In fact, everything goes to show that the Mother of Christ was honored and invoked in past times—with varying enthusiasm, according to the necessities or temperaments of her clients—just as she is honored and invoked in present times. That after the Resurrection of Christ Mary was venerated by the Apostles as Mother of the Church and constituted the "Help of Christians" for all time, is not less in accordance with reason than with faith.

Notes and Remarks.

The eighth centenary of the death of St. Anselm, the great Archbishop of Canterbury, was fittingly observed by English Catholics, who seem fully to realize the importance of all such celebrations, both to themselves and to those outside of the Church. To the latter they are a striking object lesson, and more likely to make a deep and lasting impression than the best of books. The lessons brought home to Catholics, English Catholics more especially, by the life and work of St. Anselm were pointed out by Monsignor Moyes, in an eloquent sermon preached at Westminster Cathedral. He said:

The Catholic Church of this country is now standing at the close of the first decade of the twentieth century, just as in St. Anselm's day she was standing at the close of the first decade of the twelfth. Now, as then, she has a sacred trust to fulfil, a divine mission to discharge; and now, as then, a blessed and glorious work lies before her. That work is to hold the Catholic Faith, to profess it, to practise it, and to promote it; and to win the souls of the English people to come and share with us its peace and its joy. It is a work in which we all, from the Metropolitan down to the simplest Catholic child, have each a share. Our success in the doing of that work will depend chiefly and ultimately, not alone upon the zeal of our external activities, which is necessary; nor upon the array of our organizations, which is excellent; nor even upon the splendor of our worship,

which is admirable; but upon the holiness of our lives, which is paramount. All that we do outside of us, to be fruitful and efficient, must be but the radiation of that which the Holy Ghost does inside of us. We shall never convert England except by the sanctification of our own souls. . . .

The second lesson—the plainest of all—in the life of St. Anselm is that, if our labor, whether intellectual or pastoral, is to be real, successful, and enduring, we must work for the Church in harmony with the lines on which Christ Himself worked for her; and we must therefore enter loyally and whole-heartedly into His purpose when He established her security upon the primacy of St. Peter. It is only in the measure in which our work rings true to that purpose that He is with us, and that our binding and loosing become effective, and that the powers of hell prevail not against it. From first to last, St. Anselm, ever and in all things faithful to this the plan and purpose of Christ, sought security where Christ has placed it, on the Rock of Peter; and all his work stood firm against the storm, just because it was solid with its solidity, and invincible with its invincibility.

The highest compliment one could pay to Monsignor Moyes' sermon would be to say that it recalls—particularly the passage quoted—a discourse by Newman which ranks among his best productions.

Notable among the interesting reminiscences evoked by the death of Madame Modjeska is this, contributed to the *Los Angeles Tidings* by Mr. Joseph Scott:

During the heyday of A. P. A.-ism, some fifteen years ago, Madame Modjeska returned from a triumphal tour of the country and played for a week at the Grand Opera House in this city. To the astonishment of even some of her Catholic friends who had the mere commercial instinct, she selected, as the principal piece of her repertory for the engagement, her far-famed rôle of Mary Stuart. But a crowded house greeted her upon that occasion; and from any one who had the privilege of witnessing that performance the recollection can never be effaced. It was as though the gentle nature of Madame Modjeska wanted to hurl back into the teeth of the narrow and bitter critics of her religion the gibes and sneers with which they had referred to her Mother Church.

At the final scene of the play, as Mary Stuart passes out to her execution, Modjeska in the title rôle held us spellbound by the intense

emotions of the situation. The sight of her beautiful face, upturned to heaven, showing the expression of the zeal and fervor of her Catholic heart, was intensified by the manner in which she carried in her hand the crucifix and rosary, and was the last glimpse of her as she disappeared from the stage. A thrill passed over the audience, which had its effect, not only upon the unbeliever but also upon the pusillanimous member of the Church. It was in truth a tremendous call for us not to droop our heads in the conflict which then surrounded us, and exemplified the virtue of Christian courage in a noble woman, which had its effect upon the more timid hearts of the male members of the Church; and, having felt the inspiration and the benefit of that scene, I wish to record it now in humble thanksgiving to the good God, who blessed both ourselves and our religion with so noble an example of all that is best and dearest to us.

Our readers will find their admiration divided between the great Catholic artist who furnished the inspiration and the true-hearted Catholic layman who caught it at the time and so gratefully and graciously recalls it now.

Several times within the past year we have referred to the excellent study, appearing in the *Dublin Review*, of Catholic social work in Germany. The fourth, and apparently the concluding, instalment of this study deals with "German Methods and English Needs." One such need the writer declares to be a really representative Congress of Catholics. Concerning a probable outcome thereof, we read:

Passing from social organization to charitable endeavor, a really representative Congress would be sure to discover certain districts of the country and classes of the population which clamor for special assistance of one kind or another from the Catholic body. And be it noted that the assistance required will often be that of personal service rather than money. This is just the point which is so often missed by those good people who imagine that their social duties begin and end with the drawing of a cheque. A little united investigation will reveal abundant opportunities of rendering such personal service with the happiest results. Just as the spiritual needs of the Catholic hop-pickers have attracted attention, and are now being supplied with so much devotion by the Franciscan

Fathers and their lay associates, so there are no doubt whole sections of the population in sore need of organized assistance, spiritual and temporal, which a little thought would show us how to supply.

Carried away by the magnificent results that have followed systematic and intelligent Catholic organization among the Germans, the *Review* writer expands and grows optimistic:

It is pleasant to dream of a great central office in London, with its branches in the provinces, and its staff of trained writers, lecturers and organizers, which should be a hive of Catholic social industry; a centre where well-equipped priests and laymen might work out the principles of Leo XIII. into a practical programme of social action. We see them sending a lecturer here, helping to start a workmen's club there, driving home Catholic literature everywhere. We see them discreetly co-operating with non-Catholic institutions, and giving advice to local workers as to how far such co-operation on their part is desirable. We see them supplying expert members for commissions, speakers for local conferences, candidates for municipal elections. And we see them instituting systematic courses of lectures for Catholic workmen, and founding scholarships for the study of economics and sociology. Thus far the dream. Is it quite beyond the possibility of realization? We believe that it is not. Here is scope for the Catholic Federation.

As we have before remarked, all the arguments making for Catholic organization in England are equally valid as regards this country. The work already accomplished by the American Federation of Catholic Societies is an earnest of what may be expected when that Federation attains the expansion that may be legitimately hoped for it. If this twentieth century is the Catholic laity's opportunity, the keynote of their success in helping Mother Church is assuredly effective organization.

The recent death in Rome, at the age of fifty-nine, of Mr. Isaac Austin Henderson is regarded by many in this country as well as in the Eternal City as a distinct loss. Novelist, dramatist, and pub-

lisher, he achieved notable success both in the United States and in England, whither he betook himself in 1881, living thenceforward either in London or in Rome. Mr. Henderson was a convert to the Church, the grace of faith coming to him in 1896. Of late years his special interest was among the poor boys of the Trastevere quarter in Rome. Cardinal Merry del Val and he made it their practice for years to pass every Sunday afternoon with these lads. Many worthy citizens now well started in life can look back to the influence exerted by these two devoted men as the turning-point in their lives. Several are now in domestic service at the Vatican. The Cardinal Secretary of State wrote, on the occasion of his recent bereavement: "Mr. Henderson died after a short illness, having received the sacraments of the Church. We have lost a dear and valued friend."

The members of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences throughout the world will find reward for their past work and a stimulus to future exertion in the notable address delivered recently to their representatives, assembled in Rome, by the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father said, among other things:

Thus it is our Lord Jesus Christ you visit and succor in the poor. It is true that you will sometimes find in your charitable visits all kinds of physical and moral sufferings united; you will meet with the unfortunate, a prey to the worst suggestions of irreligion, unhappy slaves of sin, sunk in corruption and vice, — men who have voluntarily cut themselves off, for whom there is no faith or church or sacraments. But fear nothing. The holy angels accompany you into these dens of misery; and, despite the depths of their degradation, you will find in these poor creatures hidden treasures, precious remains of good natural disposition, happy inclinations to virtue, the still living imprint of the character received in baptism, traces of religion and faith, which, thanks to your charity, will give you more than the hope — the certainty — of their salvation.

When Our Lord gave His Apostles the mission of preaching the Gospel, He confided also to the

seventy-two disciples the charge of healing the sick and of announcing to them the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God. The institution of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul answers admirably to this design of the Divine Redeemer for the conversion of the world. If the apostle invested with the sacerdotal character has the office of teaching the truths of faith and confirming them by prodigies of charity, he finds in the lay apostolate of the faithful a powerful auxiliary to prepare the way for him, and, by the alleviation of corporal miseries, to open the soul to the truth of the Gospel.

The work of the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences is as noble as it is arduous, and as certain of heavenly reward as it is generally unknown to worldly fame.

A venerable and beloved figure of the English Church was the Rt. Rev. Thomas W. Wilkinson, Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, who passed to the reward of a singularly devoted life on the 17th of April. He was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, the sixty-first of his priesthood, and the nineteenth of his presidency over Ushaw College. The notices of his death in the secular press are remarkable for their sympathetic appreciation of his worth and work. "It was a full and rounded life of consecration to the highest ideals of faith and duty," says the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*. "... If it is permissible to associate the idea of romance with Christian effort—and we do not see why it should not be,—the most fascinating period of his life's work was not as the head of an important diocese or an influential educational institution, but as the humble and self-sacrificing missionary in the valley of the Wear, with a hayloft for a chapel and a stable for a school, toiling patiently and perseveringly to win a harvest of souls for the Master whom he served with such singleness of heart and steadfastness of purpose."

To Bishop Wilkinson's early life and conversion, the Rev. Dr. Norris, an old and valued friend, in the panegyric

preached after the funeral Mass, made the following touching references:

Whilst at the University [Cambridge] he began to think seriously about religion, and to practise it with very great regularity and care. . . . He had fallen in with the "Tracts for the Times," and read them with great eagerness. They opened out to him a new world, which appealed strongly both to his reason and imagination, and he became a follower of the Tractarian Movement. He led a very strict life, prayed much, and did many works of penance; and, finally, when Newman's "Development of Doctrine" was published, he read it eagerly, and was convinced that the Catholic Church was the only true Church of God, and that it was his duty to submit to her authority. Meantime he had gone to St. Saviour's, Leeds, where he found others in the same state of mind as himself. He has often described to me the last night before he and two others went to be received. They were on their knees in prayer all the night through, encouraging one another, with many tears, with much natural misgiving in their hearts, and yet being really convinced they could not but follow the voice of conscience; and with the day they rose up and went together to the nearest priest to make their submission.

I sometimes think that we, who have had the privilege of being members of the Church from the beginning, do not realize the true nature and greatness of the act which those who are converts have made in submitting to the Church. We think of the great light and grace that have been given to them, and of the peace of mind and conscience which have followed their submission; but there is another side. "For the word of God is more piercing than any two-edged sword, and reaching unto the division of the soul and the spirit, of the joints also and the marrow." Many converts, even to-day when things are so much easier for them, go through a very martyrdom as they make their way into the Church; but in those days—sixty years ago—it was still more terrible. It meant the giving up of family and home and position, and all that these things mean; it was parting with all that was respectable and proper, and casting in their lot with those who were despised and condemned; it meant becoming fools in the eyes of all they loved. Read Newman's heartrending letters to his sister on the eve of his submission to the Church. Nothing but the voice of God speaking to them in the secrets of their conscience could have given those brave men and women the strength to make the great renunciation of all things for Christ. Like Abraham of old, they went forth from their country and their kindred, and out of their father's house,

to go where the Lord had shown them. The good Bishop has often told me that when he left the priest's house after his reception, he felt he had cut himself off from everything.

In the course of an editorial on the Golden Jubilee of Father Lambert, the *Rochester Democrat* says:

As a controversial writer, he has few equals among the men of the day. Holding strong and definite opinions upon current topics, he has ever been ready to express them; and he has always had the courage of his convictions. His well-known frankness and fairness in controversy have given added weight to the results of this part of his literary work. Not only in his immediate home town and the nearby city of Rochester, but over a wide range of the country, Father Lambert is known and beloved. His work as a rector has been widely extended, and he possesses many warm admirers and sincere friends wherever he has ministered.

It need not be said that Dr. Lambert's admirers and friends are far more numerous than the entire populations of the places in which he has exercised his ministry* as priest. His "Notes on Ingersoll," to mention only one of his books, won for him the respect and gratitude, not merely of Catholics, but of all Christian Americans. Very many of these will emulate his home friends and neighbors in wishing the distinguished priest a still further career of utility and honor.

Our interesting Indian contemporary, the *Catholic Herald*, Calcutta, gives publicity to this item:

In the matter of aerial navigation, we have really not been advancing so rapidly as some of us suppose. According to a contributor to *Notes and Queries*, a missionary Father of the Society of Jesus named Grimaldi, who had spent many years in India, invented a flying machine that carried him in 1751 from Calais to Dover in an hour. Can Mr. Wilbur Wright or any other present-day proprietor of an airship accomplish that feat?

Notes and Queries is usually fairly good authority; but it is a little strange that the alleged flight across the British Channel has escaped notice so completely during the last few years.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

What the Book Said.

BY S. F. A.

JACK closed his book in the twilight dim,
And this is what the book said to him:

"Don't take me up with hands that are soiled,
Or my covers and pages will be quite spoiled.

"Don't leave me out in the fog and rain:
It makes me ugly and gives me pain.

"Don't mark my leaves with pencil or pen,
Or I never shall be so inviting again.

"Don't with your elbows upon me lean:
I love to be shapely and strong and clean.

"Don't lay me open upon my face,—
How would you like to be in my place?

"Put nothing thick my leaves between;
Such clumsy markers should ne'er be seen.

"My delicate corners never turn down;
Order and neatness on 'dog-ears' frown.

"Use me gently, and treasure with pride,
And lay me carefully on my side.

"Help me to keep myself fresh and clean,
And we shall be happy together, I ween."

The Coral Rosary.

BY M. REBECCA HINDER.



H! Oh! How lovely!"

These delighted exclamations came from a group of girls about Sister Agatha, who held in her hand a red morocco case, within which, on its bed of white satin, lay a coral rosary with chain and cross of gold. The rosary had been given by the generous Mrs. Atherton to St. Mary's Academy, for the student who should win the highest average in Bible history.

The girls pressed nearer, to admire the

beautiful beads; then, when the class was dismissed, they gathered in groups under the trees of the convent garden to discuss the prize.

"Nellie Moore will get it, I'm sure!" said Mary Hill.

"Here comes Nellie now!" cried Helen Long. "We were just speaking of you, Nellie," she continued. "Mary says you're sure to win the rosary. So I suppose we have not the slightest chance."

"O girls, isn't it lovely!" exclaimed the newcomer. "I'd like to win it. I've always longed for a coral rosary. Uncle John might think it something 'worth while' if I get it. That is his pet expression. He promised me a pony and cart when I accomplished 'something worth while.'"

"Lucky Nell!" said Mary, with a laugh.


"Yes," added another, "there's no doubt about Nellie's getting the rosary; but we can all try for the other prizes, and I'm going to win one of Mrs. Dorsey's books."

A few days before the final examination, Nellie went to Mrs. Long's to go with Helen for a drive. Helen was out, and her mother was entertaining some friends at tea. But she bade the little girl come in, and Nellie took a book to the wide window seat to await Helen's return. Shortly after she heard Miss Mayfair, one of the guests, remark:

"Do you know Mrs. Woods is visiting her sister-in-law? It is the first time since her husband's death. Yesterday, while I was there, I heard her promise Agnes that, if she could win the Atherton prize, she would bear her school expenses until she graduated. Mrs. Lee is unable to keep both children at school any longer, and she is most anxious for George to go to college."

After a few more remarks the subject was changed, and Nellie passed unnoticed

from the room. Her heart was in a tumult. How anxious Agnes must be to win the rosary! Four years more of happy school life! And she — ah, *she* desired so much to please Uncle John! And — yes — she had wanted the pony so long!


That evening, all through Benediction, she tried to make the sacrifice. She had studied faithfully, and she knew she could win. She knew, too, if she failed, Agnes would get the beautiful rosary, and it meant so much to Agnes Lee! Oh, it was hard! What would mother say, when she had been so confident of winning the prize! And Uncle John! She dared not think of him. He would be disappointed in her.  As the Sacred Host was raised to bless them, Nellie Moore bowed her head and murmured:

"For Thee, dear Lord,—for Thee!"

How surprised everyone was when Sister Agatha announced Agnes Lee as the winner of the Atherton prize! Every eye was centred on Nellie Moore, as, with flushed cheeks and a bright smile, she was the first to greet and congratulate the happy girl.

After it was all over, Agnes entered the silent chapel to offer her thanksgiving. It was twilight; and, as she knelt to pray, a sob from behind one of the pillars startled her, as she had thought herself alone. Then a whispered prayer caught her ear:

"Sweet Mother, help me! Agnes needed it more than I. But it is hard — hard,—and Uncle John seems so displeased!"

Agnes knelt quietly until Nellie had left the chapel. With the others, she had questioned why Nellie Moore had received so low an average, when she had always been given the highest. Now she knew!  When, next day, she went to Mrs. Atherton's to have her name put on the cross of her rosary, she begged Mrs. Atherton to have Nellie Moore's name engraved instead; and when the lady protested, she told her the story of Nellie's generous sacrifice, and won her consent to give Nellie the beads.

Mrs. Atherton promised to have them placed upon Nellie's desk the next day. Then Agnes wrote to Uncle John, telling him of his niece's beautiful act. And he must have thought it "something worth while"; for on Nellie's birthday he presented her with the long-desired pony and cart.

When the girls reached the classroom the following morning, on both Nellie's and Agnes' desk there lay a small box, which, when opened, revealed to each a coral rosary with her name engraved upon the golden cross.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

On the morning after her return from her visit to New Haven, Olivia went into the kitchen to make various inquiries about people and things in Old Preston.


"Have you been to see the tent people, Nora? And are they still in the tent? It must be pretty cold now," she said.

"The boy's there all his 'lone," rejoined Nora. "The old woman's under the sod. She died two weeks ago last Friday. They buried her on Sunday."

"She is dead!" exclaimed Olivia. "What was the matter?"

"Ah, the poor creature! She grieved herself to death," replied Nora. "The very week you left came word that her old man was crushed to death by a wild elephant he was feeding, and the poor woman never raised her head after it. She just pined away and died. I never saw such love and care as the little boy gave her."

"Well, I'm very, very sorry to hear all this," said Olivia. "Poor little Dickie, living all alone! Does he still work in the factory?"

 "I believe he does, but I'm told there's to be a great throwin' off of work-people very soon. Likely he'll be one of them."

"And what will he do?"

"I can't say. Like the rest of them, no doubt he'll look for another job."

"I'm going down to see him, Nora," said Olivia.

"Do," rejoined Nora. "And I'll give you a mince pie for him. Father Shea says he's a fine boy."

It soon began to snow a little, but that was a further incentive to Olivia to take a walk in the direction of Division Street. According to her usual custom, she carried a basket containing some dainty articles of food,—the mince pie, a piece of ham, and a can of peaches for the poor little fellow who was now the only occupant of the tent, which but a few weeks ago had been cheered and blessed by the presence of his grandmother.

She found the boy with his sleeves rolled up, hanging some clothes on a line between two trees. Tears sprang to his eyes when he saw her. Hastily pulling down his shirt sleeves, he came to meet her. Olivia put out her hand and pressed his warmly; she did not know what to say. He led the way to the tent, which, though the old woman was gone, still looked cheerful and inviting. Dickie had put up a small stove; the fire burned brightly; everything was clean and comfortable.

"I see that you've heard grandmother is dead," said the boy, as Olivia sat down. "Grandfather was killed and she couldn't stand it,—she wasn't strong."

"Yes," replied Olivia, sadly. "And now you are alone."

"All alone, except for Tim."

"Who is Tim?"

"My dog. He came the very night grandmother was buried, and he's been here ever since. He follows me all around, and sleeps on the mat there at night."

"And what does he do when you're at work in the factory, Dickie?"

"I'm not working there any more. They discharged the small fry last week. I'm peddling matches and pins now, till I get a better job."

"Do you make a living?"

"I get about fifty cents profit every day—excepting Sundays, of course. That's not bad, is it?"

"No indeed, as you have only yourself to take care of. Did your grandmother have any money?"

"Only just enough to bury her decently, Miss Middleford. Father Shea was so kind! He had a Mass, and wouldn't take the offering for it."

A loud thump sounded outside, and the next moment a fox terrier bounded into the tent, nosed Olivia's feet inquiringly, and then, apparently satisfied with her credentials, jumped on Dickie's knee and began to lick his face.

"See him!" said the boy. "That's the way he does all the time. I'm awfully fond of him, Miss Middleford."

"You mustn't get too fond of him, Dickie," answered Olivia. "Fox terriers are nice, affectionate little dogs, but they are very fickle. Some day you may wake up and find Tim missing."

"I don't think so," said Dickie, confidently. "They stay with those that treat them well."

"Where did he come from? Have you any idea?"

"I think he belongs to a man that was drowned down at the dam some time ago. That's what the boys say. He was an Italian and lived alone with a dog just like Tim."

"He has found a kind, good master," said Olivia. "I hope he may stay with you."

"He will. I'll feed him as well as I can. When I'm eating he stands beside me and watches every bite I take."

"I'm very glad you have so faithful a companion, Dickie," said Olivia, rising to take her leave. "I've brought you some little things that you'd not be likely to think of yourself, and I'm coming to see you again. I'll ask my father if he knows of anything you might get to do; and I want you to promise me that if you need anything, or are in any trouble

any time, you will come up and tell Nora or me."

"Thank you!" replied the boy. "I will, Miss Middleford,—though I can't think that I'll need to; for I'm earning my living all right, and I'm always well."

"You don't think of going back to the circus in the spring?"

"Not a bit of it! I never liked it. I want to learn to be a machinist—or something of that kind."

"Well, stick to that, Dickie."

"Grandmother talked so much of you, Miss Middleford, the few days she was well after you left!" said the boy. "Won't you please let me do something for you, if there's anything I can?"

"Yes, Dickie, I will indeed. I have a plan in my mind already. It just entered it a moment ago. I shall have to see about it first. I think you ought to be going to school. Wouldn't you like to?"

"Yes, I would; but there doesn't seem to be any way. Father Shea thinks so too, but he can't see any way either. Still, he says maybe something may turn up."

As she walked home, Olivia was racking her brains, wondering what could be done for Dickie. She could not bear to think of him leading that lonely life in the tent. Yet, all things considered, it seemed preferable to one in the tenements, exposed as he would unavoidably to the contact of rough and perhaps dangerous companions.

She went out to Nora as soon as she reached home.

"Nora," she said, "I've been down to see Dickie. He has already lost his place, and is selling matches and notions around the valley till he finds something else to do. It's dreadful to have the poor little fellow living alone in that cold tent in such weather, isn't it?"

"Some ways yes, and some ways no," rejoined Nora, kneading her bread with great vigor as she spoke. "I don't know is he strong?" she continued, glancing out of the window, where she had that

moment caught a glimpse of Jim, the colored man-of-all-work, painfully limping with the aid of two canes.

"What ails Jim?" asked Olivia.

"He has one of his old-fashioned rheumatics," Nora replied. "And he's as cross as a bear. But I don't wonder at that, for there's no worse pain than the rheumatism. Well, he earned it this time, for sure."

"How?" inquired Olivia.

"He went down beyond to that crazy meeting they had at Cold Springs a couple of Sundays ago, and got himself baptized in the freezing water. And he was just that proud that he wouldn't put on one of the white robes they have, but toddled in, in his best clothes, and walked all the way home in them. He's been paying up for it ever since."

"When did Jim get religion?" asked Olivia. "I thought he was as great a heathen as I am, Nora."

"Religion!" echoed Nora. "It's that black Mary Games, the preacher's widow, he was making up to; and she wouldn't look at him till he'd get himself dipped, as they call it. And she won't have anything at all to do with him now; for she says she 'ain't going to take care of no lame Nigger."

"Did Jim himself tell you she said that, Nora?"

"Yes, he did. The doctor says he must go to the hospital for a while, or he'll never get cured. The master said he'd better go, and I guess he's made up his mind to it. I wonder if that Dickie is strong?"

"Were you thinking of him to take Jim's place while he's away?" asked Olivia, eagerly.

"Yes, and maybe after," rejoined Nora. "Jim's too old to do all he's been doing. There isn't any garden to tend to in the winter. It seems to me Dickie might milk the cow and chop the kindling and take care of the furnace and go errands."

"I should think he could do it," said Olivia. "Shall I speak to father?"

"Yes, if you like. Some one has to be got in Jim's place. Mary Blaine and me are both getting too old to do much outside."

"You never did do anything outside, and I am sure father will not expect you to begin now. Do you know when Jim is to leave?"

"To-morrow, I think. Dr. Peel is going up to the city, and he'll get him into the ward."

Having paused to say a sympathetic word to the old colored man as he hobbled into his own room in the barn, Olivia sought her father, whom she saw walking over from the college. He was quite willing to try the proposed experiment, although he did not feel very sure of the boy's compliance.

"That kind of little vagabonds generally prefer their freedom," said Mr. Middleford. "They do not like supervision or restraint."

"But, papa, *he* is not a vagabond at all," replied Olivia. "I wish you could see him."

"I hope to do so very soon, my dear," said the President. "When are you going to interview him?"

"As soon as possible," answered Olivia. "I shan't have any rest till I know. It seems to me such a good chance for him—if he'll take it. And I feel certain that he will."

When Nora heard that Dickie had a dog, she entered a violent objection to allowing it to participate in the good fortunes of its master.

"I won't have dogs racing around my clean place," she said. "They clutter up the yard, and run after the chickens, and bring bones into the house."

"But he's such a nice little dog, Nora!" pleaded Olivia. "I'm afraid Dickie won't want to come here unless he can bring Tim with him."

"All I have to say is," Nora went on, "that if a boy like that, without a friend in the world, will prefer a stray dog to a good home, he's not worth bothering about. We'll see."

When Olivia went down to the tent next morning, she found Dickie ironing his shirt. She told him her errand, and he appeared very much pleased, and said he would be glad to try the place. He asked when he would be wanted, and added that he thought he would leave the tent as it was until he had learned whether he would suit. Olivia agreed with him.

"Suppose you come up and see my father this evening, Dickie?" she said as she was starting.

"I will," rejoined the boy. "I'll be there as soon as I've milked the cows for Mrs. Jones. I was going to give that up anyhow; her fingers are quite well again."

While Mr. Middleford and Olivia were at dinner that evening, Dickie made his appearance at the kitchen door. Olivia found him there waiting to see her father; he was in the midst of a discussion with Nora about the dog.

"I'm very much afraid this youngster is too stubborn entirely," said Nora. "He isn't willing to give up that terrier, and we don't want any dogs around the place."

Olivia was a little displeased, as occasionally Nora exceeded her privilege.

"You need not say 'we,' Nora," she remarked. "Papa and I will have no objection to the dog. There is plenty of room for him in this large place. I shouldn't think anything of Dickie if he were willing to part with his pet."

"With his *pet*!" exclaimed Nora, now thoroughly out of humor.

"Nora, Nora!" said quiet Mary Blaine, the chambermaid, from the corner where she was eating her dinner. "Don't you remember old Niggie, the cat you thought so much of, that you brought from the old country?"

"I never brought any cat from the old country, Mary Blaine,—God forbid!" answered Nora. "'Twas a kitten that followed me from the train when I came here, and it stayed ever after, till it grew to be an old cat and died."

Dickie stood up.

"I guess I'll be going," he said. "I couldn't think of making a fuss about my doggie, and I really can't leave him behind. I like him so well, Miss Middleford, that I'm going to keep him wherever I am. If the people don't want him, they needn't have me either."

"Wait, Dickie! I'll call my father," said Olivia. "And I'm awfully vexed with you, Nora. I didn't think you could be as selfish as that."

"Worra! worra!" cried Nora, suddenly capitulating and bursting into tears. "Little did I think I'd ever be in such a kettle of water about a dirty little dog! Sit down, boy, — sit down! Your grandmother was a good woman, and I wouldn't be the means of depriving you of a home for a great deal more than this. Maybe it's a promising sign of you, that you'll stick to your friend even if it's only a dog. And, my dear Miss Olivia, I'll ask you to excuse me. It isn't often I forget myself like I did to-night."

"There, there, Nora!" said Olivia, putting her hand on the old woman's arm. "It's all right. Come, Dickie! My father is in the library, waiting to see you."

The boy, smiling kindly at Nora, who gave him an encouraging nod, as if to say, "All is at peace between us," followed Olivia, and was presently in conversation with Mr. Middleford, who was pleased with his address and appearance. The arrangement was soon made by which he was temporarily to fill Jim's place to the best of his ability, with permission to bring his dog with him.

"He has a head like Guido Reni's *St. John*," said the President to his daughter, after Dickie had gone.

"That's what I thought myself the very first time I saw him, father," replied Olivia. "Don't you think we're going to like him?"

"Yes, I believe we are," said Mr. Middleford, cordially.

Dickie arrived on Monday, carrying a large valise, and with Tim trotting by his side. Before the end of the week Nora

was saving the choicest broken morsels for the playful little fox terrier, whom her warning finger never permitted to cross the outside threshold, but who did not regard her as an enemy; for he gambolled joyfully about her feet whenever she met him in the yard.

(To be continued.)

Symbols of Authority.

History shows us many symbols of authority; for instance, the fasces carried by the Roman lictors, the caduceus of Mercury, the trident of Neptune, the thunderbolts of Jupiter. The Pharaohs of ancient history had gorgeous feather fans borne before and around them; while not merely the cooling fan but the sheltering umbrella becomes in hot countries a sign of distinction. In the wall-paintings of Egypt and the carvings of Nineveh and Persepolis, the monarch has the sunshade held over him; and one of the titles of the King of Siam is "Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." On the coinage of Herod Agrippa I. we find as a device an umbrella.

A Patroness of Nurses.

The Abbess Hildegarde, who founded a school for nurses near Bingen-on-the-Rhine in the twelfth century, made a special study of the art of healing, and instructed her nuns in the use of medicinal plants, the compounding of simples, and dispensing of medicine. The Abbess left behind her a voluminous work, of her own writing, in which are described the principles accepted in the Middle Ages concerning the properties of minerals and plants in their relation to diseases. She was the friend of popes and emperors, and was accounted a very learned woman. She was as good as she was clever, and after her death was enrolled among the saints.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new edition of More's "Utopia," together with letters to Margaret Roper and others, edited with notes by George Sampson, is announced by George Bell & Sons.

—Cary & Co., London (American agents, McLaughlin & Reilly, Boston), have published a very devotional Mass in honor of St. Catherine de Ricci. It is in F major, and is arranged for four voices and organ. The composer is Mr. William Sewell, organist and choirmaster at the Oratory, Birmingham, and author of "Antiphons of Our Lady."

—The Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Chicago, is a 68-page pamphlet replete with interesting and edifying information, not the least important item of which is the following:

At its meeting held January 18, 1909, the Council General of Paris instituted the Superior Council of Chicago. Subsequently letters of institution were received, and the Superior Council of Chicago was formally established on February 28, 1909, at the annual meeting of all the members of Conferences in Chicago.

—Considering that early printing presses were able to print only one page at a time, and that presswork was necessarily slow, the number of books printed before 1501 seems very large. The British Museum possesses, excluding duplicates, over 9000. It has just issued the first of a series of six volumes describing these *incunabula*, as they are called. The total number of books printed before 1501 is estimated at between twenty-five and thirty thousand.

—A summarized catalogue well worth publishing is the International Catholic Truth Society's "List of Books and Pamphlets Bearing on Socialism and Social Questions," by Catholic authors. To this are added a list of a dozen books on the same general subject by non-Catholic authors, the titles of several German works on kindred topics, also the titles of some three dozen articles of a similar character that have appeared in Catholic periodicals within the past six or seven years.

—Congregations of women under simple vows will find a "Handbook of Canon Law," by the Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B., invaluable for reference in questions arising in the interpretation of their constitutions and rules. The rights of bishops in regard to diocesan institutions, as well as those directly under the Holy See, are herein outlined. The book contains also the principal articles in the regulations prescribed by the Sacred Congregation of Regulars, at the instance of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in 1900, for the ordering of religious communities. These rules

do not interfere with existing constitutions or codes, but they embody the underlying principles of the religious life; hence have a bearing on all religious communities. The reverend author is a member of the Papal commission for the codification of Canon Law. Pustet & Co. have published the book in convenient and attractive form.

—"Round the World," Vol. VI. (Benziger Brothers), is keeping up to the standard set in preceding volumes. For supplementary reading, this series is certainly attractive in the matter offered, and in the manner of its presentation. Eighty-seven illustrations add effectiveness to the eleven studies which make up the book. Among the titles are "Squirrels as Pets," "Italy's Beautiful Lakes," "The Culture of Rice," "Folklore of Italy," "Handling Mails for Millions," and "Gem Lore."

—"Standard Songs and Choruses for High Schools," compiled by Marie F. MacConnell, director of music, High Schools, New York city, is made up of ninety-eight selections, comprising part-songs, excerpts from operas, oratorios, and folk-songs. In the choice and arrangement of the selections, the compiler, as she states in the preface to her book, has tried to realize that music should be taught in such a way as to influence the lives of the pupils; hence her effort to offer that which would awaken and sustain a love for the best in music. Published by the American Book Co.

—"Black, but Beautiful," a sermon; "Our Catholic Indian Missions," a paper read before the Chicago Congress of November, 1908; and the "Report of the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions,"—all from the pen of the Rev. William H. Ketcham, are calculated vividly to impress the mind of the thoughtful reader with the importance of the special work in which that zealous and indefatigable priest is engaged, and with the responsibility of the general American Catholic body in connection with the more effective evangelization of our Indians and Negroes.

—"General Stephen Moylan," by Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, is a very interesting biography of a Revolutionary Catholic hero. Stephen Moylan was "Muster-Master General, Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to Washington, Quartermaster General, Colonel of the Fourth Pennsylvania Light Dragoons, and Brigadier-General of the War for American Independence." He was, moreover, "the first and last president of the Friendly Sons

of St. Patrick of Philadelphia." The pleasure one takes in perusing this volume is not a little enhanced by the conviction of its historical exactitude, Mr. Griffin's indefatigable industry as a delver in historical lore having deservedly won for him a prestige as honorable to himself as it is comforting to his readers.

—The cordially appreciative terms in which we referred, just a year ago, to "The Sunday-School Teacher's Guide to Success," by the Rev. Patrick J. Sloan, may well be repeated in connection with that author's companion volume, "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success," just issued by Benziger Brothers. In view of the Council of Trent's declaration, "The first and chief duty of pastors is to teach the faithful in Christian doctrine," and of Pius X.'s supplementary statement, "No duty weightier than this is appointed unto priests, and none binds under stricter obligation," the priest in charge of a parish needs no instruction as to his duty in the matter of Sunday-schools. Many such priests, however, do need suggestions as to methods, systems, gradings, ways and means, etc., of making their Sunday-schools really effective. And they can not do better than read and study Father Sloan's eminently practical pages. The last two chapters of the book—"Educating the Children to Follow their Vocation" and "Fostering Vocations to the Priesthood"—are particularly good and—timely as well.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.

"True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

"Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.

"Carmina." T. A. Daly. \$1, net.

"Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.

"Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon." Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.

"The Churches Separated from Rome." Mgr. L. Duchesne. \$2, net.

"The Finding of the Cross." Louis de Combes. \$2, net.

"Principles of Logic." George Hayward Joyce. S. J., M. A. \$2.50.

"Between Friends." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Faith and Works of Christian Science." Author of "Confessio Medici." \$1.25, net.

"Meditations on the Gospels." Médaille-Eyre, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"The Legends of the Saints." Père H. Delehaye, S. J. \$1.20, net.

"The Degrees of the Spiritual Life." Abbé A. Sandreau. \$3.50, net.

"The Mystical Explanation of the Canticle of Canticles." St. Francis de Sales. \$1.80, net.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Shelley, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Patrick Farrell, D. D., diocese of Cleveland; and Rev. George Ott, diocese of Wilmington.

Brother John Nicholas, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister M. Angela, of the Order of Mercy; Sister Helena, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Brendan, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Daniel Morrell, Mrs. Mary Freund, Mr. Richard Dowd, Mrs. Elizabeth Butler, Mrs. Mary F. Kelly, Mr. William Rossiter, Mr. William Barry, Mrs. Maria Nichols, Mr. R. Falvey, Mrs. Bessie Zeick, Mr. James Fannon, Mrs. Pauline Short, Mr. Albert Kenchel, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Moynahan, Mr. Henry Pilliod, Mrs. Thomas Kelly, Mr. Herbert Smith, Mrs. Mary Dougherty, and Mr. Frederick Scherf.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee"
For the mission of Wei-Hai-Wei:

D. P. L., \$5; T. F. M., \$1.

St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

R. A. K., in honor of St. Anthony, \$5;
D. K., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 22, 1909.

NO. 21

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Regina Cœli, Lætare.

BY ELIZABETH WEBB GAYNOR.

REJOICE, dear Queen! Rejoice! rejoice!
 Our Lord, thy Son, hath conquered Death.
 Hear, 'mid the angels' songs, a voice:
 Rejoice, dear Queen! Rejoice! rejoice!
 The pain, shame, sorrow of His choice
 Are o'er, and now He conquereth.
 Rejoice, dear Queen! Rejoice! rejoice!
 Our Lord, thy Son, hath conquered Death.

The Passing of the Old Sardinian Chapel.

BY HERBERT SPRING.

(CONCLUSION.)

MEANWHILE in Duke Street things were proceeding apace. The doors of the Sardinian Chapel were burst open, the altar and picture (already referred to) torn down, the Communion rails, benches, etc., piled against the door, and the whole set alight. "At twelve o'clock at night," writes the biographer of Dr. Challoner, "the inside of the chapel was consumed and the house much damaged." Meanwhile the Guards tardily arrived, and for that night prevented further destruction. Two days later the mob again surrounded the place, where some attempt had been made to restore a semblance of decency, and quickly destroyed the repairs. Fortunately, the Guards once again appearing, the mob withdrew to some spot where

they could carry out their hideous work with greater freedom. A more outrageous act in a country calling itself civilized could not have happened. In saying this we are leaving out all question of religion. The place was as much the property of the King of Sardinia, by all rules of international law, as Turin itself.

During these days every known Catholic chapel in London may be said to have been destroyed. As to attacks on individual Catholics and their property, they are far too numerous to get more than a passing allusion. One of the places which had the narrowest escape from destruction was Lord Petre's splendid mansion of Thorndon, situated some sixteen miles to the east of London. The town house of the unfortunate nobleman, in Park Lane, had already been burned to the ground, when the resolution was taken to destroy the country-seat also; but, fortunately, before the determination could be carried out, something approaching to firmness had been restored to the Government, and the riots were brought to an end.

As one reads the accounts of those five terrible days, one is lost in amazement. The incredible folly which allowed a raging mob to surround both Houses of Parliament from noon till ten o'clock at night, kicking and cuffing members nearly to death—which practically delivered up the great city to the mob till at least six and thirty fires were raging at the same moment—can be equalled only by the criminal weakness of the Lord Mayor, whose character Dickens so accurately

gauged when, in reply to Catholics seeking protection for their lives or property, he placed in his mouth the ever-recurring phrase: "There are a great many people at the bottom of these riots. How ill-mannered it is of you to come here! Why, they will be setting the Mansion House on fire next! You really mustn't, you know."

For those who have leisure to pursue the investigation as to who was behind the rioters, a wide and most interesting field of discovery is open. The originators of this extraordinary disturbance have yet to be found. Of this we are convinced. Nor are we alone in the idea. Both Mr. Barnard, in his *Life of Bishop Challoner*, and Charles Dickens take the same view,—the former speaking mysteriously of the "secret instigators"; and the latter showing, in the drawing of the crafty attitude adopted by Sir John Chester, that he too was imbued with the same opinion. The cowardice which, at the time, was characteristic of the British Government affected not only the great majority of the people, but was shared also by the press. The *Morning Post* of the 3d of June has no word of condemnation for the sacking of the Sardinian Ambassador's house and the burning of the Chapel. A "Birthday Court" had been held the previous day, and the issue in question was more taken up with the appearance of the ladies attending the same, in their "white and straw-colored silks, most elegantly trimmed with flowers," together with an account of the satisfaction of the crowd at the appearance of the royal family at one of the palace windows! The country of Sardinia which had been outraged was not exactly in a position to retaliate, while a word of sympathy for the Catholics was not to be thought of. Nothing was too foolish to be credited that told against that unfortunate body.

In the same paper appears a cock-and-bull story relating to the French Ambassador of The Hague, and some prophecy supposed to have been made by

him, two months previously, relating to the burning of London; while a handbill, circulated a few days later, attributed the whole affair to French money and "an attempt to upset the Constitution and to introduce Popery"! It would, we should have thought, have been obvious to the *meanest* intellect that the burning of Catholic chapels and the destruction of Catholic property generally was hardly the best way to propagate the Catholic Faith; but the John Bull of those days was not remarkable for sagacity, while to draw a logical conclusion was no more characteristic of him then than it is to-day. With natural national pride we believe him to possess many virtues, but his warmest admirers can hardly ascribe to him the gift of logic. The panic of the Government and press spread downward. Mr. Burney cheered the mob from his windows in sheer fright; the very Jew wrote on his door that it was "the house of a good Protestant"; and even Horace Walpole decked his person, as he himself described it, "like a May-day girl."

The returns of killed and wounded after a battle do not, as we all know, ever represent the total loss. Many fall to rise no more who never heard a gunshot fired in anger in their lives. How many a wife and mother perished during the long-drawn agony of the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, or the great struggle of the North against the South! Though he escaped all contact with the mob, among the most distinguished of the victims of the "No Popery" riots was Bishop Challoner. Roused from his bed in Castle Street by his *vicaires*, he reluctantly consented to seek shelter at a neighbor's house, from which he withdrew the following morning to that of a friend at Finchley. Here, after a few days, he was deemed insecure by his host, and consented to proceed farther north. A coach was actually at the door when the Bishop, who had been in his room engaged in prayer for his flock, coming downstairs declined to go, declaring all

danger was at an end. Whether he had received some sudden supernatural light, or whether the act was merely one of complete confidence in God, is not known.

The Bishop returned as soon as possible to his residence in Castle Street, to console his spiritual children for all they had undergone. He died shortly afterward from a stroke of paralysis, brought on by the anxiety and shock of those five frightful days and nights. It is not likely that in those far-off and troublous times it was possible to carry the body into the Sardinian Chapel. The Requiem was, of course, said there, and the remains conveyed to Milton in Berkshire, and there laid to rest. In his Life is to be found a copy of the register of burial made by the Rev. Mr. Warner, parson of the parish, who must have been a man of extraordinarily liberal views for the time, since it runs as follows: "A. D. 1781, January 22. Buried the Rev. Dr. Challoner, a Popish priest and titular Bishop of London and Salisbury, a very pious and good man, of great learning and extensive abilities."

After a while compensation was granted for the damage done; the church was repaired and enlarged, and a copy of the former picture replaced above the altar, where it still hangs. It was at this period that a "spy place" was erected, and a door arranged at the back of the Tabernacle; so that, in case of future danger, the Blessed Sacrament could be removed in safety from the house without the priest having to enter the church. The five sanctuary lamps which had been destroyed were, very inadequately, copied in wood, and may still be seen in their place.

A few years after the riots, the whole property was sold and the church closed. At the time that the interesting work "Catholic London a Century Ago" was written not much was known on the subject of the sale; but since then the diary of Bishop Douglas has been dis-

covered, and we are indebted to the courtesy of Mgr. Ward for the following particulars. About 1796 the property was purchased by a Mr. Bibbage, though the Sardinian Government continued to rent the place and support the Chapel as before. On December 5, 1797, Mr. Maire, of Lartington, in North Yorks, bought the place, selling it to Bishop Douglas for £3000 stock, the value of which was 72 per cent, so that he lost over £800. The male line of the Maire family is now extinct, and is represented by the family of Silvertop, to whom Lartington Hall has descended.

The times of which we write were troublous to Italy. The French had overrun the country; the Sardinian Ambassador left London, doubtful whether he should ever return in the same capacity; and the Chapel was given up, though a certain mild connection was afterward renewed, lasting till 1870, when, the Italian troops having entered Rome, the prayer for Queen Victoria was substituted for that which had hitherto been said for the King of Sardinia. A year after the departure of the Ambassador, the Chapel was reopened by Bishop Douglas; from which time it occupied, one may say, the position of the metropolitan church. Moorfields many years later, no doubt carried off a large part of the congregation; but it is doubtful whether the last-named ever occupied the unique position of the chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is indeed in existence a story which tells of a dispute among certain Catholics as to which held the first place, the difficulty being solved in the end by directing a cabman to "drive to the Catholic chapel," the latter complying by setting the party down at the door of the Sardinian Chapel.

Much more might be said did space allow. In 1853, at the request of the rector, the Abbate Baldacconi, the future Cardinal Wiseman took charge of the mission for one year, residing during that time at the house of Mr. Bagshawe. The

moment was one of the very greatest interest. The national apostasy had brought not only the loss of the Faith to the general run of Englishmen but it also seems to have carried with it a special judgment in the shape of a great darkness; so that men, highly intelligent in other ways, were in a state of besotted ignorance on the subject, and quite incapable of understanding the simplest points relating thereto. Indeed, the same may be said of the *οἱ πολλοί* of the present day, including many of the press, whose *amazing* accounts of Catholic ceremonies or doctrines, which from time to time appear in the newspapers, would excite the laughter of a small child properly acquainted with the contents of the penny Catechism. We have a very remarkable instance of this ignorance existing in the now famous Royal Declaration made by the sovereign at the time of the Accession, where the "Adoration of the Virgin" is spoken of! No one seemed aware when the words were drawn up that such adoration not only did *not* form part of the Catholic Faith, but that such an idea would be blasphemous beyond words in the sight of the Church.

Things at the period of which we are now treating were changing. Thoughtful men had not only become dissatisfied with Protestantism, but were beginning to accept the modern view of the intellectual classes in relation to Christianity—namely, that there is no alternative between Catholicism and agnosticism. Wiseman's great reputation for learning had preceded him from Rome. His knowledge of geology was known to be profound; while his lectures at the Palazzo Odescalchi, "On the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion," had awakened widespread interest. The Established Church had no one who could in any way compare with him in such knowledge, and the leading men of the day flocked to the old Sardinian Chapel to hear him,—conspicuous among them being Brougham, who was a constant attendant. The gen-

eral congregation of those days was very Italian, and the future Cardinal always preached in that language once a week.

There is another memory bound up with the old place which is but little known. At the time he was acting as Papal Nuncio at Brussels, the late Pope Leo came over to England, and during his stay was in the habit of saying Mass daily at the present high altar in Sardinia Street. The knowledge of this lends additional interest to the fact that it is the intention of the present rector, when the new church is complete, to transfer this altar to the Lady Chapel.

Many of the vestments still in use, though much worn by time, as well as a silver crucifix, thurible, and cruets, were the gift of a former King of Sardinia. There is also a silver monstrance—late Renaissance—which is almost too heavy to be carried; it was the gift of a Mr. Kenelm Digby for use at the Forty Hours'. It may be briefly described as a very fine specimen of a bad period. But the greatest treasure the old church possesses is the stone from the altar of the Blessed Virgin, at Glastonbury, together with the parchments relating thereto. There is some idea, possibly realizable, of making this the altar-stone in the new church now being erected in Kingsway, and distant about two minutes' walk from Sardinia Street. The foundation stone was laid last June, by the Archbishop of Westminster; and the building, which will be a handsome example of French Renaissance, is expected to be complete in a few months.

Everything possible will be done to transfer the associations of the Sardinian Chapel to Kingsway, but it is feared that only a small portion of the present furniture will be available. The great organ, which cost an immense sum, will have to be rebuilt and adapted; and there is no doubt that, when this is accomplished, it will still be a good instrument. It may add a note of interest to recall the fact that in early Victorian days it supported

the voices of Lablache, Persiani, Grisi, and others, who were all in the habit of giving their services gratis. This, with the picture above the altar, will be about all available for removal. If possible, the lamps will again be copied,—this time it is hoped in something better than wood, but the settlement of this lies in the future.

Meanwhile the sands of time are running fast. The Sardinian Chapel, which has lived in spite of the flames thrice enkindled, which has heard the wild shrieks and fierce cries of the hordes of fanatics who gathered round it in the days of the last of the Stuart Kings, and again in those of George the III., is doomed. The roof under which our forefathers wept and prayed in the dark hours of the grim Penal Laws, with ears that could not but listen for the tramp of armed men, while in their hearts arose that old cry, "How long, O Lord,—how long!" will in a few months fall to rise no more. To all who have interest in the past, or who love their religion, we urge a visit, before it is too late, to this interesting monument, which for three hundred years has stood against so much, and is now destined to disappear forever before the bloodless destruction of the London County Council.

MENTAL prayer consists in weighing and understanding what we are saying, who it is to whom we are speaking, and who we are to have the courage to speak to so great a Lord. Their opinion, however, is not to be followed who believe that its whole essence consists in thinking; so that if they can keep their thoughts fixed by a great effort, they then consider themselves very spiritual and men of prayer; but... if their attention wanders a little, even to good things, they imagine they are doing nothing. No: the substance of mental prayer, in my opinion, consists in nothing but conversing with God as with a friend. And so to speak of this thing or that to Him, who, we know, loves us, is mental prayer.—*St. Teresa.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXII.

IT chanced that the brief interview in the rose garden between Desmond and Hester had a witness of which neither was aware,—an altogether involuntary witness; for when, attracted by the beauty of the sunset, Edith went to a window which overlooked the garden, the river, and the distant woodlands sloping up to the western sky, she had no thought of seeing the two figures which at once caught her eye as they walked on the lower terrace, the white uniform of the nurse showing in strong relief against the green background of shrubs and hedges. She forgot the sunset, as she stood looking at them — frowning slightly while she looked, — until Desmond suddenly paused and caught the hand of the girl; then, with a start, she turned abruptly and moved away, conscious of having again surprised something not meant for her to see or know.

A sense of indignation possessed her as she walked hurriedly up and down the room. "What does it mean?" she asked herself in futile inquiry and hot scorn. Why this underhand intercourse, these clandestine meetings? If some tie, such as she had imagined, existed between Desmond and the nurse, why should he not avow it? What reason could there be for secrecy which seemed as unnecessary as it was unworthy? "What has he to lose by being open with us?" she wondered bitterly. "The will is made, and poor Uncle George has no power to change it now. It is almost as if he were already dead and the heir he has chosen is virtually master of Hillcrest. No one doubts or denies this; so why — *why* should he act in such a manner, maintain these secret relations with this girl, who has acknowledged that she is here in a false position?"

Vainly asking these questions as she

paced back and forth, Edith found herself also reflecting upon her own relations with Desmond. That he had given no sign of any intention of fulfilling the evident desire of the family by asking her to marry him, she was well aware; but it was part of her superb self-confidence that she had, nevertheless, entertained no doubt whatever of her power to bring him to her feet as a suitor if she desired to do so. She had not yet decided whether or not she did desire to do this; she was only pleasantly conscious of what she conceived to be her power to do as she liked, when the shock came which seemed to tell her that she possessed no such power; that, instead of commanding the situation as she fancied, she was of no account in it.

This at least had been her first impression; but it was characteristic of Edith Creighton that the belief in herself which every influence of her life had up to this time fostered, could not remain in eclipse very long. After the conversation with Selwyn, in which she relieved her mind and expressed various hasty opinions and conjectures, she recovered something of her usual poise; and it began to seem probable that the key to Desmond's unaccountable conduct might, after all, be found in his intentions toward herself,—intentions which it seemed impossible that he had not entertained, since everyone gave him credit for them; and she knew how irresistible she had often proved when making no such effort to charm as she was quite conscious of having made for his benefit. She decided, therefore, to give him, after a certain interval of coolness and delay, an opportunity to explain his apparent intimacy with the nurse. And her own interest having been stimulated by the element of doubt so unexpectedly introduced into the situation, there was no question but that she was more inclined than she had ever been to consider favorably the suit which might be offered as a result of the explanation, when—the sunset glow called her to a window in time to witness the scene in the garden,

which again threw all her thoughts and plans into chaos.

Now, reflecting upon these things, she was conscious of an anger more intense than any she had felt before,—even than that which, oddly enough, Selwyn had been the person appointed to soothe. For, although she would have said that Bobby's opinion had no weight with her, there was no doubt whatever that his positively expressed views had influenced her very much. Women feel instinctively that a man's opinion of men is based upon surer knowledge than their own; and when Selwyn declared, "You are letting your imagination run away with you. . . . There are some things a gentleman can't do," she was more impressed than she was willing to acknowledge. But now—she longed to have him before her now, in order that she might cry out upon him that he had been a fool to believe that the standard of a gentleman applied to Laurence Desmond, and that she had been an even greater fool to listen to him.

Briefly, Miss Creighton was in a state of mind and feeling which, if it could not possibly be described as the fury of "a woman scorned," which we are assured is beyond any other fury known, was at least sufficiently one of anger with herself, as well as with others, to make her mood dangerous. She felt—unreasonably enough, as we are aware, but nevertheless intensely—that her self-esteem had received a crushing blow; and considerations of dignity yielded to the natural human impulse to return the blow,—to prove to all whom it concerned that Desmond was not worthy of the trust which had been bestowed upon him; that if one of the first requirements of the Wargrave heir was that he should show a record of spotless honor, this man was not fitted to be that heir and to carry on the traditions and standards of a line of gentlemen.

In this highly charged condition of what might be described as spiritual

electricity, she went down to dinner, where it was, in a certain sense, a relief to find that Desmond was absent. Replying to her interrogative glance, Mrs. Creighton said:

"Laurence has gone into Kingsford. Bobby telephoned for him to come and meet some people of importance—magnates, as they are ridiculously called, of one kind or another,—who have stopped over to examine the resources of the country, with a view to railways or mills or—er—"

"Some other means of making money and demoralizing the people, as poor Uncle George would say," Edith concluded. "Yes, I heard Bobby talking of them,—the magnates, I mean. They are, of course, to be feasted and flattered, in order to induce them to spend some of their ill-gotten millions here if possible; and he wants all the help he can get in this effort. So he naturally called on Laurence, who has the Irish blarney on his tongue."

The speaker's own tongue betrayed more than she intended of the bitterness of her mood; but Mrs. Creighton made no comment beyond a quick glance, until they were in the library after dinner. Then she said:

"I have been wanting to ask you for several days, Edith, why you seem so—well, so irritated against Laurence. What has he done to annoy you?"

"To annoy me personally, nothing," Edith replied loftily. "But I have lost respect for him,—that's all."

"Lost respect for him!" Mrs. Creighton looked, as she felt, confounded. "Why what on earth has happened? What *has* he done?"

"I'd really rather you didn't ask me," Edith answered irritably. "As I've already said, he has done nothing toward me, but I have learned—that is—er—happened to find out some things about him which make me very sorry for poor Uncle George."

"Edith! This is perfectly dreadful. What have you found out? And why are you sorry for my brother?"

"I am sorry for him because I know that his chief requirement for the Wargrave heir is that he shall be a man of honor, and I am convinced that Laurence Desmond is nothing of the kind."

Now, this was more than Miss Creighton intended to say when she began; and much more, her conscience informed her, than she had a right to say. But, as we have all had occasion to learn in life, anger does not tend to moderation of statement; and the impetuous words burst from her lips before she could check them. When she saw the horrified expression of her stepmother's face, she realized that she had gone too far. But, explanation being difficult, she sprang to her feet.

"I told you that I'd rather you didn't ask me anything about it!" she exclaimed. "I don't want to talk of Laurence Desmond, or anything concerning him; and I wish I had never heard of him."

Then, still more angry from the self-betrayal which this implied, she turned and went quickly out of the room.

In the hall Edith paused, undecided what to do with herself, yet acutely conscious that her mood required distraction. At this moment she understood the pity which some of her friends in Kingsford bestowed upon her for living at Hillcrest, and felt that it might be desirable to be where it was possible at any moment to escape from oneself by means of social intercourse. Just now there was no social intercourse available at Hillcrest except that from which she had fled, unless she went up to the Judge's room; and intercourse with *him* had of late been hardly more than a painful attempt to interpret his difficult utterances.

The nurse would be there, however; and concerning the nurse Miss Creighton was now aware of a consuming curiosity. Something about the girl had, almost against her will, impressed her from the first,—something connected with, and yet distinct from, the likeness to the portrait of Mrs. Wargrave which had so much impressed everyone else. Despite

herself, she had been forced to acknowledge the indefinable personal charm which had struck Desmond so strongly, and to own that there was an arresting quality in the glance of the lucid eyes, the composure of the quiet manner. But she had made no effort to know the nurse except in her professional capacity, and since the day when she overheard the conversation with Desmond in the sitting-room, her manner had been of so repellent a frigidity, that it was no wonder Hester had said, "I am sure Miss Creighton suspects something."

Now, Miss Creighton felt that the time had come to resolve suspicion into certainty. She suddenly determined that she would go up to the Judge's apartments; that she would talk to the girl, and find or make an opportunity to learn the truth concerning the relations which clearly existed between herself and the young man, who was so distinctly a stranger in Hillcrest, although its heir. She turned toward the staircase, and as she did so she became aware of a figure which came swiftly around its sweeping curve and descended to meet her. It was Virgil, and something in his look and manner as he halted made her say quickly:

"Well, Virgil! What is it?"

"It's about Mass George, Miss Edith," Virgil answered; and she caught a note of excitement in his voice, a startled glance of apprehension in his eyes. "There's a change in him."

"A change!" She was startled now, for this expression usually means only one kind of change—the last known to mortality. "Is he worse? Has he had another stroke?"

Virgil shook his head.

"No'm. He's a great deal better. He's talkin' as well as ever he did."

"Virgil! Impossible!"

Virgil moved aside and made a motion of his hand upward.

"Go and see, Miss Edith," he said in a tone of solemnity. "I couldn't hardly believe my ears when I went in his room a

little while ago, to git everything ready for his goin' to bed, an' I heard him in the next room talkin',—not stumblin' an' blunderin' like he's been doin' since his last stroke, but *talkin'*. It skeered me. I listened at the door a while; an' then I thought I better let you an' Miss Rachel know, so as you might git the doctor."

"But what is the nurse doing?" Miss Creighton exclaimed. "It is her place to give us warning of any change."

Virgil glanced at her oddly.

"It hardly seems like she *is* the nuss! I—I could a'most a' swore it was Miss Maria in there talkin' with him. Go up, Miss Edith—for the Lawd's sake, go up an' hear for yourself! It's a miracle has happened or—or somethin' else."

"Yes, I'll go up and hear for myself," Edith told him; "and meanwhile say nothing to mamma. I don't want to startle her, but if I find that there is any need of the doctor, I will come down and telephone for him. Just keep quiet, Virgil; and be at hand in case I need you."

She moved up the staircase, conscious of a not unpleasant interest and excitement—something welcome, as taking her out of herself for the moment,—in this strange news. She gave it only a slight degree of credence, however; for she knew how poorly equipped for a witness the Negro is. Impressionable, emotional, and deeply superstitious, the most truthful of the race can hardly be relied upon for exact testimony; and she had read in Virgil's dilated eyes the proof of an excitement which just now rendered him peculiarly unfit to give anything of the kind.

Nevertheless, she could not doubt that some change in Judge Wargrave's condition must have taken place, and her judgment told her that caution was therefore necessary in approaching him. Dr. Glynn had warned the household that anything tending to excite him was to be carefully avoided; and there had been hints of a weak heart, as well as of the danger of another cerebral hemorrhage.

Bearing these things in mind, she paused in the corridor outside his sitting-room. If everything was quiet, she might not go in at all, at least just now.

But, so far from everything being quiet, she found herself listening with amazement and dismay to the sound of voices in sustained conversation,—amazement, because no such conversation had been possible with Judge Wargrave since his seizure; and dismay, because now and then his voice was raised in what seemed passionate argument or appeal. The words were inaudible, but the tones could not be mistaken; and Edith found herself wondering if insanity had overtaken him and loosed the power of speech in this extraordinary manner. But if so, what was the nurse about? Her tones as well as her words were almost inaudible; but it was clear that she was trying to soothe, to persuade, and—yes, to expostulate. And, subtly enough, Edith was conscious that this expostulation was not that of a nurse in her official capacity, but rather of one who discussed personal matters as an equal. More and more as she listened, wonder overcame Miss Creighton; and with wonder, curiosity. *What* could they be talking about in this passionate, absorbed fashion? It was strange enough that the power of speech had been restored to Judge Wargrave in a manner which seemed indeed almost miraculous; but even that strangeness was lost sight of in her desire to know the subject of this amazing conversation.

She hesitated, asking herself what she had better do. To enter the room and demand an explanation—call the nurse to task for neglect of duty—was, of course, open to her. But while that might put an end to the conversation, would it tell her what its subject had been? She felt a conviction that it would not; and just now nothing seemed of so much importance as learning what it was that these two were so eagerly, so absorbedly

discussing. She told herself that it was necessary for her to know, in order that she might inform the doctor what kind of nurse he had placed in charge of his patient; and it was also right that, representing Judge Wargrave's relations and friends, she should learn what the object was for which this girl was pleading with one whom age and weakness had placed in her power. What revelation had she made to him? What was she trying to induce him to do or not to do?

It was less curiosity than passionate indignation, and the desire to gain a knowledge which would enable her to protect the old man whom she loved, that made Edith resolve that she would find a means to hear what was going on in this closed room, from which only the inarticulate sound of voices issued. She suddenly remembered Virgil's words, "*I listened at the door*"; and with them came a recollection of that curtain-hung door between the sitting-room and the chamber behind it, where she, too, had once listened accidentally to a conversation. The memory was like an inspiration; and she did not pause to weigh the impulse which made her turn swiftly, enter the chamber, from which Virgil had fled in dismay a little while before, and cross the floor noiselessly to the door. It was closed, but she put out her hand and opened it softly behind the shielding portière. As she did so—as it yielded to her touch and swung toward her—a sound as of rustling paper met her ear, and then the Judge's voice, loud, passionate, arbitrary:

"I know what I am doing. It is the only way. Burn it, I say! Let me see you burn it!"

There came a murmur of something like protest, another insistent, "Burn it!" and, forgetting everything else in her eagerness, Edith Creighton drew back the curtain sufficiently to see the white-clad figure of the nurse stoop and lay a paper in the heart of the glowing fire.

Jesus is Sleeping.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

JESUS is sleeping!
 Clamors the gale,
 Wild waves are sweeping
 High as the sail,—
 But Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
 The mad waters rave,
 Dashing and leaping;
 Who is to save
 When Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
 Crouch we all here,
 Wailing and weeping,
 Heartsick with fear,—
 For Jesus is sleeping!

Jesus is sleeping!
 Why do ye weep?
 Is He not keeping
 Watch in His sleep?
 Sleep, cares and weeping,—
 Jesus is sleeping!

Charles Warren Stoddard.—An American Appreciation.

BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

SAN CARLOS mission, in the Carmelo Valley, near Monterey, California, was restored in the year 1882, at which time care was taken to identify the coffins and remains of three historic men—Crespi, one of the first Franciscan missionaries to California; Serra, the well-known and beloved Padre Presidente; and Lasuén, one of his successors. These three are buried under the altar; and on Monday, April 26, in the shadow of the same walls, which he loved so devotedly, all that was mortal of another sweet and beautiful soul was there laid to rest.

On the preceding Saturday, there had passed away, at Pacific Grove, only a few

miles distant, Charles Warren Stoddard, one of the foremost poets of California and well-known literary men of America. There were greater men, but few whose death would bring tears to so many eyes and sorrow to so many hearts; for he was especially beloved. There was that in his nature that irresistibly attracted men and women of thought, refinement, culture, and character. He was essentially simple-hearted, pure-souled, impulsive, and full of love for every living creature. Hence people loved him in return almost before they knew it; and went out of his presence, after meeting him for the first time, feeling that they had met a manly man, who, however, won their love as a motherly woman wins the love of a child. I emphasize this phase of his character, and can not put it too strongly; for I am assured it was the key to his strange and otherwise inexplicable life. Indeed, in one of our heart-to-heart talks, he openly confessed that this was the secret of all his apparent contradictions,—his simplicity and his impulsive affection. With this as the basis, let us look at him with the eye of affectionate analysis.

With a keenly discriminating mind; alert to every breath of poetic fancy; touched to tears by beauty in face, form, nature, character or act; with an intense desire to see and know; a streak of the adventurous in him; a voracious reader; a natural Bohemian of the high-charactered type; capable of making and winning friends amongst every class of human beings, from savage to king, poet and philosopher, scientist, warrior, statesman and preacher, and amongst animals as well as men; attaching to him servants and savages, dogs and cats, with a devotion that was faithful unto death,—he was withal as simple as a child, as unconscious of anything but sweetness and purity as a Thorwaldsen statue, and poured out his love, consciously and unconsciously, on every hand, to living and inanimate creation alike.

In addition to these qualities there was

about him a native refinement that was as much above the polished, cultivated, artificial, refinement of the so-called well-bred "man of the world" as the real diamond is above the paste pretence. He was *really* refined; and the result was he often did things that the artificially or pretentiously refined would not have dared to do. He was as careful of the feelings of the Hawaiian savage as of those of the refined ladies who in later years used to hang upon the words of eloquent poetry that fell from his lips when he held the chair of English Literature in the Catholic University of Washington. That, and that only, is true refinement and courtesy which is refined and courteous to all, especially to those below one in the social scale; and it was such courtesy as this that Charles Warren Stoddard possessed in fullest measure.

But there was more; and this also it is necessary to understand, rightly to comprehend him. His was a nature warring ever within itself. He was essentially a Bohemian, a Cavalier of the purer type of the days of Bonnie King Charlie; and yet he was essentially a mystic, a recluse, a monk. Here, within himself, was the Irresistible meeting the Irremovable. Hence to close, though superficial, observers he was a man of great contradictions, when in reality he was merely revealing the swaying emotions of his inner soul with the simple openness of a child. I have before me a letter — one of many — written with that utter abandon of candor and openness that only a great and unsuspecting soul can attain to, in which the mystic part of him is revealed, — his longing for the cloister and complete retirement from the world; and this, too, at a time when he was the gayest of the gay, the charming, debonair, witty, whimsical, brilliant conversationalist, who entranced all who came within his influence. Here it is. It is dated, New York, March 15, 1878:

"Had a three hours' restful talk with

Father H. yesterday. Held in my arms a cast (from death) of the hand of St. Ignatius! My God, it was like throwing miraculous arms around a firmament. I was drunk with awe. It may be I shall come to it, after all, — a cloister, restful routine; a stepping out of one's self into the semi-spiritual existence which I know is all-sufficient. I have seen it."

And in another letter from Rome, written four years earlier, in the same month of March, the same sentiment is expressed, together with proofs of his outwardly merry disposition and the readiness with which he made friends. It was written to one who had just entered the furnace of affliction in the death of a loved one:

"I know how you feel. I know that there is no possible way of softening the *snap* of a life-thread. Death is the one thing that Christ dreaded, and asked in a fainting moment to be relieved from. Do you think I would not give all my earthly aims — yes, almost my hope of heaven — to have those darlings of mine back again in the flesh, where I could fall down and almost worship them, and say to them the thousand precious things I always felt but had not time to say, or did not know how to say? Have I got used to being shut off from them? No, no, I have not! I say 'Good-night!' to them, along with my other friends, every night of my life. I try to think how they are all together just as they used to be. Were it not for my darling mother and that idolized sister in the Islands and that blessed chum — three steps only, — I should bury myself out of this world in the seclusion of one of these monasteries. I never pass one here but I keel a little over to that side. I am not morbid, I laugh and go about, and see people who don't suspect me of melancholy. I stir about pretty lively sometimes; for the money gives out, and but that friends follow me or meet me wherever I am, and friends blossom out in a night — new friends, like the night-blooming cereus,

full of strength and fragrance and satisfying beauty, *that don't last any too long*,—but for these I should have a sorry time of it."

The italics are his own, and they show how clear was his discernment. His new-found friends, some of them, did blossom in a night into full bloom, and then speedily died away. Yet he bore no malice, regretted with no vain longings. There was in him much of the philosopher as well as the lover and the poet.

He wrote a good deal, yet was far from being a voluminous writer. His best known work was his "South Sea Idylls," appearing originally as letters to a San Francisco newspaper. They were his first prose attempts. He had written a number of poems, and Bret Harte had made up a volume of them, which was illustrated by William Keith, the now world-distinguished California artist. Then he went to the Sandwich Islands in the hope of finding something to do there,—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he had started out on an "adventurous trip of speculation among the reef-bound constellations of the South Pacific." That was in 1868. In August, 1870, he writes a private letter from Papeete on the back of the newspaper wrapper I now hold in my hand; amongst other things he says: "I am penniless; must work my way back home when I get ready to go. Can get nothing to do here, as I had been told I could easily; and am now meditating a flight to some savage spot near by, where I can take one long breath of natural life and get back to dear old California with it sweet on my tongue."

It was not long before he did as he then meditated. He plunged into the native way of life as simply as a child; and, because he was a white man, some dared to accuse him of living an immoral life with savages; for they were not always as rigid in the moralities as we are. But this was, as are so many of such charges, an unfounded slander.

He lived so guilelessly that even the natives kept everything that they deemed evil from touching him; and he returned to civilization undefiled, and richer by far in knowledge than any traveller in those Islands either before or since. For he entered sympathetically into the exuberant life of the gentle "savages." He loved them, and they reciprocated his affection with the eager spontaneity of the uncivilized native. And when he began to write of his "people"—those who were his especial friends and neighbors,—and described, in his richly poetic way, the surroundings of their life, he made a series of pictures that thrilled and delighted all who saw them, and that to-day are as fresh and sweet and entrancing as ever.

He was essentially a letter writer. All his best work was done in that fashion. His "Idylls" were sent to a dear friend, who rewrote them (not revising them, but merely putting them into a readable text and changing his barbarous spelling, for he was ever a wretched speller), and sent them to the printer. When the series was completed, they were gathered together and issued in book-form. So also were his "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" and his "Island of Tranquil Delights." These are his South Sea books which won him the admiration and friendship of such eminent critics and authors as Rudyard Kipling. His "Lepers of Molokai" needs no introduction to an AVE MARIA audience; for the book was originally written for its pages, and has always been published at its office. In the last and new edition, revised and enlarged only a year ago, he wrote in the copy he sent me: "This is the third time this little sketch has been set up. It has grown from a wee ten-cent pamphlet to a more pretentious one in style and size and price. Now it appears in full dress, and has probably seen its last transformation." How little he then thought that he was so soon to pass away!

His "Troubled Heart" and "Wonder-

Worker of Padua" are also issued by THE AVE MARIA press; and in a copy of the former he wrote to me: "Here you have my inner life all laid bare. Were I to rewrite this little book after a lapse of more than forty years, I would not change a line of it." And in the latter he says: "Here is a little sketch of the saint I love best of all." On the title-page of "For the Pleasure of His Company" he wrote: "Here you have my confessions. This is one of the *truest* stories ever told. Do not think me egotistical: I am merely frankly ingenuous."

This book gained its title from a suggestion made by Kipling. On reading the manuscript, he said it was worth publishing and worth reading, simply to give one the pleasure of the company of Paul Clitheroc, who is none other than Stoddard himself. And how interesting a narrative it is! How full of personal flavor! One of the two copies he sent to me is interleaved with photographs of the various scenes described, on which he wrote most interesting notes and "keys" to the text.

Yet, strange to say, his "Exits and Entrances" was his favorite book. Of it he said: "It seems to me I like this book as well as any I have published, and a great deal better than some of them. Variety is its spice."

Another of his books, made up from what were practically "Letters of Travel," was "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska." It consisted of notes sent to THE AVE MARIA; and on the title-page he writes to me: "Behold the record of a jolly outing during my first vacation as a dominie. It was the best part of the scholastic year."

His literary life began in California. He was one of the brilliant coterie that made the first great weekly newspaper on the Coast—the *Californian*; and in one of his books he thus refers to it: "A long time ago—nearly a quarter of a century—California could boast a literary weekly capable of holding its own with any in the land. This was before San Francisco

had begun to lose her unique and delightful individuality—now gone forever. Among the contributors to this once famous weekly were Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Prentice Mulford, Joaquin Miller, Dan de Quille, Orpheus C. Kerr, C. H. Webb, 'John Paul,' Ada Clare, Adah Isaacs Menken, Ina Coolbrith, and hosts of others." He had begun to write poetry surreptitiously while an errand boy and clerk in a bookstore, and the great and good Thomas Starr King had found him out and urged him to go to school and study.

It was his association with Dr. King and the *Californian* that brought him to know Bret Harte; and when the latter was asked to become the editor of the soon-to-be-started *Overland Monthly* (in 1869), he and Charley (as Stoddard was always affectionately termed by his friends), together with Ina Coolbrith, made a compact that, no matter who else contributed, they would each have something ready for each number of the magazine. How well this compact was kept a mere glance at the first two or three volumes reveals. I have them here before me as I write, and I find that in the first six months' issues Stoddard has a poem every month, and nearly as frequently in the two volumes that follow. Indeed they were seen so much together, were these three, that one day a wag, observing them leaving the *Overland* office, turned to his companion and said: "There go the Golden Gate Trinity!" And by that name they have ever since been known. It was the poems thus published that were afterward gathered together to make his volume of poems, illustrated by William Keith, and edited by Bret Harte.

My friend, Professor Henry Meade Bland, of the State Normal School in San José, California, in a review of Stoddard's work, claims that three factors entered into the making of the poet. His ancestry was largely of cultured though Puritan stock, and as a child he read and reread the Bible through many times. Indeed, one of his earliest and easiest-earned dollars was

gained, when he was ten years old, from an uncle who paid it as a reward for his reading the Bible through. This reading, however, was not a mere perfunctory matter. The young child, impressionable and moody, found in it much that soothed, comforted, thrilled and satisfied him. Its stories of life of those old days; its definite statements about God and heaven and hell, the angels and devils, the saints and prophets; the exquisite poetry of such books as Ruth and Job and the Psalms; the wonderful history of the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles; the weird and mysterious prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel, and their marvellous and graphic language of denunciation,—all these took far more hold upon the young and dreamy-eyed child than they do upon most children. The result was a storing of his mind with clear, vigorous, direct language, and at the same time a teaching of the power of symbolic language,—the use of the metaphor, trope, symbol, illustration.

Combined with the interest was a keen observation for trifles and details, and a marvellously tenacious memory. This memory power was of great help to him all through life; though, strange to say, when he attempted to use it on the stage in dramatic art—at which he made one or two desperate endeavors—he found himself distrusting his memory, and turning again and again to his lines to make sure of them.

Then, when a boy of twelve, he accompanied his mother (in 1855) across the Isthmus of Nicaragua to California; and of this trip he says: "This three-day adventure by river, lake and mountain, in the heart of the tropics, probably had much to do with awakening within me a love and longing that six voyages in the South Seas could not satiate."

Three important and strong elements, indeed, to influence any impressionable mind,—love of Holy Writ for its interest and wonderful phrasing; a powerful memory; an awakened desire to study

and know the marvels of the tropics. For a few years this last element was dormant. Stoddard became a clerk in a bookstore, a student at school, then he wrote poetry; and, under Harte's critical and stern tutelage, he was disciplined into care and thoroughness. Poetic license might be allowed to his *thought*, but none to his verse. Technically, it must be as near perfect as hard work and study could make it.

Then he tried the stage, and would have done fairly well had he not been a poet, and the great opportunity came to him that secretly or subconsciously he had long been hoping for. This was the chance to go to the South Sea Islands. The world knows what he made out of that first trip and its successors, so far as South Sea literature is concerned. And it was to the success of his letters from the South Seas that he owed his first trips to Europe. There, in England, where he was expected to correspond with certain newspapers, he found Mark Twain lecturing at the Queen's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square; and the humorist practically compelled him to give up his writing to come and be his companion, and save him from the pangs of homesickness and solitariness that almost overpowered him. Thus, little by little, Stoddard was launched upon the great sea of letters, soon to become a professor of English Literature (in 1884) at Notre Dame, Indiana; and then (in 1886) to be transferred for thirteen years to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

When he left Washington, he abandoned the lecture platform forever; and, to make assurance doubly sure, even burned the manuscripts of over one hundred and fifty lectures he had so laboriously and carefully prepared. For two years he resided in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and then yielded to the never-satisfied craving for his long-loved California. He returned to the Golden State and took up his residence in the old Monterey he loved so well, where he had traced the steps

made by Stevenson over twenty-five years previously. Here it was that I first met him, and in person enjoyed the charm that for so many years had bewitched me in his letters, his books, and his poems.

It was there that he again yielded to the allurements of verse-making, which for many years he had abjured. And neither in prose nor verse did he ever write anything stronger than the resonant, lilting, swinging, powerful "Bells of San Gabriel." Here, in the old town redolent with the memories and filled with visible memorials of the Padres, near to the church Padre Serra himself built, and in whose sacred walls his body still reposes, he rose to his greatest height—I humbly think—as a poet. Vivid pictures of the mission San Gabriel in its palmy days—fields of waving corn, acres of glowing and glistening vineyard, scores of willing hands and feet guided and directed by clear brains and loving hearts,—all made to disappear before the greed of vulture politicians. What denunciation of Christ-like wrath in the lines!—

Where are they now, O Tower!—

The locusts and wild honey?

Where is the sacred dower

That the Bride of Christ was given?

Gone to the wielders of power,

The misers and minters of money;

Gone for the greed that is their creed,—

And these in the land have thriven.

And how marvellous the refrain after every verse, responding to his questioning as to where the power of San Gabriel has gone! Nothing in Poe or Swinburne Tennyson or even Shakspeare, has so perfect a cadence. It is a triumph of poetic art in conscious or unconscious exercise of onomatopœsis; for, instead of a single word being made to express by sound the thing it would represent, the whole verse here has the ring and swing, the swell and volume, of the sonorous bells of the old mission campanile:

And every note of every bell

Sang "Gabriel!" rang "Gabriel!"

In the tower that's left the tale to tell

Of Gabriel the Archangel.

I know of but three other pieces of verse in the whole realm of English literature that equal these lines in this remarkable quality, and they are the last two stanzas of Browning's "Popularity," Poe's "The Bells," and Joaquin Miller's "Song of the Dove."

During this Monterey epoch, Stoddard wrote a series of articles on "The Romance of the Missions" for *Sunset Magazine*; "Reminiscences of Old Days in California" for the *Pacific Monthly*; and, perhaps best of all, a few articles—one on Stevenson and Monterey—for the *National Magazine*.

I referred, early in this sketch, to Stoddard's apparently contradictory character. I have heard it referred to many times somewhat in this fashion: "How could a man of such culture and refinement, such poetic instincts and gentle manners, ever so demean himself as to live with those disgusting Hawaiian savages? Why, they tell me he even made friends and actually lived—ate and slept and worked and 'lazed'—with them!" Perfectly true, my dear friend! As I have elsewhere said, he became one of them. And it was because he saw further than you, deeper, truer, with better, keener insight, that he was able to live with them. You would have seen only the surface things, some of which were not pleasing; he saw the inner and beautiful things of the soul,—the purest affection, the devotion, the simplicity, the tenderness, the gentleness, the innate poetry and instinctive religious feeling of the child of Nature.

And those things were the reflex of his own nature. They were himself exactly. To the world of polish and refinement and artificial culture, he appeared always in armor,—an armor of polish and super-refinement and super-culture, which as effectually hid the real, genuine, lovable man beneath as three coats of paint hide the fine grain and satiny texture of a slab cut from a Southern cypress. But to these unsophisticated savages he came

as a great-hearted, lovable, loving human being, capable of taking them all into his affections, and responding to their childlike enthusiasms and joys with an exuberance as volcanic and tropic as their own. And it was because of this quality, combined with his poetry and literary gifts, that he could meet the great minds of the age, and charm them with his personality, and converse as easily as he charmed the savage. Stoddard possessed in marked degree the divine gift of sympathy, of understanding; and he possessed this because he had the larger, rarer gift of a universal and helpful affection.

Those of us who loved him hoped that many years of useful life awaited him in California; but, alas! it was not to be. He suffered greatly in the earthquake and fire that devastated San Francisco in April, 1906, and never recovered from the shock. His nerves were completely shattered, and he grew so affected that each time I saw him he asserted that he must return East and get away from the constant terror that had seized him. During the past year his heart also seemed affected, and several times he had to go to receive medical care at a sanitarium. About five weeks before his death, he was taken so ill that he was confined to the bed from which he never was to rise; and on Saturday, April 24, his soul calmly passed from his body, and his earthly life was ended.

The following Monday, in the dear old mission he had so often written about, and with such affection, funeral services were held, at which were present a large number of his friends from Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey, San José, Santa Clara, San Francisco, and all the cities of the Bay and elsewhere. A eulogy was pronounced by Father Starke; and then, carried to his grave by personal friends, chief of whom was George Sterling, the poet, his body was laid at rest in Carmelo mission cemetery, within hearing of the soft plash of the Pacific's waves on the smooth

tawny sands, and the roar of the surf on the rugged black rocks.

Soon sweet flowers will blossom upon his grave, and the orange-laden zephyrs will whisper softly their loving regrets that he has gone; the Monterey pines and cypress will sigh their anthems and requiems, while the cries of the sea-gulls will give voice to the threnodies of all flying things; the high-born rain will drop in sorrow, and the dew fall in gentle silence, — all, in their own way, signifying the loss the earth has sustained in dear Charley's death. And his friends will go with a new sadness at their hearts to beloved Carmelo mission, and, standing by his grave, will remember the words of his long-loved friend, Ina Coolbrith, the sole remaining member of the Golden Gate Trinity,—the words that he so often quoted to me:

When the grass shall cover me
Head to foot where I am lying,
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing,
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was!"
You will say, "How true she was!"—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Hidden close to Earth's warm bosom,
While I laugh or weep or sing
Nevermore for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow,
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was!"—
When the grass grows over me.

So sleep on, dear Charley! God watches o'er thy grave. We loved thee on earth, but the stars above call us to the beyond, to the higher life, where we shall surely meet again.

The Old and the New.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THAT lovely March morning the snow was still upon the ground, though beginning to melt in patches, and helping to swell the brook that laughed and made merry in the sunshine. At the foot of the hill, the Bonhomme Desourdie had his maple bush,—as fine a collection of sugar-bearing trees as was to be found for many a mile around. It had been for years considered the best property of the kind within the limits of the Mountain village; and Michel Desourdie had never been disturbed by the slightest uneasiness as to his methods of turning it to profit, and, with the blessing of Heaven, reaping an abundant harvest.

Every spring, for more years than most of his neighbors could remember, he had tapped the trees as soon as the sun of March began to shed its radiance over the landscape. It was always the same process. Laboriously, he made holes in the trunk a few feet above the ground, inserting therein a primitive wooden spout, and attaching thereto a wooden bucket to catch the drip of the precious liquid. And when it came to converting the sap into sugar, of course that was done in the great iron kettle, over an open fire,—what could be better! And how sweet the burning of the maple boughs, blending with the fragrance of the woods, wild, aromatic and fresh, with the breath of the pines and firs that all winter long had braved the frost! Upon this particular morning, there was a feeling of the returning life of spring even in the leafless branches of those sturdy-limbed children of the soil, that were to give their substance for the enrichment of their owner. Michel Desourdie was likewise well content with his gains; for it never occurred to him that there were modern

ways and means by which those gains might be increased threefold, and his labors lightened in many ways.

The first rumor of that fact, as it related to himself, reached him through the barber, as most rumors reached everyone at the Mountain. That inquisitive and talkative little biped, who had plenty of spare time on his hands, resembled nothing so much as a bluebottle fly that goes humming and buzzing everywhere, without apparent reason. He had come straight to the Desourdie bush from the post office, where he had been trying to elicit the latest information from the cautious and timorous Auclair. He stood and watched the old man in his rough suit of homemade cloth, with his peaked cap upon his head, proceeding from tree to tree with a little handcart, upon which was a huge tin vessel, wherein to collect the sap. Near by was the fire, heaped up and ready to light, overhung by the large iron kettle.

Noting the interest with which his proceedings were observed, Desourdie was very happy, and broke forth in a burst of mild exhilaration:

"Ma foi, but it is a good yield this year! I shall have many gallons of sap. Think of that, my friend!"

The barber preserved a significant silence, which somehow the other felt to be ominous. From long experience, he was aware that the little gossip's one means of expression was talk. Therefore, as the owner of the bush regarded his visitor, a wistful expression crept into the aged face with its framework of snow-white hair.

"It is a fine yield?" he inquired in a trembling voice.

The barber pursed his lips.

"But should be better, Monsieur Desourdie," he declared sententiously; "yes, it should be a great deal better. For I must tell you—"

Here he crossed the fence, climbing carefully, like a child or a woman. He sat down upon the stump of a tree, which

was covered with the improvised cushion of an old coat. He wanted to give all possible deliberation to the important tidings he had brought, and which, so far as he knew, were still more or less of a secret in the village.

"And what, then, is it you would tell me?" inquired Desourdie, bringing his cart to a standstill beside one of the trees. He had no great curiosity. What was there beyond the limits of his own place, his own property, that could concern him vitally!

"It is that our neighbor Autier, at the crossroads, has got what he calls an apparatus."

The barber pronounced the English word with difficulty, and Desourdie was serenely indifferent as to its meaning. It might have meant some new and complicated farming implement.

"But," said the barber, seeing that he had failed to produce an effect, "it is for the making of sugar, saving half the time and most of the work, and getting great profit."

"But the sap he must get from the trees!" cried the simple old man, not yet comprehending the meaning of his visitor's words.

"Oh, yes, the sap from the trees, for sure!" replied the barber. "He takes it in fine pails of tin,—the finest I have seen. He harnesses his oxen to a cart and gathers all the pails when they are full."

"And then?" said the old man, who was beginning to perceive what these tidings portended.

"Then he brings it to a sugar-house—a big wooden one which he has built in the middle of the bush,—and in there is the apparatus."

He brought out the word once more with a jerk.

"And, presto! the sap passes through pipes and—I know not what—while he waits. He does not stir it, he does not touch: it is made."

Michel sat down upon a stump close

to that of the barber; he was all attention, lest he should lose a word of the wondrous narrative.

"And the sugar is good?" he queried. "What kind is the sugar?"

"The best," answered the purveyor of news. "He kept it secret on purpose, and they say he has got all the orders from the market in Montreal and at St. Hyacinth. M. Auclair, at the post office, he knows. He has seen all the letters come and go."

Desourdie rested his pathetic old head upon his hand, while slow tears, which he did not wish the barber to perceive, filled his eyes. If all this were true, then his bush had become practically useless. His day as the chief purveyor of sugar to the markets at the two mentioned places, from that district at least, was over. His pounds of the delectable sweet, numerous as he had thought them, were infinitesimally small, and his gallons of syrup as nothing, in comparison with those which the barber was now figuring out with parrot-like exactness to be produced by that something with the unpronounceable name.

"Mathurin, at the sawmill," continued the narrator, "he says that Madore Autier is bound to make a fortune, and that he will take all the trade from here unless you make haste to get an apparatus."

"Does it cost much money?" Michel asked hopelessly; for he felt that, even if he were to procure the magical sugar-maker, he would find the management thereof very difficult,—far beyond his age-enfeebled powers.

"It costs some hundreds of dollars—to make it a success," answered the barber at a venture.

He knew as he said it, in his vague, careless way, that he might as well have said millions; but he was already on foot again, eager to spread the news wherever it had not yet reached, with the additional particulars of the Bonhomme Desourdie's crushed despondency.

II.

When the gossip-monger had left him, the poor old sugar-maker rose to his feet and mechanically resumed his now fruitless labor. Around him was the familiar scene,—the half-melted snow lying in streaks alternately with the rich brown earth, the tufts of green, and the trees arising brown and bleak, not yet showing so much as a bud or the faintest beginning of a leaf; so that the spring, with its treasures of sweetness to come, was but a matter of faith. If the market were taken from him—for so his bewildered thoughts went round in a circle,—of what avail was his bush, whereof he had been so proud? It would yield no more the scant income which, with the produce of his apple orchard, had enabled him to live, and to put by something for the dot of his only remaining grandchild, Coralie.

She was a charming girl, just blossoming into womanhood,—fresh and wholesome, with skin like a peach, eyes like the mountain sloes, and hair crisp, curling, and nut-brown. If the *Bon Dieu* so willed, she would be marrying soon. It was advisable that she should, since he had but little to leave her, and his days could not be very much longer upon the earth. There was not a girl at the Mountain who had married without a portion, and it was not his “little one” who should be the first. And yet he was so helpless,—so utterly helpless! What was there he could do?

Scarcely had the newsmonger passed upon his way, when the “little one” herself appeared. Her household work was done indoors. She was a thrifty and capable housewife, and she had come forth to see if she could help the dear *grand-père*, whom she playfully called, in common with most of the neighborhood, “Bonhomme.” She came close to him and put her hand upon his shoulder, which, she thought to herself, seemed more bent than she had ever before noticed. She took a swift glance or two

into the old man’s face, and began to perceive with swift, motherly intuition that something was amiss. What could it be, she wondered,—what could have so disturbed the placid tenor of the aged sire’s existence?

“What is it, Bonhomme?” she asked, in a low, soothing tone.

Her grandfather, struggling with his emotion, did not answer.

“Is it, then, indigestion?” she persisted. “If so, you had better take some of the bitter hickory, which I will get for you. There is *rien de meilleur* for the stomach.”

But the old man shook his head.

Coralie pressed him down upon an improvised sofa formed by a fallen tree, being careful to arrange a coat under him; and then she sat down herself. The hand upon the shoulder became softly caressing, and the touch of the gentle fingers strayed to the sparse gray hair that surrounded the pallid, wrinkled face. And, so sitting, the girl made Michel tell her all, beginning with the information that the barber had been there. Coralie muttered an exclamation, directed against the newsmonger. She had not the patient tolerance of age with the foibles of her fellow-mortals. She heard, with paling face and quivering lip, that some one—some one at the Mountain—had procured a means of making sugar with marvellous rapidity, and had obtained orders from the markets that had once been Michel’s. But Coralie had within her the blood of a sturdy Breton mother and grandmother, and as she listened her mouth took on an expression of determination.

“They shall not beat us!” she cried, when the tremulous old voice had finished its brief narrative. “I will go to Montreal myself, and beg of the dealers to buy as before from us. Our sugar is pure; there is nothing better. What matters it to them how we make it? And,” she added, “if they want more, by getting up earlier I can find time to work with you and increase the present quantity.”

The grandfather murmured a blessing upon her; and the girl, by a sudden thought, inquired who it was that had thus supplanted them. Desourdie mentioned the name, and instantly a wave of color shot up from Coralie's cheeks to her forehead, and down again, leaving her pale. She made no remark, however; and possibly the fighting theory was on the point of being abandoned. In another instant she raised her head and said, with an air of resolution:

"We must do something, Bonhomme. We must do what we can."

III.

Scarcely had she thus concluded when a loud, jovial voice sounded near; and some one, who had heard the conversation between the two, and had witnessed the little scene with emotion, put a hale-and-hearty leg over the fence from the highroad and joined the pair.

"It is I—Autier!" he said.

Both grandfather and granddaughter started, the latter turning very red again. In old Desourdie's heart there was not a particle of rancor against his rival, so he greeted him as usual:

"*Bonjour, bonjour*, my neighbor! How goes it with you?"

"Well, well," answered the other, looking about, with keen eyes, at the simple preparations for the harvesting of sugar. As if he had never seen it before, he remarked: "You have a fine bush here, Michel."

"Yes," answered Michel, "and a fine yield this year, praise be to God! But—"

"We know, Monsieur Autier," interposed Coralie, speaking with a fine touch of dignity, "that it is all useless now, since we have only the old way of making sugar."

The big man smiled at her and nodded his head.

"That is what I have come here to speak to you about, Michel," he said, as he stood confronting the two,—the old man sitting in his sudden helplessness;

and the girl standing, modestly resolute, with a pretty flush upon her cheek and a light in her eyes; for was not the visitor . . .

"You have," said the latter, speaking decidedly, and as one who knew whereof he spoke, "a bush so good, Michel, that it should bring you from fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars every year."

Desourdie gasped. The sums seemed fabulous; and Autier, who was one of the best-natured as he was also amongst the most prosperous men at the Mountain, laughed at his neighbor's astonishment.

"I have come here to-day," he went on, "to ask you if you will go into partnership with me. I have the apparatus—the plant, as they call it,—and you have a better bush than mine, even though I have bought that of Leduc as well. Together, we can sweep the markets."

"Go into partnership with Madore Autier!" The idea was almost too much for Desourdie's bewildered faculties to grasp. He turned his eyes from the florid visage of the speaker to that of his granddaughter. Perhaps she would understand.

"And I believe that there is to be another partnership," Autier continued, chucking the pretty wood-nymph under the chin and pulling a stray lock of her curling hair.

Desourdie was still more bewildered.

"Ah, I see she has not told you, the mouse!" said the big man. "But it is that rascal of a son of mine, Telesphore, who took the honors two years ago at the college in Montreal. It is he who wants a partnership with your pretty Coralie here."

Smiles and blushes were playing over the charming face that looked from one to the other of the old men.

"Aha," exclaimed Autier, delightedly, "she knows all about that partnership!"

Oh, how the dawning life of the woods pulsed and throbbed about the pair at that moment,—the old man, whose beloved bush was to grow and be developed as part of a great scheme; and the young

girl, from the clear horizon of whose love had been swept the only cloud—fear of parental opposition! The whole air seemed vocal with some harmony unexpressed, for there was never the voice of a bird. Even the crow had not yet begun its unmelodious caw proclaiming to the hoary Mountain that the spring was at hand.

"And we shall have a great sugaring party," said the magnate; "and it is you, Coralie, who will make out the invitations. There is no one at the Mountain who shall be forgotten. And when they are all assembled, it will be a good time—will it not?—to make known the betrothal. What say you, Papa Desourdie?"

And Papa Desourdie, awaking from a reverie wherein he was trying to adjust the old conditions to the new, cried out heartily, his pallid face taking on a tinge of color, and his pale blue eyes brightening:

"Oh, yes, it shall be as you say!"

"And you will give us your little one?" Madore Autier asked again, to make sure that the other had understood.

The old man involuntarily sighed. That was a bitter-sweet morsel which had been suddenly put to his lips. To give up his idolized grandchild was cruelly hard; but to give her to the son of one of the richest men in the village, and who was himself a fine, steady lad and a good Christian, was more than he could have hoped to do.

"Since it is the will of the good God for her to marry," he answered, "there is no one to whom I should so willingly give her."

This being settled, and the other matter referred to a day later on, when its practical details could be set on paper, Madore Autier went away, and the two were left alone. Inspired by the renewal of hope, the old man arose as though he had received a fresh lease of life, and set fire to the pile of wood under the iron kettle, and filled the latter three-quarters full with the sap he had collected in the pails. He was excited, exhilarated, laughing the clear laugh of a child.

The two sat down again to watch the boiling process with the patience born of many years of work. The contents of the kettle began at last to bubble and foam, emitting a delicious odor, more powerful even than the aroma of the pines. Coralie arose from time to time to stir the mixture, testing it in the melted snow, to be certain of its consistency. This done, she took her place again beside her grandfather, and the silence about them was disturbed only by the stream rushing joyously along.

Michel had fallen into meditation, which brought the tears to his eyes. He was picturing to himself a time when the precious one beside him—the last of all those children and grandchildren whom he had seen die in infancy, or go away from the shadow of the Mountain—should likewise have left him.

"Bonhomme," said the girl softly, breaking in upon his thoughts, which she had divined, "you must not grieve. I shall not go away from here,—not at least for a long time. Even when I marry Telesphore, we shall stay with you. He does not want to farm. He is to be notary to the village, now that the other is too old. He will, besides, give you some help with the orchard and the bush. I have arranged all that with him. We had only to wait for Père Autier's consent, which you have heard him give; and for yours, which I was sure of beforehand."

Michel, dazed at first, broke into a shrill, delighted laugh.

"You will stay with me," he said, "even when you are married; and my bush will be worked, and we will not lose our trade. The good God be praised and blessed!"

He raised his cap and looked upward, and Coralie put her arm about his neck and laid her cheek against his; and the barber, passing back again, marvelled at the transformation which he saw in Desourdie's countenance. He could not rest till he had found out what was the meaning of that joy which he perceived

in the radiant faces of the two. Coralie, who despised him, and was still resentful that he had brought that morning such bad news to her grandfather, brushed him away as though he had been, indeed, the bluebottle fly. Michel, however, in the gladness of his simple, guileless old heart, could not bear malice against any one; and, in truth, it was the quickest way to get rid of the gossip by sending him on with two great pieces of news.

"My Coralie here," he cried, "is to marry Telephore Autier."

"Telephore Autier?" stammered the barber. "But it is his father who has—"

"Made me his partner," said Michel.

"How—where—in what?"

"In the plant, the apparatus!" explained Coralie, bringing out the word with an emphasis that caused the barber to jump.

And, in fact, he was soon climbing fences, and almost running, in his eagerness to bring that wondrous news to as many people as possible.

And meanwhile the sap bubbled and frothed itself into sugar; and the old man and the girl sat and watched it, their hearts full of gratitude and love; while the fresh air of the Mountain, still sharp and wintry, blew around them and brought the faint odor of the pines as balm to their nostrils.

WHEN you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person—only one—happily through each day, that is 365 days in the year. And if you live 40 years only after you begin that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy,—at all events, for a time.

—Sydney Smith.

A Justification of the Pope.

COMMENTING on the propriety of a university professor's retirement from a church whose doctrines he flouts, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* declares:

The question raised by such preachers as the Rev. George B. Foster is not whether they are abstractly "right" or "wrong,"—whether what they believe is "truth" or not. It is a question of their loyalty to the institution they serve. It is a question of common everyday honor among respectable men. No profound theological knowledge and no depth of philosophic acumen are required to give a correct answer to this question. No matter what the "truth" or "untruth" of Professor Foster's opinions, by urging them in a Christian educational institution, and as a minister of a Christian church, he is urging them in a wrong place and in a perfidious manner. If his religious opinions are those of Mr. Mangasarian, let him, like Mr. Mangasarian, stand away from the Christian church and hire a hall in which to air them.

We quote the foregoing merely to point out that it constitutes a complete justification, to non-Catholic minds, of Pius X.'s action with the Modernists. Even the agnostic must recognize the justice of this position: True or not, Modernism is not Catholicism as Catholicism is expounded by its supreme head; hence Modernists have no place in the Catholic Church. It is rather regrettable that the Baptists have not, for the nonce, a pope empowered to discipline Professor Foster and some of his colleagues in the University of Chicago.

Apropos of Modernism, it is interesting to note how it is viewed by churches that profess no allegiance to Rome. Says a writer in the non-Catholic *Homiletic Review*: "It is daily becoming increasingly apparent to the consternation of conservative churchmen in Britain, that Modernism permits no resting in any half-way house, nor does it allow any *via media*, . . . and turns out to be a solvent, not only of Catholicism, but even of faith itself in the supernatural, the unseen, and the revelation by a divine inspiration of what should be believed."

Notes and Remarks.

In a recent issue of the *Annales Apostoliques*, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, the Rev. Father Baltenweck writes interestingly of scientific work among Catholic missionaries. Of the meteorological observatory of Saint-Martial, Port-au-Prince (Haiti), he says: "Since 1906, the observatory, through its director, Father Scherer, has been connected with the cyclone-study department of the Washington Weather Bureau. This particular study, or service, consists in daily telegraphic communications as to the state of the atmosphere in the region of the West Indies. Just as soon as a cyclone begins to form, the different interested stations are advised of the fact by telegraph. Thus on September 28, 1908, a very violent cyclone, which effected great ravages at Guadeloupe and on the coast of Santo Domingo, did not cause a single wreck in Haiti. Forewarned by the meteorological stations, the authorities took necessary precautions and all danger was averted."

The Rev. Sydney Goodman (P. E. C.), of Atlantic City, N. J., notorious for the moment on account of his advocacy of vaudeville, "free ice cream," strawberry festivals, and "smokers" in churches, is thus rebuked by the Providence *Bulletin*:

All this throws a curious light upon Mr. Goodman's state of mind, as well as upon religious conditions in Atlantic City. It is difficult for the ordinary mortal to understand how a clergyman can encourage the desecration of a house of worship even for the sake of getting the ungodly to attend it. His argument is that the church must apply "modern methods" to the saving of souls. Still, a good many souls have been saved by ancient methods, which at least had the merit of not offending against common decency.

Mr. Goodman means well, but his judgment is decidedly defective. And we very much fear that he neglects the study of the Bible, particularly the Epistles of St. Paul, who so severely censured the

Corinthians for despising the church of God. ("What! Have you not houses to eat and drink in?") It would seem as if the Protestant clergy of all denominations were losing influence with their people and were making desperate efforts to regain it. Those of Mr. Goodman are delirious as well as desperate.

The beatification of Father Eudes, which took place in Rome, with the usual ceremonies, on the 25th ult., has caused rejoicing all over the world, particularly among the nuns of the Good Shepherd and the priests of Jesus and Mary, of whom he was the founder. The former have establishments in many lands; but the work of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, whose object is to conduct diocesan seminaries and give missions to country people, is largely restricted to French-speaking countries. Père Eudes was the first propagator, if not the originator, of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In a decree issued by Leo XIII. he is referred to as the "institutor of the liturgical cult of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary." "The Apostle of Normandy," as Blessed Eudes has been called, was born at Caen in 1601, and departed for heaven on the 19th of August, 1680.

Since nothing under the sun is new, and least of all the moral law, one can hardly expect novelty in the presentation of moral truths even when the preacher or writer is a Prince of the Church. On the other hand, when the moralizer happens to be Cardinal Gibbons, one is sure to have a sane, lucid, and succinct exposition of truths that must necessarily be repeated over and over again. Take, for instance, the conclusion of a paper, "The Christian Ideal of a Home," contributed to the *Catholic World*:

And mark well: home education does not mean merely those lessons in Christian doctrine

which are to be taught to children. The home should be pervaded by a religious atmosphere. It should be the sanctuary of domestic peace, sobriety, and parental love. Discontent and anger should be banished from it; and under these sweet influences the child will grow in virtue. Above all, let it be the asylum of daily prayer, and then the angels of God and the God of angels will be there.

It is to the mothers and fathers of to-day that we must look for the realization amongst us of this Christian ideal of the home—the Home of Nazareth. They are doubly bound to seek it,—if need be “sorrowing,” as did Mary and Joseph. They are bound, on the one hand, by their Christian faith and the example of Christ; and, on the other, they owe a duty to the State. Thus shall they rear up for their country not scourges of society, but loyal, law-abiding citizens. “If any one,” says the Apostle, “have not care of his own, and especially of his own household, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.” (I. Tim., v, 8; Prov., xxxi, 28.) Aye, more: he hath fallen short in his duty to his country.

There is a patriotic, as well as a religious, lesson that it is eminently important for all Americans thoroughly to take to heart.

Writing to the *Good Work* from the southern part of Uganda, the Rev. Charles Kirk says:

Of course this district will always be a big game field, but only the wealthy will be able to enjoy this feature of it. I myself came here on a hunt seven years ago, and am still at it. The prey is of a different character from the kind that Mr. Roosevelt will gather in; still, I am sure that my labor will bring a better reward. From what I can gather, he is to hunt through Uganda, and therefore I may get a chance to see him. My country is the “real article”; and if there be any game wilder than that to be found down through this section, I should like to see it.

The difference in places was lately brought to my attention in rather a marked way. I left Budaka mission for a tramp of one hundred and thirty miles to our central station at Nsambya, where Mother Mary Paul, your countrywoman, presides over the hospital, also another product of America. In a short time this place will be more American than English. I went there for an operation, which proved successful, and there I remained for several weeks. Only a man who comes from an out-mission can appreciate the difference between semi-civilized conditions

and the genuine article of savagery. In the capital of Uganda, the number of Catholics is enormous, and the natives are civilized. They wear clothing, go to church, and act like a God-fearing people. The influence of the Sisters is evident in the model lives of their people, who love them deeply.

Down my way is the real happy hunting-ground. The natives are as yet untouched by civilization, and even the clearing of the ground is a most difficult work. I can remember as if it were only yesterday when I first went to that part of the Protectorate. There was a price set on rats; and though the amount was not great, it was sufficient to tide one over a bad spell. I generally had to gather in five of them to secure the money for a bottle of milk.

Father Kirk's testimony as to the salutary and civilizing influence of the Sisters is merely a corroboration of the testimony given in all the missionary publications that come to our table.

Persons desirous of learning something about science would do well not to trust blindly to popular manuals claiming to give an account of the nature of matter—electricity, light, heat, etc., etc.,—in non-technical language. Such books often cause their readers to conceive ideas that will have to be got rid of later, and are generally characterized by a looseness of thought and expression that is anything but scientific. The attempts to explain the nature of electricity, so often met with in text-books for schools as well as in pretentious magazine articles, are ridiculed by all reputable scientists, who declare that the nature of electricity remains for the present a puzzle, of which no solution has been even suggested.

Even when due allowance is made for slightly perfervid statement, the following paragraph from the *Colored Man's Friend* constitutes rather a strong indictment of—well, our neighbors probably, not of course ourselves:

Whoever maintains that it is a waste of time and money to try to convert and improve the Negroes of this country, makes light of the commission of Our Lord to the Apostles and their

successors, "Teach all nations"; as also of the past efforts of the Church for the conversion of nations. In the eyes of the Church, there is no race or nation so low that it would not be worth our efforts for its conversion. In its history of nineteen hundred years, the Church has Christianized and civilized many nations that stood by far lower than our American Negroes. Why should these not be considered worth an effort for their conversion? It is true, the work requires much sacrifice and perseverance; but thus far it has not cost any martyr's blood, as was the case in the conversion of so many nations. A great part of the trouble in this matter is not so much the work itself as the indifference of our people and their lack of real Christian spirit and fervor for the spread of our holy religion.

We are inclined to think that the diagnosis contained in this last sentence is more truthful than gratifying.

Lord Dudley, Governor General of Australia, took part this year in the St. Patrick's Day celebration at Melbourne; and in the course of an excellent speech contributed this bit of practical wisdom to the philosophy of race progress and national strength. We quote from a report appearing in the *Austral Light* for April, just to hand:

Nor do I think that racial distinctions constitute an unhealthy feature in national life. On the contrary, it has always appeared to me that they may be a source of considerable national strength; for each race has its own qualities, which are due largely to its history, its traditions, and its faith. As an asset, then, of national strength, we should seek to maintain those qualities, to foster and encourage them in every way possible. And the more you allow each race to live and grow in accordance with its own traditions, the more you refrain from hampering it by illiberal and unelastic schemes of development, the more likely will you be to draw forth its fullest powers and usefulness.

It is really very much the same thing in an army. What have we in our minds when we speak of *esprit de corps*? Do we not mean that spirit which induces men of a particular regiment to take a pride in their unit, to maintain its customs and traditions, to be jealous of its reputation; and, when called upon to fight, to do so not only for the sake of the general cause, but also for the glory of their own particular corps? Everything, then, that adds to the distinctiveness of regiments is good for the army as a

whole, and so it is also with a nation that is composed of various races. If you wish to make it as strong as possible, you must allow each race to maintain its own *esprit de corps*; for by an appeal to their spirit in that respect you will obtain a far more enthusiastic and vigorous response than could ever be aroused by the larger influences of national sentiment.

It is unnecessary to comment on the unanimity with which Lord Dudley's views were endorsed by his Irish-Australian auditors, or to add that his popularity was in no way diminished by the frankness of his utterances.

Many readers, we think, will applaud this statement—which we find in a recent issue of the *Chicago Israelite*:

Christians are putting a dangerous weapon into the hands of the enemies of Christianity by standing passively by and allowing women and children to be butchered in Asiatic Turkey merely because they are Christians. If the Christians the world over were inspired by the right feeling of brotherhood for those professing the same faith, diplomatic schemings, greed and jealousies would long since have been swept away by a common outburst of demand from all humanity, that Turkey—and Russia, for that matter—should maintain within their borders some semblance of decency and good order and regard for human life, and enforced compliance by the power of a strong arm if necessary.

Recent happenings in the Far East engender in bosoms not a few a desire to see yet another Crusade with the purpose of permanently freeing the followers of the Cross from periodical massacres by the Crescent's devotees. As regards Russia, allowance must be made for religious and political prejudice.

A contributor to the *Ecclesiastical Review* discusses the periodically recurring issue of "Some Questionable Methods of Raising Church Funds." Diocesan statutes, at once comprehensive and detailed, are probably the only effective means of regulating the matter; and, as there is apt to be considerable variety of opinion among the legislators of different dioceses, perfect uniformity of

practice can scarcely be looked for. In the meantime the *Ecclesiastical Review* writer says:

We must have a fortune-telling booth also in our fair-room; and, of course, it is not taken seriously: it is all done in the spirit of fun. But are such things meet subjects for fun? If, as St. Paul tells us, there are certain vicious actions which should not even be named among Christians, lest the bare mention of their names render us too familiar with them, and prove a source of temptation, so, too, there are improper practices—and this is one of them—which for the same reason should not even be simulated by us. It is a serious matter and no jest.

After treating briefly of "fairs, picnics, euchres, minstrels, contests, etc.," the reverend writer proffers the following substitute:

The annual house-to-house or "block" collection, while free from the dangers attending upon fairs, etc., is a far more equitable method of taxing the parishioners for the support of the church. As a rule, it is the same people who are invariably found at these affairs, either working or spending, while the vast majority do little or nothing. Thus the burden of support is thrown on the shoulders of a comparative few. The block collection obviates this to a great extent, by asking from each family its *pro-rata* share, and often shaming the recreants into doing their duty. Besides—and it is by no means an unimportant item—the house-to-house visitation affords the clergy an opportunity to become better acquainted with the spiritual condition and needs of their flock.

We recall, by the way, some strong words of Cardinal Manning on this same subject. He, too, inveighed against the abuses connected with many a fund-raising method.

The following "heartly petition," as it is called, has reached us from Langenbrück, Breslau, Germany. It speaks for itself, and is presented without change, except in paraphrasing:

Ladies and Gentlemen! Kindly allow me to approach to you searching for help.

Our country is the county Glatz, a part of the Prussian province Silesia.

Far off the ways of commerce, surrounded from large forests, high in the mountains, is the village Kaiserswalde situated.

Here is how the religious and worldly

authority confirms the urgent necessity for a church, as the population is numerous and the way to the Lords house in Langenbrück distant.

The religious education for the youth remains defective and the old age misses the necessary consolation.

The rough weather prevents very often strong men to visit the parish church.

Notwithstanding the extremest sacrifices is the poor population unfortunately unable to edify neither now nor later the Lords house with her own fortune, and yet the church should be soonest possible erected. She will be placed under the protection of St. Antonius.

Trusting to your goodness and to St. Antonius mighty intercession we risk to implore: "Dearest fellow believer, generous benefactor we beg you send us a mite, a brick to edify the St. Antonius Church in Kaiserswalde." If the charity is small or big we accept it with heaviest thanks.

Certainly has your kind hands already sacrificed many alms. We hope with confidence that you will help to soften our need if you are able to do it.

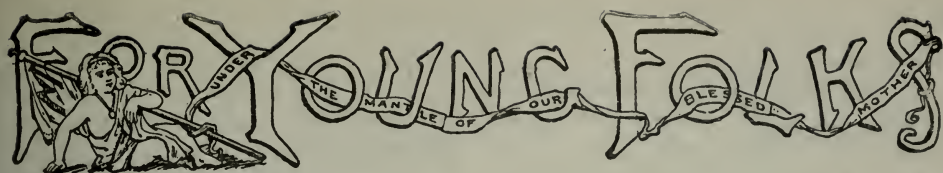
God, the rewarder, will recompense your charitableness thousandfold on the intercession of St. Antonius.

We include the generous benefactors in our and our childrens prayers. Your devoted, etc.

The continuity theory of the Anglicans—the theory that identifies the Church of England of to-day with the Church in England prior to the Reformation—receives scant consideration and scant courtesy at the hands of some of England's Nonconformists. One influential organ of these latter, the *Christian World*, observes:

Really, the argument that the pre-Reformation Church was not Roman Catholic in doctrine, ritual, government, and subservience to Rome, is too childish for serious reply. In all essentials it was Roman Catholic, and the complete rejection of those essentials made the post-Reformation church an entirely new and "heretical" church, that execrated what the pre-Reformation Church had adored, and believed and practised what the pre-Reformation Church had execrated.

Rather crude, this last clause; but the main contention of the *Christian World* is incontestable, all the protestations of our Anglican friends "to the contrary notwithstanding."



A First Communion Hymn.

BY L. F. M.

COME, gentle Saviour,
Abide in my breast.
How my soul longs for Thee,
Heavenly Guest!

Poor is my heart home,
Cheerless and bare;
But Thou canst change it, Lord,—
Make it all fair.

Banish the darkness,
The shadows of sin;
Let the pure light of love
Swift enter in.

Angels of glory,
Come down from above,
Join in my heart-hymn,
My soul's song of love.

Mother of Jesus,
Draw near with thy Son;
Show thy sweet Saviour Child,
Beautiful One!

Come, gentle Saviour,
Abide in my breast.
How my heart longs for Thee,
Heavenly Guest!

Fill it with beauty,
And thrill it with grace;
Shed on the darkness
The light of Thy Face.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

DICKIE was so quick about his tasks that he found no difficulty in arranging them so that he could go to school. He was a shy lad, although frank and self-possessed when addressed or called upon to perform some duty. Mr. Middleford did not pay any attention to him: the affairs of the household were left altogether to the women. Whenever he had anything to say, Dickie went to Olivia or Nora.

One evening, after the chores were done, he knocked at the door of the library where father and daughter were sitting.

"Come in!" said Mr. Middleford.

"I came to ask, sir," said Dickie with his usual politeness, "whether I might stay an hour later after school until Easter. I should like to go to instruction."

"I thought you were being instructed all day at school," replied Mr. Middleford, smiling.

"I am," said Dickie. "But this is for my First Communion."

Mr. Middleford looked bewildered. He knew little or nothing of the Church. Then he consulted his watch.

"I am due at a Board meeting in fifteen minutes, Olivia," he said, rising. "Suppose you settle Dickie's business."

"Very well, papa," replied his daughter.

Dickie advanced a step farther into the room, as Mr. Middleford passed out.

"Well now, Dickie?" said Olivia, smiling brightly upon him.

"I have to make my First Communion," answered the boy.

"What is that, Dickie?"

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY was accustomed even in her childhood to visit Our Lord often in the Blessed Sacrament. If she found the church closed, she would affectionately kiss the lock of the door and the walls of the church for love of the Prisoner of the Tabernacle.

He looked surprised.

"It is receiving the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Eucharist, for the first time," he said, after a slight pause.

"I don't know any more now than I did at first, Dickie," replied Olivia. "But it doesn't matter. It's something about church, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Olivia. Every year the children make their First Communion,—those who are twelve."

"Yes, I see. And you have to learn something about it first, don't you?"

"We have to know the catechism perfectly."

"Oh, the catechism! We—that is the Presbyterians—have a kind of catechism."

"I should think every church would, Miss Olivia."

"What's the use?"

"Well, so that people might learn the doctrine—what they believe."

"That's true; but, in my opinion, people don't believe much of anything nowadays."

Dickie looked horrified.

"We do,—the Catholics do."

"What *do* you believe, Dickie?"

"It's all in the Creed. Shall I say it for you?"

"Yes, say it."

The boy laid down his cap, folded his hands, and began to recite the Apostles' Creed, saying it through from beginning to end. When he had finished he said:

"That's what Catholics believe, Miss Olivia. Is your creed anything like it?"

"I don't know any creed," rejoined Olivia. "To tell you the truth, Dickie, I have always hated to go to church, and papa has never insisted upon it."

"It is different with me," replied Dickie. Then, glancing at the clock, he continued: "Do you think I might stay at school an hour longer from now till Easter? I can do some of the evening work after dinner."

"Yes, you may stay an hour longer, or two hours if necessary," said Olivia. "I like you to be attentive to your religion.

I fancy I'd do the same if I had one."

"I wish you had, Miss Olivia," said the boy, wistfully. "You wouldn't object to reading some Catholic books, would you?"

"Yes, I would," replied Olivia, without any uncertainty of tone. "I never could bear to read religious books of any kind. They are so priggish."

"What does 'priggish' mean, Miss Olivia?"

"I know what it means,—that is, I can *feel* what it means, but I can't explain exactly. Look in the dictionary—or wait! Maybe you wouldn't understand any better then. I'll read the definition for you, and then try to explain."

She went over to the large dictionary that rested on its stand at the end of the table and began to turn over the leaves. Dickie followed her.

"Here it is," she said after a moment. "There are several definitions. Here is one: 'Conceited, coxcombical, affected.' You know what 'conceited' means?"

"Yes, Miss Olivia. But how could a religious book be conceited?"

"Because it sets itself up to know better than others."

"A catechism must do that, or it would be no good as a teacher."

"Right; but I wasn't speaking of catechisms exactly. I meant a book like this." Olivia struck an attitude and began, in a nasal voice: "'Arthur was a good boy. He never stole or lied or swore. On Sundays he went to church three times a day. On Saturday night he locked up his toys and gave the key to his mother, and at the same time laid his Sunday-school paper on the shelf by his bed, so that he would not be tempted, even in thought, to play on the Sabbath.' Such was Arthur."

Dickie burst out laughing.

"I'm not laughing at you, Miss Olivia," he said when he had controlled himself; "but you said that in such a funny way. I never read anything like it in a book."

"Perhaps they don't have them in your Sunday-school library, Dickie," rejoined

Olivia; "but I've read plenty of them just like that."

Again Dickie looked at the clock and stirred uneasily; but Olivia, still at the dictionary, did not observe his anxiety.

"Here is another definition of 'priggish.' It is 'prig,' the noun, this time. There are two more—'Prig, a coxcomb.' Do you know what a coxcomb is?"

"No, Miss Olivia, I don't."

"It means a dandy—a man who is fond of dress and vain of his looks. With those black curls and that complexion of yours, *you* may be tempted in that direction when you grow up. But remember now, and don't yield, if you should be."

The boy blushed furiously and made a feeble attempt to flatten his curls.

"I hate my hair," he said. "It's almost like a Negro's. They used to call me 'girlie' at school, where we lived before. It'll take something else to make me a coxcomb, Miss Olivia. I suppose the word comes from the cock's combs. They're so proud of them."

"What a mind you have, Dickie! I never think of wondering where words come from."

Feeling himself dismissed, and having his lessons to learn, the boy left the room. After he had gone, Olivia heard a slight movement among some newspapers that her father had laid on the floor after he had skimmed through them. Though an unusually brave girl on ordinary occasions, she had that fear of mice which is inherent in the souls of many women. Occasionally a stray mouse would make its appearance in the house, but Olivia's dislike to the little animals would speedily result in the bringing forth of traps and the destruction of the marauders.

Very cautiously now she arose, went on tiptoe to the fireplace, and began to watch for another movement of the papers, preparatory to procuring the instruments of slaughter, should a mouse appear.

The fluttering began once more. Olivia sprang to a chair and peered eagerly

forward. The next moment Tim's head appeared from beneath the accumulated journals, then his lithe, slender body. He shook his ears, made a noise that resembled a yawn, and looked fearlessly into Olivia's face.

"Why, Tim," she exclaimed, "how you frightened me! I thought you were a mouse. You're a naughty dog. Don't you know you're forbidden to come into the house?"

Tim continued to look at her—pleadingly, she thought; and she continued:

"I wouldn't mind a bit if you were allowed to come in once in a while; but Nora—you know how vexed Nora would be."

The dog lay down on the rug in front of the fender, turned his back to Olivia and began to breathe as though he were asleep. Presently she leaned over and saw that his bright little eyes were wide open. He tried to close them when he met her glance, but it was too late.

"Tim! Tim!" she cried, shaking her finger at him. "You are a rogue and a deceiver. Why did you pretend to be asleep?"

The dog wagged his tail and began to walk about, sniffing here and there as he went.

"Ah, you followed Dickie, and now you're looking for him!" said Olivia. "He's gone long ago."

She was about to open the door when a whistle sounded outside. Tim began to jump frantically up and down.

"That's Dickie calling you, and you know it. I'm going to take you to him. Come!"

The dog rushed from the room, but came back whining to Olivia when he found the hall door closed. She opened it, and he ran into the yard, where Dickie and Nora were standing.

"Aha! You did get into the house again, did you?" cried Nora, as Tim began to gambol around his master's feet. "It's a habit you'll have to break, Tim. Yesterday I found you up on the

top of my well-scrubbed kitchen table, and I drove you out with a broom. You will have to beat him if he does it again, Mr. Dickie?"

"I will the very next time, Nora," said Dickie, snapping his fingers at the dog as they both turned toward the stables. "I'll get a branch of a tree and strip the leaves from it. That will fetch him."

"'Twill be a very light beating he'll get from that sort of a whip," said Nora. "Once he gets the habit, he'll have to be beat every day till he changes it. But he's a nice little creature, after all."

"Good-night!" said Dickie at the door of the stable above which he slept.

"Good-night!" answered Olivia.

"Good-night and God bless you!" said Nora, who turned to her young mistress as he shut the door. "He's a fine boy, Miss Olivia,—a real gentleman,—civil and polite to everyone, and does his chores like a boy twice his age. We were lucky to get him."

When Mr. Middleford returned, Olivia was still reading in the library. She told him about the interview with Dickie, asking him at the same time what he knew of Calvin and Presbyterianism.

"Not much," he replied, "except in a general way. I've kept you wofully ignorant, my daughter. You're a disgrace to my position," he added, laughingly.

"But I have desired to leave you quite free. Don't bother yourself about such questions—yet."

"You wouldn't like me to be a Catholic, papa, would you?"

"I don't think I should, Olivia. There is a good deal of superstition in that religion."

"Do you know much about it?"

"Very little."

"If Dickie's a fair specimen, they seem to know what they believe. They don't appear to be at all 'at sea.' Dickie stood up there at the door, folded his hands and said the Apostles' Creed without the slightest hesitation."

"Wasn't that a little priggish, Olivia?"

"You wouldn't have thought so if you'd heard him. It seemed perfectly natural."

"You mustn't spoil Dickie, Olivia. Don't give him an idea that he's important."

"I shan't, papa; but I think he's as simple and natural as any one could be."

"Well, he's only a child. And, whatever his religion, his principles seem to be good," said Mr. Middleford. "Don't spoil him,—that's all."

(To be continued.)

The Stone of Destiny.

The ancient chronicles of Ireland relate that five bands of colonists, all descendants of Japhet, the son of Noah who received the blessing, came to Ireland between the years 2500 and 3500 before Christ. The fourth colony was the Dedannans, who were skilled in many rude arts, especially in fashioning weapons. As soon as they reached the land, they burned their boats that they might fight more valiantly.

Among the treasures they carried with them was a large stone said to be that on which the Patriarch Jacob had rested his head when he slept on his journey to his mother's country, after receiving the blessing intended for his brother. There was a tradition that wherever this stone should lie a king of their race would rule; and the "Lia Fail," or Stone of Destiny, was for many centuries kept at Tara, the royal residence of the high kings of Ireland. At some unknown date it was taken to North Britain by an Irish prince (chosen to be King of that country), and was never returned to Ireland. When Edward I. of England invaded Scotland, he took with him, on his return to his own land, not only the far-famed Black Rood (a piece of the True Cross enshrined in gold and silver), but the Stone of Destiny as well. This stone is at the present day underneath the chair on which all English monarchs are crowned.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Two exceptionally interesting threepenny booklets, issued by the London Catholic Truth Society, are "Indulgences," by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J., and "Life and Legends of St. Martin of Tours," by Margaret Maitland. A penny pamphlet from the same source, "An Exercise for Holy Communion," by St. Francis of Sales, needs no commendatory words.

—"A Catechism of Christian Doctrine," by M. I. Boorman, S. J. (Meyer & Miller Co., Chicago), is a booklet of only sixty pages. The author professes to be well aware that the ideal universal Catechism can never be written; but he believes that the present one avoids the more serious objections urged against many now in use. The objection of prolixity has assuredly been guarded against.

—We cordially second the suggestion of a correspondent of the London *Tablet* that some competent person undertake to bring out a new and revised edition of "that beautiful and valuable book," "The Holy Communion," by Father Dalgairns. Revision is demanded by the decree of the S. Congregation of the Council, dated Dec. 20, 1905, in reference to frequent Communion.

—The American Book Company have brought out "Famous Men of Modern Times," the fourth and last volume of a series of brief biographies designed for supplementary reading by school children, and other learners as well. As a method of teaching history, the presentation of great historical characters has much to commend it. The present volume gives in simple and attractive form the lives of thirty-three great soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scientists, and rulers, from Columbus to Gladstone. The illustrations are numerous and good.

—Cardinal Gibbons' luminous paper, "The Church and the Republic," contributed to the March number of the *North American Review*, has been reprinted in pamphlet form by the International Catholic Truth Society. It is rather a pity that the average editor of our great secular dailies will not, presumably, study this exposition of the vexed, and to most minds rather hazy, question of Church and State. Were he to do so there would be considerably less of erroneous thought and erratic judgment given to the general public.

—"Nineteenth Century English Prose," compiled by T. H. Dickson and F. W. Roe (American Book Co.), presents, in convenient form, ten selected essays which are intended to trace the

development of English criticism in the nineteenth century. The essayists chosen are truly representative, and include Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Newman, Bagehot, Pater, Stephen, Morley, and Arnold. That the choice of essays is happy may be judged from the fact that "Literature," "Leonardo da Vinci," and "Macaulay," represent these writers—Newman, Pater, and Morley.

—The series of articles on Italy, recently contributed to the London *Saturday Review* by "A Traveller," is of more than ephemeral interest. One feature of the writer's picture which must have surprised some readers of the *Review* is his accurate portrayal of Italian Freemasonry. A gratifying statement in the last article of the series is that from one end of the country to the other there is a distinct reaction against indifference and anti-clericalism; while in every city and amongst every class of society are to be found men who are alive to the fact that, with the disappearance of religion, all that is noble and great in their country would also disappear.

—Mr. George Wharton James, to whom we are indebted for the appreciation of Charles Warren Stoddard which appears in the current number of THE AVE MARIA, is the author of "In and Out of the Old Missions," "The Story of Scraggles," "Through Ramona's Country," and other books best known to ethnologists, astronomers and explorers. Though not a Catholic, he has written enthusiastically of the Franciscan missions in California and paid glowing tributes to their devoted founders. Mr. James' latest book, "Through Ramona's Country," should be known to all who are interested in the Missions of California. It is among the most important and readable of new American books.

—"Selected Sermons," by the Rev. Christopher Hughes, with an introduction by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. (F. Pustet & Co.), bears the *imprimatur* of the late Archbishop Corrigan; and is presumably, therefore, a new edition, though the title-page does not say so. The twenty-five discourses contained in the volume are of varying length, ranging from one thousand to four thousand words, and averaging about twenty-seven hundred. "The Church and Civilization," "Indifferentism in Religion," "The Funeral of a Priest," and "Freemasonry" are some of the titles not ordinarily met with in books of this class. Useful for the busy preacher,

these sermons will likewise prove excellent spiritual reading for devout lay people.

—The last of Mr. Crawford's books should have been the best of all. "The White Sister" is, of course, an exceedingly interesting story, admirably told; but its literary art is by no means so perfect as that of the singularly strong and beautiful Saracinesca series. The difference between the best and some of the more recent of Mr. Crawford's novels is the difference in the quality of the magazines in which they first appeared as serials. The plot of "The White Sister" is one of those in which the author delighted,—subtle, powerful, and complicated; the characters are ably drawn, the incidents varied and skilfully interwoven; but only a master's touch saves certain of the scenes from being melodramatic, and the hero in one situation from being utterly contemptible. One is conscious of a distinct lessening of regard for Giovanni after the cowardly trick played upon Angela: his heroism seems mere recklessness, and his devotion to her a sort of desperation. It need not be said that the story is told with many exquisite touches, and is rich in fine feeling and wise thinking. Opinions will differ, of course, as to the ending; but we shall be surprised if any considerable number of Mr. Crawford's admirers agree in ranking "The White Sister" with the best of his books.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.

"Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.

"True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

"Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.

"Carmina." T. A. Daly. \$1, net.

"Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1

"Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon." Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.

"The Churches Separated from Rome." Mgr. L. Duchesne. \$2, net.

"The Finding of the Cross." Louis de Combes. \$2, net.

"Principles of Logic." George Hayward Joyce. S. J., M. A. \$2.50.

"Between Friends." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Faith and Works of Christian Science." Author of "Confessio Medici." \$1.25, net.

"Meditations on the Gospels." Médaille-Eyre, S. J. \$1.50, net.

"The Legends of the Saints." Père H. Delehaye, S. J. \$1.20, net.

"The Degrees of the Spiritual Life." Abbé A. Sandreau. \$3.50, net.

"The Mystical Explanation of the Cantic of Canticles." St. Francis de Sales. \$1.80, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. Lawrence Vaughan, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rev. M. J. Bergrath, diocese of Scranton; Rev. James Kelly, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. William Richley, S. J.

Mr. Frederick Metzger, Mr. Walter Netteler, Mrs. S. A. Ready, Mr. John Frahm, Mrs. A. M. Knight, Mrs. Bessie Zeier, Mr. Michael Ward, Mrs. Margaret Schundler, Mr. Frand Pund, Mr. Owen Clark, Mrs. Anna Maria Hartke, Mr. J. Metzgar, Mr. J. Schuirer, Sr., Mary Eleanor Cloonan, Mr. J. Erkstein, Mrs. Mary Cummings, Mr. N. Schreiner, Mrs. Maria P. Nichol, Miss Sara Brehany, Mr. A. Gleason, Miss Anna Gartland, Miss Mary A. Manning and Mr. Daniel Bradshaw.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the nuns of Our Lady of the Mission, Buthidaung (Arakan), East India:

M. J. Potter, \$10.10; L. M., \$2; Margaret Fitzgerald, \$5; Friend, \$50; R. S., \$5; Friend, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$1; F. J. M., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; James E. Dougherty, \$5. To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: A. E. M., \$1; T. F., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 22

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"If Thou Hadst Known."*

BY ELEANOR PIATT.

SO sadly to thy hills I crept,
 Whilst all below Me softly slept,
 Serene, untroubled, through the night,
 Insensible of mar or blight;—
 So sadly to thy hills I crept,
 And silently, alone, I wept.

Jerusalem! If thou hadst known
 That not a stone upon a stone
 In all thy vast, unmeasured space
 Should stand, to mark thy noble grace;—
 Jerusalem! If thou hadst known,
 I should not then have wept alone.

The Sacred Seasons.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

II.—PENTECOST AND ITS SEQUENT TIME.

IN accordance with that division of the ecclesiastical year which makes its three principal feasts—Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost—epochal dates, we have seen† that the Eastertide came to a close with the feast of the Ascension. The next season in order of time is the Pentecostal period. So far as mere nomenclature is concerned, it is by far the longest of the sacred seasons, extending from the Ascension until Advent, the preparation for Christmas. At least twenty-four Sundays of the liturgical year

bear the specific designation of Sundays after Pentecost. The preparation for Pentecost, or the ten days intervening between the Ascension and Whitsunday, represent the period during which the Apostles awaited the coming of the Holy Ghost; the weeks that follow the festival represent the time to elapse before the end of the world. Accordingly, the Gospel read on the last Sunday after Pentecost is that of the Last Judgment.

The name "Pentecost," literally *fiftieth*, originally designated an ancient Jewish harvest festival called in the Pentateuch the Feast of Weeks, from its being celebrated exactly seven weeks after the Pass-over. While primarily connected with the celebration of the completion of the harvest—in thanksgiving for which, bread, made of the newly gathered wheat, was presented to Jehovah as a sacrifice,—Pentecost seems also to have been associated, in the minds of the later Jews, with the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai on the fiftieth day after their departure from Egypt. As the descent of the Holy Ghost occurred on the fiftieth day after the Resurrection, the reason for retaining the Jewish name in the Christian dispensation is obvious. As for the English name of Pentecost, Whitsunday (*white* Sunday), it connotes the solemn baptism of catechumens in the early Church on Pentecost; and, more particularly, the white robes in which these catechumens were arrayed for the ceremony.

The mystery of Pentecost holds so important a place in the economy of Christianity, the festival being in a certain

* Lines written on William Hole's picture, *If Thou Hadst Known*, representing Christ weeping over Jerusalem.

† Vol. LXVIII, No. 15.

intelligible sense the birthday of the Church, that it is not surprising to find it ranking, liturgically, with the solemnity of Easter. A succinct yet comprehensive account of the mystery is given in the Epistle for Pentecost, taken from St. Luke's Acts of the Apostles.

"When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place; and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming; and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak. Now, there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men, from every nation under heaven. And when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded in mind, because that every man heard them speak in his own tongue. And they were all amazed, and wondered, saying, Behold, are not all these that speak Galileans? And how have we heard every man in our own tongue wherein we were born? Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphilia, Egypt, and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews also, and Proselytes, Cretes, and Arabians, — we have heard them speak in our own tongue the mighty works of God."

The foregoing narrative details the stupendous fulfilment of the promise made by Our Lord in His last discourse to His disciples: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever. The Spirit of Truth, whom the world can not receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him: but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you, and be in you."* As for the excellence

of the benefits embodied in this promise's fulfilment, St. John Chrysostom says that there was never before a day so auspicious for the world, or one so replete with benefits. "Very often and very great blessings," he declares, "have been bestowed on the human race, but never before such as were this day imparted." And, in very truth, when Christ, having taken our humanity to heaven by His Ascension, sent down upon earth the Holy Ghost, He imparted to men all heavenly gifts.

It is to be remarked that all the circumstances of this wonderful descent of the Holy Ghost, the forms under which He came, were calculated not only to confirm for all time belief in the mystery of the Most Adorable Trinity, by bringing the Holy Ghost into equal prominence with the Father and the Son, but to show clearly His mission in the world and to display His goodness and beneficence. At the baptism of Our Lord, He had appeared as a dove, and at the Transfiguration as a cloud; but on Pentecost He came in the form of fire, purifying and enlightening the darkened human intellect, and elevating it to the contemplation of heavenly things. Fire, too, signifies love, or charity. St. Augustine applies to the Holy Ghost St. John's text, "God is Charity"; St. Gregory the Great lays down as an axiom, "The Holy Ghost is Love"; and the Church declares in her hymn to the Holy Ghost that He is *Fons vivus, ignis, caritas*,—"Living fountain, fire, charity."

In coming "as a mighty wind," the Paraclete may have wished to signify that He is the aspiration (*Spiratio*) of the Father and the Son, their one sigh or breathing forth; whence His name, Holy Spirit. Symbolically, the mighty wind, according to À Lapide, refers to the strength and efficacy of the preaching of the Apostles; which preaching, informed and enforced by the *Spirit* of God, was to sweep before it as a beneficent tempest all worldly power, wisdom and eloquence,

* St. John, xiv, 16, 17.

and to overturn the citadels of paganism, that upon their ruins might be built the Church of Christ.

The effectiveness of apostolic preaching was further secured by the gift of tongues. Whether this gift implies that, while speaking in one language, their native tongue, they were understood by all their hearers, each in his own "wherein he was born"; or that they received a knowledge of all the various languages of the different nations they were to evangelize; or, as appears most probable, that they received both these powers, to be used according to circumstances, — certain it is that the gift of tongues admirably fitted the Apostles for their mission, as indeed is evident from the story of the Epistle already quoted.

Apropos of these forms under which the Holy Ghost descended on the first Pentecost Sunday, it is interesting to note that in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, and in the Middle Ages as well, the faithful were reminded of the mystery by graphic representations. It was customary in many places to recall the miracle of Pentecost by scattering roses from the roof of the church. The festival indeed was called the Pasch of Roses, the color and fragrance of the flower being considered emblems of the tongues of fire. In some districts of France, the "mighty wind" was recalled by the blowing of trombones, or trumpets, during divine service. In the thirteenth century, according to Guillaume Durand, a dove was allowed to fly about in the church, and pieces of lighted tow as well as flowers were thrown down from the roof during the Whitsunday Mass. While such reminders of the wonders of Pentecost are no longer made use of, it is still the purpose of that great festival to excite in our hearts the most fervent gratitude to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, — gratitude not only for His great work in the guidance of the Church, but for His beneficent action in our own individual minds and souls.

Of the Sundays following the special festival of the Holy Spirit, the most notable is the first of them — Trinity Sunday. Designed to honor in a particular manner that one God in Three Persons who is the end and term of all the honor and worship paid on every Sunday or other feast-day, this specific commemoration of the Most Holy Trinity did not form a part of the Church's universal liturgy until the fourteenth century. The appropriateness of the feast is thus declared by Abbot Rupert: "Having celebrated the solemnity of the coming of the Holy Ghost, we at once, on the Sunday next following, sing the glory of the Holy Trinity. And rightly is this arrangement ordained; for, after the coming of that same Holy Spirit, the faith in, and confession of, the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, immediately began to be preached and believed, and celebrated in Baptism."

Foremost among other solemnities by which this sacred season is distinguished is that of Corpus Christi. The consecration of the Holy Oils and other ceremonies that take place on Holy Thursday so overshadow the all-important event which occurred on the first Holy Thursday — the institution of the Blessed Eucharist at the Last Supper — that it was altogether natural that, as time went on, the Blessed Sacrament would be honored with a festival of its own. Introduced originally through the instrumentality of a humble nun, Juliana of Retinne, in the thirteenth century, it was advocated, in 1264, in a bull of Urban IV., who commissioned St. Thomas Aquinas to compose a special Office for the feast, and was finally made of universal observance by Pope Clement V. in the Council of Vienne in 1311. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which now forms the distinctive feature of Corpus Christi, was of still later origin, and was originally a much simpler rite than it is at present.

Closely connected with Corpus Christi in point of time, another festival, essentially appointed for the glorification of

the Incarnation and the Person of the Incarnate Word, took its rise in comparatively modern times in much the same way as, some centuries before, did the feast of the Body of the Lord,—the festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. While the cultus of the Sacred Heart apparently existed as a form of private devotion a good deal earlier than the date of the visions of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque (1673-75), these visions were undoubtedly the origin of the public cultus, which, fostered and encouraged by individual prelates for about a century, at length culminated in the authoritative recognition of the feast by Pope Clement XIII. in 1765.

In addition to the foregoing feasts, there occur during the sacred season which takes its name from Pentecost a multitude of other festivals, all calculated to impress the individual soul with the beauty of the Church's liturgy, the comprehensiveness of its appeal to the varying emotions of humanity, and the effectiveness of the means it employs in drawing the faithful into closer and closer union with the God of Love, the Holy Ghost. The glorious Assumption of Our Lady in August, her Nativity in September, All Saints' and All Souls' in November,—these, as well as the feasts of individual members of the Church Triumphant, are so many separate strains in the magnificent melody with which in her liturgical functions the Church Militant acclaims the glory and the worship and the love supremely due to her divine Spouse.

That we may personally profit by the successive feast-days of this period of the ecclesiastical year, from Whitsunday to Advent, we can not do better than frequently repeat the beautiful Pentecostal prayer:

"O Almighty God, who on this day, by the enlightening of the Holy Ghost, didst teach the hearts of the faithful, grant us by the same Spirit to relish what is right, and ever to rejoice in His comfort."

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIII.

DESMOND was roused from uneasy slumber—in which some consciousness of impending trouble seemed present with him—at an early hour the next morning by the sound of an opening door, and a footstep crossing his floor. He sprang up in bed to see Virgil standing beside him, and said quickly:

"You have come to tell me that my uncle has another stroke?"

"Yes, Mass Laurence," Virgil answered. "I was waked a little while ago by his breathing—the same as when he was struck before, only worse,—and I called the nurse. As soon as she saw him, she told me to telephone for the doctor, and let you and Miss Rachel know that he's took very bad."

"I'll be there in a few minutes," Desmond said, as he rose.

He dressed so quickly that he was able to reach Judge Wargrave's chamber before Mrs. Creighton could get there; and to say a few words to Hester Landon, whom he found by the bedside.

"What do you think of his condition?" he asked her immediately.

"As far as I can judge," she answered, "it is hopeless. This is the end."

"Then," he said hastily, knowing how limited the time in which he could speak might be, "you must let me tell my aunt who you are. It is not right, it is intolerable, that you should be here unrecognized."

"No," she answered as quickly as himself, "you must not do so. It is not the right time; it is as if I waited for *this* to make a claim which may be challenged. He was to have told everyone himself to-day—"

Desmond interrupted with a sharp exclamation.

"Then you had told him!" he cried.

"Yes," she replied. "When I came in after our meeting in the garden yesterday, I found him in a condition of mental excitement which had for the time cleared his mind and even restored the faculty of coherent speech. He asked for the letter—the priest's letter, you know,—and I was forced to get it and read it for him. Then he said something which brought an answer from me that made him ask me directly who I was. I could not refuse to answer that question from him, and I told him."

"Thank God!" Desmond exclaimed fervently.

In the swift, grateful glance of her eyes he saw the tears which filled them.

"Yes, thank God!" she echoed softly,—
"thank God that I spoke in time,—in the only moment of time allowed me in which to speak; that I told him who I was, and that if, in the strange world to which he is going, he meets my father, he can tell him that I forgave him!"

"Ah!" Desmond caught his breath and for an instant could say no more. But he put out his hand and, as twice before, seized hers in a strong clasp. "I knew you would do it," he said; "but how grateful I am that you did it before it was too late to give peace and comfort to him! How different our feelings will be in seeing him go now from what they would have been if you had failed either to speak or to forgive, when the great moment came! But I was sure that you would not fail."

"You were surer of me than I was of myself, then," she said. "But I, too, am very grateful that I did not fail. I have many things," she added hurriedly, "to tell you of what happened then, many things to explain; but this is not the time for explanation, even if we were not certain to be interrupted in a few minutes. You must trust me for a little while."

"I trust you for always," he told her.

Again her glance thanked him.

"I owe you more than I can express," she said. "But for you, I should not be

here; and for the privilege I am most deeply grateful."

"But," he urged, "you should be here in your true position. So again I must beg you to let me tell my aunt when she comes—"

"No, no!" she interrupted with low-toned imperativeness. "I can not allow it. I repeat that this is not the time for the disclosure. I hold you bound by your promise still, and—here is Mrs. Creighton now!"

Desmond looked around. His aunt was entering with Dr. Glynn, whom an automobile had brought with rushing swiftness from Kingsford; and he realized that Hester was right: this was not the moment to intrude any matter of life into the solemn matter of impending death which concerned them all. As he drew back to allow Mrs. Creighton and the Doctor to approach the bed, he met the eyes of Edith, who was following them, and felt as if he had received an electric shock. For if ever human eyes were charged with meaning, with strong emotion and with unutterable feelings, those of Miss Creighton were. Dilated and brilliant, they fairly blazed upon him; and he found himself confusedly wondering what had happened, as the tall, graceful figure swept by him and approached the bed, where Dr. Glynn was bending over the outstretched form, with its stertorous breathing.

When the Doctor raised his head, he looked at Mrs. Creighton with a glance which before he spoke said, as the nurse had already said, "This is the end."

"I can not conceal from you that the condition is as serious as possible," he told her. "There is no hope that he will ever rally again."

"You mean that he is dying?" she whispered.

He nodded solemnly,—for even doctors grow solemn in the face of death, common as this great mystery might seem to become to them.

"Yes, he is dying," he answered. "It

is not probable that he will live more than a few hours longer. This is a very severe stroke."

Then Edith suddenly spoke, and her voice, charged with the same electric quality as her glance, made everyone in the chamber start.

"Is he entirely unconscious?" she asked.

"Oh, entirely!" Dr. Glynn replied. "The brain is practically drowned by a cerebral hemorrhage."

"Then," Miss Creighton said in the same clear, vibrant tone of intense excitement, "I must tell you, Dr. Glynn, that the nurse whom you have placed in charge of him has betrayed her trust, and is directly accountable for this condition."

"Edith!"—it was Mrs. Creighton who gasped the name, for everyone else was too astounded to speak—"what do you possibly mean?"

"Just what I say, mamma," Edith answered, facing toward her. "I might have told you last night, but I thought that I would wait until to-day, when I could ask Mr. Blaisdell to come and meet you and Dr. Glynn, and I could then tell you together what I had learned."

"And what have you learned?" Dr. Glynn demanded. "This is a very serious charge which you are making against Miss Landon, and I must ask you to explain it fully."

"I think," Edith said—and now her brilliant, haughty glance challenged the nurse—"that it is a charge Miss Landon will hardly venture to deny. I chance to be in a position to assert with the utmost positiveness that she was responsible for exciting Judge Wargrave to a dangerous degree last night, that she interfered with and destroyed some of his private papers, and that his condition to-day is therefore directly due to her betrayal of trust."

"Good Heavens!" Dr. Glynn ejaculated, with a stunned expression. "Miss Landon, what have you to say to all this?"

But before the young nurse, who stood calmly at the foot of the bed, could answer,

Desmond advanced and eagerly interposed.

"Aunt Rachel," he said, addressing Mrs. Creighton, "there is such a terrible misunderstanding here that I can not be silent a moment longer—"

"Forgive me!" Hester Landon's hand fell on his arm, and her voice, with its crystalline tone, seemed to bring a quieting influence into the scene. "You must be silent a little longer," she told him. "It is time now for me to speak." She turned to Dr. Glynn. "I shall be glad to give you the explanation which you have certainly a right to demand, Doctor," she said. "But shall we not go into the next room—all of us, I mean—in order to avoid excitement here?"

"Yes, that will be best," the Doctor answered; and his tone expressed, by its subtle change, the effect of her composure and dignity.

It seemed to Desmond eminently fitting that she led the way into the sitting-room, only pausing at the door to allow Mrs. Creighton to precede her. The latter, as soon as she reached the Judge's great winged chair, sank into it, pale and overcome.

"This is very—shocking!" she said tremulously, as Hester, with the impulse of the trained nurse, bent over her.

"I am sorry that it should have come upon you at this time," the girl answered gently. "I would have prevented it if I could. Try to believe that things are not as bad as they seem, until I can explain them. Meanwhile, shall I not get you a glass of wine?"

"It is not necessary—" Mrs. Creighton was beginning, with a consciousness of Edith's rebukeful glance, when Dr. Glynn pounced upon her pulse.

"A good suggestion, Miss Landon," he said. "A glass of wine, by all means. Yes, my dear lady, you need a slight stimulant to carry you through these—er—very trying scenes."

Desmond rang the bell; the wine was ordered and brought by a scared-looking servant; and while Mrs. Creighton drank

it, Edith and Desmond, together with the Doctor, involuntarily formed a group about her chair, thus facing the young nurse, who made a striking picture in her white uniform, as she stood, leaning against the dark rich wood of the Judge's old desk. Her lucid glance swept over them, and settled on Mrs. Creighton, to whom she spoke in her clear, quiet tones.

"What you have just heard has naturally been very startling," she said; "and I regret that Miss Creighton did not tell me last night what she had learned, and so given me an opportunity of explaining matters to her, rather than have made such sensational charges at a time when you are already so much distressed."

"I hardly think," Edith here broke in, "that it is for Miss Landon to venture to find fault with *me*, and to speak of 'sensational charges.' They may be sensational, but they are exactly true, and I defy her to deny them."

"I have no intention of denying anything which is true," Hester replied, with the same quietness. "I could deny only some of your conclusions, but even that is not worth while. It will be best simply to make a clear explanation of what did take place between Judge Wargrave and myself last night. I am anxious that the Doctor, who has been so good as to entrust me with this case"—her eyes turned upon Dr. Glynn with a great kindness in their depths—"shall be assured that I did not allow anything to make me forget the duties of a nurse which I undertook when I came here."

"It seems to me almost incredible that you could have done so," Dr. Glynn hastened to say.

"But, at the risk of offending Miss Creighton further, I must add that I do not blame her for misinterpreting what she evidently saw and heard," Hester Landon went on. "I am only sorry that your attention"—again she addressed Mrs. Creighton—"should be distracted in this manner, at a time when you would desire to be left undisturbed by the bedside of

one who is leaving you so soon. I would not have wished to make certain disclosures, which must be made, at this time or so abruptly. But the matter has been taken out of my hands. I will try to speak as briefly as possible—"

Nevertheless, she paused, as if speech was difficult to her; and Desmond, unable to restrain himself longer, stepped forward to her side.

"Will you *now* let me speak for you?" he asked her.

She looked up at him gratefully.

"Yes," she replied in a low tone. "I am not so strong as I thought. You may tell them who I am. I will explain the rest."

"Thank you!" he said gratefully in turn.

Then he addressed his aunt, with an unconscious dignity of manner and bearing, as if at that moment he also stepped into his place as the head of the house.

"Aunt Rachel," he said, "you have already observed the strong resemblance which this young lady, whom you have known as Miss Landon, bears to the portrait of my uncle's wife. Has that likeness never made you suspect who she may be?"

He felt the shock of surprise which passed over the group before him, and he saw his aunt's eyes expand in startled amazement.

"No," she replied. "I have thought of the resemblance only as—an accident."

"It is not an accident," Desmond said gravely. "It is the stamp of hereditary likeness. Miss Landon, as she has chosen to be called, is Harry Wargrave's daughter."

"My God!" It was Dr. Glynn who uttered this exclamation, as he stared wide-eyed at the girl. "Why didn't I think of it?" he muttered. "Why didn't I see it before?"

"But—but," Mrs. Creighton stammered, bewildered, "we never heard—we never knew that Harry had a daughter."

"No, you did not know," Hester told her calmly, "because when I was born my father felt too bitterly against the family which had cast him off, to have any communication with them; and

later, when I could understand his position, I felt such resentment against those who had doubted him that I resolved I would never belong to them nor acknowledge the connection. You will wonder perhaps why, having made such a resolution, I came here—”

“I think”—it was Edith’s voice which again interposed rather hurriedly, as if she wished to anticipate some possible action on Mrs. Creighton’s part—“that we may be pardoned if we rather wonder whether an accidental resemblance has not inspired this extraordinary claim.”

“Edith,” Desmond exclaimed hastily, “do not say things which you will afterward deeply regret, and which are unworthy of you!”

“They are at least excusable, inasmuch as they are natural,” Hester Landon said with unchanged composure. “But Miss Creighton may rest assured that I would not make the claim unless I was quite certain of being able to prove it to the satisfaction of every person concerned. I never meant to tell any one who I was, when I came to this part of the country. My sole object—the object to which I had consecrated my life—was to clear my father’s name. I came in search of evidence for that purpose, and—I found it. The proof of the deep wrong he had suffered was given into my hand by a miracle, as it were; and through my efforts the letter was written which told my”—she hesitated only a moment—“my grandfather the truth about his son.”

“Was that the letter which struck him down?” Dr. Glynn inquired.

“That was the letter,” she answered. “It was written by the Catholic priest in Kingsford, who had heard the confession of a man who was mortally injured in the railway wreck. And to that confession I was able to supply the key. The letter, as you have said, struck him down once, and it may have done so again; but I should like you to believe that, if so, the shock was not my fault. When I came in

yesterday evening, I found Judge Wargrave in a state of singular clearness of mind and speech. He seemed to have recovered all his powers; he understood his own situation perfectly, and he insisted that I should get for him the letter which he distinctly recollected. I was unable to evade or deny his request; and when I read the letter to him he—said something which forced from me the avowal of who I am. Don’t think”—once more she addressed Mrs. Creighton—“that this revelation injured him. It seemed, on the contrary, to act as a strong stimulant to all his powers; and perhaps you may understand that I can not regret that I saw him once with his vigor restored—the father of whom *my* father had so often talked to me,—and that there was no cloud upon his mind when he understood that his son’s name was cleared, and that I brought the assurance of his love and forgiveness to him. Even if the excitement of this knowledge caused his present condition, are you not glad that the moment was granted him in which to know all that meant so much to him? that he did not go down into the great darkness—or perhaps into the great light, we do not know—ignorant of the truth?”

It seemed to Desmond that he had never heard tones so full of exquisite vibrations, so pathetic in their appealing quality, as those which asked this question; and, as she asked it, Hester extended her hands. It was an unconscious gesture, straight from the heart; and he at least did not wonder that, unable to resist it, Mrs. Creighton rose to her feet. It was plain that she forgot Edith’s disapproval,—forgot everything except the appealing figure before her. She took the hands, and then suddenly put her arms around the girl.

“My dear,” she said in a voice which shook with emotion, “I am glad, so glad, that you gave him such great happiness before he died! And I am sure he would have welcomed death to obtain the assurances you brought.”

Veni, Sancte Spiritus!

HOLY SPIRIT from on high,
 Come, and from the opening sky
 Shed Thy ray of heavenly light.
 Come, kind Father of the poor;
 Come, with all Thy bounteous store;
 Come, of hearts the Inmate bright.
 Sweetest Comforter, and best,
 Of the soul most welcome Guest,
 Presence calm in feverish day,
 In all toil Refreshment sweet,
 Cooling Breath 'mid noontide heat,
 God that wip'st all tears away.
 Light most holy, most divine,
 In our inmost bosoms shine,
 Fill Thine own with Thy true grace;
 For without Thy hallowing flame
 Nought in man is free from blame,—
 Nought in all this sinful race.
 Wash whate'er of stain is here,
 Sprinkle what is dry or sere,
 Heal and bind the wounded sprite;
 Bend whate'er is stubborn still,
 Kindle what is cold and chill,
 What hath wander'd guide aright.
 Oh, to every faithful heart,
 Lord, Thy Sevenfold Gift impart,
 That Thine own in Thee may live;
 Give the meed Thy grace hath won,
 Crown the work Thyself hast done,
 Everlasting gladness give.

The Ecclesiastical Art Revival in Ireland.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

IT is not possible to study the history of Christian art in Ireland without becoming, of necessity, acquainted with the history of the Catholic Church there as well. This close connection between Ireland's faith and Ireland's art may be traced, not only in the artist's choice of subjects, but also in the progress or decline of Irish art according as the religion of the people was free or persecuted.

The chief demand for Irish art came from the Catholic Church; and, Faith and Fatherland being synonymous terms in Ireland, her artists almost invariably devoted their talents to the service of religion. With such patriotic piety England, and especially apostate England, had no sympathy. It followed, therefore, that, trained by England and in English interests, the Irishman's genius grew less and less "racy of the soil"; and that, exploited for the benefit of a wealthy and material master, it lost much of its native mysticism and much of its native piety.

These unfortunate results of alien rule and alien teaching are all the more to be deplored since the demand for ecclesiastical art in Ireland has in no way diminished. Indeed, so great has this demand been, during the last fifty years or more, that there can be no doubt that, had the home education been equal to the occasion, Ireland might now boast a school of Christian art equal, and perhaps superior, to the best work of earlier and happier times. But, alas! for lack of the requisite training at home, the young Irish artist has been forced to emigrate to England or America in order to obtain the needed instruction, or, at the best, a market for his work. Ireland may pay for his education, but other countries reap the reward of his labor. Moreover, it happens only too often that Ireland has to pay the foreign craftsman for supplying what should be, and, under more favorable conditions, most certainly would be, furnished by her own people.

In nothing are these truths more painfully evident than in the history of stained glass in Ireland. And, when one thinks of the perfection to which Irish artists brought this beautiful industry in the past, it is hard to reflect calmly upon the system that led to its decline, and even, in only too many instances, to its destruction. It has been estimated that as much as thirty-seven thousand pounds a year was, for many years, sent out of Ireland to one Munich firm alone. And what is

most to be regretted in this is that the tawdry work imported has greatly injured the taste of the congregations to whom it has been supplied. People now prefer the insipid and sanctimonious style of work inspired by Carlo Dolce and his school, to the really fine and spiritual religious art of the Gothic times. It was with the laudable object of doing something to diminish this growing evil that, a few years ago, Miss Purser, the well-known Irish artist, opened her stained glass and mosaic works in Dublin.

The effort in favor of the revival of native ecclesiastical art is part of the movement being now ardently taken up all over Ireland, in connection with the Industrial Development campaign. The movement is at once religious and patriotic, and, of course, embraces many subjects; for early Christian art in Ireland included illuminating, metal-work, stone-cutting, and building. Even the very penmanship of the ancient Irish scribes might be classed as an art, to such perfection was it carried. Indeed, so wide-world was the fame of the Irish artists of those days that traces of their work, or of their pupils' work, may be still found all over the Continent. Moreover, not only Scotland and Wales, but to a certain extent England as well, must look to Ireland as the mother country in all matters connected with religious art.

"Neither the history nor the remains of the early Christian period in Scotland," says the Scotch writer, Mr. Anderson, "can be studied apart from those of Ireland—the ancient Scotia." Another eminent authority, Margaret Stokes, in her interesting book upon the same subject, tells us that "the fact that Anglo-Saxon manuscripts exist in England with Irish decorations, led to the misnomer 'Anglo-Saxon' for this style until Waagen, who had sufficient knowledge of both styles to perceive their difference, drew the defining line between them. The mistake, however, led to much confusion in the Continental libraries, where even

manuscripts written as well as illuminated by Irish scribes were frequently named Anglo-Saxon."

It is well known that, to go no further back, a party of Irish monks, headed by Saint Aidan, passed into the north of England, in the seventh century, and converted numbers of the natives, at the same time educating them in secular learning, and instructing them in the fine arts. How England repaid her debt to the Irish is best shown by the fact that there is need for an ecclesiastical art revival in Ireland to-day. In the present article I intend to deal with this movement from the viewpoint of the stained-glass industry only.

Although stained-glass windows do not appear to have been made in Ireland till comparatively recent times, even as early as the tenth century Irish artists had distinguished themselves in glass mosaic work. Indeed, the production of these glass mosaics seems to have been peculiar to Ireland. But the secret of their manufacture was well kept, and is unknown in our own day. The celebrated Ardagh Cup, or Chalice, and the Cross of Cong have been handed down as among the most beautiful examples that remain of the glass and enamel work of which the ancient Irish were such masters.

The "Ardagh Cup" takes its name from a village in the county of Limerick, where it was found in September, 1868, by a little boy who was digging potatoes. It is composed of gold, silver, bronze, brass, copper and lead; and the ornamental designs and enamel work with which it is enriched have never been surpassed in delicacy of execution, and are equalled only by the work upon the world-known Tara Brooch. But it is the inscription on the cup—the names of the Apostles—that has attracted the most attention, the letters in each word being something more than half an inch in length: The Ardagh Cup is now in the Dublin Science and Art Museum. Its exact date

is unknown; but the workmanship is of the old Celtic school, which reached its highest perfection in Ireland, as regards metal-work, in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

The Cross of Cong was made as a shrine for a portion of the True Cross, by order of King Turlough O'Connor, presumably about A. D. 1123,—the year in which the first General Council of Lateran was held, and during the pontificate of Pope Calixtus. It was then that, according to the "Annals of Innisfallen," a portion of the True Cross came into Ireland, and was enshrined at Roscommon, by Turlough O'Connor. The inscriptions along the sides of the Cross of Cong bear witness to the accuracy of the "Annals." The following is a translation:

"Pray for Muredach U. Dubthaig, the senior of Erin. Pray for Terdelbach O'Chanchobair, for the King of Erin, for whom this shrine is made. Pray for Domnall MacFlannacan U. Dubthaig, Bishop of Connacht and comarb of Comman and Ciran, under whose superintendence this shrine was made. Pray for Marljesu MacBrathan O'Echan, who made this shrine."

This famous shrine was long used as a processional cross in the church of Tuam, seat of the Archbishopric of Connaught. From Tuam it was transferred to the Abbey of Cong, which was founded by Roderick O'Connor, the last King of Ireland. It was concealed at the period of the Protestant Reformation, and subsequently lost sight of. It was eventually discovered in an old oaken press in a poor cottage. Since 1839 it has been preserved, as one of its most precious treasures, by the Royal Irish Academy of Dublin. A fac-simile of this beautiful cross was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair, and a reproduction of it was also made for the Art Museum of New York. It is about two feet six inches high, and one foot six and three-quarter inches broad; and is made of fine gold, silver, bronze, enamel, niello

work and jewels. The glasswork introduced into both of these interesting relics of ancient Irish art is among the most beautiful of the kind.

The historic cathedral of Saint Canice, in Kilkenny, which is now in Protestant hands, once possessed a stained-glass window of such exquisite beauty that, in the year 1645, the Papal Legate Rinuccini offered for it six hundred pounds,—a large sum in those days. The proposal was made on behalf of Pope Innocent X: It is not known whether or not this celebrated window was the work of Irish artists, but the people of Kilkenny refused to part with it at any price. Later on, when the bigot Cromwell made his victorious entry into the "Marble City," one of his first acts was to pillage the grand old cathedral and shatter the beautiful window. Nor was this act of vandalism an isolated one. But the history of the destruction by the English of Irish manuscripts, Irish works of art, and, indeed, of anything and everything that could prove to succeeding generations that Ireland once held a foremost place in the ranks of culture and of learning, is too well known to need repetition here. Suffice it to say that for many a year it placed Ireland at a disadvantage in the race with other nations; and even in our own day it handicaps her, leaving her only too often the last where, in happier circumstances, she would have taken a foremost place.

The "Tur Gloine," or Tower of Glass, as Miss Purser's works are called, aims at making a craftsman of every artist, and an artist of every craftsman. The workers, so to speak, learn from the outset "to think in glass." The lack of originality, whether in design or coloring, that is only too characteristic of the average modern stained-glass window, is mainly due to the widespread system of splitting up the various processes that go to its construction. The man who designs the window does not and could not execute it. The choosing of the colors

and the painting of the glass is left to an artisan. It is, therefore, no wonder that the work, even when most highly finished, is, as a rule, stereotyped and monotonous.

At the "Tur Gloine," on the contrary, the designer of a window understands the whole technique of its construction, and himself carries out every one of the processes down to the minutest detail. The result is that each window has the personal look of a true work of art, and not the dreary uniformity of those executed by the ordinary trade firms. The material being glass, its essential qualities are color and translucence. As Mr. Lewis Day, who is probably the greatest living authority on the subject, tells us, color is the *raison d'être* of a stained-glass window, and condones no matter what form, because the color of good glass has a charm that makes willing captives. In the work done at the "Tur Gloine," not only is the coloring all that the most critical could desire, but the design is always original, never commonplace, and the drawing is invariably suited to the material in which it is executed. It is for this reason that, speaking of the "Tur Gloine" ecclesiastical art productions, some one said: "Unlike many modern church windows, they do not look like oil paintings on glass; they are essentially windows, great mosaics of rich color."

Miss Purser has been fortunate enough to gather round her young Irish artists of great talent, some of whom have already distinguished themselves in other branches of art. The artists all work away with enthusiasm in glass, with a happy spirit of emulation and co-operativeness. The works are pleasantly situated in one of the best parts of Dublin, and are well equipped in every respect. Mr. Child, the manager, is a thorough artist, and may be said to know all that can be done with glass. A remarkably beautiful sort of glass has been specially blown in Dublin for the "Tur Gloine" artists.

It is the only window glass that has been made in Ireland, so far; and has been used in several churches and halls with admirable results. "Tur Gloine" has also executed some Stations of the Cross in *opus sectile*. This sort of work is particularly adapted to the moist Irish climate, as it is impervious to damp, which so often plays havoc even with interior decorations.

As the artists at the "Tur Gloine" are all allowed full scope for the development of their individuality, customers have a rich variety to choose from, and churches needing stained glass can be suited with what is most in keeping with the style or history of the sacred edifice. As an example of the kind of ecclesiastical art work turned out by the "Tur Gloine" artists, I will mention a few of the old Irish legends that have been used as subjects for illustration in glass; but for fuller details I refer the reader to a series of articles entitled "Irish Saints in the Breviary" that appeared in THE AVE MARIA during the course of 1906.

The Saint Patrick and Saint Brigid window consists of four beautiful panels. In the first Saint Patrick is ordered by an angel to leave Louth and go to Armagh; but the saint points to the valley at his feet, exclaiming: "The valley beneath is fair!" The angel insists; and then the saint obeys, but with reluctance; "for he loved the flowery meads of Louth." The second panel represents Saint Patrick in the act of interrupting Sechnall, who is reading a hymn he has composed in Patrick's honor. In the third panel Saint Brigid and Saint Sara are seen talking all night about the glory of heaven. The legend tells us that, when day broke, Brigid remembered that Sara was blind, and, filled with compassion, restored her sight by a miracle, in order that she too might see the sun rise. Sara was delighted for a moment, and enraptured with the view. But an instant later she prayed that she might again become blind. "Take away my sight," she craved; "for when

the world is more visible to the eyes, God is seen less clearly by the soul." The fourth and last panel of the series depicts a terrific storm, in which a boat is rocking helplessly upon the troubled waves. It is Saint Brigid's eve; and as she appears in a vision walking upon the sea, the fishermen in the boat implore her assistance. At the saint's intercession they land safely at Dundalk.

The Saint Enda and Saint Fanchea window is composed of three panels, the first of which shows Saint Enda, prince of Oriel, visiting, after a battle, the monastery of which his sister, Saint Fanchea, is the abbess. She has under her care a young girl whom the prince wishes to marry. The abbess asks her whether she would prefer to have an earthly or a heavenly spouse, and in the very moment she answers that she chooses to become the bride of Heaven, the girl dies. Then the abbess brings the prince into the death chamber, and the sight of the fair girl lying dead makes so profound an impression upon him that he renounces the world and becomes a monk. In the second panel we see Saint Enda, now a monk, in the act of marking out the site of a proposed monastery. While he is thus occupied a band of robbers passes by, loaded with plunder taken from his former subjects. The sight fills the saint with anger; and, plucking up a stake, he rushes after the robbers, intending to attack them. Then Saint Fanchea calls out: "Enda! Enda! Put your hand to your head and remember whose soldier you are!" Saint Enda touches his head, feels the tonsure there and, remembering his vows, throws down the stake, abashed. The third panel shows Saint Fanchea visiting her brother, now in a foreign land. But, when she asks to see him, he sends back answer that she must choose either to see him and not speak to him, or to speak to him and not see him. She decides on speaking to him; and the conversation takes place while he is inside a tent and she on the outside. Whether or not

Saint Fanchea died abroad is not known; but, dead or alive, she, with her nuns, was carried back, over the sea to Ireland on her cloak.

Another striking window executed at the "Tur Gloine" is of great historical interest, and recalls the fact, too often ignored, that it was the Irish who discovered America centuries before Columbus. So well was this known to the Scandinavians that they called America *Irland it Mikla*, or "Great Ireland," — a name, by a curious coincidence, often given to it in our own day. It was also called "Saint Brendan's Land." The window to which I allude is in honor of this famous Irish navigator and missionary, who was the first bishop of the See of Clonfert. To him belongs the glory of having been the earliest Christian pre-Columbian discoverer of America. But, according to Paul Gaffarel, in his "*Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique*," and other writers, various pagan Irish voyagers had been there before him. The poet Ossian is mentioned as one. Another was Condola the "Beautiful," son of Conn Cet Cathac, who was king of Ireland between the years 123 and 157 of our era.

Notwithstanding the many wild legends that surrounded them, the accounts of these voyages struck Saint Brendan—or Brandan, as he is also called — as being so obviously founded upon fact, that he resolved to go in search of the vast continent which the Irish persistently maintained their ancestors had visited. His object was to convert the inhabitants to the Faith of Christ. Accompanied by some faithful companions, he set forth on his memorable voyage in the year of Our Lord 545, starting from the bay off the coast of Kerry that still bears his name. According to the Irish annals, he passed through Virginia, and advanced till he came to a large river flowing from east to west, and now supposed to be the Ohio. During seven years Saint Brendan preached the Gospel in various parts of the country. He then returned to Ireland,

either to end his days there, or, as some accounts have it, to obtain a reinforcement for his missionary company; after which he again set sail for America, and was never heard of more.

"The story of Saint Brendan's voyage and discoveries was soon made known in every part of Europe," says O'Meagher Condon in his history of "The Irish Race in America." "There are still to be found in the libraries of Paris several manuscripts containing accounts in Latin; and throughout France, in various places, are preserved similar narrations in the Romance and old French dialects; while versions in Irish, German, Spanish, Portuguese and Italian are scattered in all parts of the Continent. Wynkin de Worde, the first English printer, published, nine years before Columbus sailed from Palos, a relation of the Irish saint's voyage and adventures; but, owing to the want of accurate information, his story was embellished with numerous imaginary incidents. In the 'Nova Legenda,' written by Capgrave—or, as some believe, by John Tynemouth,—and published in 1516, another sketch of Saint Brendan's discoveries is given. Voraginius, Provincial of the Dominicans, and Bishop of Genoa, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, speaks particularly of 'Saint Brandan's Land' in his 'Golden Legend'; and Paulo Toscanelli the Florentine, who prepared for Columbus the charts used on his first voyage, gave this name to the territory which, in accordance with the custom of the Italian geographers of that period, he marked down as being opposite to 'Europe and Africa from the South of Ireland to the end of Guinea.' . . .

"The 'Landnamabock,' compiled in the thirteenth century, tells us that in 983 Ari Marson, a kinsman of Eric the Red" (he was a grandson of O'Carrol, King of Dublin) "was driven by a tempest to *Huitramannaland*, or 'White Man's Land,' which some call *Irland it Mikla*, and which lies in the Western Ocean, near to Vinland the Good, west from Ireland. Ari, it is

said on the authority of Thorfinn, Jarl of the Orkneys, was not allowed to return home; but was still held in great honor by those who insisted on his remaining among them, and received the sacrament of baptism while there; from which last fact we may perceive that the seed sown by Saint Brendan had, up to that time at least, borne fruit."

In the Saint Brendan window, executed at the "Tur Gloine" works, the saint is represented as a little boy sitting at the feet of Saint Ita, abbess, to whose care he had been confided. An angel presents the child with a boat, on the sails of which are the arms of Clonfert, the future bishop's See.

All the stained glass destined for the cathedral of Loughrea was ordered from the "Tur Gloine" works. Quite recently the artists there sent a large three-light window to Canada, and some beautiful glass panels to New York. Miss Beatrice Elvery designed and executed a window for a church at Enniskillen,—the Good Shepherd, the Prodigal Son, and the Good Samaritan being the subjects introduced. Two local saints, Saint Molling and Saint Carthage, are represented in a three-light window destined for a church of Our Lady of Ireland, in Kerry. At the feet of the Blessed Virgin is an angel playing a harp.

The stained-glass industry is, however, but one branch of the great Industrial Revival campaign which, with the language revival movement, is now being carried on with astonishing success all over Ireland. Its progress gives good reason for believing that, even in our own day, Ireland will once again be known as the *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* ("Island of Saints and Scholars"),—the name given by all Europe to the Green Island in the Heaven-blessed days—

Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

To be dependent on another is to double
the sum of the terrors of uncertainty.

—Anon.

The Words of the Prophet.

A DUTCH IDYL.

THE pretty, comfortable-looking house was painted pink. It stood in the middle of a prim but beautiful flower garden, facing a prim but beautiful park. The windows shone like diamonds; the white, pebbled paths and the white polished steps glistened in the sunshine like long, regular, crystalline spars. And every house on the quiet street presented exactly the same immaculate appearance to the passer-by; for this was Holland, and the little city of Zaandam.

But, whatever lay behind the doors of these pretty and homelike dwellings, the particular pink house we have been describing sheltered only contentment and love. There were an affectionate father and mother and nine children,—five boys and four girls, all blond and rosy-cheeked, all blue-eyed, all amiable, all pictures of health and happiness. If there was any special claim to beauty among them, it lay with Emma, the eldest of the family. And lately she had acquired a new dignity: she had become affianced to Franz, a young sailor, to whom she had given her troth but little more than a year ago.

They had known each other from childhood, had played together, studied together; and when Franz came home between voyages, it had seemed a matter of course that he and Emma should walk out together in the park and along the bank of the canal, beneath the drooping poplars, where many generations of young lovers have walked and will probably continue to walk until the end of time.

It had been very simply done, as is the custom in that delightful country, where simplicity is the keynote of prosperity and content. Not a word had been said between them of their mutual affection until the eve of the departure of Franz for Africa. His orders had come unexpectedly; there was not much time for leave-taking.

Franz found Emma seated at table with the family at their evening repast. They were all there,—the father and mother at the head and foot, the children ranged on either side. When Franz entered, looking grave and serious, everybody understood what was about to happen, and silence fell upon the chattering group.

Cap in hand, the boy advanced directly in front of Emma and said quite simply:

"I have been ordered away; I shall not return before next Easter. Will you promise to marry me then, dear Emma?"

The girl looked first at her father, then at her mother. Each smiled and made a gesture of assent. Her mild blue eyes met the ardent brown ones of her lover for a second, and, blushing slightly, she looked down. But, presently lifting them again, she said:

"Yes, Franz; I could ask nothing better than to become your wife. Go, and may God protect you!"

And Franz, taking her hand, imprinted a light kiss on her forehead as he replied:

"Thank you, Emma! I shall strive to be worthy of you. A year passes quickly. I shall be back next Easter."

With these words, he bowed deeply to the company and left the room.

And now Easter had come, but not yet Franz. Emma was not at all anxious, however, as she knew it was impossible to predict the day of a sailor's return. She knew that, as soon as he arrived, Franz would come to her. Besides, it was not the time to be sorrowful on Easter Sunday, when all the bells were ringing and everyone was in gala attire. Emma herself had a pretty new costume, which was very becoming. She was sure Franz would think so when he saw it.

She went to church with her parents and sat in the midst of her sisters like a guardian angel; though from time to time her glance wandered through the open window to the water where several boats lay at anchor. And she prayed for the absent Franz.

When the service was finished, she stole

away from the others and took a turn on the quay, hoping to see a ship in the distance. There was a small boat—a stranger,—but no sign of the ship. On her homeward walk she passed the house of her lover near the quay. It was not nearly so pretty a house as her own: it was old and gray; the garden very small, though carefully kept; the windows small also, but with clean curtains in every room. Old Joris, a retired marine, lived there alone when his son was away. But Emma did not mind the little house nor the gray walls; it was to be her home, and she was supremely happy in the prospect of living there with Franz.

When Emma returned home the family were assembled around the table. Her father and mother were in their accustomed places, and Emma looked at them affectionately as she entered. How young and happy they seemed! According to an ancient custom, the father cut the Paschal Cake, and handed a piece to each. After they had taken it, all would drink from the same cup in memory of the Last Supper. But first, also according to ancient usage, a verse of Scripture must be read, generally by the eldest of the children.

"Take the Bible, my daughter," said the father, looking at her affectionately.

She carried the book from its stand to the table, seated herself and opened it at random. Then she read, in a sweet, clear voice, these words of the Prophet Ezechiel:

"Sigh in silence, make no mourning for the dead: let the tire of thy head be upon thee, and thy shoes on thy feet; and cover not thy face, nor eat the meat of mourners."

Every head was bent. After a moment's silence, Emma left the table and replaced the Bible on its stand. Having returned to her seat, she joined in the sacred rite in which the others were reverently participating, but her heart was troubled. The words of the prophet had seemed ominous; they had cast a gloom over

her soul. Could anything have happened to Franz?

The day was advancing and there was still no tidings of him. And as she sat there, clasping her trembling hands together under the table, the sun, which had been shining so brilliantly, became obscured by many clouds, now fast gathering upon the horizon.

The window was open: she heard the click of the garden gate. Could Franz have arrived? She turned quickly. It was not Franz who was coming slowly up the walk with bowed head. No: it was old Joris, his father. No one saw him but Emma till he entered the room. At first he could not speak, while they all regarded him with apprehension. At last he made a few steps forward, and, standing in front of Emma in the same spot where Franz had stood the year before, he said:

"The ship is in, but Franz has not come; we shall see him no more. There was a fight, many were killed in Africa, but only one from here. That was poor Franz."

Emma covered her face with her hands. She was trembling all over, but no tears came. As yet she could hardly comprehend the dreadful news. Then she heard her mother's voice:

"Sit down, Joris, and have a glass of wine. There—that will strengthen you."

Again silence, and again her mother's voice.

"Do not grieve too much, my daughter. It is sad, very sad, for you; but not so hard as for poor Joris, who will now be left entirely alone. You still have your parents, your brothers and sisters, but he will have no one."

"No one at all!" sobbed Joris, with the grief of a strong man. "Why should I live any longer now? What is left me but to die?"

Tears began to flow from the eyes of the stricken girl. Suddenly she left her place, went to her father and whispered to him. He nodded. She passed around

to her mother's chair. Again she whispered. The mother hesitated; but after a moment, laying her hand on the girl's head, she said:

"Yes, my child."

Then, as by one movement, the parents rose and clasped her in their arms.

Calmly, seeming ten years older than she had been that morning, Emma approached the bereaved man.

"Fränz is dead," she said sweetly, "but that does not make me any the less your daughter. I will take care of you."

An hour later, down the silent street, under the heavy black clouds from which drops of rain were now beginning to fall, the young girl followed the desolate old father.

Black Madonnas.

THE miraculous image of our Blessed Lady of Altötting, far-famed, like the one at Einsiedeln, on account of its great antiquity and the innumerable favors bestowed at the shrine, also resembles it in being of a black, or rather very dark, color. When, about a century and a half ago, in compliance with the desire of the King of Bavaria, an artist undertook to repaint it, a dark crust fell off parts of the countenance, disclosing the original coloring—a soft flesh-tint.

Madonnas of this same black color are not infrequent on the continent of Europe,—*e. g.*, Our Lady Consolatrix Afflictorum at Luxemburg, another near Spitz in Austria, and one at Regensburg. The last-named is enshrined on a side altar in the minster; it is about eighteen inches in height, and is said to have been brought thither by Judith, the consort of Duke Henry I. of Bavaria, on her return from the Holy Land. At St. Vorles, near Dijon, there is also a black image of the Mother of God, seated on a throne, holding the Divine Child before her with both hands, after the Byzantine fashion. St. Bernard, when a youth, was a constant

and devout worshipper at this shrine.

Not a few of these images owe their black color to chance rather than to design. Many paints turn black in the course of time, especially if vermilion or red lead is employed in the preparation of the flesh-tints; or, as is occasionally the case, if silver was used as a ground color. This is probably the reason why, according to Father Beissel, the countenance of so many Madonnas has gradually become discolored, and at last quite black. Other images have for scores—nay, hundreds—of years been surrounded by countless tapers, the smoke of which has had the effect of blackening them.

The miraculous image of Our Lady of Peace, in the convent of Picpus in Paris, is, it is true, black, although of comparatively recent origin; but this is explained by the fact that it was carved out of ebony, in imitation of other images which had become black with age. Again, the miraculous image of Czenstochowa, and one in a street in Cologne, were from the first painted black. In both of these the Blessed Virgin holds the Divine Child not, as usual, on her right, but on her left arm, probably in reference to the verse of Psalm xlv, which speaks of the Queen as standing on the right hand of the King; and, in accordance with the description of the vestments of the Queen in the same verse, the images are profusely gilded and adorned in various ways. They were painted black because of the words attributed to the Spouse in the Canticles, a type of the Blessed Virgin: "I am black [that is, tanned by the sun's hot beams] but beautiful."

With regard to those images which are not painted, but simply carved in wood, and dressed, after the fashion of the Middle Ages, in costly robes and mantles of rich material, it is well known that many kinds of wood turn very dark in the lapse of even a comparatively few years.

As with other matters appertaining to Catholic cultus, so savants have en-

deavored to find types of these black Madonnas in heathendom. They quote the statement of Pausanias, that the celebrated sculptor Onatas reproduced in bronze an ancient carving of "black Demeter," which was partly burned; also that a black image of Diana was venerated at Ephesus. Others would trace in the darkly-tinted Madonnas imitations of Isis or Venus. But, apart from all else, these allegations, remarks Father Beissel, are disproved by the fact that the most ancient Marian images date from a period when the figures of those false deities were long since forgotten or destroyed.

The mania of some unbelievers for discovering types of Christian images in the presentments of pagan gods has induced them to derive the representations of Mary, sitting with her Divine Son in her arms, from sculptures of Isis holding her son Horus to her breast. One must have a poor idea of early Christian artists to suppose that they could not observe and idealize a living mother and child, but must needs search the monuments of Egypt for an Isis as the model for the Virgin Mother of Christian veneration. Is it possible that Christians of yore, both clergy and laity, would not have raised their voices in condemnation of so impious a metamorphosis, abhorrent as it is to the sentiments of all who believe Jesus to be God, and who venerate Mary as the Immaculate Mother of God?

IN the maintenance of health and the cure of disease, cheerfulness is a most important factor. Its power to do good, like a medicine, is not an artificial stimulation of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence through a moral channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner forces by which life is sustained.—*Dr. Kellogg.*

A Preservation by Prayer.

AN esteemed contributor in England sends us the following statement, copied almost verbatim from a friend's letter. The incident seems worthy of record, and is published with the writer's permission:

"On Tuesday, August 7, 1905, Dr. B. and myself started on a camping trip, driving out of a settlement where we had spent the night. It was a very hot day. We were in a double buggy, in which we had packed our camping outfit, and so forth; also a large tent, with our feather-bed and bedding, strapped on top of all. We were advised to take with us a bundle of hay, for our horses to eat at noon, as there was none to be had where we should have to rest at that hour. My husband put a large leather strap upon the ground, and lifted armful after armful of hay from the crib where our horses had been eating all night. He lifted it *with his bare hands*; and, having tied it up, he placed it in the buggy, on top of the bedding, against the back curtains. It was only two feet from our backs as we travelled.

"It was nine o'clock when we left the settlement, and as we drove away F. said: 'Did you see that lizard, L.?' I looked, and saw a large lizard lying by the road. I took out my Beads and prayed for our protection against poisonous reptiles and insects, which are numerous in that country.

"When noon came, we could not find any good water; so we did not stop to camp, but drove on, over rough roads and smooth roads; and our hay was well jolted from one side of the buggy to the other. I often got down to hunt for arrow prints in the sand; and F. would exclaim: 'Look out, L.! This is a likely place for rattlers.' I was extremely careful; for I have always been very much afraid of snakes.

"We drove on and on through a desert

country, through miles and miles of sagebrush plains. At last we reached — Creek, where we were to stay for the night; and put up the tent, after having turned the horses loose to graze. F. lifted the bundle of hay, and put it on the ground, under the back wheels of the buggy. Then I went into the tent with some water, and had a hurried wash. Soon I heard F. calling to me: 'Be quick, L., and come and make the biscuits for supper. I have everything ready for you now.' So I hurried out of the tent to the camp fire.

"I returned to the buggy for the mixing-pan, and F. was standing close to me, when I gave the hay just the least push forward with my foot. We heard a loud rattling, and suddenly at one end of the bundle of hay appeared a large rattlesnake. F. said: 'It is a rattler, and a large one!' It went into the tent, and onto the bearskin robe which was lying on the ground, and of which later on we made our bed. I let the mixing-pan fall and rushed away. The reptile did not come in my direction, however; but stayed in the tent until F. and a miner, who happened to be camping there, killed it. It had six rattles and a button. It had come with us inside that bundle of hay for twenty-five miles! Its bite is deadly poisonous, and we were away off in the wilds, far from doctor, priest, or drug-store. My prayers saved us on the journey. Think of it! It might have remained until after we had gone to bed, and then come in; and woe be to us if it had done so!

"You see how we were preserved from death. We shall never forget the incident as long as we live. I did not neglect to make a thanksgiving to our Lord and His Holy Mother."

Is it not rational to believe that the mercy of God will be moved by the prayer of His faithful servants on earth who intercede on behalf of their departed brethren?—*Archbishop Hughes.*

Notes and Remarks.

While the missions to non-Catholics are, generically, concerned with all those outside the Church, it has seemed well to some zealous propagators of Catholic truth to make a specific effort for the conversion of the Hebrews in America. Accordingly, we have the Catholic Apostolate to the Jews, at the head of which is a converted rabbi, Mr. A. S. Kayser, who says: "We establish a mission among the Jews, because we do not want to be half-breed Catholics, but full-fledged ones. But this we can not be unless we heed the words of Christ: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Should we exclude one part of it — the Jews—from the preaching of the word of God, we are not truly Catholic any more. We may be Catholic in name and pass as such in the opinion of others, but in reality we are Catholic in the full sense of the word only when we embrace with the same Christian love all men alike."

Thus far the movement is represented chiefly by a monthly pamphlet, *Hazofe L'Beth Israel* ("The Watchman in the House of Israel"), a publication approved by Bishops Canevin, Foley, and Alerding. The intention is to form at Worthington, Ohio, an industrial school for Jews, who may at the same time inform themselves concerning the truth of the Christian religion. May the movement be prosecuted with energetic zeal, and may the Jewish Maiden who merited to become Mother of God and Queen of Heaven assist in crowning it with the fullest success!

Although the second National Peace Congress held in Chicago during the early days of the present month was largely attended, and many distinguished speakers, including diplomatic officials of several foreign nations, contributed to the programmes—to which the city newspapers devoted at least as much space as to the exploits of our ex-President in the

African jungle,—referring to the Congress as “a highly successful affair,” the editor of the *Dial* is not sanguine of any immediate results from it; he recognizes the fact that, in any matter involving the regeneration of the human spirit, progress must always be slow. He says:

When one looks back upon an occasion like this, and tries to form some sort of estimate of its power for good, it is only too easy to come to a discouraging conclusion. To the newspapers, it is something less than a nine-days’ wonder; and when it is over, leaves hardly an echo to remind us that it has been. To the public at large, it is the focus of a temporary interest, soon displaced by the jostling of other interests. And this incurable vagrancy of attention on the part of the world is apt to react upon the most devoted worker for peace, bringing him perilously close to despondency, and making him wonder if, after all, his effort has been worth the while. It takes a stout heart to remain unaffected by the apathy into which most men fall back after their brief excitement is over,—to look with hopeful gaze toward the intrenchments behind which folly and wrong sit in what seems to be the old unimpaired security.

The advocates of peace should find encouragement in the undeniable fact that the principle of arbitration is becoming more generally accepted all the time. There is new hope also in the fact that an ever-increasing number of the American people share the conviction of the *Dial* writer that “this nation can best aid in furthering the world’s peace by becoming once more the world’s example of a nation resting upon moral ideas, by retracing the downward path of the last decade, by ceasing to share in the senseless rivalry for power that is slowly but surely bankrupting the nations of the older world.”

The assistant Indian Commissioner of Canada has had long years of experience in dealing with the Indian schools in the Canadian West, and his opinion on the ethical training of the Indian is accordingly entitled to consideration. He says: “There are people who consider it an evidence of advanced thought to belittle the work of the missionaries. But those

who have studied the Indian question seriously and at first hand, find it difficult adequately to describe the civilizing influences of their devoted labors. I have seen the effects of these influences far in advance of the operation of our civil system, and can bear witness to their great benefit to the State.”

Similar testimony is borne by all impartial students of the like influences in this country, and it would be a veritable disaster were such salutary influences to be nullified or withdrawn.

The glorious beatification of Joan of Arc has apparently overshadowed in the international press a similar ceremony which took place in St. Peter’s, on Sunday, May 2. No fewer than thirty-four martyrs, of China, Cochin China, and Tonkin, were on that date declared Blessed. Thirty-three of the number were European missionaries or their Chinese converts; the thirty-fourth, the first European martyr in China, decapitated in 1648, was the Spanish Dominican, Father Francis de Camillas. The best known of these heroic missionaries, at least to English and American readers, is Father Théophane Vénard, through the lives of him published by Lady Herbert and Father Walsh, of the Propagation of the Faith. Of the twenty-nine native martyrs, six were priests and four others were women. All suffered between the years 1648 and 1862.

It is interesting to notice how many Servants of God beatified in recent years were natives of France. Within the last decade, the diocese of Poitiers alone has seen three of her children raised to the altars. Of the thirty-four martyrs beatified by Pius X. on the 2d inst., four were French—Ven. Stephen Cuénot, Ven. Peter Néron, Ven. Théophane Vénard, and Ven. John Néel, martyred in 1862. Blessed Théophane Vénard, as we may now call him, was born in Poitiers in 1829. His

brother, the Abbé Eusèbe Vénard, was present at his beatification. In his address to the French bishops, the Holy Father thus referred to the coincidence of so many of the new *beati* being natives of France: "In all these Causes . . . We have but reaped the fruits, which were ripening for Us, of the work of Our predecessors. And this, We think, has been brought about in the merciful designs of God in order that the country which has publicly given Us such deep pain should also, by increasing the number of its patrons in heaven, offer Us the hope of better days to come."

In an eloquent speech delivered at the unveiling of a beautiful monument recently erected at Salisbury, N. C., in honor of the Confederate soldiers of Rowan County "who gave their lives and fortunes for Constitutional liberty and State sovereignty," Gen. Bennett Henderson Young, of Kentucky, called attention to the striking fact that "relatively there have been more monuments erected to the Confederate cause than to any cause where men have used stone and bronze to immortalize human valor and courage." As illustrating the spirit of the Lost Cause, two other paragraphs of Gen. Young's speech deserve to be quoted entire:

Without fear of contradiction, in the presence of this vast audience, I affirm that from defeat we won imperishable renown. Losing, we have crowned our dead nation, its heroes and its living people with a glorious immortality. Wonderfully illustrious record! There are no stains on the Southern shield. Confederate men and women did all they could do. They were defeated, not because they were wrong or unfaithful in any respect whatever, but because an overruling Providence decreed their downfall in the solution of a divine policy for the government of the world, into which human ken can not pierce or venture. But this does not dim the splendor of their heroism, the glory of their patriotism, or the grandeur of their sacrifices.

Of one thing, my friends, we of the South are absolutely sure, and that is the past. No calumny, no misrepresentation of facts, no perversion of truth, no falsely written history tortured to meet partisan bias and prejudice,

can deprive us before the bar of public justice, in the mind of the world, of the just praise the representative Confederacy deserve for the superb and magnificent contest they waged for a great principle. The sword does not always decide right. We failed, and yet we know we stood for truth.

A spirited poem, composed for the occasion, was recited by Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan, whose father, Col. Charles F. Fisher of the famous Sixth North Carolina Regiment, after rendering conspicuous service to his State, sacrificed his life at Bull Run, where his bravery won a splendid victory for the Confederacy. He is often referred to as one of the great captains of the Civil War; and at the South his name is forever linked with those of Lee and Jackson and Gordon, who, whatever may be thought of the cause which they espoused, were unquestionably among the noblest men of their generation.

In the instructive series of papers on "The Formation of Character" which Father Hull, S. J., is publishing in the *Bombay Examiner*, there are many helpful hints to all who are engaged in the arduous task of educating the young. Here, for instance, is a consideration well worth reflecting upon:

Incompetent parents are only too apt to be satisfied so long as their children do what they are told. They do not realize that perhaps this seeming obedience is merely submission to a will stronger than their own. These infatuated custodians assert themselves and the child is subdued; and that is all. Nay, more: let us suppose the child obeys not merely because he will otherwise be whipped or scolded. Suppose he has got so far as to obey because disobedience displeases and obedience pleases his parents. In this attitude there is simply no morality at all. It is a service of affection perhaps, but it is not virtue. The most important thing to instil into a child's mind is that obedience is a submission to duty and not to a human will,—that his true rule of conduct is the objective law of right and wrong.

This, it will be objected, means diverting the mind of the child from a concrete personality to an abstract notion, which will less easily appeal to him. We meet this objection

by showing that the element of affection, or the personal element, becomes immediately useful in another way. As submission to will must be elevated into submission to law, so affection toward parents must be used as a stepping-stone to affection toward God. Teach the child as early as possible who God is, how wonderful He is, how good He is, how lovable He is. Then teach him that God is our Master, and duty means serving Him as such. Teach him, too, how God is our Heavenly Father, and that our service of duty must also be a service of love. Then sum up your whole course of instruction in terms more or less like these: My child, you can do this because otherwise you will be whipped. Better to do it because otherwise you will displease your parents. Better still to do it because it is the right thing,—because it is your duty to God, and because fidelity to duty is pleasing to Him.

Incompetent parents bring up untrained children, who in turn become incompetent parents; and the series, unfortunately, goes on indefinitely without coming to a final term.

Replying to the assertions of one Michael Donohue, in the *New York Sun*, that "the education given in the parochial schools is so clogged with extraneous matter that insufficient time is left for suitable and proper subjects, and that the system and results are greatly inferior to the public-school system," another correspondent of the same paper says:

The public schools give more time to fads and follies (departmental system, university style, children of twelve to fourteen years, changing every forty-five minutes, and going from room to room to hear lectures and instructions, above their comprehension, on music, hygiene, physiology, alcohol, tobacco, etc., to the neglect of good spelling, drill in arithmetic, penmanship, history, grammar and composition) than the parochial schools give to "extraneous matter." What is the "extraneous matter"? Moral instruction and practice of thirty minutes daily on duty to their God, parents, country, neighbors, and our laws and officers. If the public schools gave some of it, we should not have to enlarge our penal and correctional institutions every few years.

That the parochial school graduates are generally better trained in the common branches, I know from experience with scores of them every year. Did Mr. Donohue ever see and examine

the State Regents' Reports of examinations of the parochial school children? They tell how they pass their tests most successfully in many schools.

Personally, Mr. Michael Donohue may be undeserving of particular notice; but it was well not to allow his assertions to go unchallenged.

The late Father Angus, of St. Andrews, Scotland, in the last of the long series of excellent and eminently readable articles which he contributed to the *London Tablet*, has left his Anglican friends something to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,"—something to be remembered especially "when Catholics are accused of being somewhat slow in recognizing the advantages which might accrue from a reunion between England and Rome,—that is, of course, the Church of England as she now is, not what she was when part and parcel of the West, and in communion, therefore, with the Patriarch of the West, the Bishop of Rome."

In all his controversial writings Father Angus constantly emphasized the guidance given and the security guaranteed by the Chair of St. Peter. How England lost the one and forfeited the other is shown in the last words he ever penned, as follows:

The rupture with Rome was caused by the singular matrimonial arrangements of Henry VIII. But it did not stop with a mere rupture, which might have been healed again. The Primacy of the Pope was first got rid of. Then, in easy descent, time-honored service-books were burned and destroyed,—which Anglicans, who accuse us of neglecting the Sarum Use (as they do themselves), should remember. Then with Elizabeth came the new service-book and the Thirty-nine Articles, not only without any consultation of the rest of Christendom, East or West, but in open defiance of both. So when the Pope went, other things were thrown overboard as well. Transubstantiation, Seven Sacraments, prayers to saints, veneration of relics, pictures, images, all part of Eastern Orthodox doctrine and practice, as much as of Churches in communion with Rome, were swept away as so much trash. There was not only a breach with Rome, but a breach with the past, and a breach with the "Unchanging East." The result has been the isolation of Anglicanism.

Other Churches with which she was in communion before the Reformation stand aloof from her; and she is separated from the Reformed Churches of the Continent. . . .

Apart from their interest and readability, the Literary Notes of the London *Tablet* have a distinct charm on account of the writer's imperturbable good nature and unfailing urbanity. The recent demand of an American Catholic editor in the *North American Review* "For Six American Cardinals" would have caused many writers half as well informed as W. H. K. to indulge in sarcasm. The editor of the *Academy*, for instance, would have told the American petitioner for more red hats that he was talking through his own hat—an expression made use of in a late issue of Lord Douglas' controversial journal,—and would doubtless have indulged in the usual fling at our eagerness to get possession of "everything in sight." W. H. K., on the contrary, considers the claim so calmly that one is only amused by his reference to "characteristic American modesty" in asking for only six more cardinals, whereas, according to Mr. Desmond's representations, we are entitled to seven. The comments are so informing as well as diverting that we quote them entire:

At first one is a little alarmed at the prospect of a new numerical agitation, and a cry of "Six, Six, Six," answering to the "Eight, Eight, Eight," of our patriotic politicians. These latter, by the way, remind us of the persistent frogs whose monotonous murmur of "Acht, Acht, Acht," confused the calculations of the simple peasant in Grimm's fairy legend. But, happily, this persuasive plea for the six cardinals is not likely to excite so much popular clamor. And it may be hoped that it will be possible to consider it more calmly.

The writer of this article, Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, the editor of a Catholic journal, believes that there are some twenty-four million Catholics under the American flag; or, in other words, that the great Western Republic contains something like a tenth part of the whole Catholic population of the world. These figures might lead one to anticipate a claim for seven cardinals. But, with characteristic American modesty, Mr. Desmond is content to ask for

six. It is wise to be on the safe side and avoid any possible danger of seeming to ask too much.

We are afraid that some good people will look with suspicion at the writer's argument on this matter. And their objection will hardly be confined to the particular amount of this claim for American cardinals. When Mr. Desmond dwells on the large number of Italians in the Sacred College, they will probably reply that that is only what ought to be expected, that as a Roman body it can hardly be otherwise, and that it is not an international committee composed on principles of representation. But critics who take this line, and attach no importance to the presence of cardinals of all the various nationalities in the Sacred College, are strangely forgetful of the Council of Trent, which says that the cardinals shall be chosen, as far as possible, from all the nations of Christendom: *Quos sanctissimus Romanus Pontifex ex omnibus Christianitatis nationibus, quantum commode fieri poterit, prout idoneos repererit, assumet.* (Sess. 24, *De Reformatione*, cap. i.)

It may be well to remark, however, that while the Council clearly considers it desirable that there should be men of all the various nations in the College of Cardinals, it can hardly be said to favor that proportional representation which is apparently desired by the American writer. Indeed, the two ideas are so far from being identical, that they might, at least in some cases, seem to be mutually exclusive. For if the greater nations all had larger shares in accordance with their size, the smaller nationalities would have to be content with an infinitesimal fraction of a cardinal *in partibus*.

Well said, and worthy of the witty Italian who remarked, apropos of a report that several Americans were soon to be made cardinals: "Impossible! There are no red hats to be had that would fit all of them. One more hat for America would not be enough, and a few would be altogether too many."

Ernest Haeckel, the erstwhile authoritative exponent of the scientific position, is being laughed out of all courts of serious scholars. The *Casket* quotes Dr. Koelsche, of Zurich, as saying: "Haeckel reminds me of the Englishman who, on reaching a place where a mountain was marked in his guide-book, and finding no mountain there, observed solemnly: 'There is something wrong about this country!'"

Notable New Books.

The Cardinal Democrat. Henry Edward Manning. By I. A. Taylor. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd.; B. Herder.

"I loved the people," said Henry George one day to Cardinal Manning, "and that love brought me to Christ as their best friend and teacher." "And I," replied the Cardinal, "loved Christ, and so learned to love the people for whom He died." It is this lover of the people, their public advocate rather than their ecclesiastical superior, who is described in this intensely interesting volume. "It is as the friend of the working-man," says the author, "the defender of the weak, the pleader—to use his own words—for the worthless, that he will be represented here." Accordingly, we have a co-ordinated story of the great English prelate's social or sociological activities from his appointment as Archbishop of Westminster, in 1865, to the great Dockers' strike in 1889, the culminating point in a career that ended three years later.

It is an inspiring narrative, and withal an encouraging one, as indicating what enormous results for the betterment of humanity may be accomplished by the unselfish zeal of a determined character. The book was well worth writing, if only as an antidote to the miscalled biography published in 1896, and characterized by an eminent French publicist as "a pitiful monument of everything that a biography worthy of the name ought not to be."

The Life of St. Melania. By His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla. Translated by E. Leahy. Edited by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

This interesting volume is a condensed translation of a scholarly work by the great statesman and ecclesiastic, Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State under the late Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. The original, we are told in Father Thurston's admirable preface, is an edition of the Latin and Greek texts of the "Life of St. Melania the Younger"; the Latin text having been discovered by Cardinal Rampolla a quarter of a century ago in the library of the Escurial.

In the translation we have the biographical part, with just enough of the historical to serve as a setting for the saintly Melania's life and influence. The condition of Rome in the fourth century, the era of our saint, is pictured graphically; and against it is traced the pure, the generous, the holy life of Melania. She was brought up in an atmosphere of luxury, educated in all the culture of the age, and was forced to marry at the age of thirteen. As wife and

mother, she exercised marvellous virtue; and when in later years she was, through death, left childless, her husband, realizing that God had special designs in regard to Melania's soul, consented to her consecrating herself by vows to a life of penance as a religious. To read of Melania and her husband, Pinianus, is to marvel at the strength which marked their love of God; a love which stood the supreme test—that of sacrifice.

This book is more than a biography: it is that and history, as well as a homily on the life of service and renunciation.

The Little Book of Humility and Patience. By Archbishop Ullathorne. Benziger Brothers.

The keynote of the philosophy embodied in the Archbishop's teachings is the opening sentence of the book: "Spiritual natures are on the summits of creation; there is nothing but God above them." To reach these summits, however, there must be a long preparation in the way of humility and patience,—not in theory, but in practice. In the selections which make up this little book, special stress is laid on the relation between humility and charity, between humility and gentleness and calm of spirit. The notes on patience are to the point, and should be of great assistance to those who read them thoughtfully. It is indeed true that "patience is concerned in all that we have to resist, in all that we have to deny ourselves, in all that we have to endure, in all that we have to adhere to, and in all that we have to do."

Few consider that sadness is a form of impatience. The holy prelate says: "Sadness is the most selfish of all selfish things, and the very essence of self, eating and consuming the very heart of virtue. . . . The remedy for sadness is prayer. God is secretly present with the suffering soul, and in reward for patience she receives a secret strength and peace."

Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day. By Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. Translated by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. B. Herder.

The German original of this important work first appeared in 1900, a second edition being published six years later. Its author, the eminent professor of Catholic Theology in the University of Bonn, was led to its preparation by a double consideration. In the first place, the older works on liturgy discuss the Church's festivals only as subordinate parts of a greater whole, and accordingly deal with them summarily rather than at length. In the second place, modern studies of these festivals have commonly appeared as separate articles in

encyclopedias and reviews. Dr. Kellner thought that the time had arrived for the treatment of the cycle of ecclesiastical festivals as a definite department of study by itself, and his book is an attempt at systematizing the results of investigations into this branch of liturgical knowledge.

Commenting on the fact that, while every religion has its festivals, no other has so rich or so carefully thought out a system of feasts as the Church, the author says: "If we compare it to some artistically constructed edifice, we can regard the festivals of Our Lord as forming the piers which support all the rest; the lesser feasts as contributing the decorations; and the Sundays, with their attendant weeks, as the stones of which the walls are built."

The work is divided into three parts, dealing respectively with the Church's festivals in general, the Church's year and the saints' days, and the material upon which the history of the ecclesiastical year is based. The bulk of the volume—about three-fourths of its contents—is naturally devoted to the second part. Chapter I. of this division, the Church's year, treats of (a) Easter, and the sacred seasons connected with Easter; (b) Christmas and the Christmas season; and (c) "Other incidents in the Church's year"—Embertides, litanies or rogations, etc.

Intended chiefly for theological students and the younger clergy, the work may be unreservedly commended to them as furnishing a co-ordinated mass of liturgical information which they can scarcely find elsewhere. The volume is supplied with several pages of bibliography, a table of contents, several appendices, a chronological table, and a fairly exhaustive index. The translator has done his work well, and it was work well worth the doing.

A Friar Observant. By Frances M. Brookfield. B. Herder.

Mrs. Charles H. Brookfield, whose "My Lord of Essex" and "The Apostles" won for her a place beside her gifted husband in the ranks of authors, has given us in this her latest book a picture of England and Germany about the time of Luther. The dispersion of the friars starts the action of the story; and as the narrator fares forth on his travels to a land of safety, he meets with Lhanpyet, a Welch Earl, who is in danger of his life. The Earl entrusts the friar with a message to his daughter, who is with relatives in Germany; and it is in the carrying out of his promise to the Earl that the friar proves himself observant indeed. There is a quaint, old-time flavor about the narration; and the thread of a love story woven in the

sombre threads adds to the general interest.

The meeting of the friar and Luther is vividly pictured; and the entrance of Catherine von Bora upon the scenes lends a peculiar tragedy to Luther's story. As we read, we seem to hear her voice in the darkness of the old garden as she says, "I think I never saw the stars so bright"; and his sad reply, "They are indeed bright, but, O Catherine, they do not shine for us!" And it sounds like truth, not fiction, when the friar tells us that Luther said: "Let me whisper this in your ear: I am never so discontent as when I see the terror and consternation with which my people meet the approach of death."

Let us not fail to state that there are cheerful scenes, too, in "The Friar Observant." Anne and Hugh are happy in their love; and even a little love, be it said, goes a long ways in making the world bright.

History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. Benziger Brothers.

The first volume of this work, intended to be complete in three volumes, includes the very beginning of the colonization of Ireland to the year 1547,—that is, to the attempt at introducing the Reformation; the second goes from 1547 to 1782, or to the Act of Legislative Independence. For many reasons, a history of Ireland is difficult to write. The legends which surround the cradle of every nation, especially the Celtic people; the divers movements of progress and decay, of invasion and emigration; the awful political subjection and religious persecution inflicted on a race proud above all of their Catholic Faith and civil freedom, demand from the historian a rather rare assemblage of qualities and qualifications—a critical, ever-open mind, a close acquaintance with contemporary documents, learning and patience, sympathy and impartiality.

Father d'Alton realizes these requisites in a high degree. It is not his intention to give what we should call strictly original studies, but to set forth with clearness and accuracy what may be considered as historical truth in the present state of historical studies of Ireland. The results of his personal investigations are also presented. The book is interestingly written, and the references will enable the student to consult the sources and documents on the different points. Maps and plans illustrate the two volumes. Archbishop Healy, in his preface, expresses the hope that the work will meet with a sympathetic reception; the fact that the first volume is already in its second edition shows that this hope bids fair to be realized. As a rule, the sale of such books is exceedingly slow.



The Magic Box.

BY E. ROCHEROLLES.*

LATE one afternoon, a simple old peasant named Nicolas was on his way home from his field. A fine, penetrating rain was falling, and his blue blouse was soaked through. He had just been looking at his wheat, which was beaten to the ground by the steady downpour.

"How unlucky!" he said aloud. "My crop will surely be a failure. How shall I get through the winter and find bread for the children? We poor peasants work from daylight till dark, every day the year round, and then have to see our harvest spoiled by rain, drought, or frost. Still, they claim there is One above who watches over our affairs. One thing is sure: He isn't paying much attention to mine just now. If I were the good Lord, I wouldn't be so hard on the poor. I would give them rain and sunshine just as they need it."

Here Nicolas was brought to a sudden stop by a tap on his shoulder. As he had not seen any one approaching, he began to tremble.

"Don't be afraid, my good man," said the stranger. "I wish you no harm: quite the contrary. I overheard your complaint, and I want to give you the means of remedying your unfortunate lot. Take this box; it is a precious talisman; it will grant all your wishes, and give you fair weather and rain at your desire."

"What! Can it be possible!" exclaimed Nicolas.

"Not only possible, but certain," was the reply. "You can have rain or fair weather at your will. But there is one condition; that is, that you must agree

with your neighbors each day before opening the magic box."

Nicolas hurried home and showed the treasure to his wife and children. Little Jeannot wanted to take it in his hands, but such a thing was not to be thought of. Soon the near neighbors were informed of the affair by the goodwife, and the following morning they all came to hold a consultation and agree upon the weather to be asked for.

Nicolas told them of the mysterious encounter. "Now," he added, "we are going to have sunshine, and be rid of this rain that is spoiling our wheat!"

"Sunshine!" exclaimed Maître Legrand. "I think this wet weather is just fine. My beets are doing well for their watering; I can almost see them grow."

"Yes," said Thomas the miller. "The river is so low it hardly runs at all. If the sun shines, it will dry up entirely; the mills will have to stop then, and there will be no flour for your bread, Master Nicolas."

Farmer Matthew wanted sunshine, so he could cut and dry his hay; the gardeners wanted rain for their vegetables, and so on. It was impossible for them to agree upon anything. The next day it was still worse. One of the neighbors even went so far as to ask for sunshine and rain at the same time. On the days which followed, things were no better; the neighbors simply could not be made to think alike about the weather. In the end, Nicolas became so disgusted with the selfishness of them all that he threw the magic box out into the road.

The next morning the village doctor found it while on his way to visit a patient.

"Monsieur the Justice's snuff-box!" he said. "I must restore it to its owner."

The Justice had practised this innocent deception to teach old Nicolas a salutary lesson.

* Translated from THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

V.

Olivia had become well acquainted with the Sisters and with Father Shea. From time to time she had met them in the dwellings of the sick poor, which, with a spirit of charity rare in one so young, she often visited with delicacies and nourishing food. She had never had an intimate girl friend. In some respects she was very youthful for her age; in others, quite mature. She and her father had always been companions; though he was a quiet, studious man, and Olivia full of life and vitality. But she was very fond of reading also; and her walks, drives, and books filled her days.

She had quite lost her heart to one of the Sisters she had met the day she first visited the tent; and was a little discomfited when she learned that, instead of being the "Lady Superior," as Olivia had styled her in her own mind, she was an ordinary nun, and that the short, stout one was in reality the superior of the convent.

Olivia had never been inside the convent—as it was called, though it consisted of only a brick building enclosed by a large playground and garden. The Sisters were very much pleased with her, but hesitated to invite her to visit them, fearing their motive might not be understood. There was a great deal of bigotry in Preston, Old and New; though the Catholics were fast overcoming the prejudice against them.

On her side, Olivia would gladly have had an excuse for passing the "mysterious portals," as Miss Proud had denominated them on the evening she saw Olivia walking with two of the Sisters, and waited to reprove her afterward. But, as usual in these tilts with Miss Proud, Olivia came off best.

"There is nothing in the least myste-

rious about them," she said. "The door is generally wide open, for the children have no other way of passing into the school; though Sister Mary Aurelia tells me they are going to have another entrance made and some other changes during the Easter vacation."

"I'm surprised that they've been so communicative with you, Olivia," said Miss Proud. "I had supposed them to be very dark and silent."

"Oh, no! They are both fair, with blue eyes—that is, the two Sisters I know," answered Olivia, saucily; "and they speak very pleasantly to me whenever I meet them."

"If such is the case, Olivia," said Miss Proud, "they have designs upon you. I shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that they had resolved to turn you into a Popish novice."

"I don't know what you mean by a 'Popish novice,' Miss Proud," retorted Olivia, as she prepared to leave. "But if it is a good thing, I'd just as soon be that as anything else,—rather than some things."

"They'll find you an easy mark, silly girl!" said her tormentor as a parting shaft.

A few days after Dickie had asked permission to attend First Communion instructions, Nora said to Olivia:

"Miss Olivia, Mary and I have been thinking we'd like to help fit Dickie out for his First Communion, and I'm sure your papa would help."

"What would there be to do, Nora?" asked Olivia.

"Well, he'd have to have—or he *ought* to have—a complete new suit from head to foot, and that would cost something. He has ten dollars of his own to the good, he says."

"What do you suppose it would cost?" asked Olivia.

"Maybe twenty-five dollars. Mary and I are willing to put in ten between us."

"That's very kind of you," said Olivia.

"No, it isn't much," observed Nora.

"We never have any calls for charity here.

'Tis a good opportunity put in our way."

"I'll speak to papa," said Olivia. "If we knew just what he'd need—what kind of clothes, I mean."

"The Sisters would know, or the priest," answered Nora. "If you like, I'll stop in at the convent and inquire some day when I'm down town."

"Oh, let me, Nora!" cried Olivia. "I'd just love to go to see the Sisters. I've been wishing they'd ask me to visit them."

"You're welcome to do it," rejoined Nora, laughingly; "and you'll understand better than myself would. But you'd better ask your papa first. The whole town will likely be talking if they see President Middleford's daughter going in to visit the Sisters."

"You know papa, Nora. He'll be perfectly willing. I'm going to ask him at luncheon."

As Olivia had predicted, Mr. Middleford made no objection. She lost no time in making her call. About four o'clock that afternoon she rang the bell at the door of the "mysterious portals," which happened to be shut; for school had been dismissed, and the Sisters were allowed the privacy of their home until next morning. A Sister whom she had not seen before answered her summons. When Olivia asked for her beloved Sister, she replied:

"If you will come in and wait a few moments, she will be at liberty. The Sisters are at Office now."

"Thank you! I will wait," replied Olivia.

"Come into the parlor," said the portress.

As Olivia passed through the hall she saw that two doors on one side were wide open. The desks and benches showed them to be schoolrooms. On the other side was the parlor—a small, barely furnished room, but cleaner than any Olivia had ever seen in her life before. The floor was waxed and polished; the wooden chairs shone with rubbing, as did the table in the middle of the room, on which rested a bouquet of flowers. A beautiful picture

of the Madonna hung over the mantel. In front of it there were also flowers. Folding-doors separated this room from another in front. Through them Olivia could hear a low, murmuring sound, as of several voices.

"I wonder why they all talk at once?" she thought. "Probably they have to make a report to the Lady Abbess every evening. That room must be the Office. But it seems strange they should all speak at once."

Apart from the murmuring sound which rose and fell at regular intervals, Olivia thought she had never experienced such silence—such an air of peace and repose—as reigned in that quiet room.

Suddenly the folding-doors were pushed slightly apart and the Sister Superior entered. Olivia was disappointed: she was expecting to see Sister Mary Aurelia. But she rose politely and said:

"I am sure you are surprised to see me, Sister."

"A little," was the reply. "I am very sorry Sister Mary Aurelia is not here. She is visiting a sick woman in the town. But perhaps I can fill her place."

Olivia explained her mission, and received minute instructions as to what Dickie would need.

"We are all so glad the boy is with you," said the Sister. "He is a fine little fellow and deserves a good home."

"We like him very much," answered Olivia; "and papa wants him to take all the time that is necessary to perform his religious duties."

She rose to go, and on her way through the hall caught a glimpse of a half-open door.

"Would you like to see our little chapel?" asked Sister Superior.

"Yes, Sister, I would," replied Olivia.

They went in. The chapel was very small, but, like the other room, so exquisitely neat that Olivia held her breath. It was all white and gold except the benches, which were of mahogany, beautifully carved. The candlesticks were of

silver, chaste and beautiful. The statues were also unusually fine. Olivia stood for several moments in front of the altar rail. She had never been accustomed to kneel; but, as the Sister remained in an attitude of adoration before the altar, she sank upon her knees and bent her head. When they rose she saw her own Sister kneeling in the doorway.

"Welcome!" she said, taking Olivia's hand. "I said a little prayer for you, my dear!"

"Thank you, Sister!" rejoined Olivia, shyly. "I am sure I need prayers, for I say very few myself. What are those pictures around the walls?" she inquired. "I should like to examine them sometime. They are very sad, aren't they?"

"They represent the Stations of the Cross," said Sister Superior.

Olivia looked bewildered.

"I must go now," continued the gentle nun. "Sister will explain them to you." And, with a kind pressure of the hand, she left them.

"Come into the garden," said Sister Mary Aurelia, "and I'll tell you. You know about the Passion of Our Lord, don't you?" she asked, when they were seated on a bench.

"I don't think I do," replied Olivia,— "that is, I know very little about it."

"How strange!" said Sister. "Then I'll tell you."

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Olivia, when she had finished. "Now I shall want to see them more than ever. And that little silver lamp hanging from the ceiling—does it burn all the time?"

"All the time—day and night."

"What does it mean?"

"It burns there in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, concealed in the Tabernacle. Did you not notice, on the altar, a kind of receptacle with a door?"

"Yes, and I wondered what it was meant for."

"Our Lord is there."

"But He is everywhere."

"Yes, He is everywhere. Some other

day I will explain further, if you wish to hear," said Sister Mary Aurelia. "Just now the bell is ringing for early tea. I hope you will come to see us again, Miss Middleford."

"O Sister, call me 'Olivia'!" said the girl. "It sounds so much more friendly. And I like you so much!"

"Very well, then; 'Olivia' it shall be," was the reply; and they parted.

That night, as Dickie was studying his catechism in his room Olivia tapped on the door.

"Dickie," she said, when he opened it, "I came to ask you what is meant by the Blessed Sacrament."

Dickie explained, and that very clearly. Olivia listened in silence. After he had finished she said:

"You don't mean to tell me, Dickie, that you believe Christ is really *there* on the altar?"

"Just that, Miss Olivia," answered the boy, and he began to quote Scripture to strengthen his affirmations.

"That is wonderful—wonderful!" she said. "I wish I could believe it. If I could, I would be a Catholic. But it is hard."

"Pray, Miss Olivia,—pray," said Dickie. "My grandmother used to say that God gave people faith when they prayed. She said prayer was better than any reasoning."

"And those pictures—those Stations,—how lovely that idea is, Dickie! Some day I'm going to look at them again."

After leaving Dickie, she went to her father in the library, intending to tell him of her visit in the afternoon. But she found him in so perturbed a state of mind that she did not mention it that evening. He was looking for his snuff-box,—a very old one, of chased silver, which had been used by his grandfather, and which, on that account, he valued very highly.

"I am sure I left it on the corner of the table when I went to dinner," he said. "I always carry it in my vest pocket, but I found a hole there this evening, and was going to ask you to mend it, Olivia. I went upstairs to change the vest, and

forgot about the snuff-box until a few moments ago when I needed it. But I can not find it anywhere."

"Sit down, papa, and I will look for it. You will get yourself all in a stew, and perhaps pass it over while it is lying under your very eyes. I often do that when I mislay things."

She bustled about, overturning papers and books, but without effect. Neither Nora nor Mary had seen the snuff-box; they had not been in the library. Dickie was questioned, with the same results.

"I can't tell whether or not it was on the table when I went into the library with the coal," he said. "I never look at the table. I don't know what is there or what isn't."

So the matter rested, and the snuff-box was not found. Mr. Middleford was very much concerned about it. He began to think that, through carelessness on the part of the servants, it had fallen into the fire.

Two days passed and Olivia had not spoken to her father of her visit to the Sisters or the proposed outfitting for Dickie. He seemed strangely out of sorts, she thought, and feared he was not very well. On the third evening, as they were sitting together in the library, she said:

"Papa, you know Dickie is preparing for what Catholics call First Communion."

"Yes, I believe I have heard something about it," he rejoined in a dry tone, so foreign to his usual speech that Olivia looked up in surprise. Then she remarked:

"He will have to get a new suit, and we thought—Nora and I—that it would be well to help him."

Mr. Middleford put down his paper.

"Olivia," he said, "I am afraid that Dickie is another example of kindness thrown away on an unworthy object."

"O papa, what do you mean?" cried Olivia. "Has Dickie been doing anything he shouldn't have done?"

Mr. Middleford frowned.

"I am afraid he has. I am almost certain that it is Dickie who is respon-

sible for the loss of the money and the snuff-box."

"Papa! How can you say it?"

"My dear," answered Mr. Middleford, "I have lost a ten-dollar gold piece also. Yesterday morning I had one in my hand with which I was about to pay Dickie. I left it on the corner of the table to give to him, as I saw he was carrying kindling up from the barn, as he usually does in the morning, to make a fire in this room. You remember I had forgotten my handkerchief and went upstairs to get one. I was gone less than five minutes. When I came back Dickie was leaving the library. I said: 'Wait a moment, Dickie.' But he didn't seem to hear me, and passed on down the hall, the dog scampering in front of him. When I went to the table the money was gone, and then I remembered that the evening I lost the snuff-box I had met the boy coming out in the same way. I can't help thinking, Olivia, that he has taken both."

"O papa!" said the girl, "I can't believe it,—I *can't* believe it!"

"I am loath to believe it, too, my dear; but appearances are against him. He seems to be a boy of many good impulses, but we know nothing of his past; and the wandering life he has led is not conducive to honesty. The temptation may have been too great for him, Olivia."

"Oh, *why*, why do you suspect Dickie?" she cried, and leaned her head on the mantelpiece to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes.

"I am late, Olivia. We will speak of this matter again some other time," said her father, taking up his gloves.

(To be continued.)

Noah's Ark.

Noah's Ark was about as big as a medium-sized church—that is, from 450 to 500 feet long, from 75 to 85 feet broad, and from 45 to 50 feet high,—with one window in the roof.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Braille Library of books for the blind, issued by the London Catholic Truth Society, has reached a total of four to five hundred volumes.

—"The Work for the Negro," the strong paper read by the Rev. John E. Burke, of the archdiocese of New York, at the Catholic Missionary Congress held in Chicago last year, has been printed in neat pamphlet form.

—"A Typical Old-Time Country Mission," by the Rev. T. C. Middleton, D. D., O. S. A., is a reprint from the *Records* of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. The mission in question is St. Paul's, of Mechanicsville, N. Y. An interesting and well-printed pamphlet of 52 pages.

—"The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories," attractively produced by Messrs. Benziger Bros., is a collection of twenty interesting narratives of the short story variety. Among the authors represented are several regular or occasional contributors to THE AVE MARIA—Peter K. Guilday, Mary E. Mannix, and Magdalen Rock. The title story is by George Barton.

—Fr. Pustet & Co. have brought out another edition of their "Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary," compiled from the best sources and approved by ecclesiastical authority. The little book will be found to contain all desirable information as to the origin and purpose of the Sodality, the rules for the different officers thereof, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, prayers, hymns, etc.

—Two new volumes have just been added to the Medieval Library—"The Book of the Divine Consolation of St. Angela da Foligno," translated from the Italian by Mary G. Stegmann, with illustrated reproductions of the woodcuts of the original edition (Genoa, 1536); and "Early English Romances of Friendship," edited, in modern English, with introduction and notes, by Edith Rickert. Illustrated by photogravures after illuminations in contemporary MSS.

—Professor J. Singenberger, the veteran maestro, is giving us in permanent form the choicest fruit of a long life devoted chiefly to the study of church music. To impart the secrets of the Sacred Chant to both singers and organists is the object of his two latest books. "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing" has been supplemented by "Short and Practical Instructions on the Use of the Pedal." These two publications combined form a real organ-

school. The use of the pedal is simply and practically shown; and, while most of the exercises serve for technical purposes only, many of them will be found suitable for use during the services of the Church. A postlude by J. Quadflieg and a fugue by Bach complete a most useful book, for which the author will have the best thanks of a host of beneficiaries. Pustet & Co., publishers.

—Messrs. Burns & Oates' new publications include "The Holy Sacrifice and its Ceremonies, a mystical and liturgical exposition of the Mass, by Father Nieuwbarn, O. P.; and "Christ, the Church, and Man," an essay on new methods in ecclesiastical studies and worship, with some remarks on a new apologia for Christianity in relation to the Social Question, by his Eminence Cardinal Capececelatro, archbishop of Capua. The former book, we are told, has sold by the thousand in Holland; both are sure to find favor with English readers.

—A strange revenge brought in by the whirligig of time is noted by the *Austral Light*. "When Newman wrote 'The Present Position of English Catholics,' fifteen years after the first edition of the 'Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk,' nearly 250,000 copies of that atrocious story had been circulated in England and America, and the demand showed no signs of abating. To-day in this country [Australia], of which the population is three-parts Protestant, the same story is listed with prohibited imports as 'indecent or obscene' literature."

—The editor of the American Catholic "Who's Who" desires to correct the impression prevailing in some quarters that the book is to be a mere social register, or a sort of "roll of honor." Like the English (secular) "Who's Who," and the Catholic "Who's Who," published in London, "Qui Etes Vous" (Paris), and "Wer Ist" (Berlin), the American Catholic "Who's Who" will be a reference book, stating what Catholic men and women are doing, and what positions they hold in Church, college, and the professions; and serving the same purpose for the living that biographical dictionaries do for the dead. The proposed work, therefore, is not a social Blue Book. In deciding who is to go in the book, the editor will be guided by one question only: "Is this a person that Catholics and non-Catholics would like to know about and need to know about?" With this better understanding as to the object of the American Catholic "Who's Who," the editor makes an earnest

appeal that all who have been asked, or will be asked, to send her their record, will do so without delay.

—"The Joy o' Life," by Theodosia Garrison (Mitchell Kennerley, New York), is a volume of some hundred short poems, most, if not all, of which have appeared of late years in *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Century*, and other magazines. The lyric quality is notable throughout the book, and many of the poems are instinct with the dainty fancy and musical lilt which one is apt to associate with Irish singers; as, for instance, this "Spring Song":

It's myself that is sick for the Winter's breaking,
It's myself that is sad for the April's waking—
('Tis the thought that I'm thinking the whole day long,
'Tis the dream that I dream by night.)
When all the green of the grass is growing
And all the bloom of the blossoms blowing,
And the world will be all in white, Asthore,—
The world will be all in white.

And it's oh, for the blue of the April weather,
And the morn when the two of us walk together—
('Tis the thought I'm thinking the whole day long,
'Tis the dream that I dream by night.)
With all the birds in the parish singing,
And all the bells in the chapel ringing,
And yourself will be all in white, Asthore,—
And yourself will be all in white.

"The Joy o' Life" is a volume that will repay reading by those who enjoy "thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

"The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.

"The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.

"The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.

"A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.

"The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.

"The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.

"The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50.

"History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per vol.

"The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.

"Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.

"Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.

"True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

"Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.

"Carmina." T. A. Daly. \$1, net.

"Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.

"The Treasure and the Field." Isabel Hope. \$1.

"Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon." Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.

"Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.

"The Churches Separated from Rome." Mgr. L. Duchesne. \$2, net.

"The Finding of the Cross." Louis de Combes. \$2, net.

"Principles of Logic." George Hayward Joyce. S. J., M. A. \$2.50.

"Between Friends." Richard Aumerle. 85 cts.

"The Faith and Works of Christian Science." Author of "Confessio Medici." \$1.25, net.

"Meditations on the Gospels." Médaille-Eyre, S. J. \$1.50, net.

Obituary.

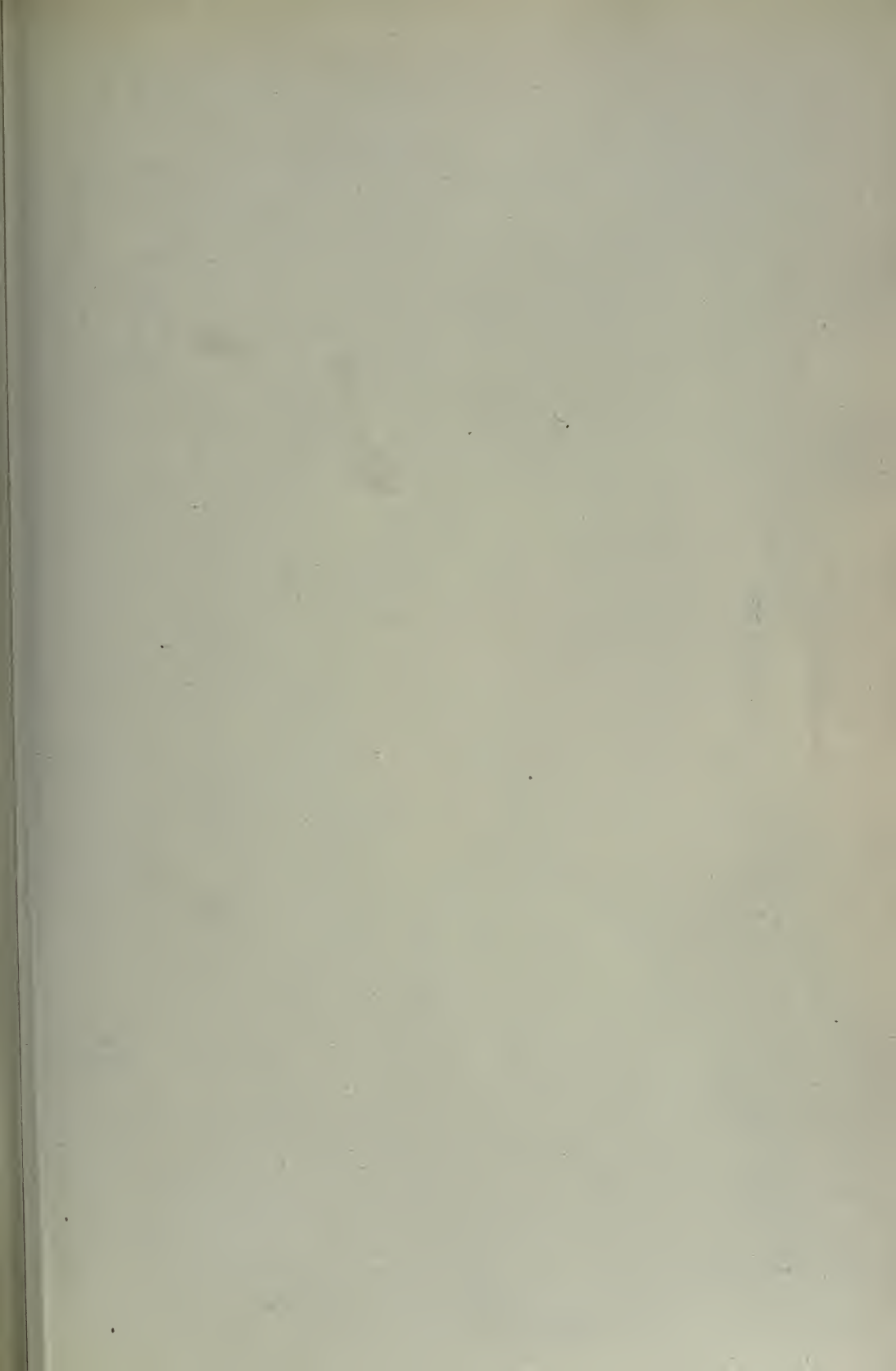
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. R. F. Neale, of the diocese of Dallas; Rev. Patrick Hennessy, diocese of Sioux City; Rev. Francis O'Neill, O. P.; and Rev. Camillus Wenzel, O. F. M.

Sister M. Dulcina and Sister M. Borgia, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Joseph Sweeney, Mr. Charles Dvorak, Miss Anna M. Barlow, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. Henry Gatzemeyer, Mrs. William Meyers, Mr. James McGlynn, Mrs. Ellen White, Gen. John B. Frisbee, Mrs. Agnes Paulette, Mrs. Bridget Connolly, Mr. Charles Heil, Mrs. Catherine O'Leary, Mr. Frank Robinson, and Mr. William Martin.

Requiescant in pace!





QUASI OLIVA SPECIOSA IN CAMPIS.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BESSSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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June.

(Rondel.)

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

☉ ROYAL JUNE, your face is fair,
Red are the roses in your hair,
Your step is buoyant, light and free,
Your laugh is full of melody!
The lilies that your slim hands bear
Are fragrant sweet beyond compare;
The skylarks high in middle air
Your praises sing o'er lawn and lea,—
O royal June!

In all your good we have a share;
O'er life's broadway we blithely fare
When all the world is full of glee,
And green leaves dance on shrub and tree,
When words alone are grief and care,—
O royal June!

The Oldest Book in the World.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D., LL. D.



O idea is probably more ingrained in modern thinking, no opinion is more generally accepted, no conclusion is surer to most people, than that we are in the midst of marvellous progress in this little world of ours, and that our generation is somewhere at the apex of the Pyramid of Progress, elevated thereto by the attainments of the generations that have preceded us. As the Poet Laureate put it at the close of the nineteenth century, "we are the heirs of all the ages in the

foremost files of time"; and because we have the advantage of our predecessors' progress in their time, we are, of course, in all that makes for human happiness and fulness of life, very far ahead of those gone before us. The farther back we go in history, then, the lower down men are supposed to be found in all that stands for intellectuality and in all that represents the possibilities of human achievement at its best. It is now well understood that the generations of the past are not so much to be blamed for their backwardness as to be pitied for the misfortune that, having come earlier in the world's history, they could not have the advantages that we enjoy, and therefore could only attain much lower stages in human progress than ours.

Apparently, there are very few people who do not share in the opinions thus expressed. The nineteenth century has been proclaimed the century of evolution; and the idea of evolution has become so much a part of the thought of our time that man also is assumed to be in the midst of it, and history is presumed to show distinctly the wonderful advance that humanity has made. As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult to point out definitely where progress in humanity may be observed. Ambassador Bryce was asked, two years ago, to deliver an address before Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, and took for his subject "What is Progress?" Phi Beta Kappa is the fraternity that admits into its classes only the best students,—men who have proved their ability by success. Mr. Bryce, speaking

to the most intelligent university graduates, might be expected to make much of our wonderful recent progress. The address subsequently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1907. Far from any glorification of progress, the historian of the American Commonwealth, who has demonstrated his breadth of view, is very dubious as to whether there is any progress in the world. There is certainly no progress in man's highest expressions of his intelligence. As Mr. Bryce says: "The poetry of the early Hebrews and of the early Greeks has never been surpassed and hardly ever equalled. Neither has the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, nor the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero." No one pretends that there is any progress in art. The masterpieces of architecture, sculpture, and painting date as a rule from long before our time, some of them nearly twenty-five hundred years back.

As has been very well said, the man who talks much about progress in our time usually knows only the history of human thought in his own generation, and not very much about that. In nearly every important phase of human achievement, we are, in present accomplishment, far behind the great predecessors. In our generation, we are confessedly imitators in every phase of æsthetic expression. In painting, sculpture, art and literature, our models are all in the past, and we are quite frank in confessing that we are doing no work at all so good as the work of our forefathers of many generations and sometimes many centuries ago. Whence, then, comes the idea of progress? It has obtained most of its vogue from the theory of evolution; and the lack of evidence for evolution in general, in spite of the persuasion on the part of many educated people that there are proofs for it, can be very well judged from the corresponding lack of evidence with regard to progress in humanity. There is complete absence of proof for this latter, when the situation with regard to human achievement

in the really great things of human life is examined. Indeed, it would be amusing were it not amazing to think how readily we have come to accept notions for which there is so little substantiation.

I have recently been reading what is probably the oldest book in the world; and, because it furnishes new evidence for the lack of progress in mankind, it seemed to me that it would be interesting to discuss it. The editor of *THE AVE MARIA* has encouraged that idea. The little book is a letter of advice from a father to his son, written during the time of the Fifth Dynasty in Egypt. This would be, according to Flinders Petrie's figures, between 3500 and 4000 B. C. Ptah Hotep,* who wrote the book, was a vizier of King Itosi, who probably reigned about 3650 B. C. The little volume, then, represents the advice of a father to his son about as long before Solomon as Solomon is before us. A modern, convinced of the wondrous progress that we are making in every generation, might reasonably expect that the maxims of this old-time father would be very crude and rude, and represent a very early stage in the development of man's relations with other men. The surprise is, on the contrary, that any modern father would be glad to give just such advice to his son as this old prime-minister gives; for there is scarcely a subject in human relations that, out of his precious wisdom grounded on personal experience, the old man does not touch

* The tomb of this Ptah Hotep is still to be seen in the necropolis of Sakkara, not far from Memphis, where so many valuable discoveries have been made. I had occasion to point out last year, in a contribution from the medical historical department of Fordham University, that the first pictures in surgical operations extant had been recently discovered in that necropolis, in the tomb of a surgeon who was of high rank. These pictures were described by Mr. W. Max Müller in a publication of the Carnegie Institution in 1906, and were reproduced in my article calling attention to them in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (November 9, 1907).

upon, both luminously and tactfully. A father of the modern time would be proud indeed to be able to give such advice. Very few fathers could do it.

Any one who thinks that education, in the sense of training of character or advice with regard to practicalness, has evolved in the course of time, should read this little book. Very probably indeed, it is as the first chapter in the history of education that it finds its most valuable place in literature. This teacher of the old-time; who had his boy's best interest at heart, not only knew what to say but how to say it so as to attract a young man's attention. Of course it is probable that, even with all this good advice, the young man went his way in his own fashion; for that is ever the mode of the young. But, so far as the experience of another could supply for that personal experience which every human being craves, and will have, no matter what the cost, surely this oldest book in the world supplies the best possible material. As literature, it has a finish that is quite surprising. Art is said to be the elimination of the superfluous. Surely, then, this is artful, in the best sense of that word, to a supreme degree. It is surprising how few repetitions there are, how few tergiversations, how few unnecessary words; and yet the style is not so austere as to be dry and lacking in human interest.

Very probably the most interesting feature of the book is the fact that in it God is always spoken of in the singular. It is not the "gods" who help men, who punish them, who command and must be obeyed, whose providence is so wonderful, but it is always "God." The latest translator,* Mr. Battiscombe G. Gunn, in his version always inserts the definite article before the word God, because, he says, in different places there

were different local gods, and the idea of the writer was to emphasize the fact that the god of any particular locality would act as he declared in his instructions. There are many distinguished Egyptologists, however, who insist that the expression "the God," which occurs not only in this but in many other very early Egyptian writings, is a monotheistic deity whose name is above all names, and transcends all the power of humanity to name him, and hence is spoken of always without a name but with the definite article. This explanation has many more authorities behind it than the other, and the authorities have greater weight.

It is curious indeed to find that the very first bit of instruction given to his son by this wise father is, not to be conceited about what he knows. How striking the expression of this first sentence of this oldest book: "Be not proud because thou art learned." And the second is like unto the first: "But discourse with the ignorant man as with the sage." How charming is the expression at the end of this first paragraph: "Fair speech" (by which is meant evidently kindly speech toward those who know less than we do) "is more rare than the emerald that is found by slave maidens on the pebbles." Then there comes a series of directions as to how the young man should treat his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors. If in argument he is worsted by some one who knows more than himself, he is cautioned, "Be not angry." If some one talks nonsense, "Correct him." If an ignorant man insists on arguing, "Be not scornful with him, but let him alone; then shall he confound himself"; for "it is shameful to confuse a mean mind."

Kindness is always insisted on as the quality most indispensable to a man. "Live therefore," says the father, "in the house of kindness, and men shall come and give gifts of themselves." There are lessons in politeness as well as in kindness. For instance: "If thou be among the guests of a great man, pierce him not

* "The Instructions of Ptah Hotep." Translated from the Egyptian, with an Introduction and an Appendix, by Battiscombe G. Gunn. E. P. Dutton & Co. Wisdom of the East Series, 1909.

with many glances. It is abhorred of the soul to stare at him. Speak not till he address thee. Speak when he questioneth thee; so shalt thou be good in his opinion." Again, he wants his son not to eat the bread of idleness: "Fill not thy mouth at thy neighbor's table." He insists much on the lesson that God helps those who help themselves. "Behold," he says, "riches come not of themselves. It is their rule to come to him that actively desires. If he bestir him and collect them himself, God shall make him prosperous; but He shall punish him if he be slothful." On the other hand, the gaining of riches for riches' sake is not worth the while. "When riches are gained, follow the heart; for riches are of no avail if one be weary." As much as to say, after having gained a competency, do not spend further time in amassing wealth, but enjoy in a reasonable way that which has been obtained.

There are certain things, however, that a man should not follow; they are unworthy of his nature as a man. "As to the man whose heart obeyeth his belly, he causeth disgust in place of love. His heart is wretched, his body is gross. He is insolent toward those endowed by God. He that obeyeth his belly hath an enemy." While the old man warns his son against gluttony and against sloth, he has much to say with regard to covetousness: "If thou desire that thine actions may be good, save thyself from all malice, and beware of the quality of covetousness, which is a grievous inner malady." This expression is rendered still more striking by what is added to it; for the father insists that it is particularly relatives-in-law who quarrel over money. "Covetousness setteth at variance fathers-in-law and the kinsmen of the daughter-in-law. It sundereth the wife and the husband; it gathereth unto itself all evils. It is the girdle of all wickedness." It needed only the next sentence to make these expressions supremely modern: "Be not covetous as touching shares, in seizing that which is not thine own property."

The God of this earliest book that we have from the hand of man has nearly all the interesting and important qualities that we refer to the Deity. He is looked up to as the giver of all good things. He loves his creation, and above all loves man, and observes men's actions very carefully, and rewards or punishes them according to their deserts. He desires men to be fruitful, and to multiply upon the earth for their own good and for his glory. Nothing unworthy of the deity, as he is known by the most educated people, is attributed to this God, who transcends a personal name. There is an utter disregard of all trivial mythology and of all mysterious riddles, though these trimmings of truth are to be found constantly in other Egyptian works of later date. Indeed, the picture of God is as striking a presentation of the fatherliness and the providence of the Almighty and of most of the lovable characteristics of the Deity as there is to be found anywhere in literature until the coming of the Saviour.

One might think that after having warned his son about most of the Deadly Sins as we know them—pride, covetousness, gluttony, envy, sloth, and anger,—at least we should not find lust touched on in the modern way. There is, however, in this matter an extremely chaste bit of advice that sums up the whole situation as well as a father can tell his son. The writer says: "No place prospereth wherein lust is allowed to work its way. A thousand men have been ruined for the pleasure of a little time short as a dream. Even death is reached thereby. It is a wretched thing. As for the lustful liver, everyone leaveth him for what he doeth; he is avoided. If his desires be not gratified, he regardeth no laws." The father tells his son, straightforwardly and emphatically, that indulgence in this vice inevitably leads to loss of friends, of health, of everything that the world holds good; and that once a man has started down this path he

regards nothing. Probably one of the most wonderful passages in this advice of a father to a son is the eighteenth paragraph on a thorny subject. Fathers of the modern time often ask what shall they tell their boys. Here is something to tell them that does not excite pruriency and yet tells most of the story.

On the other hand, the father emphatically warns his son that his happiness will depend on loving his wife and caring for her to the best of his ability; though some of the details of that advice are so naïvely modern in their expression that it seems almost impossible to believe that they should have been spoken nearly six thousand years ago. He says: "If thou wouldst be wise, provide for thine house, and love thy wife. Give her what she wants to eat, get her what she wants to wear [literally, fill her stomach, clothe her back]. Gladden her heart during thy lifetime, for she is an estate profitable unto its lord. Be not harsh, for gentleness mastereth her more than strength."*

For domestic happiness, it needed only the advice given a little later in this instruction: "Let thy face be bright what time thou livest. Bread is to be shared. He that is grasping in entertainment himself shall have an empty belly. He that causeth strife cometh himself to sorrow. Take not such a one for thy companion. It is a man's kindly acts that are remembered of him in the years after his life."

There is one phase of life in which Ptah Hotep differs entirely from the

present generation,—at least if we are to judge the present generation from its results in this matter. Of course there are many of us who consider that, in spite of six thousand years of distance in time, the old Egyptian prime-minister is far ahead of our contemporaries in this important subject. He thought that obedience was the most important thing in life. For him independence of spirit, in a young person particularly, was an abomination. In spite of the tendency to loquacity and to repeat itself, often said to be so characteristic of old age, the father, who in all his instructions has never sinned against this literary canon, almost seems to do so when it comes to the question of obedience. Over and over again he insists that obedience is the one quality that must characterize a man if he is to get on in life, and if he is to secure happiness, and have a happy generation of his own group around him. The sentences read more like À Kempis or some medieval writer on spirituality, and seem meant for monks under obedience rather than for a young man of the world, the son of a prime-minister, just about to enter on his life work in business and politics. Two of the paragraphs are well worth quoting here:

"A splendid thing is the obedience of an obedient son; he cometh in and listeneth obediently. Excellent in hearing, excellent in speaking, is every man that obeyeth what is noble. The obedience of an obeyer is a noble thing. Obedience is better than all things that are; it maketh good will. How good it is that a son should take that from his father by which he hath reached old age [obedience]! That which is desired by the God is obedience; disobedience is abhorred of the God. Verily, it is the heart that maketh its master to obey or to disobey; for the safe-and-sound life of a man is his heart. It is the obedient man that obeyeth what is said; he that loveth to obey, the same shall carry out commands. He that

* There is a variant translation of this passage quoted in Maspero's "The Dawn of Civilization," which brings out even more clearly the ideas that seem most modern, and which make it very sure that it is not the translator who has found in vague old expressions thoughts that, when put into modern words, have modernized old ideas. Maspero reads: "If thou art wise, thou wilt go up into thine house and love thy wife at home; thou wilt give her abundance of food; thou wilt clothe her back with garments; all that covers her limbs, her perfumes, are the joy of her life. As long as thou lookest to this, she is as a profitable field to her lord [master]."

obeyeth becometh one obeyed. It is good indeed when a son obeyeth his father; and he (his father) that hath spoken hath great joy of it. Such a son shall be mild as a master, and he that heareth him shall obey him that hath spoken. He shall be comely in body and honored by his father. His memory shall be in the mouths of the living, those upon earth, as long as they exist.

"As for the fool, devoid of obedience, he doeth nothing. Knowledge he regarded as ignorance, profitable things as hurtful things. He doeth all kind of errors, so that he is rebuked therefor every day. He liveth in death therewith. It is his food. At chattering speech he marvelleth, as at the wisdom of princes, living in death every day. He is shunned because of his misfortunes, by reason of the multitude of afflictions that cometh upon him every day."

Of one thing the old prime-minister was especially sure. It was that employment at no single occupation, no matter what it was or how interesting whatsoever it might be, could satisfy a man or even keep him in good health. He felt, probably by experience, the necessity for diversity of mind and of occupation, if there was to be any happiness or any real success in life. He has a quiet way of putting it, but he says, as confidently as the most modern of pedagogues, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and all play and no work makes it impossible for Jack to get on. But a proper mixture of both makes life livable; and if a man has only the work that he cares for, and can get some of his pleasure in life out of his work, then is all well. "One that reckoneth accounts all the day passeth not an happy moment. One that gladdeneth his heart all the day provideth not for his house." The bowman hitteth the mark, as the steersman reacheth land, by diversity of aim. He that obeyeth his heart shall command."

There are some conclusions in the philosophy of life that we are very much

inclined to think are the products of modern practical wisdom, and it is rather surprising to find them stated plainly in this old-time advice of the father to his boy. If there is one idea more than another that we are confident is modern, and are almost sure to attribute to the social development of our own generation, it is that riches do not belong to the man who makes them to be used for his own purposes alone, but their possession is justified only if he uses them for the benefit of the community. This is so up-to-date an idea indeed that it is startling to find it expressed in all its completeness in this oldest of books. Ptah Hotep said: "If thou be great after being of none account, and hast gotten riches after poverty, being foremost in these in the city, and hast knowledge concerning useful matters so that promotion is come unto thee, then swathe not thine heart in thine hoard, for thou art become the steward of the endowments [of God]. Thou art not the last; another shall be thine equal, and to him shall come the like [fortune and station]."

After all this it may be necessary to trace the pedigree of the book, since it might seem to be possible that it was a modern invention. The original of it is the so-called "Prisse Papyrus," which is well known by name to all students of archæology and especially of Egyptology, and the contents of which are familiar to all who are acquainted with Egyptian history and literature. It appears to have been found at Thebes, but the exact place is not known. M. Prisse d'Avennes, the well-known French archæologist after whom it is named, is said to have bought it from one of the Egyptian native workmen, or *fellahin*, whom he had hired to make excavations in the tombs of Thebes. Egyptologists generally have accepted the idea that it was actually taken by this workman from the tomb of one of the Kings Entef, who were of the Eleventh Dynasty and reigned about 3000 B. C. This is not certain, however. After pub-

lishing a translation in 1847, M. Prisse presented the precious papyrus to the Bibliothèque Nationale, because Louis Philippe still reigned at Paris. There it may still be seen. Spread out flat, it measures about twenty-four feet in length and six inches in width. There are about eighteen pages of clear red and black writing in the Hieratic character.

The first part of this manuscript is a portion of another book, the so-called "Instructions of Ke'gemni." * This is, however, only a short fragment, though probably of even older date than the "Instructions of Ptah Hotep." This work we have in its entirety. Doubtless its preservation was due to the fact that many copies of it had been made, though this is the only one that has come down to us. Instructions of this kind were used as text-books for writing exercises in school. One of these was set before the pupil, and he learned to write both as regards calligraphy and style, or mode of expression, while also learning words of wisdom from what was set before him. Our copy-books used to have such phrases as "God helps those who help themselves," and "Blessed is the man who has found his work"; and, as I have pointed out, exactly these same thoughts were set before the students of Egypt for their instruction many centuries ago. This similarity of modes of teaching five thousand years apart is perhaps one of the most striking possible testimonies to the lack of progress among men; for surely in education we should be supposed to be very different from our forbears some two hundred generations ago.

* These Egyptian names are spelled differently by different modern scholars, according to their idea of the value of certain sounds of the older language as they should be expressed in the modern tongue to which they are most familiar. Many English scholars spell this as I have done, Ke'gemni. Maspero, however, and most of the French scholars, spell it Qaqimni. Maspero prefers the form Phtah-Hotpû to that of Ptah Hotep, which has been adapted by English scholars.

There is a second manuscript of the "Instructions of Ptah Hotep,"—or the "Proverbs of Phtahhotpû," as the book is called by Maspero. This was discovered not long ago in the British Museum, by Mr. Griffith; and, while it is not so complete as the French copy, there is such an agreement between the two manuscripts that there is no doubt about the authenticity of the book and of the fact that it represents the oldest book in the world. In giving the foregoing date I have followed—as does the translator of the most easily procurable English edition,* Mr. Gunn,—the chronology of Flinders Petrie. Recent advances in our knowledge of Egyptology, however, have brought the dates nearer to us than they were placed before. Such men as Breasted, of Chicago, and Maspero, would probably take from three hundred to five hundred years from this date. There is a definite tendency in all the histories to bring dates much nearer to the present than before. For a time, the older one could place a date the more scholarly seemed to be the appeal of such an opinion. Now the tendency is all the other way. Even the latest date that can be given for Ptah Hotep, or Phtahhotpû, would still make his little book the oldest book in the world.

This is not the only book of this kind that we have from the Egyptians, but it is the earliest of them. As a matter of fact, there are extant a number of these "instructions" from various generations. The reason why so many of them were preserved is that they were used as writing exercises in schools. We now set before students copies in which we tell them that "God helps those who help themselves," "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and other such maxims. If I have at all made clear the significance of Ptah Hotep's proverbs, they resemble our copy-book headlines very much, in certain ways.

* "Instructions of Ptah Hotep," Dutton, N. Y.

The fact that the oldest book we have should have been used as a copy-book shows how little methods of instruction differ even after an interval of six thousand years. These instructions were used first to teach the boys to write; secondly, to give them some idea of style by having them copy what others had written very well,—sometimes they were dictated, so that it was an exercise in taking down dictation; thirdly, certain moral principles and certain lessons in good manners were emphasized in this way. In some of the copies of the other instructions, we have the corrections of the master in red ink above those of the pupil. Verily humanity has not changed very much in spite of six millenniums of supposed progress.


Many of the copies of the other instructions that we have are full of mistakes, especially of spelling and grammar, while the masters' corrections are very elegantly done both as regards writing and correctness of spelling. As Mr. Gunn says, "a schoolboy's scrawl over three thousand years ago is no easy thing to translate." But, it appears, for lack of something better, the modern Egyptologists welcome any version, even the most barbarous, of these precious old-time books. Fortunately, the manuscripts of the "Instructions of Ptah Hotep" that have come down to us are in much better condition than many of the others, and would almost seem to have been the original copies set by the masters for the boys to follow after in the school exercises. The whole subject and all the details connected with it are intensely interesting, not alone from the standpoint of evolution and progress, but of human ethics and manners, of the mode and content of education, and of the essential humanity of the people of that far-off time.

SOCIETY never invented a thinner mask than the formal politeness to which it has given currency.—*Uncle Remus.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXIV.

RS. CREIGHTON was usually a person so little given to demonstration of feeling, one who kept her emotions so much under control, that her impulsive action when she took the young nurse into her arms astonished those who witnessed it. They were still gazing at the two figures as they clung together—Edith with a sense of growing indignation—when the door leading into Judge Wargrave's room opened and Virgil appeared. Again, as to Desmond a little earlier, his face told the story of what he had come to say before he uttered it; and Dr. Glynn instantly asked quickly: "Is there a change in the Judge's condition?"

"Yes, sir," Virgil answered in a trembling voice. "I come to tell you that I think he's goin' fast."

The Doctor, without further word, walked hurriedly into the next room; while Mrs. Creighton turned with a start, and glanced at Desmond.

"What did Virgil say?" she inquired.

"He says that my uncle seems to be sinking," the young man replied. "Perhaps you had better return to him."

He was about to offer his arm, when she laid her hand again on that of the girl before her.

"Come!" she said. "If you are Harry's daughter, your place is beside him."

Hester did not answer. It was plain that her composure had at last failed, and emotion had reached the overpowering point; but she drew Mrs. Creighton's hand within her arm, and together they passed into the chamber where the last inheritor of the Wargrave Trust lay dying.

Edith and Desmond thus left stood for an instant staring at each other. Then the former flung herself down into a chair, and motioned toward the

door where the others had disappeared.

"I think mamma is mad," she said. "But since you seem to share her madness, and to believe this unproved story of one who may be a mere adventuress, you had better go also. As for me, I have loved Uncle George too much to wish to stand by his deathbed in such company; so I shall stay here."

"Edith," he remonstrated gravely, "do you think such judgment as this is reasonable? What do you know of Miss Landon, that you should venture to speak of her as a possible adventuress?"

"I know," Edith answered haughtily, "that, according to her own admission, she came to this house and has remained here in a false character; and I also know that you have been aware of the fact. By an accident, I heard you, in this very room, charge her with it; and I must tell you that I have ever since despised you for your want of frankness and sincerity. What the mystery about her was I did not know until I heard her claim of relationship a little while ago. But I felt that, whatever it was, you had no right to maintain it,—that you owed candor at least to Uncle George and to mamma."

"Looking at the matter from your point of view, you are right," Desmond told her. "Under ordinary circumstances, I should certainly have owed them candor. But these were not ordinary circumstances. The story is too long to tell you now; but I wish you would believe that I have not been at liberty to act in any other manner than that in which I have acted. In order to induce Miss Landon to come to Hillcrest in her capacity as a trained nurse, I had to promise to keep the secret of her true identity—"

"And you believe that it *is* her true identity?" Miss Creighton broke in scornfully. "The story seems to me incredible,—that Harry Wargrave could have had a daughter of whose existence his father was ignorant."

"You forget the alienation which ex-

isted between his father and himself; and you also forget the Wargrave pride,—intense, unbending, passionate. I had to reckon with this pride in the daughter when I went to her to persuade her to come here."

"Why should you have wished her to come?"

He regarded her with astonishment.

"Why should I have wished her to come? Surely that is evident. Did you not hear my aunt when she said that she believed her brother would have welcomed death to obtain the knowledge and the assurances this girl brought to him?"

"Yes, I heard her"—again the note of scorn rang in Edith's tone—"and marvelled at her credulity, especially since I am in a position to know that, whatever assurances, true or false, the girl may have brought to him, she also brought death."

"Edith! How dare you make such a charge?"

"How dare I?" Edith's great eyes blazed upon him. "I dare because I know exactly what I am saying, and mean every word of it. In this room, last night, she worked the old man up to a pitch of excitement which even one who had not the advantage of being a trained nurse would have known was dangerous; and she took advantage of his condition to examine his private papers, and to destroy some of them,—possibly his will, in which she had no recognition or part."

"Edith, it is impossible! In one way or another, you are fearfully mistaken."

"I am not mistaken at all," Edith assured him coldly. "It occurred last night, while you were away. Virgil came down and told me that something unusual was going on; and when I came up to see about it, I found the nurse in here with Uncle George,—he talking clearly, and so excited that I was afraid to enter for fear of exciting him further; but, standing yonder behind the curtain" (she pointed to the portière-hung door), "I saw her burning papers."

"What papers?"

"That I can not tell, but I fancy that it was his will; for I heard him say to her, 'Burn it!' I could not then imagine what it was that he wished her to burn. But when I heard her story, I understood. She had made him believe that she was his son's daughter; and, believing this, he was overwhelmed by the thought that he had not provided for her in his will. To make another, or to add to that already made, was, we know, impossible to him. And so no doubt she suggested that he should destroy the will which preserved the Wargrave Trust—"

"It is impossible, I tell you, — impossible!"

"And thus leave her sole heiress of the Wargrave estate. You will find that she did this; and I can tell you, if you do not know as much yourself, that the doing of it gave his deathblow to poor Uncle George."

"Miss Edith" — again it was Virgil's voice, low, shaken, full of grief, and the awe which death brings,—"Miss Rachel says you better come if you want to see Mass George again before he—dies."

"Yes, Virgil,—yes!" Edith said.

She rose, and, with one last, reproachful glance at Desmond — as if to say, "See what you have helped to bring about!" — went hastily into the next room.

As Desmond followed her, he suddenly felt, with a pang of self-reproach, that, so rapidly had one sensation, one surprise, succeeded another since he was first waked, he had hardly found time to give a thought to the soul bound on its last dread journey, or to breathe a prayer that it might find mercy before the judgment-seat of God. When he entered the chamber now, a sense of something like horror seized him; for truly death is terrible when deprived of every gracious sacrament, of every sign or emblem of the divine hope which alone can sustain the sinking soul or the breaking heart at the awful passage from time to eternity.

No one who has seen only Catholic

deathbeds can fully realize all of which the stupendous apostasy that we call the Protestant Reformation has deprived those who still suffer from its effects. For, as a matter of fact, we are born only in order that we may die; and, since death is therefore the most important act of life, what is so appalling as the mutilated forms of Christianity which send the soul forth unshriven by the great absolving power of Holy Church, unfed with the sustaining Viaticum for its last journey, unblest with sight or touch of the crucifix to strengthen it by the thought of Him who also tasted this last agony of humanity! We may know these things at all times; but to witness such a deathbed is not only to understand the full, terrible result of that great spiritual robbery of the past, but to be filled with a pity as wild as it is impotent for the particular soul thus bereft in its last dire extremity.

Such pity rose in a mounting tide which almost choked Desmond, as he joined the silent group about the bed, and looked at the figure extended upon it. All the signs of swiftly approaching dissolution were apparent to the most inexperienced eye. It seemed as if every slow breath would be the last; and when Dr. Glynn laid his finger on the swiftly hurrying pulse — that ominously rapid pulse of death, as if the heart were in haste to finish its long task, — and then, lifting his head, looked with solemn significance at Mrs. Creighton, the young man could restrain himself no longer. He laid his hand on his aunt's arm.

"Aunt Rachel," he whispered, "surely there should be something done, or—or at least said for him! Is there no one to—pray?"

He never forgot the astonishment in the eyes which met his own.

"To pray!" Mrs. Creighton echoed. "I—I had not thought of it. We might send for Mr. Craven, if there was time."

Desmond knew that Mr. Craven was the Episcopal clergyman.

"What would he do if he came?" he asked, with a vague hopefulness.

"He would read the prayers in the prayer-book," she answered.

"Oh!" Without much knowledge of the book alluded to, Desmond had an instinctive consciousness that there would be little help in this. "I am afraid there is not time for him to reach here before the end," he said. "But it is terrible to think of a deathbed without a prayer,"—yet even as he spoke, he realized that there was nothing terrible in it to any one present except himself. "Couldn't *you* read the prayers of which you speak?" he asked.

She shrank. "Oh, no,—I couldn't!"

"Then" (he forgot everything except his passionate desire to aid, in however small a degree, that soul going away so fast) "would you mind if I read some prayers?"

"Why," Mrs. Creighton gasped in her increasing surprise, "I—I suppose not. But he is unconscious, you know."

"They are not addressed to him," Desmond replied involuntarily, "but to the God before whom he will soon appear. Since you don't object, I'll get my prayer-book."

He left the room hastily, and in a moment returned with a book which, fortunately, contained a few at least of the beautiful prayers of the Church for the dying. Amazement was unquestionably the predominant sentiment of all present; for to them such an act, on the part of a young man whose religion as a general rule sat very lightly upon him, seemed almost incredible. But the Protestant shame of appearing religious, and the Anglo-Saxon dread of exhibiting feeling, were alike unknown to Desmond's Catholic and Celtic soul. That he was not the person who should have given this last aid to the dying, he would have been the first to acknowledge; but, since there was nobody else to offer it, he flung himself into the breach with characteristic ardor, and absolute lack

of any thought of how his act would be regarded by the wondering group around him. There was simply something for him to do—the last earthly service possible for him to render to the dying kinsman whom he had learned to love,—and he proceeded to do it without hesitation.

Opening his book, he knelt at the foot of the bed; the others followed his example, and only Virgil's smothered sobs broke the silence on which rose those beautiful prayers for the departing soul, in which the Church seems to have attained her greatest height of impassioned and pathetic utterance. One person at least among those who listened was quite sure that she would never forget the touching effect of that grave, melodious voice flowing in a steady stream of majestic words, imploring the mercy of God for him who lay breathing out his soul; one whose noble and upright life had been lived with little supernatural aid; had indeed been fashioned on the great old pagan ideals rather than on Christian models, but to whom the tender passage in the "*Agricola*" of Tacitus might have been applied: "If there be any place for the spirits of the good—if, as wise men believe, great souls do not perish with the body,—mayst thou rest in peace!"

The memory of this passage was in Desmond's mind, but he did not utter it; instead he read even more touching words, drawn from an ancient Spanish Liturgy: "Receive him, O Lord, to Thine eternal rest, and give him the grace of Thy vision! May he find a part in the resurrection of the dead. Among them that wash their robes in the well of light, may he make his raiment clean; among them that knock, may he open the gates of that Jerusalem which is in heaven; and among them that see God, may he behold Him face to face evermore."

Then, as the long, gasping breaths grew slower and fainter, there came the solemn adjuration, "Depart, O Christian soul, out of this miserable world," so familiar to Catholic ears, and so unfamiliar to those

outside the Church. Its lofty beauty of idea and phrase thrilled Hester Landon like noble music; and as she listened the thought came to her that it was appropriate that he whose son, in his own pathetic words, had been given back to him by the agency of the Faith he had ignorantly despised, should now pass out of life to the sound of Catholic prayers. It was as if the great mother whom he had never known, from whose care ancestral sins had torn him before ever he came into the world, had gathered him into her arms at last, crying in appealing supplication: "May Christ Jesus, the Son of the Living God, place thee in His garden of paradise; and may He, the true Shepherd, own thee for one of His flock. May He absolve thee from all thy sins, and place thee at His right hand in the inheritance of His elect. Oh, may it be thy happy lot to behold thy Redeemer face to face; to be ever in His presence, in the beatific vision of that Eternal Truth which is the joy of the blessed!"

The girl shivered from head to foot under the deep passion of the imploring words; and as she glanced at the dying man she saw his breast rise in one long, soft breath, and then lie still. The soul had gone to find that Eternal Truth which here so many vainly seek.

It was a few hours after Judge Wargrave's death that Mrs. Creighton sent for Desmond. He had already seen her several times, and received her directions for the arrangements to be made in preparation for the funeral; but when he went to her room now, he at once perceived that something beside these arrangements was engaging her attention. Mrs. Selwyn, who, with her son, had come out to Hillcrest as soon as the news of the Judge's death reached her, was sitting with her; and Edith, who did not turn around at his entrance, was standing at a window. There was a moment's pause as Desmond entered the room, and then—

"You sent for me, Aunt Rachel?" he asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Creighton answered, a little hesitatingly. "I—I feel that there is something we ought to consider, Laurence. Please sit down."

Somewhat reluctantly, for he had an instinct of what was coming, Desmond sat down, and then again had to prod her hesitation by saying:

"Well, what is it that you feel we ought to consider?"

"It is about this girl who claims to be Harry's daughter," she answered. "Edith thinks that I have been very—er—precipitate and imprudent in accepting her as what she claims to be; and cousin Elizabeth agrees with her. So we have decided that I should ask you, who seem to believe the story, what proof you have had of its truth?"

"Why, really none at all," Desmond said calmly, "unless you accept as proof her intimate knowledge of those events in Harry Wargrave's life which no stranger could know—the knowledge which made it possible for Father Martin to communicate the confession that cleared him,—and, I may add, the striking likeness to her grandmother which you have all recognized."

The two elder ladies looked at each other with a startled air; they had plainly forgotten the likeness which spoke so clearly of the truth of Hester's claim.

"Resemblances of that kind are sometimes accidental," Mrs. Selwyn suggested.

"Sometimes, yes," Desmond agreed.

"But, taken in connection with other facts, it constitutes in this case very strong evidence. Judging from what I have seen of Miss Landon," he added, "I should say that if you ask her for proof of her identity, you will readily obtain it. Personally, I have not the least doubt that she is the person she claims to be; but I can understand your position—your hesitation."

"I thought you would understand," Mrs. Creighton said eagerly. "Somehow when she spoke to us, I had not any doubt

of her truthfulness. But no doubt I was too precipitate; one has to consider many things."

"I am sure that you only desire to consider doing what is right," Desmond told her; "and of course it is right to be cautious in a matter of such importance. May I not ask Miss Landon to come to you and tell her story more in detail?"

Again a quick glance was exchanged by the two ladies, and then they both looked at Edith, who did not stir, but whose motionless attitude seemed to express the closest attention.

"I hardly think that would settle the matter," Mrs. Creighton said appealingly. "You see there are so many things to consider! There's the funeral,—if she is really Harry's daughter, she must take her rightful place in it. But I can not accept the responsibility of putting her there. So Edith—I mean we all think that Mr. Blaisdell should be asked to come and—er—advise us what to do."

"Mr. Blaisdell?" Desmond said, with some surprise. "I had not thought of him; but there can be no objection to his coming to settle the matter to your satisfaction. I am sure Miss Landon will have no objection to seeing him."

"Then will you explain it to her, and will you ask him to come?" Mrs. Creighton began in a relieved tone, when Edith suddenly interrupted her by turning around and speaking for the first time.

"Mr. Blaisdell is driving up to the house now," she said. "I would suggest that you send for him at once, mamma; and, although I am not a member of the family, I must ask to be present at the interview with him, in order to tell what I saw and heard last night."

Desmond rose from his seat.

"In that case," he said, "I will go and bring Miss Landon, that she may also be present."

"Take her to my brother's sitting-room," Mrs. Creighton said hurriedly. "We will all meet there."

(To be continued.)

Pealing Echoes.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

WHAT magician can tell
How the Angelus bell
Hath the Pentecost power to speak
To each soul in a tone
To all others unknown,
And by each one who hears deemed unique?
From high heaven to hell
Is the range of that bell,
From rapt joy to the climax of woe;
Now 'tis soft as a prayer,
Now its clang of despair
Strikes the ear with reverberant blow.
Not the bell, but the soul
Rings out transport or dole,—
All the varying gamut is thine:
When thy heart's filled with love
For Our Lady above,
Then her bell peals out music divine.

Secret Hiding-Places.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

ONE need not be a Nadgett to feel the fascination of a secret. Every child is attracted by a mystery; and in this respect a man is nothing more than a grown-up child. Where is the interest of a skilfully constructed plot if some cruel person has told us how the novel ends? The secret, the mystery, is gone, and with it the attraction of the book. And if mysteries of fiction can excite us, how much more attractive are those of real life! How full of interest is it to know that secret chambers, false floors, *oubliettes*, sliding panels, and movable staircases, have been actually used by men like ourselves, and used, too, in some cases, for the purpose of saving life from tyranny, and of rescuing sacred objects from profane touch!

That such hiding-places exist is pretty widely known. No one who has read

the chronicles of the Jesuits in the days of Elizabeth is likely to forget the accounts of the priests' hiding-places, and the various contrivances which Catholic squires and noblemen had to use to protect hunted priests from the vigilance of the Pursuivants.

There are dozens and scores of mansions scattered over England in which secret rooms exist; and Mr. Allan Fea, whose mind is steeped in the romance of history, including Cavalier days, has brought together a collection of "Secret Chambers and Hiding-Places"* which forms a classical book on the subject. The frontispiece is a handsome photograph of Moseley Hall, in Staffordshire, the old seat of the Whitgreave family, and one of the four houses to which Charles II. owed his safety. And, as the author remarks, it is interesting to speculate as to the extent to which the history of England would have been modified had the fugitive King been unable to reach one or other of these friendly havens; for we may take it for granted that he would have shared the fate of his unfortunate father. It is at least curious that some of the many hiding-places that the cruel persecution under James I. rendered necessary for priests, should have been the means of saving his grandson from an ignominious death.

The beautiful Madeley Court, in Shropshire, contained "priests' holes," as they were called; and this fact induced Charles to seek refuge there after the battle of Worcester, when he was trying to escape into Wales. But the efficacy of a hiding-place consists in its being unknown, and the Madeley "holes" had been discovered; so that the hunted prince was forced to conceal himself in a barn, where he lay covered with corn and hay.

I propose to say a few words about some of the hiding-places that were used in England during the critical and exciting days of Cavalier and priest-hunting. But

first of all something ought to be said about the great deviser of these places of refuge,—a man whose name deserves to be honorably remembered by every Catholic, and indeed by all, of whatever creed, who hate oppression and tyranny.

In a happier age, Nicholas* Owen, notwithstanding his position as a Jesuit lay-Brother, might have become celebrated as an architect. That his powers were so great as to deserve the name of genius is abundantly proved by the work of his hands that is still extant. He was appointed as attendant to the celebrated Father Garnet; and, considering the dangers which constantly threatened his master, it would be hard to imagine a more useful servant than Nicholas Owen,—or "Little John," as he came to be called. The nickname, of course, arose from the diminutive size of his body, which seemed at first sight unfitted for his frequently arduous work. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether the architect of subterranean passages, narrow and winding labyrinths, and five-foot-square dungeons, could have succeeded so well if his stature had been great. "With incomparable skill," we are told, "he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety, . . . to hide them between walls and bury them in impenetrable recesses. . . . But, what was much more difficult of accomplishment, he so disguised the entrances to these as to make them most unlike what they really were." His tongue was as secret as his hands. He thoroughly recognized the truth of the saying that if a man wants a thing to remain unknown he should speak of it to no one. Never did he divulge the place of concealment of any Catholic. And assuredly his skill and his reticence were alike rewarded; for they effectually

* His Christian name is given as Nicholas in Dr. Oliver's "Collectanea." Father Gerard, however, calls him *John* Owen,—a name, as Father Kingdon thinks, more likely to be correct than Nicholas, "as it would sufficiently account for the affectionate sobriquet by which he seems to have been known."

baffled the Pursuivants, and saved many a priest, for longer or shorter periods, and in some cases altogether, from the scaffold.

This very remarkable man ended his career by being captured in a hiding-place of his own construction, at Hindlip Hall, in Worcestershire, the residence of Mr. Abingdon, or Habington. Here as elsewhere Little John had with his own hands penetrated walls and excavated stones with extraordinary industry and ingenuity. At Hindlip, there was a hiding-place capable of being supplied with food. Through a narrow pipe, the mouth of which was carefully concealed, liquid nourishment, such as wine and soup, could be poured. A very good example of this device may still be seen, Mr. Fea tells us, at Irnham Hall, in Lincolnshire. The tube in this case was concealed in a panel, which was itself hidden by a solid oak beam forming a step between two bedrooms. "The step was so arranged that it could be removed and replaced with the greatest ease." Of course the inmate of a priests' hiding-place wanted air as well as food, and the air hole was, from the nature of things, more difficult to conceal than the food-pipe. The Irnham hole was discovered through the necessity of supplying it with air. The attention of the priest-hunters was attracted to a chimney which was perfectly free from smoke-stain. It was carefully examined, with the result that the shaft was found to lead direct to the hiding-place.

The cell in which Father Garnet and Little John were concealed at Hindlip Hall was, unhappily, discovered. Otherwise, the hunted men might have held out for several days; for it was the custom to keep such rooms well supplied with provisions, so as to make them habitable for priests when the visits of the Pursuivants, often very sudden, took place. The account of Father Garnet's experiences shall be quoted in his own words. The document, preserved in the London

Record Office, was originally addressed to Ann Vaux:

"After we had been in the hoale seven days and seven nights and some odd hours, every man may well think we were well wearyed, and indeed so it was; for we generally satte, save that some times we could half stretch ourselves, the place not being high eno'; and we had our legges so straitened that we could not, sitting, find place for them, so that we both were in continuous paine of our legges, and both our legges, especially mine, were much swollen. We were very merry and content within, and heard the searchers every day most curious over us, which made me indeed think the place would be found. When we came forth we appeared like ghosts." *

It is a curious fact that the death of Nicholas Owen was as hidden as were the rooms which he constructed during his life. It was well known that he was the architect of most of the priests' hiding-places which had so often thwarted the designs of the persecutors; and when at last he was caught, in a cell of his own construction, the Government congratulated themselves upon having in their power the very man who could tell them all about the whereabouts of priests. On this subject, the infamous Cecil wrote: "Great joy was caused all through the Kingdom by the arrest of Owen, knowing his skill in constructing hiding-places, and the innumerable number of these dark holes which he had schemed for hiding priests throughout the Kingdom." He added the hope that "great booty of priests" would result from Owen's arrest; and he directed that the prisoner should "be coaxed if he be willing to contract for his life," but that "the secret is to be wrung from him."

Cecil, however, was mistaken in his man; for Little John was proof alike against "coaxing" and torture. Until

* See Fowle's "Romish Treasons." The foregoing passage is quoted in Mr. Fea's book.

the day when all secrets shall be revealed, we shall, perhaps, never know the full details of what happened within the dark walls of London's Tower. Alone with his murderers, the valiant martyr was constant and unmoved. Deprived even of the slight encouragement of sympathy and admiration vouchsafed to a public sufferer, this holy Jesuit lay-Brother endured with silence and constancy the horrible tortures of the rack. Not even the semblance of a trial was his. He appeared before no court and no judge until the moment when his persecutors had wrung the life from his body, and thus sent his valiant soul to the presence of the Great Judge of all, who has long ago recompensed His loving servant with joy unspeakable.

The governor's report could scarcely be surpassed in grimness and horror. "The man is dead,—he died in our hands," he writes. But the jailers were not content with killing the body. To shield their own act—for which, of course, their superiors were responsible,—they tried to lay its guilt upon their victim, by giving out that he had committed suicide to avoid further questioning. This lie is repeated in many histories of England, but none of the secrets of the prison-house were allowed to come to the public ear except such as the jailers chose to tell. That the tortures inflicted upon Owen were great is sufficiently attested by the very tale of his captors, that he had committed suicide to escape them. It must be remembered, moreover, that the authorities were in the habit of saying that prisoners murdered in jail had destroyed themselves. And is it in the least degree probable that a man who had refused to injure his neighbor by revealing dangerous secrets would offend God and destroy his title to heaven by self-murder? I am glad to notice that Mr. Fea treats this calumny with the contempt it deserves.

Father More, in his "History of the English Province,"* says:

* Lib. vii, c. 27.

"John Owen (called 'Little John' from his diminutive stature) was taken, with Father Garnet, and racked in the Tower. He had long suffered from rupture, and the second racking was too much for the invalid; it caused a new and aggravated rupture, and he died shortly after being carried from the rack to his bed. The report was industriously spread that he had committed suicide. This, however, was subsequently denied by the executioner, who, moreover, asserted that he had scarcely ever witnessed greater firmness under torture. In confirmation of his testimony comes the fact that he was buried in the Tower,—not, like a suicide, in the open country or in the King's highway, with a stake through his body."*

It appears that Father John Gerard, whose fascinating autobiography we owe to the late Father G. R. Kingdon, S. J., contrived, with Little John's help, to prepare hiding-places in three or four London houses. When in danger he could thus escape from one to another. The fields behind Clement's Inn, near the Strand, were the site of one of these houses. A priest was once saying Mass when the Lord Mayor and constables suddenly broke in. The faithful in those days, however, were prepared for these onslaughts, and the intruders found nothing more than the smoke of extinguished candles. The priest in his vestments, the altar and the sacred vessels, had all alike been smuggled away into a secret chamber, where they were safe from detection. How incredible it all sounds to us in these days of freedom, or at least of comparative freedom,—for truly, in France, religious liberty is threatening to dwindle down to little beyond the name!

But the rack and gallows were not the only dangers which confronted priests. The very seclusion and secrecy of their

* Quoted by Father Kingdon in a note at the end of his work, "During the Persecution. Autobiography of Father John Gerard. Translated from the original Latin." Burns & Oates.

hiding-places begot another peril—namely, that of starvation. When a house was visited by Pursuivants, the first stage of the proceedings was the imprisonment of the family in their own rooms. Then the search began.

Father John Gerard has given us a most graphic account of his experiences at Braddocks (or Broad Oaks), a fine house of the Tudor period, near Saffron Walden, belonging to the Wisemans. From a junior branch of this family the late Cardinal Wiseman was descended. At Easter, 1594, Father Gerard was the guest of Mrs. Wiseman and her son, the then Squire. She and the rest of her family were devout Catholics and known to harbor priests. More than once had the Pursuivants paid sudden visits to the house; and on one occasion the infamous Topcliffe had nearly brought Mrs. Wiseman, aged as she was, and a widow, to the horrors of the press-yard.

Father Gerard's sojourn at Braddocks was most beneficial to the family. For one thing, he persuaded every member of the household to approach the Sacraments every week, which, with the exception of old Mrs. Wiseman, they had not done hitherto. The good priest also made several excursions to distant parts of the country for missionary purposes; and one of these journeys took him to the house of a Catholic relation—probably, thinks Father George Kingdon, his elder brother, Sir Thomas Gerard. On his arrival, he found his brother on the point of starting for the hunt. Many friends were with him. Sir Thomas begged his brother to accompany them. His reason for desiring the priest's company is curious. A gentleman who had married a cousin of the Gerards was then about to join the hunt with them, and Sir Thomas wished his priest-brother to win him over to the Catholic religion. The rest of the story may be told in Father Gerard's own words:

"I answered that some other occasion would be more fit. He disagreed with me, however, maintaining that unless

I took this chance of going with him, I should not be able to get near the person in question. I went accordingly, and during the hunt joined company with him for whose soul I myself was on the hunt. The hounds being at fault from time to time, and ceasing to give tongue, while we were waiting the renewal of this hunter's music I took the opportunity of following my own chase, and gave tongue myself in good earnest. Thus, beginning to speak of the great pains that we took over chasing a poor animal, I brought the conversation to the necessity of seeking an everlasting kingdom, and the proper method of gaining it,—to wit, by employing all manner of care and industry; as the devil on his part never sleeps, but hunts after our souls as hounds after their prey. We said but little on disputed points of faith, for he was rather a schismatic than a heretic; but to move his will to act required a longer talk. This work was continued that day and the day after; and on the fourth day he was spiritually born and made a Catholic. He still remains one, and often supports priests at home and sends them to other people."

(Conclusion next week.)

In general, mortals have a great power of being astonished at the presence of an effect toward which they have done everything, and at the absence of an effect toward which they have done nothing but desire it. Parents are astonished at the ignorance of their sons, though they have used the most time-honored and expensive means of securing it; husbands and wives are astonished at the loss of affection which they have taken no pains to keep; and all of us in our turn are apt to be astonished that our neighbors do not admire us. In this way it happens that the truth seems highly improbable. The truth is something different from the habitual lazy combinations begotten by our wishes.—*George Eliot.*

The Tyrolean Crucifix.



OR twenty-four hours it had been raining steadily; and the young people, tired of enforced seclusion, had donned their waterproofs and gone out for a walk. Three months ago they had been strangers; but, with their elders, they had now been travelling together for nine weeks, and felt as though they had known each other for a lifetime.

There were six in the party: the Parkers (Americans), with their only daughter; and the Winstons (English people), with their son. Herbert Winston had been educated at Stonyhurst; his family had been Catholics from time immemorial; and, while their religion was altogether unobtrusive, it was a vital part of their lives. The Parkers, on the contrary, were members of that great company which, for want of a better name, its votaries style the "Broad Church,"—and broad indeed it is.

In the beginning it had never occurred to the Winstons that there was danger in the constant intimacy of their son and Natalie Parker. But of late it had caused the mother some disquietude. Natalie was a beautiful and charming girl, with just enough independence of character to render her very attractive to the somewhat conservative young Englishman, who up to the present time had seemed indifferent to all girls. The elder Winstons would not have objected to an American daughter-in-law, but they had a decided objection to a Protestant wife for their only son. That very morning Herbert had confided to his mother his affection for Natalie and his desire of making her his wife.

"But, Herbert," she had said, "while I like her very much, and acknowledge that she is charming, she is not a Catholic. The Winstons have always married Catholics. To me, the fact of her being a

Protestant is an almost insurmountable barrier to a marriage between you."

"Oh, no, mother!" rejoined Herbert, confidently. "I can't say, of course, whether she cares for me or not; but if she does, everything else will be easy. She is really not a Protestant,—the Parkers do not belong to any church. That gives me a good start. Her mind, free from bias, can be the more readily trained to accept the truths of our religion. I really do not anticipate the least difficulty from that quarter. All I fear is that she may not care enough for me to marry me. I wanted to speak to you first; you'll mention it to father for me, and then I'll address myself to Mr. Parker before saying a word to Natalie."

"I am glad you are taking the old-fashioned way about it," said Mrs. Winston. "Nowadays everything is usually settled before the parents are consulted."

"Well, I may be a bit old-fashioned," replied the young man. "I believe, however, it is the best way."

From which it may be inferred by the up-to-date reader that Herbert Winston was something of a prig, which would be far from the truth. In ordinary matters he was a very independent and broad-minded individual; but, true to his tradition and training, he regarded the case in point as something above the ordinary,—in which he was right.

At the same time, in their own apartments, Mrs. Parker was conversing on the same subject with her daughter.

"Natalie, I think Mr. Winston is deeply interested in you. Unless you reciprocate the feeling, you ought to be on your guard. He is too fine a fellow to be treated badly."

"I do not intend to treat him badly, mamma; I like him very much,—far better than any one I have ever seen."

"Could you marry him?"

Natalie screwed her pretty eyebrows together.

"I am sure I could," she replied after a moment. "He is as good as he can be, good-looking too, and we are very con-

genial. I think I could spend my life with him very happily; I don't at all believe I should tire of him. He has stood the test of constant companionship and travel splendidly, and I do not think there is a more exacting test. You know I don't believe much in the nonsense about passion, and so forth; my education has fitted me for something different. But I am surprised myself at the feeling with which I regard Mr. Winston."

"Co-education unfits women for much that an older generation possessed," said Mrs. Parker. "It makes a girl cold-blooded."

"Yes, I think you are right," answered Natalie. "But it makes her self-reliant also, and that is what the majority of women need."

"The Winstons are Catholics," resumed Mrs. Parker, vaguely, after some moments. "We have not known many Catholics, Natalie. I have always had an idea they were different, somehow. But they are not in any way peculiar, are they,—I mean the Winstons?"

"Oh, no, mamma, quite broad and very cultured! We don't live in the Middle Ages, you know. We had a Catholic girl in our class at college—a Miss Omdigan. She was extremely clever. One of the girls said her name was really O'Madigan but that she tried to Anglicize it. I don't know about that, of course. She was very liberal,—always kind and gentle to everybody."

"I don't believe the Winstons are at all prejudiced," observed Mrs. Parker. "I fancy they are quite strict in some ways. Don't you remember how they persisted in going down the mountain to their Masses, in the midst of terrible rain, those two Sundays?"

"The English are like that, whatever their creed," said Natalie. "They never mind the weather."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parker with a little shiver, laying her hand on the warm, porcelain stove, as she glanced out of the widow, against which the raindrops were

splashing. "He might want you to be a Catholic, Natalie," she said.

But Natalie burst into a merry laugh.

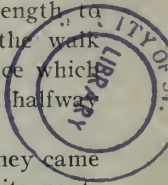
"O mother," she replied, "how ridiculously we are talking! I can't fancy any combination of circumstances which would make me a Roman Catholic."

An hour later the maid had knocked at the door with a little note from Mr. Winston, asking if Miss Parker would accompany him for a walk. Miss Parker hastened to avail herself of the invitation, and in a few moments the two set out together.

They were a comely pair; neither minded the rain, but rather rejoiced in it, and in the exhilaration produced by the fresh atmosphere and keen wind. They were in the Tyrol; and, in spite of the weather, everything about them was conducive of the spirit in which both found themselves. As they swung down the narrow pathway, not talking much, but feeling the expressive silences—as do only lovers, or those on the verge of being lovers,—to both of them it seemed a very good thing to be alive. To one at least, that Tyrolean scene and that delightful companionship were the best things in all the world.

Herbert Winston thought the girl beside him the perfection of grace, beauty, and sweetness; while Natalie felt herself dominated by a shyness to which she had hitherto been a stranger. For the first time she avoided the gaze of her companion; a soft blush suffused her charming face when he addressed her. If it had not been entirely against his principles and the code in which he had been educated, Herbert Winston would have learned his fate then and there. As it was, we doubt whether he would have had strength to abide by them till the end of the walk had it not been for a circumstance which took place when they were about halfway down the mountain.

At a sudden turn of the road they came upon a wayside crucifix, under its pent-house of carven oak, placed there to mark



the falling of an avalanche by which several persons had lost their lives. Before it, in the pelting rain, knelt a man, bare-headed and barefooted, his arms extended, his eyes uplifted to the figure on the cross. Beside him lay the shepherd's staff and wallet, which marked his occupation.

As they passed the crucifix, Herbert Winston removed his hat and reverently bent his head. The spontaneous act, so simply and piously performed, irritated his companion. After they had passed, she asked in a half-petulant tone:

"Why did you do that? It does not fit in at all with what I know of you."

Winston turned to her in mild surprise.

"I hardly understand you," he said.

"You are so sane, so sensible in every way. I can not bear to see you doffing your hat to a wooden figure on the wayside."

A peculiar expression flashed across Herbert's countenance.

"It is what that figure represents, what the crucifix means: the greatest thing that has ever happened in the world—its redemption."

"It makes me shiver to think of it," she said; "and almost angry to see one of your broad intelligence believing in what it stands for."

"There are hundreds of thousands more intelligent than I who believe it," he answered gravely.

"A hundred years from now those believers will be very few," she said. "The world is moving fast."

"To its own perdition, I fear," remarked Winston, mildly. "I am afraid we could never agree on that point, Miss Parker."

She looked up at him bewitchingly, her irritation gone. But his glance was turned thoughtfully down the valley they were approaching. It rested, a little sadly perhaps, on the gilt cross of the village church, where a ray of sunlight—the first that stormy day—glittered for a moment, and then slowly faded.

"Shall we return?" he asked, after a short silence. "You will be tired."

"Yes, let us go back," she replied. "It will soon be lunch time."

When they passed the crucifix again, the man was gone. They saw him toiling up the mountain-side, the heavy wallet on his shoulder.

Winston knelt for an instant and made the Sign of the Cross, then bent his head reverently, stifling a sigh. It was the moment of renunciation. When he rose, his face was pale but illumined. Natalie thought he had never looked so handsome.

But something had gone from the hour, from the scene; though the sun was now shining brightly, and the raindrops sparkled like diamonds on the trees and mountain shrubs around them. Something had departed, too, from the *camaraderie* and joy of their previous mood. Natalie felt that the auspicious moment had passed; that nothing could ever again be as it had been between them; and, naturally quick-witted, she was not slow to guess the reason. Therefore, it was no surprise to her the next day when the Winstons announced that they were leaving. Herbert's mother knew, and Natalie's probably surmised the reason, and both were well pleased.

Ten years later, Herbert Winston sat on the lawn of his house in Devonshire, reading the *Times*. His wife, a comely young matron, was beside him; two children were playing near them. In the distance, the old people walked in the garden, enjoying the summer flowers and the fresh evening air.

A smile flitted across the face of the younger man. He laid down the paper, his eyes reflecting for a moment some inward thought or reminiscence. Then they rested lovingly on the face of his wife, on the pretty, graceful children. But he said nothing of the face that had captivated him years ago in the Tyrol. His wife would never have expected it; she would have been an extraordinary English woman to have thought it her due. What Winston had read was the following:

"Among the delegates to the Suffragette

Convention is the celebrated Womans Rights lecturer and writer, Miss Natalie Parker, daughter of the well-known banker and capitalist, Pillsbury Parker, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Miss Parker has dedicated her life to the uplifting and regeneration of her sex."

"Thank God!" said Herbert Winston to himself,—“thank God for that Tyrolean crucifix! It precipitated what would have been inevitable in any case, but what might have been more and more difficult, for me at least, as time went on. And so entirely did that circumstance change everything that I scarcely felt a pang. I shall always bless that cross.”

After dinner, as they all sat in the library, Winston handed the paper to his mother, pointing out the paragraph that had given him pause for thought. Placidly knitting under the shadow of the lamp, his wife did not raise her head, beautiful with its crown of light brown braids. The husband's eyes rested lovingly upon her. Life had all of happiness that he expected or desired. After a moment his mother looked up from the paper and smiled, but she said nothing. In her heart she thanked God for that walk in the Tyrol.

An Important Example.

WRITING years ago on the attendance of Catholic students at State universities, we maintained that it was much greater than was generally supposed, and would be sure to increase largely year by year, no matter what might be done to the contrary. At the same time we urged that no efforts be spared to give our young people intending to pursue higher studies the best home and college training, and that steps be taken to safeguard their Faith and morals during their stay at the universities. Our words were interpreted as favoring the attendance of Catholic students at secular institutions, and we were berated for discouraging the proposal to found a great university of our

own. If this matter were of the slightest importance, now would be the time for reprisals. It was a revelation to some persons to learn, later on, how many young Catholics were receiving an education at secular institutions; and a humiliation, let us hope, to find how sad y their spiritual welfare had been neglected. Their number meantime has steadily increased. In 1902 Harvard College had 325 Catholic students; at present they number, we are told, considerably over 500. At various other State and secular universities the increase has been even greater.

There is no denying that Catholic students attending State universities are in danger of losing interest in their Faith, or of having roused in them a distrust of Catholic principles. Says Dom Hunter-Blair: “A different and a lower standard of morals; a widespread indifference to religion, both among his companions and frequently among his tutors and teachers, that is often indistinguishable from professed agnosticism; a systematic self-indulgence and absolute contempt of the ascetic spirit which the Catholic religion has taught him is inseparable from the practice of true Christianity; an exaggerated admiration of physical powers and athletic achievement—a tendency toward what I may call sentimental æstheticism,—these are only some of the pitfalls and quicksands which open before the feet of the newly-emancipated freshman as he starts on his university course, and which constitute a real moral risk to the young Catholic coming straight from a Catholic school or a Catholic home.”

In order to nullify as much as possible this risk for Catholic young men and women attending the University of California, the Archbishop of San Francisco, in 1899, organized them into a club, and later on purchased a house to serve as a lecture hall and temporary chapel; he also appointed a priest to have exclusive charge of their spiritual welfare. Mindful of the stipulation of the Holy See, that

Catholic students at Cambridge and Oxford should attend lectures in which philosophy, religion and history were treated from the Catholic standpoint, the Archbishop arranged for both a series of sermons on doctrinal and moral subjects, and courses of regular and special lectures exactly suited to the needs of Catholics, and calculated to be helpful also to inquiring non-Catholics among the student body. Furthermore, reading circles in Church History were formed and a suitable collection of books made for their benefit. It is now proposed to erect a new hall and chapel at Berkeley, at a cost of \$100,000, more than half of which sum is already in hand, the Archbishop having devoted to this purpose the gift of \$40,000 presented to him by the laity of the archdiocese of San Francisco on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. The new building, to be known as Newman Hall, will be provided with a spacious chapel and lecture hall, a well-equipped library, convenient reading rooms, etc. For the permanent support of the work, an endowment fund of \$100,000 will be needed; and, with characteristic energy, Archbishop Riordan has already begun to collect this sum.

Regret that there should be so many Catholic students in attendance at State universities is utterly vain. Granted that these young people are exposed everywhere to the danger of losing their Faith or of becoming careless as to religious duties, is it not common-sense, instead of harping on this danger, to do all in our power to minimize it? The Archbishop of San Francisco—we refer to him only, not being well informed as to what has been done, or is intended, by others—has accepted conditions which are unlikely to change, and recognized a need the urgency of which should now be plain to the dullest. In renewing efforts to extend and to perfect the work begun by him ten years ago, he has set a timely example, the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate.

Notes and Remarks.

The canonization, on the 20th ult., of Blessed Clement Maria Hofbauer, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, "the Apostle of Vienna," has caused rejoicing in many lands besides that of his birth,—nowhere more, perhaps, than in Ireland. It was during the persecution under Bismarck that the Redemptorists, as they are commonly called, founded their first Irish mission; and it is a singular fact that it has been one of the most successful in any part of the world. No house of the Congregation since the time of St. Alphonsus, we are told, has been more fruitful in vocations or reaped larger harvests from its missions than that of Limerick. An early superior of this establishment, by the way, was a converted Anglican parson—the venerated Father Bridgett.

Another cause of rejoicing for the Redemptorists and their innumerable friends in Ireland is the election of the Very Rev. Patrick Murray, Provincial of the Irish Province, to succeed the venerable Father Raus as Superior-General of the Congregation. They were holy men, those disciples of St. Clement Hofbauer whom Bismarck drove into exile; but they little thought that their humble foundation in Limerick would ever result in a flourishing province, and that its superior would one day become the successor of St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Apropos of a new Papal document about to be issued, the editor of *Rome* says:

In this Brief Pius X. will announce that he has provided for the establishment here in Rome, the natural centre of all sacred science, of an International Institute for Higher Biblical Studies. It will be a university for all branches of erudition and investigation connected with the Sacred Scriptures,—Oriental languages, philology, Scriptural history, geography, archaeology, literature, exegesis, hermeneutics, and so on. The scope of the new Institute will be twofold: first, to promote, develop and co-ordinate

the stores of Scriptural knowledge inherited from past ages and acquired in our own times; and, secondly, to serve as a training ground for the professors of Scriptural studies throughout the Catholic world. This coming document may be said to put the crown on the work done by Pius X. for the preservation of the Written Word of God. He has given explicit directions for the study of the Scripture in all the theological seminaries of Italy, he has established a Pontifical Commission for the scientific revision of the text of the Vulgate, and now he founds a university where the very latest and best knowledge on all subjects connected with the Bible will first be gathered and then diffused among the Christian people.

The importance of the proposed Institute, at this particular stage of development in Biblical studies, can scarcely be overestimated. Recent discoveries, and the theories and studies consequent upon them—studies of non-Catholic and Rationalist, as well as Catholic, scholars,—render it eminently useful that the Eternal City should be provided with a body competent to give the last word of critical scholarship on all points in dispute. Pius X. is fulfilling the promise made in his Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici gregis*, wherein he spoke of "according all favor and protection to a new institute for the advancement, under the guidance and magisterium of Catholic truth, of every branch of science and erudition, with the co-operation of all Catholics distinguished for learning."

If we were asked to name a dozen of the forgotten books most worthy of resuscitation and best deserving of a welcome from a new generation of readers, we should include "American Leaves," by Samuel Osgood, first published in 1867. It abounds in such thought as this:

Even good religious people carry their religion too much in the upper story, and too little in the affections and habits that are the basis of life. They are reasoning, talking, bookish believers; and they are satisfied with a fine theory of light and warmth divine, instead of going direct to the fountainhead in an affectionate, genial, practical, orderly church and home life. We are not pleading for the restoration of the old fixtures, and for anathematizing

modern thought, or calling all doubt the child of the devil. But sure we are that, if our reasonable scruples could be more satisfactorily met, and our tastes and dispositions could be duly considered, and the ministry of religion could be brought to bear upon us with something of the ancient stability, order, solemnity, and variety, our age would be greatly the gainer, and health and spirits would be vastly nearer the true mark. As things are, religion too often frets and fevers us. It is too critical and subjective, calling us to spin faith out of our brains, and grow grace from our own emotions, instead of finding all that we want in Him who asks to be the all in all to us, and in whom we are to live and move and have our being, as does our old Mother Earth in the sunshine.

The habit of carrying religion in the upper story has been growing steadily since these words were penned. We need more than ever to have the ministry of religion brought to bear upon us "with something of the ancient stability, order, solemnity, and variety."

The Catholic clergy of Latin America are very frequently libelled, outrageously so, in the sectarian press of this country and of England as well. A recent instance was a flagrant calumny published in the *Church Times* of London, anent the morality of South American priests. Writing of this charge, a Valparaiso correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, says:

I can speak only of the clergy of Chile; but, as that country is peopled by the descendants of Spanish colonists, and contains a population of more than three and a half millions, I suppose it may be taken as fairly representative of South America, especially as it embraces all conditions of life, from that of the sub-tropics to that of the almost Antarctic Tierra del Fuego. As a professor in an ecclesiastical seminary, and a member of the clergy of the archdiocese of Santiago, I have had during the past year remarkable opportunities of meeting and of reaching some intimacy with the clergy of this country,—not only my fellow-professors, but also regular clergy, holders of city livings in the great towns of Valparaiso and Santiago de Chile, country curates, chaplains, and students of all sorts. The fruit of my daily observation is this, that the Chilean clergy will bear comparison with any clergy in Europe. They are pious and learned gentlemen, working actively for the glory of God and the good of their

people. Their private and public demeanor is essentially what that of a priest should be. Such things as those mentioned in the *Church Times* would be absolutely impossible in this country. Very rarely a priest has been known to betray his trust, but the greatness and durability of the resulting scandal are themselves proofs of its rarity. After inquiry, I have obtained particulars of only three cases within the last thirty years; one was a Frenchman, one an Irishman, and one only a Chilean.

Three public scandals in thirty years! The *Church Times* will at least be forced to acknowledge that this compares rather favorably with the number of non-Catholic English clerical scandals recently cited in one of the magazines. And all of the cases occurred in a period a good deal shorter than three decades.

The spread of Freemasonry in Canada, including the Province of Quebec, was the subject of a recent pastoral charge by the Archbishop of Montreal, who took occasion to warn his flock against the evil of secret societies in general, and reminded them that the Freemasons in particular were under the ban of the Church. That the warning was timely and that the Lodge is a real menace to the State is shown by a little incident related in the *Casket* of the 20th ult. At a recent investigation held in Montreal, before the Royal Commission, with a view to ascertain the truth of charges made against the honesty of some transactions in which the city was interested, one Pierre Leclerc, whilst in the witness-box, refused to answer a question put to him, and made this statement: "We belong to the same society, Simoneau and I, and I promised on the Gospel that I would never say anything that could do him any harm or put him into trouble." Forthwith he was compelled by Justice Cannon to tell what "society" he meant. After much hesitation, Mr. Leclerc mentioned Lodge 45 of Cœurs Unis, and emphatically affirmed that this Lodge is not connected with the Grand Orient, but with the "English Freemasons." The same day, at the afternoon

session of the court, in explaining some expenditures, Mr. Leclerc stated that he had made a small payment to Mr. Simoneau. The reason for this payment, he declared, could not be told, as his relations with Simoneau were all carried on under the strict oath of a secret society.

Mr. Leclerc, as the *Casket* observes, furnishes us with one more proof that Masons regard their obligations to their craft as more binding than their obligations to the State.

We note with interest in the tenth annual report of the International Catholic Truth Society that the regular membership includes no fewer than ninety-two Councils of the Knights of Columbus. A number of our exchanges, too, are commenting on the proposed gift of half a million by the Knights to the Catholic University of Washington. Every week or two we read a laudatory tribute paid to the Knights of Columbus by an archbishop or bishop; and, accordingly, we are not inclined to attach great importance to the severe criticism of this organization appearing now and then in Catholic papers. The Knights are probably no nearer perfection than is the Catholic press; but as a body they are evidently doing excellent work for the Church, and we believe them worthy of praise and encouragement.

The Golden Jubilee of the foundation of the American College in Rome, and the Diamond Jubilee of the restoration of the University of Louvain, both of which anniversaries occurred last month, were celebrated with an enthusiasm which augurs well for the increased prosperity of these flourishing institutions. Catholics have good reason to be proud of them and to rejoice over their success. When the former was first opened, it had only a dozen students, and for some years this number did not greatly increase; but now the American College has the largest attendance of any national institution in

the Eternal City, and always occupies the foremost place in the list of distinctions published on prize-days. Under the rectorship of Bishop Kennedy, it has been placed on a sound financial basis, and has become, as the Holy Father himself lately described it, a "model college." It would be hard to estimate the benefits which the American College in Rome has conferred on the Church in the United States.

The marvellous growth and phenomenal success of the University of Louvain since its restoration are almost unparalleled in the history of education, and furnished excellent grounds for the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee. From 86 students in 1834, it has steadily grown in numbers till to-day its students number 2300, and its professors 120. If within this period the Church has gained strength in Belgium, and the fruits of Catholic scholarship have been multiplied in all countries, it is due in large measure to the influence of the University of Louvain, whose rectors and professors have always been at the head of the intellectual movement of the age. Its contributions to contemporary science and literature have been among the most important rendered by any educational institution in the world.

Years ago, when Jules Verne's stories fed our appetite for the marvellous, we used to be impressed with the matter-of-fact, prosaic, businesslike fashion in which he began his "Voyage to the Moon," "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth," or some equally wonderful narrative. This old-time impression was renewed the other day upon reading, in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, the following introduction to a paper with as fantastic a title as any ever evolved by the imaginative French novelist—"The Exploration of the Other World":

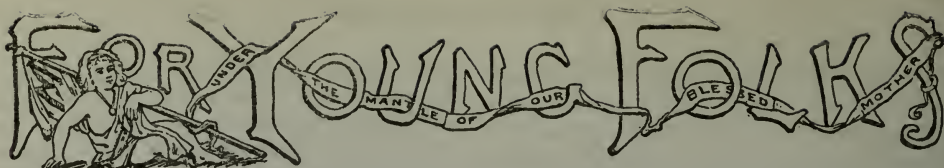
I have opened an office for the purpose of facilitating communications between those who love each other but who are temporarily divided by the grave. This duty has long been pressed upon me. I have hitherto postponed attempting to discharge it for many reasons,

some of which no longer exist. I dare no longer delay making experiment in order to settle, in simple, practical fashion, whether or not those who 'from the Other Side assure us that such communications can be established between their world and ours, can make good their promises. On April 24 I opened a Bureau in London for the purpose of attempting to bridge the abyss between the Two Worlds. It is... under the direct control of the Friend on the Other Side who, for the last fifteen years, has been urging me to allow her the opportunity of making good her words.

Mr. W. T. Stead, who in all seriousness writes the foregoing, admits that his project is certain to entail ridicule and abuse; and on this point at least we think him a true prophet. As for the underlying truth of the many spiritistic phenomena that are accountable for Mr. Stead's beliefs and practices, Shakespeare's statement is distinctly pertinent:

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

Some six thousand people, one-half the number being citizens of New York, recently witnessed the dedication, by the Apostolic Delegate, of Columbus College, at Hawthorne, Westchester county, in that State. Two points differentiate the occasion from similar ones occurring with more or less frequency. The first is that the new college is intended primarily for the education of Italian youths with a sacerdotal vocation. The second, and perhaps more notable, one is that the college is the gift, to the Salesian Fathers, of Mr. John J. McGrane, who is "not a multi-millionaire or anything of that nature," but a generous Catholic gentleman, who feels indemnified for the sacrifice which the gift has cost him by the thought of the excellence of the results which bid fair to follow the college's establishment. The building is a six-story structure of brick, already provided with class-rooms, dormitories, a library and chapel, having been formerly used by Lutherans for educational purposes. It is admirably situated and in every way suitable for a little seminary.



The Mountains of the Moon.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IN the Mountains of the Moon

It is always sunny June.

Golden as Hesperides,

Orchards tempt the honeybees.

Echo in the breathless hush

Mocks with song the silvery thrush.

Elves and pixies dance at noon

In the Mountains of the Moon!

In the Mountains of the Moon

Life is set to magic tune.

Yea, but in the vales of earth

There is yet a higher worth.

For when shadows downward creep,

Mothers sing their babes to sleep

Sweeter than the fairies croon

In the Mountains of the Moon!

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VI.

MISS OLIVIA was very impulsive. After her father had gone, she went down to the kitchen, where Nora was busy kneading the bread.

"Nora," she said, "have you ever lost anything?"

"Many a time," replied Nora. "Who hasn't, dear?"

"I mean lately,—money or anything like that?"

"I have indeed, and lately too," said Nora. "Monday morning I left a quarter on the edge of the table for Dickie to take to Father Shea for the Altar Society; and when I came to get it, it wasn't to be found. And last night there were two dimes on that low shelf, for the boy that sells the cottage-cheese; and they

were gone when I wanted to give them to him."

"And what did you think, Nora?"

"I don't like to say it, Miss Olivia; but the second time the thought came into my mind, 'Did the boy take them?' I remembered your father's silver snuff-box besides, Miss Olivia."

"Papa has lost a ten-dollar gold piece from the library, Nora; and he thinks Dickie is the thief!"

"Well," said Nora sadly, after a pause, "I'm afraid it's so."

"Oh, it can't be,—it can't be!" cried the young girl. "I'm going to ask Dickie."

"Don't do it," said Nora. "Wait a while. Something may turn up to explain things. Wait a day or two, anyhow. Let your father tell you what to do, child. Wait, I beg of you!"

"No," said Olivia, "I can't wait. I'm going to find out this very morning before Dickie goes to school."

"But, my dear, if he's a thief he won't acknowledge it; and if he isn't, it will shut him up entirely."

But Olivia would not listen to reason. Rushing from the kitchen, she hastened to the stable and met Dickie coming out. He was smiling, his books in his hand; Tim jumping and frisking, ready to follow. The dog was in the habit of going as far as the schoolhouse with his master, and then returning.

"Good-morning, Miss Olivia!" said Dickie. Then, seeing her troubled countenance, he inquired: "Is anything the matter?"

"O Dickie," answered Olivia, "do you know anything about papa's snuff box and a ten-dollar gold piece? Dickie, did you take them?"

The boy's face grew pale; he laid down the strap containing his books and leaned heavily against the doorpost, as though

he would have fallen. His eyes stared; he looked fixedly at Olivia.

"Do you think I could do *that*?" he said in a tone that pierced Olivia's heart.

"No, I *don't* think it," she rejoined.

"But they can't be found, and you were in the room, and papa thinks—O Dickie, won't you go to him this evening and tell him you didn't do it?"

"Your father thinks I took them? Your father said so?"

"I'm afraid he does, Dickie; but I don't. Oh, you know I don't! But I want you to speak to papa. Won't you,—won't you, Dickie?"

"Go away, please, Miss Olivia,—go away!" he said.

Olivia heard the stable door close; and some time after, as she stood at the library window watching for Dickie to pass on his way to school, she heard Nora calling him. But he did not reply, and Olivia thought: "He will not go to school this morning. He's crying in his room." She went upstairs; and a little later, happening to look out of the window again, saw a figure crossing the fields in a direction opposite to that which led to New Preston. It was a boy with a bundle on his shoulders, a little dog running behind him.

"That is Dickie," she thought. "He was ashamed to pass in front of the house and has gone around through the valley. He'll be very late for school."

But the boy did not reappear at luncheon time. Neither did Tim. When five o'clock came and he had not returned, and the dog was still absent, Nora went to his room. Everything belonging to him seemed to be as usual,—his clothes in the drawers, his books on the table, his Sunday suit, covered with a white cloth, hanging in the corner. But Dickie himself was not there. He had slept for the last time in the little room under the roof, which he always kept so neat and tidy.

"You were too impulsive, Olivia," said Mr. Middleford that night; "although I

believe the boy is guilty. He could not face an interview with me, or remain here after the discovery of his crime. In my opinion, his departure proves his guilt."

Nora and Mary were of the same opinion. The Sisters thought it possible he had taken the articles, but were inclined to believe he had not done so. Sister Mary Aurelia, in particular, was of the opinion that his sorrow and indignation at the accusation had been so overpowering he could not remain any longer with the Middlefords.

"A foolish thing to do, of course," she said to Olivia; "but, then, he is only a child."

Father Shea was absent when the affair happened, and did not return until two weeks had elapsed, during which no trace of Dickie had been found, because none had been looked for.

"If I had been here," said the priest, "I should have followed him up for a day or so. But now it would be very hard to trace him. And I can not see the good of it. If guilty of theft, his career in this place is ended. Better that he should go elsewhere. But I am inclined—strongly inclined—to think, Miss Middleford, that the boy has been wrongfully suspected. I am very sorry we have lost Dickie."

As time went on, Olivia, self-accusing, blamed her own rashness, and became more and more convinced that Dickie was not the culprit. She could never forget her last sight of him as he crossed the fields, with Tim bounding at his heels, on that fateful February morning.

After Olivia left him, Dickie went back to his room and sat down near the table. It is quite unnecessary to tell our readers that he was innocent of the crime imputed to him, and they will understand how the unexpected and terrible accusation must have affected him. Suddenly, in the house where he had been treated with unflinching kindness, which he had regarded as a yoke, to have been suspected of one of

the most despicable of crimes, was enough to crush an older and more callous heart than that of a boy of his years. Sadness and disappointment were at first uppermost; but Dickie had considerable pride also. Indignation began to take the place of sorrow, and before many moments had passed he had resolved to leave the place at once, without telling any one of his intention.

It never occurred to the boy that he might be followed and arrested, nor that flight might be taken as an acknowledgment of guilt. He thought only of the present situation, which seemed to him more and more intolerable every moment. It pained him to the heart to think that those gentle, honest people could for one moment believe him guilty of such ingratitude, of such a crime. He was bewildered, and seemed to forget the benefits which had been conferred upon him, the kindness with which until now he had been treated, — everything which had gone before was swallowed up, obliterated, by the monstrous cloud of injustice which had suddenly arisen on the horizon of his contented life.

A bitter storm of tears relieved the tension of his soul; after it was over, he laid down his books, went to the drawer where he kept his underclothing, and, taking out a complete change, he tied it up in a piece of brown linen cloth with tapes attached, in which his grandmother had kept some of her treasures. With this in his hand, he descended the stairs, came out through the stable door, and, whistling for Tim, who was waiting for him in the vicinity, Dickie set forth to begin the world again.

He tramped steadily for three or four miles, taking the old turnpike road after he had left the fields. At first he felt only a sense of freedom. He had been accustomed to a good deal of liberty; he had travelled a good deal; consequently he did not begin his long tramp unaware of what would probably confront him. The Bohemian life he had formerly led had

familiarized him with much that would have been strange and fearful to an inexperienced boy.

About noon he came to a farm-house, where a woman gave him his dinner on condition that he would work an hour splitting kindling. It was a very good dinner, and, in spite of the disturbed state of his mind, the boy enjoyed it. Afterward, the farmer's wife was so well pleased with his work that she offered to keep him for his board, allowing him to go to school. But Dickie had no desire to remain in the neighborhood of Old Preston. He wanted to get as far away from it as he could. He continued to walk until late in the evening, when he stopped at another farm-house, where he had supper and passed the night.

"Not runnin' away, I hope?" said the farmer next morning, as Dickie prepared to start.

"No," replied the boy. "I've no one to run away from."

"Haven't any kin?"

"No: I'm all alone."

"Goin' to seek your fortune?"

"Well—yes; very likely I'll have to go back to the circus again. I used to be with them; my people all were. I thank you very much for your kindness to me."

The farmer's countenance had changed at the mention of the circus.

"Hem! Circus!" he said. "Better be gettin' along now, young feller! Circus folks is all well enough in the sawdust, but they're not to be trusted. Better be gettin' along!"

With a crimson face, Dickie took up his bundle.

"I think they're just as honest as most other people, sir," he said, leaving the house as quickly as possible, followed by Tim. But as he continued his journey he began to think that, for the future, it might be as well to keep his former connection with the circus in the background, as it did not seem to be a passport of respectability.

"I suppose," he reflected, "that is why the Middlefords thought I stole those things. I am sure they'll all be found when the library gets a thorough cleaning. There's such a lot of stuff on that table, and Mr. Middleford won't let any one touch it. Or maybe they got under the rug,—it isn't fastened down. Oh, how I hate to think of it!"

Toward the close of that day Dickie began to feel very tired. He had still the determination to put a long distance between him and Old Preston before trying to get something to do. About five o'clock, when it was beginning to grow dark, some men in a large wagon came up behind him.

"Want a ride, boy?" called out one of the men.

"Where are you going?" asked Dickie, hesitatingly.

"To catch the next train at Whitson Junction," replied the speaker.

"Yes, I'll get in, thank you!" said Dickie, climbing up among the crowd.

He found they were road-menders and a section boss, who had just finished a job in the neighborhood and were leaving for another place, to be ready for work there next morning.

"We want a boy to carry water," said the boss. "Like a job?"

"I don't think so," answered Dickie. "I want some place where I can go to school."

"You'd like to be an adopted son, or something like that?" said another of the men, jokingly.

"I wouldn't mind it a bit, if I could come across the right kind of parents," said Dickie in the same tone. "But you don't strike such good luck every day."

"No, that's so," rejoined the boss. "I wonder of you're not running away from your own folks?"

"No, indeed!" said Dickie. "I have no folks: I'm an orphan. I lived down there at Old Preston for a few months; but the people didn't want me any more, so I came away."

Here a man leaned forward from the back of the wagon.

"See here, youngster!" he said. "Ain't you the boy that used to work at President Middleford's,—the boy whose grandmother lived in a tent, and died last fall?"

"I'm the boy," rejoined Dickie. "Are you from Old Preston?"

"No, but I worked in a factory there a few weeks last year. You're circus people, ain't you?"

"Yes," said Dickie.

"Well, then, you're always likely to be a tramp. You couldn't have had a better place than President Middleford's. No doubt about it."

"It was a good place," answered Dickie. "I'm not finding fault with it; but, as I have told you, they didn't want me any more."

"I believe you've bolted," continued the man. "You've got tramp blood in you, if you're a circus kid."

"I'm no tramp, and my blood is as good as yours," retorted Dickie, slipping down from the wagon and making tracks across the fields as fast as his legs could carry him.

"He's a bad egg," said the man who had been interrogating him.

"Guess you're about right, Jim," said the section boss. "The world's full of kids like that nowadays."

When the boy had run at the top of his speed for a couple of hundred yards he began to lose breath and feel very tired. He was hurt, angry and despairing; the memory of the accusation which had been made against him suddenly took hold of him and became the most painful feature of his mood. It began to take on a semblance of more monstrous injustice than it had as yet assumed. He thought that no one had ever been treated more unkindly or unjustly.

Throwing himself under a tree, he began to reflect upon all that of which one short moment had deprived him: the pleasant home, good meals, the school, the kindness of Father Shea and the Sisters, the

prospect of his First Communion. And as he sat there, his back against the trunk of the tree, his hand laid caressingly on the dog which he now considered his only living friend, he began to soliloquize aloud, or rather to talk to the affectionate little animal.

"Tim," he said, "Father Shea thinks I'm a thief, the Sisters think so, and Miss Olivia and her father—no, Miss Olivia doesn't; she wanted me to go and tell Mr. Middleford I wasn't—just because they lost some money and a snuff-box! As if they couldn't both have fallen off that high-piled library table! And Nora—I wonder what *she* thinks? And what do *you* think, old Tim?"

The dog wagged his tail and blinked his eyes.

"You're all right, Tim. I'm quite sure of that."

Tim looked inquiringly at his master, and continued to wag his tail.

"There's one thing," said the boy, suddenly. "I should have thought of it before. My going off this way looks as if I was afraid,—as if I'd been stealing and ran off because I'd been found out. Maybe I ought to go back,—I believe I ought to."

He rose, shook himself, and whistled to Tim. He turned his face in the direction he had come, took a few steps, and then suddenly wheeled around once more.

"No, I can't do it,—I *can't*!" he said. "I don't care *what* they think of me. I shan't go back. If I did, they'd believe it was because I'd got tired of tramping. Anyway, I don't want to be where they can't trust me. And, ten chances to one, Tim, they'd turn me out. Come on."

With tired, lagging feet, the boy again resumed his journey, his steps directed to a spot beyond the clump of forest trees around him, where a thin column of curling white smoke arose cheerfully in the distance.

"They're getting supper over there, Tim," he said. "Maybe they'll give us a bite and a bed."

(To be continued.)

Kindness Rewarded.

Many beautiful and touching stories are told of the affection of horses, especially shown to those who have treated them kindly. After a battle, in a country where birds of prey speedily devour dead bodies, a soldier's horse once stood over its dead master for many hours, preventing these birds from touching the form it loved so much. Without hay or water or rest, the dumb mourner kept guard; and, but for the coming of a friend to bear away the dead body to burial, it must itself have died at its post.

Arab traditions are full of stories of the return which the horses make for their masters' care. One tells how a mounted Arab fell into the hands of robbers. His feet and hands were fastened together with thongs of leather, and, thus fettered, he was laid outside the robbers' tent; the horse being left loose at its master's side. Well the robbers knew that no other cord was needed to keep the faithful creature near their tent than the bound man that lay there.

But the horse was more than faithful. When the night came, it seized with its teeth the leathern belt round its master's waist, lifted him from the ground, and over road and desert it galloped away, not resting until it had reached its master's tent. But the weight of the man, the trying way in which he had been carried, and the length and speed of the journey, were too much for the horse. The noble creature fell exhausted the moment it had laid down its burden, breathed a heavy sigh, and died.

The Tennis Ball of Fortune.

Pertinax, the Roman Emperor, has been called the Tennis Ball of Fortune. He was first a seller of charcoal, then a schoolmaster, then a soldier, and lastly an emperor; but in three months he was dethroned and murdered.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Sultan and His Subjects" is the title of a timely book on Turkey, by Mr. Richard Davy, just published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

—New Things and Old in St. Thomas Aquinas," translated by Mr. H. C. O'Neill and published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., is among the most important of new books. It may be described as an account of the mind of the Angelic Doctor in his own words. The selection and translation are all that could be desired.

—Sir Charles Santley's "Reminiscences of My Life" is a book that will delight all admirers of England's first vocalist-knight. It was wittily said by an enthusiastic promoter of some charitable work for the benefit of which Sir Charles sang soon after his conversion to the Church that his voice had never before been heard to greater advantage.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has brought out a translation (by a priest of the archdiocese of Westminster) of "The Roman Breviary, its Sources and History," a standard work by Dom Jules Baudet, Benedictine of Farnborough. It is divided into three parts: The Patristic Period, The Middle Ages, and The Modern Period.

—"The Preachers' Protests," by the Very Rev. D. I. McDermott (Philadelphia: Peter Reilly), is a brochure of fifty-eight pages, containing a series of three lectures growing out of ex-President Roosevelt's letter on religion in politics, and the protestations which that letter evoked from a number of sectarian ministers. Father McDermott covers the ground of "Religion, Politics, Bigotry" with commendable thoroughness, and with a polemical skill that is all too rare.

—The editor of *Catholic Book Notes* is nothing if not critical. A publication in which he could find no fault would be perfection itself. The *Homiletic Review* having referred to "a pastoral letter on Faith and the means of safeguarding it from the able pen of the Bishop of Newport," our critical friend remarks: "We were not aware that his Lordship was so dangerous a writer. But possibly a comma has gone astray." When that comma is found it should promptly be turned over to Mr. Britten.

—A short Life of Our Lord, written especially for young people, is the description given of "The Divine Story," by the Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. (Providence: Joseph M. Tally.) In thirty-three chapters, the sacred biography is

presented with admirable fulness, and in a style likely to attract rather than repel the youthful readers to whom particularly the work is addressed, although readers no longer young are quite as likely as their juniors to be interested in it. Eight good illustrations increase the book's attractiveness.

—There are surprises in store for any one who will go to the trouble of comparing the earlier numbers of the *Quarterly Review* with the current (centenary) number. How times have changed and men with them! For several years past a Catholic priest, in the person of the Rev. Dr. William Barry, has been one of the leading contributors of this venerable review, and the present issue has an article from his learned pen dealing with Innocent III., a mediæval Pope much maligned by English writers of the last century, among them some contributors to the very review which now does him justice.

—The concluding volumes, IV. and V., of "The Catechism in Examples," by the Rev. D. Chisholm, deal with "Grace: the Sacraments," and "Virtues and Vices." These last volumes of the series are characterized by the same qualities that elicited our commendation of the former ones; and, taken together, all five contain a practically inexhaustible supply of those concrete illustrations which prove most attractive to the young and the uncultured. The reverend author is to be congratulated on the substance of this second edition of the work, as are the publishers on its form. R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

—New publications of the Cambridge University Press include "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," by W. Bateson, M. A., F. R. S., V. H. M., professor of biology in the University of Cambridge. The science of genetics derives its name, Mendelism, from Father Gregor Mendel, O. S. A. (1822-84) who is now generally regarded as one of the greatest scientists of modern times. In an extended review of Prof. Bateson's treatise the *Scotsman* says:

Mendel's work has been too much neglected; and any book which serves to confirm its enduring value and extend the application of its principles deserves a welcome from all earnest students of science. Prof. Bateson's exposition of Mendelism, a work everywhere well founded in original researches upon the lines laid down by the great Austrian naturalist, is such a book. It gives a succinct, yet full, account of discoveries in regard to heredity made by the application of Mendel's methods of research.

—The historical writings of Henry Charles Lea have of late years been subjected to an examination that has notably discounted that

author's claim to impartiality of judgment or reliability in statement. A critical inquiry into the method and merit of his various works was, some months ago, published in German by Monsignore Paul Maria Baumgarten; and an English translation, "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings," is now brought out by Mr. Joseph F. Wagner, New York. It is the work of a specialist, and its full enjoyment postulates in the reader something of the specialist's knowledge and training. Even the general reader, however, will discover sufficient matter of interest to warrant his perusal of the book. Here, for instance, is a parallel, taken from Lea's characterization of Pope Innocent III., which speaks for itself. That Pontiff, it appears, was—

Resolute, forceful, able, in- Insincere, playing comedy, trepid, energetic, enlightened, eager for plunder, uncon- sincere the pride of humanity, scientious, double-dealing, incorruptible. deceitful, partial, cruel.

The translation has not been well done. We find such locutions as, "While Lea . . . states this matter theoretically correct"; "Quite an impression made upon Lea the mediæval stories . . ."; "... to allow the reader of invariably accepting"; "The chapter . . . ails of the fundamental evil," etc. The book, well printed and neatly bound, is one of two hundred pages.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L. \$1.25.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.

- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per vol.
- "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
- "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
- "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

- Rev. Jean Marie Desnier, C. S. Sp.
- Sister Mary Brendan, of the Order of Mercy;
- and Sister M. Benizi, Sisters of the Holy Cross.
- Mr. Hugo Foster, Mr. Roy Leffert, Mrs. Hugh King, Mr. Michael Flaherty, Mr. W. J. Jessop, Mr. T. L. McDermott, Mr. Joseph Bishop, Mrs. M. Keefe, Mr. John Campbell, Miss E. Savage, Mr. Valentine Aland, Mrs. J. Casserly, Mr. Edward Schramm, Mr. and Mrs. J. Collier, Mr. David Rodgers, Mr. Thomas Phelan, Miss E. T. Chapman, Mr. John Ferguson, Mr. Eugene Lynch, Mr. Joseph V. Chartrand, Mr. Joseph A. Murphy, Miss Helen Kean, and Mrs. Robert Sidley.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

- For the nuns of Our Lady of the Mission, Butthidaung (Arakan), E. India:
- C. A. F., \$1; "In honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$2; M. J. W., \$5; "Friend," \$5; "In honor of the Refuge of Sinners, \$1; C. O'D., "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$1; Mrs. H. V. J., \$5; H. K., \$1.
- To supply good reading for hospitals, prisons, etc.:
- C. A. F., \$1.
- For St. Antonius Church, Kaiserwalde:
- C. A. F., \$1; Barbara Bushell, \$1.
- Three needy foreign missions:
- V. J. M., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Prayer.


BY ARTHUR BARRY.

REFUGE OF SINNERS! O pray for me,
Tossing about on the world's wild sea,
Forfeiting often all claim on thee,
Pledging my love and then failing!

Strengthen my will to resemble thine,
Firm in accord with the Will Divine;
Pray for me ever, O Mother benign!
Ne'er are thy pleas unavailing.

Reverence for the Blessed Sacrament in the Middle Ages.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

 CORPUS CHRISTI was established by Pope Urban IV. Its history, and the confirmation of the Bull of Institution by Pope Clement V., are facts too well known to need repetition; but at this season our thoughts naturally turn to the central rite of our holy religion, the principal means of divine worship, the chief channel of divine grace. And it is interesting to note that, in spite of the practical and progressive age in which we live—an age of the keenest mental and physical activity, of extraordinary scientific research, and an ever-increasing development in every department of learning,—we are, on this point, entirely at one with our Catholic forefathers. For us as for them, the Holy Eucharist is

still the great mystery of faith (*mysterium fidei*), the object of our adoring love and supremest homage.

The evolution which slowly but surely has brought about such momentous changes in manners, customs, and modes of thought, since the days when the missionary saints of Ireland brought the Faith to England; or, later, when Bede the Venerable wrote of "the offering of the Victim of salvation," "the celestial and mysterious Sacrifice," "the memorial of Christ's great passion," "the renewal of the passion and death of the Lamb,"—this evolution, we must repeat, has in no sense affected the matter or even the form of our religion. In respect of belief and practice, we profess identically the same Faith as that of devout Catholics in the very earliest ages.

Transubstantiation, or "the secret operation," as it has been called, "by which bread and wine are changed into Our Lord's body and blood," was so clearly indicated by writers like St. Boniface, St. Egbert, Eddi, and others, as to leave not the slightest shadow of doubt as to their meaning. That this doctrine was formulated by them in no veiled or nebulous terms, we see from a letter written by the grave and learned Alcuin, the disciple of Venerable Bede, to a Catholic priest many, many hundred years ago. "I beg you will not forget your friend's name in your holy prayer," says Alcuin. "Store it up in one of the caskets of your memory; bring it out in fitting time, when you have consecrated bread and wine into the substance of the body and blood of Christ."

To give yet another example. St. Gregory, writing to St. Augustine, whom he had sent as missionary to the Angles, draws a comparison between the angel who appeared on Mount Sinai, and the Lord of Angels who is contained in the Blessed Sacrament. "If so much purity," he says, "was then required where God spoke to the people by means of a subject creature, how much ought those to be the purer who receive the *body of Almighty God*, lest they be burdened with the greatness of that unutterable mystery!"

In absolute accord with this doctrine are the words of the Anglo-Saxon Pontifical, wherein the priest is required "to offer up oblations for the living and for the dead; and that, for his own weal and that of the people, he was to transform by an unspotted blessing the body and the blood of the Son of God." Again, the Bishop of Durham, writing in 1220, says: "Let laymen be admonished to behave reverently during the consecration of the Eucharist, kneeling down especially when the Sacred Host is lowered after the Elevation." And the provincial council of Oxford expressly orders that "the laity be frequently reminded that, whenever they see the body of the Lord carried out, they immediately kneel down, as to their Creator and Redeemer, and, with hands joined, humbly pray until He has gone past. And let them do this especially at the elevation of the Host, when the bread is transformed into the body of Christ, and that which is in the chalice into His blood by the mystic blessing."

It is interesting here to read the words of Peter Quivel, Bishop of Exeter. "The Host," he says, writing in 1287, "should be raised so high as to be seen by the bystanders; thus their devotion is increased, and the merit of their faith." He adds that their feelings of awe and reverence "shall be excited beforehand by the ringing of a little bell; and at the Elevation the great bell" (usually known as the sacring bell) "should be struck

thrice." Moreover, during this the most solemn moment of the Mass, the faithful were taught to use various forms of devout salutation; and these, like so many mediæval prayers, as an aid to memory, were in rhyme. For example, in one manuscript we find the following:

Welcome, Lord, in form of bread!
For me Thou tholedst a painful deed;
As Thou sufferedst the Crown of Thorn,
Grant me grace, Lord, I be not lorn!

Frequently Latin substitutes were used; for we find the *Ave Verum* recommended in an old prayer-book—"Prayers to the Sacrament atte levacion"; whilst another very popular rhyme ran thus:

Ave caro, Christi cara, Immolata Crucis ara
Pro redemptis Hostia,
Morte Tua nos amara, Fac redemptos luce clara
Tecum frui gloria.

With regard to the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament in the churches, we know that both the place and the manner of reserving varied during the early ages. We have undoubted evidence that the sacristy was sometimes used for this purpose, from the fact that Husel-portic, or Sacrament-porch, is one of the Anglo-Saxon names for the sacristy. According to Dr. Lingard, the Anglo-Saxon word "husel," or "housel" (meaning an offering, oblation, or sacrifice), was "the English name for the Eucharist from the arrival of Augustine till the Reformation." "As soon as they see that the sick person is coming to his end," we read in the ancient Pontifical, called Leofric's Missal, "the Holy Housel must be administered to him, even if he has eaten the same day; for Communion will be his defence and help in the resurrection of the just, and will itself raise him up." In an old book of "Instructions for Parish Priests," we find the following directions:

Thou shalt hym * soyle †
And give hym housel and holy oyle.

Such extracts from old documents might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

The word "housel," then so universally used, has now become practically obsolete;

* The sick person.

† "Assoil" (absolve).

though to many of us it is familiar on account of those wonderful lines in Hamlet, where the Ghost so pathetically bewails his sudden and unprepared entrance into another world:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

It was only a short time before the Great Apostasy that the words "communion" and "communicating" began to be used. And even in the reign of Edward VI., "communicants" were still invariably mentioned by the commissioners, whom he had appointed to value and seize the chantry foundations, as "houseling people." Our modern term "host" (from *hostia*, a victim) began to be used in the fourteenth century. But to return to the place where the Blessed Sacrament was deposited.

Sometimes, as we have seen, it was the sacristy; sometimes the monastic infirmary was used. Again, the Sacred Host frequently reposed under a canopy which was constructed above the high altar. This canopy was crowned by a cross, or had one hanging from it, to which the vessel (usually in the shape of a tower or dove) containing the Holy Eucharist was attached. It was called by various names, such as the Repositorium, the Eucharistial, and so forth. It is interesting to note that when this receptacle was blessed, in the form of prayer used we find it termed "the new sepulchre of the body of Christ" (*Corporis Christi novum sepulchrum*).

When in the presence of their Hidden God, the people are strictly enjoined not to lounge, or lean against pillar or wall—

But fair on knees they shall them set,
Kneeling down upon the flat,
And pray to God with heart meek
To give them grace and mercy eke.

And young girls were admonished to refrain "from smirking and back-looking," because, as another mediæval writer remarks,

Christ Himself teacheth us
That Holy Church is His house.

To us who live in times when — God help us! — a deep, unquestioning faith and keen realization of things unseen are too often but rare possessions, these quaint rhymes, so full of piety, and the "simple, soul-reposing, glad belief" in another and a better world than this, these utterances of a day that is dead come back like the sweet strains of some beautiful though half-forgotten melody, touching our spirits to finer issues, rousing us from our vague dreams or careless indifference; making us feel that, though men are no longer of one heart and one mind in matters religious, we can by earnest prayer, by the purity of our lives, and the uprightness of our conduct, as well as by diligent study, and strenuous cultivation of the intellectual gifts God has bestowed upon us, do much to forward the Catholic cause, and to prove that Christianity is a living truth — a great energizing, undying force.

A word or two must now be said respecting the reception of the Blessed Sacrament by the laity. The frequency with which the faithful approached the Holy Table has varied in all ages. In the great Council held by Archbishop Cuthbert at Clovesho, there were present ten bishops—namely, those of London, Rochester, Leicester, Lichfield, Winchester, Sherborne, Dunwich, Worcester, Lindsey, and Selsey. When the reception of the body and blood of Christ was brought forward for consideration, the assembled prelates earnestly exhorted first the members of monastic Orders and all ecclesiastics, together with lay monks and nuns, so to live that they might be always prepared to receive their Lord in Holy Communion. Then, passing on to the laity, the Council decreed that all secular persons, whether young or old, married or unmarried, should be urged to approach the Holy Table frequently, lest they fainted "for want of that saving food and drink."

Again, we find that great theologian and scholar, Venerable Bede, bitterly lamenting the coldness shown in this matter. Writing in 734, shortly before

his death, to St. Egbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, he says: "This kind of piety and devout consecration of oneself to God is so alien to the customs of almost all the laity of our province . . . that even those among them who appear most religious venture to communicate in the holy mysteries only at Christmas, the Epiphany, and Easter. And yet there are innumerable boys and girls, young men and maidens, old men and women of most chaste life, who, beyond all doubt or controversy, might be allowed to communicate in the heavenly mysteries every Sunday, and also on the feasts of the Apostles and martyrs."

At the beginning of the ninth century, Walafrid Strabo tells us of some who "thought that they should prepare a whole year for Communion"; and these, he adds, usually received on the Thursday in Holy Week. Others again, communicated every week or month, and some devout persons even *every day*.

It is interesting to note that Holy Saturday was also one of the days when it was considered of great importance to communicate. "If any one abstain from Communion this night" (Holy Saturday), writes Raban Maur, also in the early part of the ninth century, "I do not know how I can call him a Christian,—except those who are excommunicated for capital crimes and are doing penance."

As to the fast, it was no light matter for Anglo-Saxon Catholics, seeing that during the penitential season of Lent the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass was not offered till about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and on Holy Saturday considerably later. The law imposing the fast from midnight was one which, save in the case of dangerous illness, admitted of no dispensation.

With regard to sick persons, one of the decrees of St. Boniface insists that "no priest should be on a journey without the holy chrism and blessed oil and the Sacred Eucharist, so that wherever he may chance to be wanted he may be

found ready at once for his functions"; whilst many and minute are the directions concerning the extreme care and reverence with which, during these long and often dangerous journeys, the Most Holy Sacrament was to be treated.

The question of personal safety seems never to have entered into the calculations of those who wrote for Irish or British priests during the early ages. In those days a man was not censured because he had taken little heed to life or limb, but only "because he did not consider the danger to which he exposed the consecrated Host." If any accident happened to It purely through some mischance, such as falling into a river, one day's strict fast was enjoined; but if, when riding through the water, insufficient precautions had been taken, then forty days' penance must be performed. These rules appear to have been equally binding in Anglo-Saxon times; for we find St. Egbert imposing similar penalties. "For allowing a particle to fall to the ground, a day's fast; but for losing it, either forty days, or three forties, or a year, according to the degree of negligence."

Personal instances of reverence are so numerous that a whole volume might be written on the subject. In England alone, with which we are chiefly engaged at present, it would be impossible to describe adequately the devotion of such men as the Venerable Bede, St. Anselm of holy memory, and many others. Of St. Thomas of Canterbury, his familiar companion and friend, John of Salisbury, thus writes: "When he stood at the altar he seemed to be present, even in the body, at the passion of the Lord. He handled the divine sacraments with great reverence, so that the very handling of them strengthened the faith and fervor of those who witnessed it." And his confidential attendant, Herbert de Bosham, tells us that "all who witnessed his Mass attest that he wept and sobbed as if he saw and touched the wounds of Christ"; also that "he used to eat the

Immaculate Lamb with great reverence."

Kings and princes, as well as prelates and priests, and saintly persons of both sexes, consecrated to God in the religious state—the highest as well as the lowest,—delighted to honor their Redeemer in the Sacrament of His Love, not alone in costly chalices of silver and gold, and rich shrines encrusted with gems, but in personal acts entailing time and self-sacrifice. Henry V., we are told, heard Mass with the deepest recollection and devotion; laying aside all worldly cares, present and future, in order that he might abandon himself to earnest prayer.*

In the ordinances drawn up by Edward IV. for the direction of John Alcock, Bishop of Rochester, and Earl Rivers, to whom he had entrusted the education of his son Edward, we read that the young prince was daily to hear Mass in his chapel, "*and no man to interrupt him during his Mass-time.*" The "sons of the nobles, lords, and gentlemen" of the household were also commanded to "hear their Mass." Men were fined for swearing, "especially by the Mass." And "if any man," says an old law, "come too late to Matins upon the holiday—that is to say, after the third lesson,—he shall sit at the water-board and have nothing unto his dinner but bread and water; and if he absent himself willingly, he shall thus be punished whensoever he comes to dinner or supper."

The saintly martyr, John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, tells us that King Henry VII. received "the Sacrament of the Altar at mid-Lent, and again upon Easter Day, with so great reverence that all were astonished thereat; for at his first enter into the closet [chapel] where the Sacrament was, he took off his bonnet and kneeled down upon his knees, and so crept forth devoutly till he came unto the place self where he received the Sacrament."

But in the Ages of Faith it was not

alone over the admittedly pious that religion exerted so powerful a sway. How firm and how enduring was its hold on the minds of the people, a study of those times will sufficiently prove. Even the wild and lawless fell under its sweet and gentle spell, as we see from the description, given by an old poet, of the famous Robin Hood, whose life was like that of many men of his day. We are told that—

Every day ere he woulde dyne *
Three Messes woulde he here,—
The one in the worshyp of the Fader,
The other of the Holy Ghoost;
The third was of our deere Lady,
That he loved of al' other the moste.

These lines are deeply interesting, not only because they give in quaint language a true picture of the period, but because they give us an insight, as it were, into the mind and character of the celebrated outlaw, showing us his tender affection for the Blessed Mother of God, as well as his profound reverence for the Most Holy Sacrament. It is not many persons in our own day, even amongst the very fervent, who would every morning hear three Masses before they broke their fast.

But enough has been said. It is impossible, within the limits of a slight sketch, to give any idea of the rich and almost countless details connected with devotion to the Blessed Sacrament in mediæval times; suffice it here to state that the Holy Mass, then as now, was offered to sanctify every solemn occasion of life; that then, as now, the Mystery of Faith was the very centre and heart of Catholic love and Catholic worship.

* Dine.

I HAVE got to be so fond of the Rosary that I mostly say it thrice, and generally with sensible advantage. So far from taking the thoughts and affections off God, this way of prayer seems to be the most natural and, as Nicolas says, the most delicate way of approaching Him.—*Coventry Patmore.*

* "Memorials of Henry V." p. 68. Rolls Series.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXV.

A STONISHMENT is hardly a strong enough term to express the mental condition of that excellent lawyer, Mr. Blaisdell, when, on coming to pay a call of sympathy and respect to the family of his old friend and client, he was confronted with the situation which had so unexpectedly developed in that family.

Desmond, hurrying downstairs, met him as he entered the house; and, after a few words on the subject of the Judge's sudden death, drew him aside and communicated the discovery of the relationship of the young nurse to Harry Wargrave. As amazed as he was interested, Mr. Blaisdell would willingly have discussed the matter in detail; but he found himself hurried up to Mrs. Creighton, where the clear statement he had received below proved of inestimable value in enabling him to comprehend that lady's somewhat incoherent remarks. In one opinion, however, he was at once prepared to agree with her.

"Yes, yes," he said, in his somewhat abrupt fashion, "it is highly important to examine such a claim immediately. Glad you didn't defer it. If this girl is an impostor, we can't know it too soon."

"Oh, I don't think she can be an impostor!" Mrs. Creighton deprecated.

"She is either an impostor or she is Harry Wargrave's daughter," Mr. Blaisdell stated positively. "There is no alternative. It looks badly that she waited to spring the matter upon you until the Judge was dying—"

"It seems that she had told *him*, and that he believed her story," Mrs. Creighton again interrupted.

Mr. Blaisdell thrust out his lower lip.

"Have we any proof beside her word for that?" he inquired.

"None." It was Edith's clear-cut tones

which answered. "We know only that she chooses to tell us of what passed between them last night, with the exception of a little—a very little—of the conversation which I chanced to overhear."

"Ah!" The lawyer's keen glance turned on her. "You overheard something! Do you mind telling me what it was?"

"I should prefer telling you in the presence of Miss Landon," Edith replied.

"Right,—quite right!" There was unqualified approval in Mr. Blaisdell's tone. "But where is Miss—er—Landon?"

"I asked Laurence Desmond to take her to my brother's sitting-room," Mrs. Creighton said. "Shall we go there now? Elizabeth, of course you will come. And I think" (she glanced questioningly at the lawyer) "that Robert should be present also."

"Certainly," Mr. Blaisdell assented. "It is a matter which concerns all the family. Robert Selwyn should be present."

The bell was therefore rung, a message was sent to Mr. Selwyn, and, with a surprised look on his round, good-humored face, he presently joined the family party in the sitting-room, so associated with the presence of Judge Wargrave that it seemed still pervaded by it, in that subtle way in which the dead haunt the scenes where they have dwelt in life. Bobby promptly joined Edith, who was again standing by a window, apart from the group, composed of the two ladies and Mr. Blaisdell, who had seated themselves beside the large table in the middle of the room.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" he whispered to her. "It looks like the convening of a court of inquiry."

"It is a court of inquiry," she told him. "We are here to help Mr. Blaisdell examine an extraordinary claim which has been made—"

"By Desmond?"

"No: by the trained nurse concerning whom I talked to you not long ago. You remember I said there was a mystery about her?"

"Of course I remember. You were quite certain about it, and thought she was married to Desmond."

"Oh, that was a mere conjecture!" Miss Creighton said hastily. "It seems that, instead of anything of that kind, she had told him that she was Harry Wargrave's daughter, and he believed her."

"Harry Wargrave's daughter!" Bobby looked as astounded as he felt. "Why, we never knew—"

"That he had a daughter? That is what everyone says. So you see how necessary it is to examine the story before it is accepted further."

"Who has accepted it besides Desmond?"

"Well, I'm sorry to say that mamma has. She is not usually impulsive, but she has acted very impulsively in this matter; and—but here they come now!"

She looked toward the door, which opened at the moment, and Desmond ushered Hester Landon into the room. Every eye was fixed on them, and certainly they made a striking pair,—the girl with her pure, pale face, her lucid eyes and white dress; and the young man with his distinction of appearance and manner. Instinctively the lawyer rose as they entered; and it was Desmond who spoke, after he had placed a chair for Hester and stood beside her.

"This young lady, Mr. Blaisdell, has been here some time as Miss Landon; but now I have the pleasure of introducing her to you, and to all whom it may concern" (his glance took in the Selwyns), "as Miss Wargrave, the daughter of Judge Wargrave's only son."

Mr. Blaisdell bowed. He acknowledged afterward that he had never in his life been more startled than by the striking resemblance which the girl bore to her grandmother, and of which he had not been warned. This resemblance seemed indeed to offer so strong a proof of her being Harry Wargrave's daughter that he had difficulty in checking his inclination to admit the fact at once; but, after

an instant's hesitation, he said gravely:

"I could not be other than very happy to meet the granddaughter of my old friend; but I am sure that Miss—er—Wargrave will not misunderstand me when I say that such a claim, brought so unexpectedly, must be closely examined and clearly proved."

"I do not misunderstand you in the least," Hester answered calmly. "But I must correct you a little. I have not brought any 'claim': I have only stated certain facts which are very easily proved. My father's marriage and my birth are on record in San Francisco; and I could bring many witnesses to my identity, if it were necessary to do so. But it is not necessary. I came here to fulfil a certain task, which, by the help of God, I have accomplished; and, this being done, I have no claim of any kind to make, and nothing to ask—not even the recognition of my right to bear my father's name."

"The name which she has cleared of any shadow of dishonor," Desmond interposed, addressing Mr. Blaisdell, who had now resumed his seat. "With your permission" (he spoke to Hester), "I should like to tell what I know of this matter."

She gave him a grateful glance.

"Tell it by all means," she said.

Standing then, with his hand on the back of her chair, Desmond faced the group, who were all now gathered about the table; and so facing them, like an advocate in a court of law, he related the story of his entire connection with the chain of events which had ended by bringing Harry Wargrave's daughter into her father's home. His journalistic capacity and experience told in the manner in which he presented his facts,—marshalling them impressively, describing dramatically the railway accident, and all that resulted from it; the demand of the injured man for a priest, the unavoidable delay which brought him to the very moment of death before the priest arrived; his confession, his failure

to mention an essential name, and therefore the inability of the priest to make the restitution of character which the confession demanded. Then in brief words he described the interposition of the nurse, who, in the strange providence of God, had kept the injured man alive until the priest could reach him, and the manner in which she supplied the necessary key to the confession. He spoke of Father Martin's letter to Judge Wargrave, and was interrupted by an exclamation from Mr. Blaisdell.

"So," he said, as Dr. Glynn had said before him, "that was the letter which caused his stroke?"

"Yes," Desmond answered; "and, in order that no one may have any doubt of the fact, I will, with my aunt's and Miss Wargrave's permission, produce the letter and ask you to read it." He stepped to the desk, opened the drawer in which he had placed the letter when he drew it from the Judge's fingers on the morning of his fatal seizure, and held it out toward Mrs. Creighton. "You remember it, do you not?"

"Yes," she answered; "I remember it by the printed stamp—the name of the Catholic church—on the envelope, which made me wonder, when I came to think the matter over, if it did not in some way relate to *you*."

"You will find that it does not relate to me at all," he said, "and that I have played no part in the matter—"

"Oh, yes!" (It was Hester who spoke quickly.) "You played a great part in it. I must tell all who are interested in this clearing of Harry Wargrave's name from a false shadow of dishonor, that it would never have been cleared but for you. It was he who ran a mile to get the priest for the dying man," she said, looking at Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Blaisdell. "But for that Judge Wargrave would have died without knowing the truth about his son. If" (the words seemed impulsively forced from her) "you have ever regretted that he who is to take up the Wargrave Trust

does not hold the same religion as those who went before him, you may be glad of it now; for only a Catholic would have made such an effort to bring to that man the priest to whom alone he would have confessed the truth."

They looked at each other with a quick, startled gaze; and for a moment at least their souls did involuntary homage, as in a similar moment Judge Wargrave had done, to the wisdom of the great Church, which has maintained so inflexibly the essential character of that sacrament which was the first that human nature, in its revolt against divine authority, cast away, and which Protestants have been most sedulously taught to dislike and distrust. Then Mr. Blaisdell extended his hand for the letter.

He read aloud, in the silence of profound attention, the explicit words in which the priest related the confession of the dead man,—the confession which told how he had taken advantage of Harry Wargrave's friendship and ignorance of business methods, to throw upon him the suspicion of defalcations and forgery, which, when discovered, had seemed to cast the proud Wargrave honor into the dust. Father Martin ended by saying that if Judge Wargrave wished to see him with regard to any details of the confession, he would be glad to respond to a summons at any time; and when Mr. Blaisdell looked up from the letter, he addressed Mrs. Creighton.

"I think," he said, "that you will wish me to call and thank Father Martin for putting this complete exculpation in such decisive form, and also to obtain from him any corroborative details that he may be able to furnish. I never knew before how serious the charge was against Harry Wargrave; although, knowing his father's high sense of justice as well as his deep attachment to him, I was sure it must be very serious. But this explains everything."

"And you must not forget" (it was

Desmond who again interposed) "that Father Martin could not have divulged that confession if Harry Wargrave's daughter had not supplied the key—by her statement of Tracy's connection with him—which enabled the priest to apply the story. When I heard this," the speaker went on, "I felt convinced that she was in some way closely related to the man who had suffered so undeservedly, and I went immediately and charged her with it. She acknowledged that she was his daughter; and then, finding that she had refused Dr. Glynn's request to take charge of Judge Wargrave's case as a professional nurse, I begged her to reconsider that refusal. She was resolutely determined to make no claim of any kind upon her grandfather; but I thought—that is, I hoped—that if she were once under his roof and associated with him, matters might arrange themselves. I did not, however, anticipate that her likeness to her grandmother would be recognized as soon as she entered the house."

It was now Mrs. Creighton and Mrs. Selwyn who glanced at each other with looks which acknowledged that this was indeed evidence that could not be gained. Meanwhile Desmond went on:

"When the likeness was recognized, I begged her to let me tell my aunt who she was; but I could not induce her to do so,—could make no impression upon her determination to remain unknown. Only yesterday afternoon, in the garden, we talked of the matter; and she was still obdurate, though she confessed that her feeling toward her grandfather had changed. But something occurred, after she returned to the house, to bring out the revelation of her identity; and what that was she will no doubt tell you."

With the last words, he turned toward Hester, who took up the thread of his story without hesitation.

"I have already told you," she said, addressing Mrs. Creighton, "that when I came in yesterday evening I found Judge Wargrave in a singularly clear mental

condition; that he remembered and insisted upon hearing me read the letter to which you have just listened, and that his comments on it forced from me the avowal of who I am. This revelation had no immediately bad effect upon him; and in the hours which we afterward spent together he insisted upon my telling him all about my father's life, as far as it could be told in so short a time. I was afraid of too much cerebral excitement, and urged him again and again to wait until to-day to hear more; but he said" (her voice faltered a little here) "that, in his condition, he could not count on a single day, and that he wanted to hear everything I was able to tell him. I could not refuse—I am glad now that I did not refuse, for it gave him so much pleasure,—and then an idea, which I had feared might develop from all this, took possession of his mind. He began to think of his will."

There was a short pause—one of those pauses which are full of electrical intensity of interest and expectation,—while the clear tones ceased for a moment, and then calmly resumed:

"I urged him not to think of it, and assured him that I was perfectly satisfied for all to remain as he had arranged it; but he would not hear of this. He grew dangerously excited. 'What!' he said, 'Shall everyone else, even my old servants, be remembered, and my son's daughter be ignored? I could not rest in my grave if that were so.' Then he told me to get his will. I begged him not to insist upon this; to wait until to-day and send for you" (she spoke to Mr. Blaisdell). "But he would listen to nothing. 'He can come to-morrow,' he said; 'but meanwhile I might die to-night, and that will would be in existence. It must be destroyed.'—'But you forget the Wargrave Trust, and what would happen to it if you died without a will,' I reminded him, in order to induce him to put the matter off."

"Ah," Mr. Blaisdell leaned forward, "there was nothing nearer to his heart

than the Wargrave Trust! What did he say to that?"

"He said nothing at first," Hester answered. "He looked at me with eyes which I shall never forget, so piteous were they. Then he said slowly: 'I must choose between the greater and the lesser dishonor. If I die before I can find means to secure the Wargrave Trust, the great Judge above will know that it was because I could not be guilty of injustice to one already so deeply wronged. You must burn the will, or I will do it myself.'"

Again Mr. Blaisdell uttered a sharp exclamation.

"And did you burn it?" he demanded.

Hester looked at Edith with, for the first time, something like a challenge in her glance.

"Miss Creighton will tell you that I did," she replied.

Then Edith addressed Mr. Blaisdell.

"You will remember," she said to him, "that I spoke to you of something which I preferred to tell you in the presence of Miss Landon. It is briefly this. I was warned by Virgil last night that there was some great change in my uncle's condition, and I came upstairs to see for myself what was really going on between himself and the nurse (Virgil also spoke of *her*) before alarming mamma or telephoning for the doctor. When I approached this room, I heard, just as the servant had described to me, the voices in earnest, sustained conversation,—conversation so different from anything of which my uncle had been capable since his illness that it was startling in the highest degree. I thought it ought to be stopped, yet I was afraid to interfere—afraid of the consequences to him, I mean,—so I listened in the hall for some minutes. Through the closed door I could not hear what was being said, but I was struck by the tone of Miss Landon's voice. She seemed pleading with or urging something upon him, and I felt as if it were only right that I should know why one who was apparently only a trained

nurse had so far forgotten her duty to the patient under her charge as to excite him in such a manner. I have therefore no apologies to make for the fact that I presently entered his chamber, where there is a door" (she pointed toward it) "which commands this room. Behind that curtain I stood, and I heard Judge Wargrave's voice—as clear and ringing as it had ever been in health—say distinctly and emphatically: 'Burn it! Let me see you burn it!' I must so far corroborate Miss Landon's story as to say that she seemed to remonstrate, though I could not hear her words; but he repeated, 'Burn it!' in those tones of his which, as we all know, everyone always instinctively obeyed; and—"

"And then?" Mr. Blaisdell demanded impatiently; for at this point Edith paused, and seemed for an instant unable to proceed.

"And then" (she looked now straight at Hester) "I saw Miss Landon lay a paper in the midst of the fire."

"So," Mr. Blaisdell turned sharply toward the girl, "you *did* burn the will!"

"I perceived," she answered quietly, "that nothing else would satisfy him. His excitement had reached so dangerous a point that, to quiet it, I must either burn the will or make him believe that I had done so. In the large envelope which held it I found two papers,—does any one remember that?"

She looked from the lawyer to Desmond, but both shook their heads.

"I never saw the will after I left it with the Judge the day it was signed," Mr. Blaisdell said. "I had brought it to him, together with the draft of its contents, which he had given me that I might prepare it properly."

"Then it was no doubt that draft which remained in the envelope when he put the will away," Hester said. "At least I found two papers in this envelope when I took it from the place he indicated. It was here."

She rose, and, with every eye upon her,

walked to the desk, where she opened an inner compartment,—a small door which closed with lock and key. The key was now hanging in the lock; so she flung back the little shutter, and drew from the space within a long, blue envelope. Mr. Blaisdell nodded when he saw it.

"That held the will," he said briefly; and it was apparent to all that he spoke in the past tense, because the envelope was now evidently empty of any enclosure.

Holding it in her hand, Hester turned again toward the group so breathlessly observing her; and Desmond was filled with amazement, as well as admiration, by the perfectly unconscious yet admirable dignity of her bearing, the tranquil grace of her manner, the untroubled calmness of her voice, the clear candor of her glance.

"Yes, this held it," she said. "From it I drew the signed paper which I showed to him; and when he insisted that I should let him see me burn it, I walked toward the fireplace and, while my back was turned to him, slipped the will into the envelope, drew out the other paper, without being able to examine what it was, and put it into the fire."

"But" (Mr. Blaisdell was staring at her in astonishment, as was everybody else)—"if you did not burn the will, where is it? It is not there."

He pointed with a long, lean finger to the empty envelope; and she answered in the same tone of candor:

"No, it is not here, because, after he went to bed, I came back, took it out and concealed it in another place, for fear he should be suspicious and examine the envelope before I was able to give it to you."

"Then if the will is still in existence, where is it?" the lawyer inquired, with an anxiety which he made no effort to conceal.

Hester turned to Desmond, and pointed to one of the lower drawers of the desk.

"You will find it there," she said to him. "I slipped it in behind the papers, at the back."

The young man dropped on one knee, pulled open the drawer and ran his hand into it. After an instant he drew the hand back, and brought out a long, folded, legal paper, upon which Mr. Blaisdell instantly pounced.

"Yes," he said, as he opened it, "this is the Judge's will, just as I prepared and he signed it a few weeks ago."

Desmond took it from his hand, and glanced at it also. There was certainly no doubt that it was the authentic will which preserved the Wargrave Trust. He saw his own name, he saw Selwyn's, Edith's, and various others; and then, remembering what name was absent, he looked up and again faced the assembled family, head erect and eyes shining.

"I must disagree with Mr. Blaisdell," he said. "That is not properly a man's will which is not the expression of his last wishes with regard to the disposition of his property. We know now, not only from the testimony of Miss Wargrave but from that of Miss Creighton, that my uncle's wish with regard to this will was simply and solely that it should be burned. He felt that it did grievous injustice not only to his granddaughter, who is not mentioned in it, but to himself, who would never knowingly have been guilty of such injustice. For the sake of avoiding that wrong, even the preservation of the Wargrave Trust became a matter of slight importance to him; for he recognized that to keep the Wargrave honor unstained is a higher duty than to hold together the Wargrave acres. His wishes were defeated by the person whom he asked to fulfil them. I understand the high pride which would not allow Miss Wargrave to destroy this will; but, as its chief beneficiary, I feel that it is my duty and my right to fulfil my uncle's last earnest request. So I do it."

As he ended, he strode to the fireplace, and, before any of the startled group could interfere, dropped the paper into the heart of the fire.

The Refiner of Silver.

BY C. E. F. C.

MY days are lonely and cold and drear,—

My Lord is teaching me holy fear;
He placed for my feet these cruel stones,
He scourges me till the faint heart moans;
And into my wounds, with face so calm,
He pours not oil and the healing balm,
But gall and vinegar ministers He.
He knows that pain: He bore it for me.

It is my Lord. He shall do His will;
Though He slay me, I will trust Him still,—
Not for the crown of life above,
Not for the smile of tenderest love
That waits me, I know, on yon bright shore;
But because in this fire which tries the ore,
The silver pure from the dross runs free,
Till my Lord shall see His face in me.

Secret Hiding-Places.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

(CONCLUSION.)

TO return to Braddocks and to the events of Eastertide of the year 1594. At this time there was in the house a traitor, in the person of one of the servants. This man had given information to the enemy. On Easter Monday, the family, suspecting danger, rose earlier than usual, and Father Gerard began to prepare to say Mass. Suddenly there was a noise of horsemen approaching, and a number of men surrounded the house. The doors were immediately fastened, the ornaments were hastily removed from the altar, the hiding-places laid open, and Father Gerard's books and papers thrown into them. Mrs. Wiseman considered it safer for the priest himself to be hidden in the same place as the altar furniture, and Father Gerard at last yielded,—against his better judgment, however. He felt that the hiding-place near the dining-room would attract less attention

than the one nearer the chapel; and he bethought himself, too, that there was a small store of provisions there,—“to wit, a bottle of wine, and certain light but strengthening food, such as biscuit made to keep.” Moreover, from this hiding-place, Father Gerard believed he would be more likely to overhear his enemies talk, and thus learn something that would serve his interests.

At Mrs. Wiseman's desire, however, he took refuge in the hiding-place near the chapel. No sooner was he shut in than the Pursuivants burst into the house. They began by locking up Mrs. Wiseman and her two daughters in one room, and the Catholic servants in other rooms; then a close search was set on foot. Every corner was examined; walls were measured, so that, if they did not tally, the parts not accounted for might be pierced. This search lasted for two days. At the end of this time the magistrates went away, leaving orders with the Pursuivants that they should take Mrs. Wiseman and all her Catholic servants to London. Some non-Catholic servants, the traitor among them, were left in the house. The old lady was pleased at this arrangement, as she hoped that this man would contrive to set Father Gerard free. She was becoming extremely anxious about the prisoner, knowing how very scantily his dungeon was supplied with provisions. Two days had already passed; and now, when she and her daughters were to be taken to London, it was the third day. Another twenty-four hours, however, were to elapse before relief came; and we may faintly imagine what Father Gerard must have suffered during all that period, cramped in a narrow space, with nothing to eat beyond “a biscuit or two and a little quince jelly.”

Mrs. Wiseman, accordingly, instructed the servant (little suspecting that he was a traitor) to wait until she and everyone else had left the house, and then to go to a certain room, call Father Gerard by name and tell him that the others had been

taken to prison. The traitor promised to obey; but, as Father Gerard remarks, "he was faithful only to the faithless; for he unfolded the whole matter to the ruffians who had remained behind."

The search was renewed with fresh vigor next day, and guards were posted at night. From his hiding Father Gerard heard the soldiers' password; and but for the vigilance of the guards, he might have escaped by using it. Then occurred a wonderful interposition of God's providence. The priest had entered his hiding-place by taking up the floor under the fireplace. No fire could be lit there without damaging the house; though wood was kept near the hearth, to disarm suspicion. The men on the night-watch naturally felt chilly, and one of them lit the fire. The heat displaced the bricks, and the wood beneath caused them to begin to fall out of their places. This, of course, aroused the men's suspicions. They probed the place, and were surprised to find wood instead of brick. Father Gerard thought that his place of concealment would now undoubtedly be discovered; but, to his joy, he heard them decide to put off further search until the next day.

The following morning, accordingly, they searched; but, marvellous to relate, they looked everywhere except in the room in which the fire had been made. God seemed to have entirely blotted from their memory the very incident which had aroused their suspicions, and not one of the searchers came to the room; though had he done so, Father Gerard would have been detected immediately and without any trouble; for the fire had burned a large hole in his hiding-place, and he had been obliged to move out of the way to prevent the hot embers falling on him.

What his enemies did find was not Father Gerard, but the other hiding-place in which he had wished to conceal himself. They shouted with joy at what they believed to be the attainment of their end; but their joy was damped when

they found nothing beyond a goodly supply of provisions. "They stuck to their purpose, however," Father Gerard writes, "of stripping off all the wainscot of the other large room. . . . My hiding-place was in a thick wall of the chimney, behind a finely inlaid and carved mantel piece. They could not well take the carving down without risk of breaking it. Still, broken it would have been, and into a thousand pieces, had they any conception that I could be concealed behind it. But, knowing that there were two flues, they did not think that there could be room enough there for a man."

Thus ended this notable search. The priest's enemies retired vanquished, fully persuaded that their quarry must have escaped; and Mrs. Wiseman and her family were released. The traitor was still in the house when the mistress came to call out Father Gerard,—*"another four-days'-buried Lazarus,"* to use the priest's own words; but the traitor knew that it would then be useless to call back the searchers.

A few years ago an interesting discovery was made quite accidentally at Ingatestone Hall, Essex, once the seat of Lord Petre. The late Canon Last, who kept his Diamond Jubilee as chaplain to the family, gave Mr. Fea an account of the discovery, of which he was an eyewitness. Some children were playing in the anteroom of one of the principal apartments of the house, when some woodwork, rotten with age, broke away, revealing a second layer. In this was a trapdoor, and when it was lifted a large "priest's hole" was brought to light. It measured fourteen feet long, ten feet high, and two feet wide. It was reached by a twelve-rung ladder; the floor was covered with dry sand, in which were found the bones of a bird, probably the relics of some priest's meal. In one of the walls was a clay candle-holder, which has no doubt been used by many a hunted priest for the purpose of reading his Breviary. An old wooden chest was also there,—formerly the receptacle of

vestments and other necessities for Mass. Upon it can still be traced the words: "For the Right Hon. the Lady Petre at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex." Mr. Fea believes that this hiding-place was the work of the renowned Nicholas Owen.

A very curious discovery was made in an old Elizabethan house at Bourton-on-the-Water, in Gloucestershire. This also was a purely accidental find. Some wall-paper was being removed on the second floor, when a door was revealed leading to a room hitherto unknown. It was about eight feet square, and looked exactly as if it had lately been used. There was a table and a chair, over the back of which a priest's cassock had been thrown. There it still hung, though more than a century must have passed away since it was used. On the table stood a teapot of antique pattern, a cup and silver spoon. At the bottom of the cup were a few tea-leaves—or what had been such, for age had reduced them to a little dust.

A similar discovery is related by Sir Walter Scott as having been made in an ancient house near Edinburgh. In this case some workmen brought to light as many as three unsuspected rooms, one of which had been used as a bedroom. The bed looked as though it had been slept in the previous night. Near it was a dressing-gown of an old-fashioned make. There was nothing to show whom the place had harbored, and no records exist which explain how it came to be suddenly abandoned.

Everyone is familiar with the song of the "Mistletoe Bough" and the legend on which it is based. But Mr. Fea tells the story in a different way, making the unhappy victim to be Lord Lovel himself instead of his bride. After the battle of Stoke, it seems that the last Viscount, who had espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel against Henry VII., fled back in disguise to his house at Minster Lovel. From that night he was never seen or heard of again. Nearly two centuries and a quarter went by. The manor-house was

dismantled, and the habitable portion was occupied by a farmer. At length, in 1708, a vault was found. In it was the skeleton of a man seated before a table, on which lay an open prayer-book. In another part of the room were barrels and jars, which could have contained food enough to last for some weeks. The mansion was seized by the King soon after the battle; and Mr. Fea thinks that the unhappy Viscount was either afraid of showing himself, or that the neglect or treachery of some servant brought about his terrible fate. After all, the King could scarcely have inflicted a punishment more dreadful than that of death by starvation, which the unfortunate man actually endured.

A writer in the now defunct *Rambler* mentions an awful death-trap, the details of which would be a veritable godsend to a writer of a "shilling shocker." "In the stateroom of my castle," says this writer, "is the family shield, which, on a part being touched, revolves, and a flight of steps becomes visible. The first, third, fifth and all odd steps are to be trusted, but to tread on any of the others is to set in motion some concealed machinery which causes the staircase to collapse, disclosing a vault some seventy feet in depth, down which the unwary are precipitated."

As years go on, and old houses are demolished or repaired, many more secret rooms and *oubliettes* will no doubt be discovered. But no one interested in this curious subject need wait for these. Mr. Fea's book is a rich treasury of examples, historical and domestic, of mysterious rooms, deadly pits, subterranean passages, and hiding-places of hunted priests, distressed princes, refuges of smugglers and thieves, and other fascinating topics. The book is handsomely gotten up; and its very beautiful illustrations—eighty in number—greatly enhance both its value and its attractiveness.

How can we expect another to keep our secret if we have not been able to do so ourselves?—*La Rochefoucauld*.

The Passing of the Savage.

BY CLAIRE K. HANWAY.

And the Black-Robe chief made answer:
 "Peace be with you and your people,—
 Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
 Peace of Christ and joy of Mary."

—*Longfellow.*

I.

IN an Indian village, in Maryland, a squaw lay on her blanket, dying. Fever-wasted were her cheeks, but she smiled faintly as her eyes rested on the little papoose playing in the corner. Father Crane had given her the last rites of her new Faith, and then he had ridden away on another errand of mercy, leaving Yenadite to bid her children good-bye.

Small and stuffy was the wigwam, and dark as the night outside, save for the blessed candle lighting up the tent, and its mysterious furnishings, with a flame that flickered as faintly as the ebbing life of the squaw.

Beside the invalid knelt a young girl about twelve years old, dressed in doeskin. Her long, black hair flowed unrestrained, and from it hung strings of colored glass; beads trimmed her shawl, and beaded, too, were the soft moccasins that protected her feet. Her hand clasped that of her mother, and held fast therein a crucifix.

Displaying emotion unusual for an Indian, her swollen eyes and tear-stained face contrasted strongly with the rigid features of her brother Powanas. He stood expressionless, stoic-like, with arms folded defiantly, gazing almost fiercely, it would seem, at the relentless enemy, Death, who would dare to lay his cruel hand on that helpless woman. Only the mother's eye could see the affection which lay concealed beneath that calm exterior; for well she knew that her brave Powanas, with his warrior father's blood coursing through his veins, had come forth from the sanctifying waters with a gentle spirit and loving heart not found among those of his race, whose savage natures knew

little of the purest joys of domestic life.

The dying mother was speaking:

"Listen to my words, Tiorata; and you, too, my son. I am going to the heaven of the Christian; and, though the great God calls me before my earthly work is finished" (here she looked again at the little Owaissa playing in his blessed ignorance), "yet He has given me those to whom I can leave it, and I die knowing it will be done. My son, to you I leave my baby. It was my hope to see him grow to be a handsome, fearless brave, like his father; and yet not like him, for Owaissa is a Christian. You must watch over him and guard him; he will have no protector but you, and these are hard days for the Indians."

Her voice was almost inaudible as she motioned Tiorata to bend close, and whispered:

"To you, dear child, I leave them both; for you have the Faith deeper in your heart than has Powanas. Strengthen him in it, and teach it to the little one."

She sighed wearily, and then lay very still. Presently Tiorata leaned over softly, and blew out the blessed candle.

II.

Ten years had passed. Owaissa was now a tall, graceful boy of thirteen. He had received some education in English from the Mission Fathers in the White-man's Town, as Baltimore was called; and his simple faith and bright intelligence had endeared him to his teachers; while he was the idol of the boys, whom he taught to run, to fish and to hunt with that grace and proficiency which come as second nature to the Indian.

Previous to this time, Catholic and Puritan had lived in amicable relationship in Maryland; and the Indians, many of whom had been converted to Christianity, by the missionary priests, became the white man's friends. The peaceful brotherliness, however, was not destined to be long-lived. There came, one day, a certain Claybourne, who claimed all the territory of Maryland as having been given to him

by a royal grant. The Catholic possessors stood upon their rights; but the Puritans, to whom they had extended the hand of fraternity, and whom they had welcomed into their midst,—these guests flocked to the ranks of the "rebel" Claybourne. Although his followers were, for the greater part, a riotous, lawless lot, fond of gaming, drinking and fighting, the Puritans could not resist the alluring promises made by the leader.

Because of the prevailing disquiet, when, returning home from the Whiteman's Town one day, Owaissa turned a bend in the road and came on two rough-looking fellows resting by the wayside, their horse grazing near by, he stopped short and would have slipped into the woods which skirted the road, hoping to pass them unobserved; but one of the men had caught a glimpse of the tawny face, and sprang upon him, grasping his arm and drawing him toward the other man. Then, bowing low with mock gravity, he said:

"Here is a runner come with fond greetings from my Lord Baltimore."

Said his companion, laughing at the railway: "Well, bid him tell his information."

A meaning glance, which passed between the pair, was not lost to the quick eyes of the young Indian.

"Do you happen to know where my Lord Baltimore keeps his powder and muskets?" politely inquired the first speaker.

Owaissa was mute.

"No? Well, perhaps he can tell when my Lord expects his military visitors from England?"

Everyone admitted to Baltimore knew that the King was sending out troops to quell the rebel impostors; and as the men, seeing Owaissa coming directly from the town, were aware that he could doubtless give them the desired information, his obstinate silence provoked them, especially the first, who drew a revolver, remarking that he knew a way to make even the dumb speak.

"Oh, let the boy go! He doesn't know anything," said his companion, impatiently.

Just then they heard a call echo through the woods. Mounting hastily, they prepared to depart; but almost immediately he who had spoken first wheeled his horse, and, riding toward Owaissa, called out:

"Wait a minute, Claybourne! The little red's tongue may grow."

"Don't hurt him, Gibbs. He can't speak English, I guess."

But the protest came too late. Gibbs, with a smoking pistol in his hand, rode full speed after his leader. Owaissa turned his dark, piteous eyes in the direction whence he had heard the familiar call, and, clutching at his breast, fell silently to the ground. A moment of stillness, broken only by a sigh to Heaven from the boy—then a twig snapped, and a tall form emerged swiftly from the wood.

According to habit, Powanas had come to meet the boy; but when he heard the shot, he had hastened forward in alarm. He looked at the limp little figure, lying prone in the dust, with a kind of wild terror on his usually expressionless countenance; then he knelt in the road and clasped his brother closely to his breast. Just over the child's heart he saw the wound made by a white man's bullet.

Gathering all his energy, the half-conscious boy gasped:

"Claybourne wanted me to tell, but I didn't,—I didn't!"

"Did Claybourne fire the shot?" asked Powanas. And then, as Owaissa faintly shook his head, the warrior, with a savage gleam in his eyes, muttered: "Who did?"

The little fellow looked deep into his eyes, and, before he died, spoke just the one word, "Gibbs!"

III.

The small church of the mission, several miles outside Baltimore, was bathed in the warm glow of a June afternoon. From its door stepped a young Indian maiden, picturesque in her garb of doeskin. She waited, hesitatingly, near the church, as she saw a tall warrior coming toward her, with something laid stiffly across his outstretched arms.

Wide-eyed and horror-stricken she stood, when he approached near enough for her to recognize Powanas and to see that his burden was the lifeless body of their brother.

"Take him!" said the warrior. "I go to find Claybourne."

Tiorata was still far too dazed to comprehend. Her lips repeated, mechanically, the word "Claybourne." Then Powanas burst forth in all the vehemence of his outraged love.

"Yes, Claybourne! And Gibbs, too,—the murderers! I shall kill them first, and then I will send belts to the Hurons, the Delawares, the Senecas. When the moon turns her face to us again, she shall see no white man in all this land. They have eaten our corn, they have stolen our homes, they have killed our braves. Where is the white 'brother' who has loved us or suffered for us or died for us?"

At last Tiorata understood. Very slowly from her breast she took the crucifix her dying mother's hand had grasped; and, lifting it up before him, she pointed to the Figure on it. Then she spoke to him in soothing tones.

"He was a white Man, but He lived and suffered and died for you and for me. He was mocked and beaten and nailed to a cross, that Owaissa might be forever happy. Shall the red man be a traitor to his white brother? Shall the creature be ungrateful to his God? No! Let us take to Him the body of our little Owaissa; let us lay our revenge, with it, at His feet, and our mother in heaven shall smile and be pleased."

"Our mother gave him to me to guard. She will not smile on me."

"Our mother gave to us both our Faith to guard, first of all."

Silently, Powanas considered for some minutes, while Tiorata whispered to the God whose law she strove to keep the most passionate appeal of her life. The setting sun illuminated all the countryside with its glory of purple and rose and gold, Powanas slowly raised his head.

"My sister has said well. Let her lead. I will follow."

With the prodigious strength of the women of her race, Tiorata lifted Owaissa from the warrior's arms, and led the way back to the little mission church.

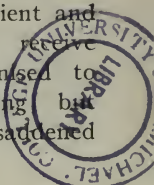
Majestically, Powanas walked; but as he passed, Tiorata felt that some of the awful mystery of his nature had departed, leaving in its place a look of resignation and peace. As he crossed the threshold of the church, the sun, with its vari-colored splendor, disappeared behind the western hills; and there was no more purple or rose or gold in the sky, but in the east there shone the bright star of evening.

With the sacrifice of his revenge, the savage strangeness of the Indian had gone forth from the soul of Powanas, never to return; but in its stead came the true and steady light of faith. And as the brother and sister knelt side by side before their Master, in the little chapel of the missionary Fathers, and prayed for the soul of their loved one, the peaceful stars of heaven came out one by one, and the Smile of God shone round about them.

Faith and Charity Still Live in France.

IN these days of religious persecution and alarming socialistic tendencies in France, we are happy to note that there is still so much practical faith to be found in all classes, and that many men and women of wealth and high social standing deem it a privilege and a duty not only to give their money but also their time and their personal service to the poor and suffering.

In one of the poorest parts of Paris—one which has appropriately been called the Suburb of Suffering—a priest had been preparing for death a poor old ragpicker. He found the sick man very patient and resigned, and most anxious to receive the last Sacraments. He promised to administer them the next morning, but after leaving the man, he was saddened



with the thought that the Blessed Sacrament must be brought to so miserable an abode, where filth and squalor reigned supreme. The room of the ragpicker had no other furnishings than the tokens of his profession; even his bed was nothing more than a heap of unseemly rags.

As the Father walked along one of the most fashionable boulevards of the city, he remembered on passing a palatial home that its mistress bore one of the most illustrious and aristocratic names of France. She was rich, beautiful, and the idol of the favored circle in which she moved. But he knew that, in spite of her worldly surroundings and seemingly frivolous life, she had a very kind heart. An irresistible impulse led him to enter the splendid home, decorated with beautiful flowers and costly ornaments, which made him realize more keenly the distance between this palace and the miserable dwelling he had lately left.

Briefly he told the cause of his distress.

"Most assuredly," cried the young woman, "the Blessed Sacrament can not be brought to such a hovel!"

"So I thought you might see to having it cleaned and prepared."

"I will do it myself," the lady said. "Shall I bring my maid with me?"

"Yes, that would be well, as there is plenty of work for two."

"But, on second thought," she added, "I believe my maid would not care for work of this kind, and things that are done for God should be done freely and with a good will. I will take my little boy with me; he is six years old and very strong. It is well that he should learn to help the poor and suffering, and it will draw blessings upon him."

"But, Madam, I have promised to be there at eight o'clock in the morning. This will surely be very early for you, and it is so far away!"

"Do not worry, Father. I will have things in readiness before you arrive."

The next morning the priest came at the appointed time and found a perfect

transformation. The miserable dwelling was changed into a "White Chapel." The walls were hung with sheets, and the bed—or rather that which was used as such—was covered with a beautiful white embroidered coverlet. Flowers were scattered here and there; and on a table covered with a spotless damask cloth were a crucifix, blessed candles, holy water,—nothing had been forgotten.

The young woman was still putting the last touches to her work when the priest arrived. She and her little boy fell on their knees at sight of the Blessed Sacrament, and together they recited the *Confiteor*. In the midst of this scene of beauty, the face of the old man appeared peaceful and happy.

The priest whispered a few words in his ear, to remind him that it was the good God—*le Bon Dieu*—that he was about to receive into his heart.

"Oh, I know all about it, Father!" he said, with a smile of deepest satisfaction. "The kind lady has explained it all to me, and I have been saying my prayers with her little boy. O Father, I am so happy!"

He seemed greatly moved after receiving the Holy Viaticum. Poor old man! he realized now the *goodness* of God.

As soon as the priest had finished the last prayers, the young woman, taking one of the hands of the old ragman, placed it on her own head; the other she slipped gently on the head of her child, saying:

"Now that you have received Holy Communion you are the friend of God. Give us your blessing."

"O Madam," cried the old man, with a tremor of emotion in his voice, "what do you ask of me? I am only a poor old sinner and I have no blessing to give you, but I pray God to bless you; and He *will* bless you, for you are His angels."

In saying these words, tears streamed from his eyes, and there were tears, too, in the eyes of the priest who looked on; but, as he said in relating this incident, "I think they were the sweetest tears I ever shed."

Notes and Remarks.

In the Report, for 1908, of the Propagation of the Faith we find an interesting extract from a sermon by the Archbishop of Paris. He said, speaking at the Seminary of Foreign Missions in December last: "The alms given by Catholics throughout the world for the missions are far below the amounts subscribed for Protestant foreign missions by Protestant England alone. Strive, then, brethren, to increase the interest and zeal of our people for the missions, in order that our missionaries may extend their work a hundredfold. And remember the words of Our Lord: 'He who entertains a prophet because he is a prophet receives the reward of a prophet.' Help our apostles who, in distant lands, are devoting their lives to the salvation of souls, and you will have part in the reward of these apostles."

All due allowance being made for the multiplicity of calls upon the Catholic purse, it is still a question whether subscriptions to the foreign missions, in many a diocese of this country—and other lands,—could not be doubled without seriously affecting either home missionary needs or the prosperity of the contributors.

With details concerning Mr. Roosevelt's exploits in Africa as racy as those given in the newspapers, it is not to be wondered at that the Dark Continent has become a theme of absorbing interest, and that books dealing with African travel are now in general demand. As many as four of these are reviewed in the current number of one of our leading literary journals. It is noticeable, however, that the "Darkest Africa" of the geographer and anthropologist is eclipsed in interest by that of the adventurer and hunter. Its remotest and obscurest regions echo with the crack of the rifle, and "big game" are bagged as never before. Of Hunter Roosevelt it

is told that one Sunday last month he killed a female rhinoceros of "immense proportions." "The first shot wounded her in the shoulder, and the animal fled to the bushes. Mr. Roosevelt followed on horseback, and six more shots were required to bring the beast down."

Let us hope that, before he returns to the United States, the character and purpose of Mr. Roosevelt's expedition will be appreciated at their true value, and that hunters and adventurers in Africa may soon yield place to scientists and travellers.

A whole-hearted tribute to the founders of the California missions is to be found in a special issue of *Out West*, dealing with "The Making of Los Angeles." The writer of the tribute is editor Charles F. Lummis himself, and the breeziness of the style not less than the interest inherent in the matter is sufficient excuse for even this lengthy extract:

Spain was the best colonizer in history,—both in the business and the humanitarian point of view. Instead of armies, it sent a few priests to convert the natives to the kind of God that *we* believe in, from the kind that *they* believed in; and to establish Spanish settlements as homesteads against any claim-jumping by the Russians. They sent perhaps the best business man that was ever in California,—a barefoot enthusiast who was crank enough to walk from Vera Cruz to Mexico, from Mexico to Lower California, from Lower California to where San Francisco now is, and back and forth several times, and to believe that the heathen were entitled to a square deal, and that the immortal soul of man was the first concern; but two-fisted enough to lead men who had never been led before, to beat the politicians to a frazzle (and there were plenty of them, both civil and military), and to convince the Central Government that he was right and all the officials wrong; and to keep the soldiers off the Indians, and the Indians off the soldiers; and to build a chain of monumental architecture which is the finest thing in California to-day; and to make, by his handicapped efforts, such a unified settlement as has no parallel on any other frontier in the history of the United States.

Los Angeles might be somewhere, but would not be where it is if it had not been for this same two-fisted quality of the Franciscan

pioneers. If they had a good deal of Peter the Hermit for inflaming gross multitudes with the clear fire of the Crusades, they were as good judges of land and water, wood and all the other essentials, as any civil engineers that ever stepped on California soil. They never made a mistake; and to this day the choicest garden spots of the Garden State are those selected a century and a half ago by these two-sided missionaries. The same quality which led them to establish the first industrial schools in the United States, and enabled them within a generation to turn out, from naked savages, more harness-makers, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers, soap-makers, wagon-makers, tanners, and other tradesmen, than all the industrial schools of California are turning out now from civilized material; the same quality through which, without the army of contractors, without supplies, without material or skilled labor, they built edifices which are revelations to modern architects (and the source of thousands of our houses, of which most are mere caricatures upon a noble style),—this quality, which was no rarer genius than skilled common-sense, stood by them when they picked sites for settlement.

The early Franciscans were not unique among Catholic missionaries in possessing the qualities eulogized by Mr. Lummis. It is a commonplace that pioneer priests have a keen eye for beauty as well as utility of site for churches and schools; and the records of all the foreign missions of to-day show that devoted priests and Sisters interest themselves in the material as well as the spiritual welfare of their neophytes.

Among the subjects discussed at the Congress of Missionaries held this week at the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, were the following: "The Diocesan Bands and their Special Work"; "The Chapel Car as a Missionary"; "The Italians in America"; "Literature at Church Doors"; "Church Extension and Mission Work"; "The Opportunity in Canada"; "To Develop the Missionary Spirit in Seminaries"; "Convert Making—Instructing and their Perseverance"; "Missions Among the Indians"; "The Leakage: Its Cause and Remedy"; "Some Avenues of Missionary Activity";

"Lecture Platform Chautauquas"; "Evang-
elizing the Negro"; "Vocations to
the Life of the Missions"; "Missions
among Children"; "Pushing Parish
Machinery to Its Highest Efficiency";
"Every Diocese to Have Its Own Mis-
sion Band"; "Gospel Problems in the
South"; "The Catholic Young Man at
the Secular University"; "A Central
Missionary College"; and "The Field
Afair and Its Demands."

The mere enumeration of these multi-
farious topics is sufficient to impress one
with the practical advantages likely to
result from the Congress.

We wonder what John Ruskin or Max
Müller, who disliked every form of
athletics, would have said had he seen
such an article as appears, as the leading
attraction, in one of the American maga-
zines for June. It deals with "Deciding
Moments in Great Games," and the writer
talks about "brainy pitchers," "great
baseball generals," and other eminent
athletes, among them one who is described
as "a past-master in handling batters
in psychological moments." Later on—
October is the right month, we believe,—
there will be eulogies of football celebrities
who have "won the applause of 'rooters'
on many a field," and "attained eminence
in the athletic world." There is no
accounting for tastes. Some people are
fascinated by athletic exhibitions, others
are repulsed. The present Corpus Pro-
fessor of Latin at Oxford once remarked
that he could imagine no greater folly
than looking on at football matches except
playing football oneself.

In the course of the correspondence
between the American Federation of Cath-
olic Societies and the Red Cross, anent
the disposal of a quarter of a million of
American money contributed to sufferers
from the Messina earthquake, Mr. G. W.
Davis, chairman of the central committee

of the Red Cross, wrote as follows to Mr. A. Matre, national secretary of the Federation:

In your letter of March 22, you state that one Nathan, a Hebrew, has been appointed to the presidency of the National Committee; and that the same committee has appointed certain non-Catholics to take charge of the Queen's Orphanage. We have in our possession the original of the Act of Agreement in pursuance of the terms of which the funds for the Orphanage were allotted. This document is signed by Mr. Bruno Chimerrì, "president of the committee." It, therefore, seems to be certain that one item of news which you quoted from the periodical has no basis of fact.

The periodical in question is the *Civiltà Cattolica*, presumably well informed on Italian matters generally and on Roman affairs particularly. Mr. Matre wrote to the *Civiltà's* editor for an explanation, and received in reply a letter, the specific point in which is:

The gentlemen of the Red Cross have made a confusion between the "National Committee" and a "branch" of it. Not knowing the true state of affairs, they have written to you that "one item of the news which you quoted from the periodical has no basis of fact." That item of news is an uncontrovertible fact.

Which will probably satisfy Mr. Davis that some of his own statements have no basis of fact.

Synchronizing with the publication of the Report of London's great Eucharistic Congress, comes a cordial invitation to the next international event of the kind, to be held in Cologne from August 4 to August 8 of the present year. Cardinal Fischer writes:

But our feast is an international, a catholic feast. In the Church of God, whose inheritance is the whole earth, no nation has precedence over the others; each nation has its position assigned to it by the providence of God; each nation must, in harmony with the others and with the means and the strength at its command, work at the building up and the perfecting of the Kingdom of God, to the glory of the ever-blessed Trinity through Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God and Redeemer of the human race. The mysteries of God and the grace of Christ are destined for all the nations of the earth, whose property also is the altar on which the Holy Sacrifice is offered, the tabernacle

where the Blessed Sacrament is kept, the Holy Communion which is the spiritual food of the Christian. So also is the Eucharistic festival which we are going to celebrate a universal, a catholic festival; and I expect many, very many, participants from other lands,—bishops, priests, and laymen. And I hereby cordially invite them and bid them welcome.

While it is scarcely probable that Cologne will hold the eyes of the world in August as intently as did London in September last, there is every reason to believe that its Eucharistic Congress of 1909 will be a magnificent demonstration, worthy of attendance by all Catholics morally capable of being present.

On a recent occasion we referred to the waning influence of the American Protestant clergy and the steady decrease of church-going among non-Catholics all over the United States. Ample confirmation of what we said is afforded by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, writing in the current number of the *American Magazine*. Indeed, we had no idea of the extent to which Protestant ministers have lost the allegiance of their people, or of the falling off in church attendance among our separated brethren. "One of the most extraordinary things that I discovered when I began the study of the church situation in New York city," says Mr. Baker, "was the very general tone of discontent and discouragement among church workers themselves." In reference to church-going, he says:

I have visited a large number of churches of all denominations during the past year; I have attended morning, afternoon and evening services; and in all that time I have been present at only a comparatively few services at which the church could be said to be even well filled.... I speak here of the ordinary religious services. At Easter, when extraordinary musical programs and beautiful displays of flowers are provided, when it is fashionable to go to church, many of the churches are crowded. On the other hand, I have been at services where the audiences were so small that it was hard to understand how the minister had the heart to go on with his sermon. In one Protestant church on the East Side, one Sunday morning not long ago,

I found in the audience just fourteen people, including myself. It was a good-sized church, heated for the occasion, with an organist and a choir, besides the clergyman who preached the sermon.

The chief reason assigned for this condition of things is—*mirabile dictu!*—the absence in the church workers of the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, with a reference to whom the article opens. "Human touch, not money, is required. There must be personal self-sacrifice. It was not until Francis stripped himself naked that 'he won for himself a secret sympathy in many souls.'" Mr. Baker's answer to his own question, "Do Protestants believe their own creeds?" must be quoted entire:

The Protestant churches, as churches, may be said, indeed, to have no longer any very positive convictions or any very definite program. They no longer believe their own creeds, and the old fervor of hostility with which they becdugelled one another (a sign of life at least) has departed. No longer fighting one another, neither do they unite: there is no fire to fuse them. Scarcely two ministers, let alone two denominations, agree either on doctrine or on methods of work. A "Federation of Churches" exists in New York, but it is hardly more than the activity of one energetic man whose valuable statistical studies of church conditions have been financed by contributions from various denominations. It has almost no significance as a directing or centralizing power.

I have said that the Protestant churches, having been withdrawing from the common people for a hundred years, are now trying to get back. To this end they have given much money: it has not availed. Neither has charity re-established them, nor mission chapels, nor even carpenter-shops, clubs, classes, gymnasiums, socialist discussions, nor revivals.

Mr. Baker hits the nail very near the head, we think, in declaring that "Protestant churches have no message for the common people. They have no faith." Well may he ask, "How shall they reach the hearts of men?"

The interest of scientific circles in Europe, more especially in Italy, is now centred on a new instrument, devised by Father Maccioni, of Siena, which gives

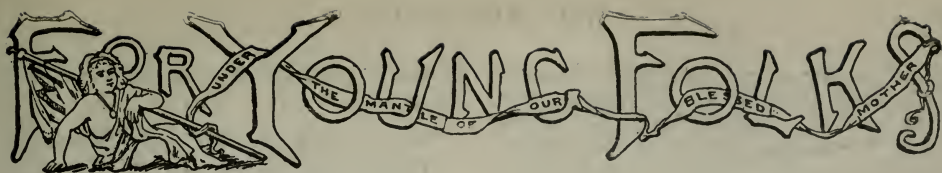
a brief warning, by the ringing of an electric bell, of volcanic earthquakes. After a long series of investigations, he has found that in such shocks the mechanical waves registered by seismical instruments are preceded for several minutes by waves of an electro-magnetic character, also susceptible of perfect registration. It is expected that when the new instrument is perfected it will enable us to know, not only when an earthquake is coming, but whether it is likely to be violent.

The death of Father Kenelm Vaughan has touched many hearts in many parts of the world. He was widely known as the founder of the Brotherhood of Expiation, as a propagator of the Holy Scriptures, as a preacher and writer; but he was best known as a priest of saintly life. He impressed all who came in contact with him as being one of the holiest, most mortified and most unworldly of men. No one that ever met him could lose this impression; and we venture to say that those whose acquaintance with him was most intimate will be disposed to ask his prayers rather than to pray for him. After a long illness, borne with saintlike patience and resignation, he passed to his reward at the House of Expiation, Anathoth, Hatfield, England, on the eve of the Ascension. Most men are remembered for what they do; Father Kenelm Vaughan will be remembered especially for what he was.

The following item, which we find in the current number of the *Missionary*, needs no comment to enforce its eloquence and its pregnancy:

This year's retreat for men in the cathedral at Cleveland, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, was the direct means of bringing fourteen non-Catholics into the Church—twelve men and two women. The latter are the non-Catholic wives of Catholic men, who were led to seek admission into the Church by the example of their husbands in making the retreat.

FOR YOUNG FOLK



The Studio in the Woods.

BY CHARLOTTE CURTIS SMITH.



HE wild grapevines were in blossom when Silvia began building her studio in the woods. Her brother Jack promised to help her. And one Saturday he drove four stakes into the ground and nailed on a few boards; but after that he was too busy, playing ball or hunting woodchucks and hedgehogs with Rover, to drive another nail.

Silvia, however, went to the woods every day after school to train the wild grapevine over the roof of her studio. And one day she said to her brother:

"Jack, you needn't bother 'bout putting any more boards on my studio; for that wild grapevine is covering it all over,—sides and roof and everywhere."

"Oh, I'll finish your shanty some day!" Jack replied, and away he went with Rover.

During the last few weeks of school, Jack and Silvia were so closely engaged with their examinations that neither of them found time to go to the woods. But on the first day of the summer vacation, Silvia went to her studio. And there she found the wild grapevine in a riotous tangle around the stakes and boards, making a green arbor for her to work in,—a cozy nook to shelter her from the sun and the rain and the wind.

The little artist immediately took possession of her rustic workshop and continued making sketches of the wild flowers. She had already painted the delicate spring blossoms, and now she began painting the brilliant summer flowers.

Her playmates missed her. And one afternoon Gladys and Bessie Tillson, her

nearest neighbors, came across lots to see what had become of Silvia Lockhart. They found the little artist in her studio in the woods, painting black-eyed Susans.

"O Silvia, what are you doing?" both girls exclaimed, as they crawled in among the grapevines.

After greeting her schoolmates, Silvia waved her arm, saying:

"Look, girls! See what I've been doing since school closed."

Then the girls began looking at the sketches pinned on the grapevines on all sides of the studio.

"Wild roses! They are my favorite flower," said Gladys, admiring a sketch of sweetbriar.

"I like the columbine or the evening primrose or the jewel-weed," said Bessie, glancing from sketch to sketch.

"What's this flower? I don't recognize it," Gladys asked, pointing to a long, panel-shaped picture.

"Milkweed blossoms. I painted them yesterday," Silvia replied.

"Let me see you paint the black-eyed Susans," said Gladys, kneeling beside the table.

The little artist took up the half-finished sketch and compared it with the flowers in the vase. Dipping the brush into the cup of water, then into the pan of yellow, she said:

"It's fun to see flowers grow as I paint them; they seem to look out of the paper and nod to me. And, girls, I sometimes really and truly imagine I smell their fragrance."

"Do you really?" said Bessie.

"Are you always satisfied with your pictures after you have painted them?" asked Gladys.

"No," said the little artist, shaking her head; "the painted flowers never look like the live ones; and sometimes I'm

discouraged when I have finished a sketch. Yet in a day or two, when the live flowers have withered and died, then the painted ones look like the natural flowers, or as I remembered them."

"How did you learn to paint?" Bessie asked.

"My mother taught me," Sylvia replied.

"Don't talk to Silvia, please! I want to see her paint," said Gladys, nudging Bessie's arm.

Silvia began to paint, and the studio was very still. A gentle breeze rustled the grapevine leaves, and a wood-pewee called in the treetops. The daisies grew brighter and brighter under the little artist's brush, till they appeared to resemble the daisies in the vase so much that Bessie exclaimed:

"How beautiful! And you painted them so quickly!"

"It's easy as wink to paint black-eyed Susans," said the little artist, rising and pinning the last sketch on the foliage of the vines between a sketch of white field-daisies and one of "bouncing-Betties."

Just then a flock of crows flew over the woods, cawing, cawing, cawing.

"The crows are coming home: it's supper-time. Girls, you must have supper with me in my studio," said Silvia, gathering up her paints, washing her brushes, and tossing the water out of the cup between the leaves of the grapevine. "Come, follow me!" she said, parting the branches for the girls to go through.

"Where are you going?" both girls inquired.

"To the house for our supper. Then we'll bring it to the studio. It's such fun to eat on my little painting table,—almost as much fun as it is to paint wild flowers," Silvia explained, starting on a run, and calling to the girls to follow her.

Away the three girls ran, Indian-file, in the path through the woods and garden, to the kitchen door.

"Now, Hannah, we're not going to bother you," said Silvia to the maid. "Just give us some dishes and bread and

butter and lemonade, and we'll be off in a jiffy."

Taking a pail, she said to her playmates:

"Come, girls, let's go to the garden for red raspberries and radishes."

By the time Hannah had three piles of egg sandwiches on a plate and a pitcher of lemonade ready, the girls came through the garden gate, their pail heaped high with berries and their hands full of radishes. They did not run on the way back to the studio; for each girl carried a basket, and it was heavy, and precious too.

When they were unpacking the baskets and laying the table, Silvia discovered a plate of chocolate cake, which Hannah had added of her own good will to the picnic supper.

"Hannah's a jewel!" Silvia exclaimed. "She's always giving me a delightful surprise."

"Isn't this a lark!" cried Gladys.

"It's the jolliest picnic I ever went to," declared Bessie.

"It's lots more fun eating supper in my studio than in the house," said Silvia.

"Why, here's Rover!" exclaimed Silvia, as a dog pushed his way through the vines and came nosing up to the table. Then she said: "Jack can't be far off, for Rover is always with him."

"Halloo, Silvia! Got any supper for me?" called a boy's voice.

"Yes; come in," answered his sister.

Jack thrust his head through the vines, saying:

"Oh, you have company, have you? How do you do, girls?"

"Jack, eat supper with us. We've got chocolate cake," urged Silvia.

"Can't; I must help father at the mill," replied Jack, bounding off, with Rover at his heels.

Silvia passed the chocolate cake, saying:

"Girls, how is Phœbe Webb?"

"Haven't you heard?" cried Gladys.

"Why, Phœbe has to sell her dog, because her father is too poor to pay the dog-tax."

"What! Sell her Foxy?" said Silvia.

"Yes," replied Gladys. "Isn't it too

bad! And she's so lame and can't play as we girls do, and her dog is her only companion."

"Girls, we must pay that dog-tax!"

"I wish we could," replied Gladys.

"We *must*," said Silvia; "and I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell Phœbe to hold on to Foxy, and we'll get the money."

"How can we earn money?" Bessie asked, with a discouraged frown.

"We'll have a sale of my water-colors a week from next Saturday, at my studio. You ask all the girls in the village to come, will you?"

"O-o-o-h!" cried Gladys. "I'll buy those wild roses."

"I want the black-eyed Susans," Bessie quickly said.

"You shall have them at ten cents apiece, girls. I'll mark 'Sold' on them immediately," the little artist answered proudly.

"I'll pay more," observed Gladys.

"No," replied Silvia; "ten cents is my price. And I shall paint more roses and daisies for the rest of the girls."

"Do; for I know they will all want them," replied Bessie.

The girls remained at the supper table, talking about Silvia's sale of water-colors till the sun went down, and a dusky light crept into the studio, when they left for their homes.

Thereafter, the little artist began painting flower pictures for the Art Sale; and she worked every day till the sides of her studio were covered with water-color sketches of all the wildings of the fields and woods and of all the cultivated blossoms of her garden.

When Silvia told Jack that she was working to pay the dog-tax of Phœbe Webb's fox-terrier, he instantly became interested in the Art Sale, offering to do anything he could to help earn the money. Accordingly, Silvia asked him to make a table in the woods, so that the children might have a picnic when they came to buy the flower pictures. In the meantime Gladys and Bessie were announcing the

Art Sale throughout the village, inviting the children to attend; and the two girls went daily to the studio to report the result of their advertising.

"All the boys and girls are coming," said Gladys; "and we'll bring cake and sandwiches and fruit and—"

"Let me provide the lemonade," said Silvia.

"Very well, you may do so," answered Gladys. "But we'll bring the rest of the picnic supper."

"Phœbe is coming, too," said Bessie. "Laura Stockton is going to bring her in her pony cart."

"Oh, girls, I'm so glad!" cried Silvia. "For I want Phœbe to see my studio in the woods."

On the day of the picnic a troop of boys and girls on foot arrived at the woods; and in the midst of them were Laura and Phœbe in the pony cart, with Foxy on the seat between them, barking all the time, as if he were saying, "How do you do?" to all the boys and girls.

"This is Foxy's picnic," said Silvia, taking the little wriggling dog, while Jack helped Phœbe out of the cart and carried her to the studio.

"Oh! — oh!" cried Phœbe. "Silvia's studio looks like a flower garden."

"It is one," said Silvia; "and you are to have first choice of the blossoms."

Among the pictures was a sketch of Foxy. The instant Phœbe saw it, she said:

"May I have Foxy's portrait?"

"Certainly," said Silvia. "I knew you would choose it; in fact, I painted it purposely for you."

"Oh, thank you, Silvia!" Phœbe replied, admiring the sketch.

The girls and boys selected their favorite flower pictures, Silvia taking the pictures down and handing them to the children, while Jack passed around a box for the ten cent pieces. Counting the money, Jack announced:

"Two dollars and eighty cents."

"The dog-tax is only two dollars," said Phœbe.

"Buy Foxy a collar with the eighty cents," Silvia quickly suggested.

Phœbe thanked her kind friends, and Foxy barked louder than ever.

Now that the sale of water-colors was over, the children played games. Hide-and-seek was the favorite of the afternoon, because there were so many big trees and shady nooks in the woods for the children to run to. Phœbe sat on a blanket on the mossy ground and enjoyed watching the fun; but Foxy raced from tree to tree, helping the seeker find the hiders; and it did not take many minutes for the spry little dog to round up all the girls and boys.

When Hannah seated the children for supper, she placed Silvia at one end of the table and Phœbe at the other. Foxy ran round and round the table, catching the bits of meat and cake that the children tossed to him. Silvia's father and mother helped to serve the picnic supper; and Mr. Lockhart's arm must have ached from carrying the big pitcher of lemonade, for the children kept him busy filling their glasses.

At sunset the picknickers said "Good-bye" to Silvia and Jack, and set off across lots for home; Laura and Phœbe, in the pony cart, took the road. On leaving, Phœbe said:

"Silvia, I thank you with all my heart for painting the pictures, so that I can keep my Foxy; and I know that Foxy is thankful too, but he can't say so."

"He is barking his thanks," replied Silvia, waving her hand and laughing, as the happy girls drove away.

The Ten Commandments.

The following rhyme was written under the Decalogue, in a country church in England many years ago:

PRSVR Y PRFCT MN
VR KP THS PRCPPTS TN.

The vowel E
Supplies the key

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VII.



AS soon as Dickie could find his bearings, he turned his steps to a large white house, the top of which he saw peeping between the still leafless trees. When he reached it, he found it unoccupied and unfurnished, save for a large wood-stove and one chair in the summer-kitchen. But a fire was burning, and a large lard-can filled with water was on the stove. The boy sat down on the doorstep and waited.

He had not been there long when a man appeared. He was hatless and coatless, his hair long and curly, his features Oriental, his complexion swarthy. He had earrings in his ears. He stood in an attitude of surprise, looking at the boy.

"Tired?" he said at last.

Dickie nodded.

"Tramp?" he inquired.

"I suppose I'm a tramp," answered the boy. "Anyway, I'll be one after a while, unless I get something to do. Are you living here?"

"To-night, yes," replied the man. "I'm a peddler."

"Do you make a good living?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Pretty good," he said, jingling some coins in his pocket as he spoke.

"Have you a cart?" asked Dickie.

"Oh, yes,—quite a nice cart! Come and see it."

He led the way out, and presently pointed to a cart with a very lean horse attached to it.

"I usually live in the wagon," said the peddler; "but to-night when I came here I found that the door was open and the house empty. I lit a fire in the stove,—just for fun, to be in a house again."

"Have you provisions?" asked Dickie.

"Oh, yes! Have you?"

"No, but I have some money. I will pay you for my supper and breakfast, if I can stay here to-night."

"All right," said the peddler. "We will eat when the coffee is ready. I think the water must be boiling."

They went inside the kitchen; the peddler looked at the tin can, returned to the wagon, and soon reappeared with bread, coffee, cold ham, condensed milk, pickles, cheese, dates, and figs.

"You live well," said Dickie, as the man placed the food on the table.

"Yes—that is when I can," replied the peddler.

The supper was soon ready. While they ate the boy told as much of his story to the peddler as he thought necessary. When they had finished, having fed the remnants to Tim, Dickie rejoined the man near his cart. The peddler said:

"I have an idea. Not far from here there is a cave. In it are some of my things stored away. You know we are only twenty miles from the ocean, and I took them there."

"How did you know about the cave?"

"I have been in this neighborhood before. It saves rent and storage to hide things. I go always in the night and replenish my stock. Lately there have been thieves about. I am afraid they know of my storehouse. If you could remain for a few days near the cave and let me know if people come there, I will feed you. They would not suspect a boy. And you can tell me all you learn."

"Where can I find you?" asked Dickie.

"Here. I will come back every night to the house. In the daytime I shall be going about the country. There are three or four villages not far away. This house has been empty for a long time. You can see that by the dust on everything and by the high grass all around."

"How far is the cave from here?" asked the boy.

"Two miles and a half. To-morrow morning I will give you the right direc-

tions. It is only for a few days. All you have to do is to tell me if you see any strange men around there."

"All right; I'll do it,—I'll watch," said the boy.

When it grew dark the peddler gave Dickie a blanket, and told him that in the barn he would find some loose straw, which he could gather and pile up into a bed. As for himself, he would sleep in the wagon.

The boy thought he had just fallen asleep when he felt the peddler's hand on his shoulder.

"Wake up! It is getting late," said the man. "I overslept, so we must hurry and get about the day's business."

"Oh, yes!" answered Dickie, springing up and brushing the straw from his clothes.

The night had been chilly; he felt stiff and cold. He went to the rusty pump, washed his face and hands, and followed the peddler to the kitchen, where he found breakfast ready. They swallowed it hastily.

"Come now," said the man. "I must feed my horse and then start. But first you may go; I will show you. But come back to meet me this evening."

"Very well," replied Dickie.

"You go straight down the road to the first turning, where you can catch sight of the ocean," said the peddler. "You will see a narrow, sunken lane,—in California they would call it almost a cañon. You go down that lane, and at the end there is a sudden, round knoll sticking out into the road. There are bushes all around. Under them is the entrance to the cave. You are just to sit around there and watch. To-night you tell me if anybody comes."

"It seems to me it will be kind of tiresome doing that all day. But I'll do it because I promised. It wouldn't do to break my word."

"That's good," said the peddler. "I'll give you some books to read."

He went to the wagon and returned in a moment with two tattered magazines,

and some crackers and cheese, which the boy wrapped up in a piece of paper.

"Maybe I'll take you travelling in the wagon after a while, if you like," said the peddler.

"I'll see," rejoined Dickie. "Come on, Tim!"

For nearly an hour Dickie swung along the turnpike. At last he came to the lane. It looked like a disused road, and was full of ruts and holes. He had no difficulty in finding the spot indicated by the peddler. He went down the sloping gravel of the lane, sat on a large flat stone and looked around. There were no houses in the immediate neighborhood; it seemed very lonely and still. He had not been there long when a man appeared on the top of the bluff, peering down.

"Who's that,—what you doing there, boy?" he asked.

"Nothing,—just resting."

"It's rather early in the morning to be tired," said the man. "Where you going?"

"Nowhere in particular," replied Dickie. "I'm just travelling."

The man let himself down from the bank and approached the boy.

"I'm waiting for my partner," he said. "I expected him here before this, but he hasn't come. He may have made a mistake and taken the other road. I'd like to go and meet him. If you'll stay here and tell me if any one comes while I'm gone—either him or any one else,—I'll give you a quarter."

"Evidently this is one of the thieves," thought Dickie. "What shall I do?"

In the interests of the peddler, it became his duty to watch them; therefore, it would not be honorable to accept compensation from his enemies, if such they were.

"I'll just stay here till you come back," he said. "I don't want any money for that."

"Very well," said the man. "If you see a fellow with a khaki suit, that's my partner. Tell him I've gone round the hill to meet him. But if you see a man

driving a cart coming up this lane, you just try and keep him talking till my partner comes, or I do myself. But don't let on that I said anything."

"He must mean the peddler," thought Dickie. "They're probably going to attack him, if he comes. Maybe they'll kill us both."

"What has the man with the cart done?" he asked.

"Never you mind what he's done," was the response. "You just stay and hold onto him. He's a rogue. But I don't think there'll be any need; I'll be back as soon as I've found my partner."

"Go ahead!" said Dickie, taking a magazine from his bundle.

The man climbed the bluff once more, and disappeared. Dickie became quite interested in the pictures and forgot the passage of time. The sun was shining brightly overhead, but the rays did not penetrate between the walls of the little cañon.

"It's cold here," he thought. "I believe I'll go up to high ground."

A few long steps took him to the level of the bluff. It was much warmer there. He was still engaged in reading when he distinctly heard voices underneath. He laid down the book, and presently saw that there was a long, narrow slit in the ground close to where he was sitting.

"This is the roof of the cave," he said, "and those men are in it. It has two openings, I suppose. They got in the other way."

He stretched himself on the ground close to the hole, listening.

"That fellow hasn't been here for several days," said one voice. "Everything is just as we left it. Those two beams near the door are lying where I put them. He could hardly have come in without moving them."

"More chance that he'll come soon," answered the other. "We'll just have to wait."

"Think of him getting off with all the swag we helped him to pull!" responded

his companion. "And we dasn't touch him in the open."

"Guess not!"

"What shall we do, then?"

"Just kill him in the lane, bury him hereabouts, take the cart and peddle the goods as he's been doing."

Dickie now began to understand. The peddler was a thief, who had gotten the better of his fellow-thieves, and they were planning to kill him. What should he do? For some time he lay there quietly, then clambered down the bluff again and resumed his seat on the stone. He would have liked to hear more, but was afraid of being caught at his post.

There was a stir in the bushes; first one head and then another appeared.

"Found my partner," said the man he had seen before.

The "partner" uttered a gruff "How do, boy!"

"Anybody been around?" asked the other man.

"No," rejoined Dickie. "How did you get back that way?"

"Just slid down over behind there to save a few steps," was the reply. "Ain't you rested yet?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the boy, slowly rising to his feet. "I'm going now."

"If you see a fellow driving a peddler's cart, wish you'd come back and tell us," said one of the men.

"I'm afraid I can't spare the time," said Dickie. "I must be off again. Good-bye!"

The men made no reply; the boy did not look back. After he left them he began to feel afraid. What if, as he proceeded, they should suspect and pursue him? He longed to be out of the sunken lands and on the highroad once more. When he came to the outlet, he stood irresolute. What should he do? Pursue his way in the opposite direction, leaving the peddler to his fate, or go back and warn him? Would not that be aiding and abetting a thief? It never occurred to the boy that it might be his duty to give information

of the robbers in the first town at which he would arrive. If it had, he would not have done it; his terror of the law and his ignorance of it would have deterred him. In the distance he caught a glimpse of the sea. Behind him stretched the road he had traversed that morning. He decided to retrace his steps, and turned his face eastward once more. After a while he saw smoke rising through the trees.

"Early for campers!" he thought. But when he reached the spot he saw that a party of gypsies had pitched their tents in the sheltered enclosure of a clump of oak trees. A girl was sitting on the shaft of a cart, idly swinging her feet.

"Halloo, Dickie!" she cried, and the boy paused in his walk.

"Well, Minnie! Who would have thought to meet you here!" he said.

"Or you either!" she replied. She came down to the roadside, her large, dark eyes beaming with pleasure. "We have thought of you so often, Dickie!"

For the first time since he had left the Middlefords' Dickie's face assumed a look of happiness. He climbed the bank and shook the girl's hand joyfully.

"Yonder is grandmother!" she said.

"And there is Barbara. Ellet and Michael are tending to the horses."

"Where have you been, Dickie?" cried the two women—one old, the other young—who advanced to meet him.

"Where have *you* all been?" asked the boy in return.

A man and a boy now joined the group, kindly welcoming Dickie.

"We have been South," said Michael. "We left the circus in October when they went into winter quarters. We half promised to join again in the spring, but we've changed our minds. Gypsies can't stand hanging on to anybody, even if they do make more money by it. Gypsies must be free."

"Well, what will you do?" asked Dickie.

"Travel the country as we always did before," said Barbara. "We're to meet

another lot of our people some miles farther along. And what about yourself, Dickie? Come up and have some dinner."

Beside the cheerful camp-fire, seated in the midst of the kind, simple people with whom he had been associated the previous year, Dickie told his story, never for an instant doubting their trust in him. And he need not have doubted: not one of them would have harbored a suspicion against him.

"You made a mistake in coming away so soon," said Michael when Dickie had finished. "That is all I have to say about it. You ought to have waited till you had proven your innocence."

"Maybe so," replied the boy. "I have thought so myself. But it came on me so suddenly from the people who had been kindest to me that I was very angry."

"Where are you going?" asked Ellet, a boy of eighteen.

"I don't know," rejoined Dickie.

"Come with us," said Minnie, who was his own age. "We'll have *such* a good time!"

But Michael said nothing. A gypsy himself, a gypsy he would always be; but he would not say a single word to persuade the boy in whom he saw possibilities greater than so precarious and wandering a life as theirs could afford him.

"Come along with us for a while, Dickie," resumed Ellet. "We'll be glad to have you, and maybe you can go back to the circus."

"That's what I don't want to do," said the boy. "I'm looking for something better. How long will you be here?"

"Only to-night; we travel on to-morrow," said Michael.

Dickie looked about him. The kindly faces, the friendly voices, all tempted and persuaded him to cast his lot with theirs; for, after all, he was only a child, used to travel, and fond of it; accustomed to hardships, and not afraid of them. The afternoon wore on, the short February day was nearly done.

Dickie rose and shouldered his bundle.

"Well, I must be starting," he said. "I have an errand to do about two miles from here."

"Won't you come back, Dickie?" asked the grandmother. "Come back; have supper and stay all night with us."

"Perhaps, — I think I will," answered the boy, wistfully. "It's so nice to have met you all, anyway."

Fearful of trusting himself further, he turned away at once.

When he reached the empty house he was glad to find the peddler had not yet returned. He would not have known what to say to him. Tearing a piece of paper from a small memorandum-book he had in his pocket, he wrote on it:

"I think you are a thief. Some men want to kill you. I am sure you will be arrested. I will not watch for you any more."

He pinned it on the door of the kitchen, went to the pump, got a drink of water, and again sought the open road. For a moment he stood there irresolute. Before him lay uncertainty; he had not even the prospect of shelter for the night, though he doubted not he would be able to find supper, and perhaps shelter in a barn. Behind him was the gypsy encampment,—the pleasant fire, the pleasant faces, the heartfelt welcome.

He faltered, lingered, and at last shook his curly head.

"I might stay with them forever if I went back," he murmured, and manfully strode forth at a rapid pace along the darkening road.

(To be continued.)

EUSEBIUS the historian relates that a certain martyr, when he was asked by the tyrant what country he belonged to, and what his name was, and whether he was a slave or a freeman, answered each question in these words, "I am a Christian." By this he wished to signify that the name of Christian was so great as to include every other distinction or title of honor.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Catholic Church and Medical Science," an instructive address by the Rev. James O'Dwyer, S. J., forms No. 65 of the penny pamphlets of the Australian Catholic Truth Society.

—Among Messrs. Methuen's new books we note a novel by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), author of "Hardy-on-the-Hill," etc. It is entitled "Galatea of the Wheatfield." Mrs. Blundell is a Catholic, and her books are all wholesome as well as clever.

—"Reflected Rays" is the title of a dainty illustrated brochure in which the class of 1909, of the Sacred Heart Academy, Ogden, Utah, pay a graceful poetic tribute to Mendelssohn, Lincoln, Tennyson, and Chopin. In conception and execution, the tribute is a credit to the young ladies and an honor to their Alma Mater.

—"The Decree on Daily Communion," an historical sketch and commentary by Father Juan B. Ferreres, S. J., has been translated into English by H. Jimenez, S. J., and is published by Sands & Co., London; and in this country by B. Herder, St. Louis. This work, cordially welcomed by the Sovereign Pontiff on its first appearance in 1907, is an adequate exposition of the whole subject involved, and will be found by pastors and people to contain satisfactory answers to most questions raised by recent legislation concerning frequent and daily Communion.

—At the fifth Annual Convention of the Catholic Educational Association, held at Cincinnati in July, 1908, a committee was appointed to compile a catalogue of books suitable for parochial school libraries. At a meeting held in New York last month, it was decided to request the superiors of religious teaching Orders in the United States, to draft a list of books for each grade of the grammar school. The subjects proposed are: Religion, Nature and Science, Geography, Travel, History and Biography, Literature. The idea is an excellent one, and may easily be productive of untold good.

—"Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls," from the German, by the Rev. T. Slater, S. J., and the Rev. A. Rauch, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), is a volume of some two hundred pages specifically addressed, as the title indicates, to the clergy. While much of the material presented does not differ notably from what can be found in Müller's "The Catholic Priesthood," Keating's "The Priest, His Character and Work," or Manning's "The Eternal Priesthood," there is

sufficient variety in the treatment and sufficient fresh matter to warrant a cleric's adding it to his private library.

—The publishers of *Appleton's Magazine* announce its discontinuance with the June number, apropos of which the editor of the *Dial* remarks: "The bewildering array of monthly magazines that meets the eye on the railway news-stand must have often prompted the query, How do they all manage to keep going? Probably the correct answer to this question is that comparatively few are really published at a profit. A great number are creatures of a day, or a year at most. They perish, but their places are immediately taken by fresh contestants in the struggle for existence,—hope seeming to spring eternal in the breast of the would-be magazine publisher. Of the undistinguished many that thus float on the wave of a brief prosperity, or make-believe prosperity, little heed need be taken. But when a publication of some solidity and worth, like *Appleton's Magazine*, vacates its wonted place on the news-stand, its retirement elicits a word of regret. . . . *Appleton's* deserved a better fate."

—Like many other writers, George Meredith had to wait long for anything like wide recognition of his genius; and it was only over his coffin that some of the literary journals bestowed adequate praise upon him. He disdained the arts of popularity, and made his appeal only to a few choice spirits. One of these pays tribute to him in the London *Tablet*, thus referring to what in his works has the Catholic label, and to his association with Catholics:

One such item, dear indeed to all men, but especially dear to us, is found in the sonnet addressed by Mr. Meredith to Cardinal Manning in the November of 1886. The poet, long wakeful for the skylark voice—the ascending and the heavenward voice—in man, hears it at last from a Roman Cardinal; and the situation is enlivened by the further paradox of an address of homage, not merely from a non-Catholic to a Catholic, but to the People's Cardinal from the greatest literary aristocrat that ever lived:

"I, wakeful for the skylark voice in men,
Or straining for the angel of the light,
Rebuked am I by hungry ear and sight,
When I behold one lamp that through our fen
Goes hourly where most noisome; hear again
A tongue that loathsomeness will not affright
From speaking to the soul of us forthright
What things our craven senses keep from ken.
This is the doing of the Christ; the way
He went on earth; the service above guile
To prop a tyrant creed; it sings; it shines;
Cries to the Mammonites: Allay, allay
Such misery as by these present signs
Brings vengeance down; nor them who rouse revile."

Appropriately enough, as it will seem to those who note the date, and remark how vivid, though dark, some of the

allusions are, the sonnet appeared in the columns of *The Pall Mall Gazette* of Mr. Stead. The Cardinal, no great reader of Mr. Meredith's, was by no means indifferent to the unexpected tribute; and, expressing to Mr. Stead a wish to see its writer, he received a visit at Archbishop's House, Westminster, from the hermit of Box Hill. Several years later, Mr. Meredith recounted to a Catholic friend his impressions of the Cardinal somewhat as follows: "Manning's simplicity gave him great strength. The absence of worldliness in all that appertained to him was, strangely enough, his great weapon against the world. I never was able to feel at home with comfortable Anglican ecclesiastics, not even with Stanley; for, though there was no dogma, there was a Dean! But I talked with Manning for two hours, and came away refreshed and edified."...

Among his more intimate friends, Mr. Meredith counted here and there a Catholic. Sir Francis Burnand and he were once housemates; they were "George" and "Frank" to each other; and among the treasures of the former editor of *Punch* is a copy of a Meredith novel with an inscription by the author. Mr. Francis Thompson was on one occasion a visitor to Mr. Meredith, whose tribute to his poetry has been publicly paid, and who made known to his friends his high appreciation of Thompson's recently produced Shelley essay. In a first pressing letter of invitation to another Catholic to come and stay with him occurs the sentence: "There is a Catholic church at Dorking." When Sunday came there came also, by his thoughtfulness, a carriage to his cottage door to take his visitor to Mass; and an abiding memory is that of the novelist, standing at the carriage door, with a request tacked on to his last adieu: "Pray for me!"

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
- "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
- "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
- "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L.
- "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
- "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
- "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.

- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
- "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
- "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
- "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50.
- "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
- "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
- "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
- "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
- "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Kenelin Vaughan, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Michael Brennan, diocese of Newark; and Rev. Aloysius Lutz, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Isabelle, of the Third Order of St. Francis; Sister M. Bernadette, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Antonia, O. S. D.

Mr. Basil Kruger, Mrs. Agnes Stevenson, Mr. George Burns, Mr. Henry Young, Mrs. Mary A. Sweeney, Mr. Daniel Derby, Miss Mary Moran, Mr. Harvey Smith, Mrs. Ellen Yorke, Mr. George Waldbart, Mrs. Catherine Loelbrandt, Mr. Peter Fitzsimmons, Mr. Henry Schringer, Miss Catherine Quinn, Mr. Andrew Blong, Mrs. Nora Murphy, Mr. Herbert Goddard, Mr. John Lynch, Mrs. George Schuller, Mr. Anthony Walsh, Mrs. John Oldaker, Mr. Joseph A. Branagan, Mr. Thomas Fox, Mrs. Mary G. Reilly, Major Edward Talbot, Mr. J. L. Call, Miss Sarah Joyce, Mr. Francis Charles Clark, Mrs. Margaret Murphy, and Mr. John Weightman.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Antonius Church, Kaiserwalde:

A Friend, \$1.

St. Michael's Mission, Alaska:

Mrs. G., \$1; W. H., \$5.

The Mission of Wei-Hai-Wei:

W. H., \$5.

Two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$6.30.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 19, 1909.

NO. 25

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The Heart of Christ.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

HE gave us life for death, and love for hate;
He kept the thorn, and gave the Mystic Rose;
He soothed our pain, yet felt the cruel blows;
He cried to us, we bade Him stand and wait;
We closed our hearts, He opened heaven's gate.
Reviled and mocked and crucified by those
For whom His sacred life-blood ever flows!
Was ever love like this, so kind, so great?

Could Magdalen forget her Saviour's grace?
The lepers lose the memory of His Face?

Judea's sick and blind and suffering,
Forget His healing, love, and comforting?
Lo! He has done as much for you and me,—
This thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ of Calvary!

One of "Rome's Recruits."

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

BY birth, residence, education, and prejudice, I am English; but racially I am wholly and solely Scotch, Dutch, and Irish." So wrote the late Mr. C. Kegan Paul in his autobiographical "Memories." One of the cultured classes who in England joined the Church during the nineteenth century, he was typical of the crowd of converts drawn into the True Fold by the Romeward movement initiated by Tractarianism. He was also typical, in the union of races signified by his descent, of the complex amalgam of nationalities that now composes the population of that

island; and, by the diversity of religious thought through which he finally reached his theological goal, of the currents of opinion which divide and distract minds on the religious question in England.

The son of a Protestant minister who came of a Scotch stock, he was born on March 8, 1828, at White Lackington, near Ilminster, Somerset, where his father was the incumbent of a village curacy. His mother, Frances Kegan Horne, belonged to an old Colonial family, long settled at St. Vincent, West Indies, who had emigrated from Holland, and claimed kinship with the Counts Horne who figure prominently in Dutch history. His maternal grandmother, Mary Kegan, was of Irish descent.

When he was about ten years of age he lighted upon a book called "Downside Discussions," which he read with profound interest, if with little real understanding. A certain Protestant controversialist had challenged the Downside Benedictines to a public argument on the points of difference between Rome and the Protestant churches. The challenge was accepted, a public discussion took place, and the matter ended, as such encounters often end, without apparent result. It was clear to young Paul, however, that the Protestant champion had not answered all that was said on the other side.

About the same time two books fell in his way which, he tells us, would have done much to make him a Catholic had there been any one to guide him. As it was, they made an impression which was quite indelible. Strange to say, both were

avowedly anti-Catholic tales—"Father Clement" and "The Nun." The former, though it gave Philip Gosse, the naturalist, a "strong abhorrence of Rome," had quite the opposite effect on Kegan Paul. The Protestant clergyman in the book—a Presbyterian, but put forward as a type of a Protestant minister—is asked where was his church before the Reformation. "His answer is at once so evasive and so fatuous that it was, to me, impossible," our convert observes, "to accept it for a moment; while the practices of piety inculcated on the young Papists, and held up to scorn—such as veneration for the saints, fasting, the Sign of the Cross, etc.,—seemed meritorious, or at least perfectly innocent. And in so far as the hero, Father Clement, had Protestant leanings, he appeared to be leaving the more for the less worthy cause."

The other story, "The Nun," by Mrs. Sherwood, he read for its literary charm, till he knew it almost by heart. Subtracting certain absurdities as to nuns kept in dungeons for heretical opinions, and secret meetings in underground chapels, in which the Bishop urges putting a recalcitrant nun to death—"When a limb is affected with gangrene, my daughter, no ideas of false compassion should prevent our cutting it off,"—convent life he found "not ill described, as seen through distorted spectacles." His sympathies were wholly with the orthodox nun Annunciata, with the Abbess and the Bishop, who were not, he was sure, guilty of the deeds attributed to them. But there was no one to deepen these vague impressions; "Roman priests and nuns," however interesting, were much like the characters in fairy tales—denizens of a world into which he never expected to enter.

He was then "but vaguely conscious of a dignified Church beyond the Anglican, and no mere body of Dissenters." He became aware of the fact when his mother went one Holy Thursday to the Tenebræ service at Prior Park, and gave him an account of it. She had made the acquaintance of

a certain Father Logan, who preached the "Three Hours' Devotion" that Holy Week. She continued to go to Prior Park from time to time for some years, and all that she told her son of what she saw and heard impressed him deeply.

After receiving some home education, Kegan Paul was sent, in 1836, to his first school, Ilminster,—"a school," he says, "which was, to me at least, a hell, and where life was one long misery." Nevertheless, it turned out such pupils as the Rev. Spencer Northcote, afterward head of St. Mary's, Oscott; and the Rev. Canon Macmullen, long the Catholic priest of Chelsea; though, as he avers, "the moral influences of the school were nought, and the tone of the school horribly low."

The first indication to his young mind that the Church of England was a house divided against itself came from a conversation in the Bath coach. Then for the first time he heard the words "Evangelical" and "Orthodox," the latter designating the party which soon became known as High Church, Puseyite, or Tractarian. He heard more of them after he went to Eton in 1841. The college—originally founded mainly as a community of priests to say Masses for the soul of the founder—was then at its lowest ebb in comforts, morals, and numbers. Long Chamber was tersely described by his aunt as "worse than the worst ward in the worst hospital"; and those were the days of unreformed hospitals. The number of scholars had dwindled from seventy to forty, simply because boys could not be found to submit to the hardships which awaited them. The Fellows were fossilized old fogies, who regarded any attempt at reform as an innovation to be resisted; and, down to 1841 or 1842, there existed a state of things which had obtained in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was then scarcely changed from much earlier times.

They were equally conservative in their theological and political opinions. Plumptre, a staunch Tory, hated change of any kind as much as a certain personality

is said to hate holy water. The passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill was a great shock to him. It is recorded that he and Mr. Briggs, a Fellow, who shared his views with a fellow-feeling that did not make him "wondrous kind," paced round and round the cloisters the long night through, waiting the morning announcement of the division. They had sent a special messenger, who was to bring the tidings direct. They could not go to their beds while the fate of Protestantism was, as it seemed to them, trembling in the balance. "Let us hope that where they are now," comments Mr. Kegan Paul, "they are not excluded from the best Catholic society."

Some years afterward (about 1853-54), Mr. Plumptre called on Dr. Goodford, then head-master, to find an elderly relative of the latter staying with him. Dr. Goodford introduced them and said: "Now, Aunt, here is a gentleman with whom you will agree on politics."—"I hope, sir," remarked the lady, "you disapproved of Catholic Emancipation."—"The wickedest thing, ma'am, since the Crucifixion!" was the immediate and startling answer.

The Tractarian Movement, penetrating even the hide-bound conservatism of the heads of the college, was not slow in making its influence felt at Eton. One of the assistant masters, Edward Coleridge, a nephew of the poet, adopted in its entirety the teaching of the Oxford school, and was the friend and correspondent of Pusey. Selwyn, then a private tutor, and Abraham, an assistant, both afterward bishops in New Zealand, coincided with him, and a modified High Churchism gave the tone to the teaching.

"The wave of the Oxford Movement," says Kegan Paul, "had affected Eton, and there were certainly knots of boys whose religion was almost perfervid, who, on going to Oxford and Cambridge, at once joined the extreme sections of the High Church party, some of them stepping very soon over the bounds which separate

England from Rome. Nor did the influence on religion of such men as Selwyn, Abraham, and Edward Coleridge count for nothing in the same direction. And, although morals were often at a sadly low ebb, there were many sets of lads who exercised upon evil a repressive effect, which should have been the duty of their superiors; and whole houses, with perhaps a somewhat pharisaic arrogance, prided themselves on maintaining a lofty tone. At that time also the central part of the great east window was filled with stained glass by the voluntary contributions of the boys alone. It consists of a very simple but vivid picture of the Crucifixion. Many of us found in it a striking lesson from Calvary; and, whatever was lacking in the services, knew first in that chapel what worship meant, drew strength against sin, and learned how to suffer and to strive from the contemplation of that rood."

At Eton, Kegan Paul heard for the first time a chanted "cathedral service." There, in 1841, such of the boys as were given to thinking and reading the newspapers became aware that there was a great religious revival in progress at Oxford. A few of the masters were falling under the influence of the new theology, and, intentionally or unintentionally, transmitting it to their pupils. "It had its bearing on our minds," he says, "but to an extremely limited extent on our lives. There are lads who, by the grace of God, have in them a natural and ingrained purity of soul, and a revolt from every wrong word and deed, an instinct against evil, which preserves them in ignorant innocence through the perils of boyhood. But the average English lad is neither ignorant nor innocent. When he ceases to say his nightly prayer at his mother's knee, there is no one to force on him the connection between religion and morals; no one, except from the distant pulpit, ever speaks to him of his soul; no one deals with him individually, or helps him in his special trials. A father is, as a rule, shy of his

son; tutors are apt to treat all transgressions as school offences, and are unwilling to see what is not forced on them; so that the boy's soul shifts for itself, and for the most part fares badly. I can truly say that for the five years I was at Eton, between the age of thirteen and eighteen, no one ever said one word to me about my own religious life, save always my mother; but she could know nothing of a boy's dangers, and was as one that fought the air."

When, in 1846, he passed from Eton to Oxford, his knowledge of the trend of the religious movement then leavening Anglicanism was deepened and expanded. He at once came in contact with High Churchmen of a very decided stamp,—Richard Francis Bowles, George (afterward Sir George) Russell, and Frank Du Boulay, whose eldest sister Susan, round whom the whole family circle turned, and who swayed them all, became later a Catholic nun. "For her," he writes, "while she was yet an Anglican, I took possession, on my way into Cornwall, of Miss Sellon's first house in Plymouth, and set up the cross of Babbicombe marble in the little oratory. . . . I dwell on this friendship with these good and kind people because my intercourse with them was pleasant; still more because it showed me, more than anything else, the strength and the weakness of the Anglican system. If Anglican premises are true, Rome is the conclusion of them; and Susan was the one logical member of her family."

Kegan Paul soon became as intimately acquainted with as many phases of Oxford life as any of his contemporaries. While through Du Boulay he saw the working of the Tractarian Movement in the country, through George Cox, his cousin, he came to know the party formed by it in Oxford, so far as it existed among undergraduates. "He was a year senior to me," he writes, "and was in the full swing of his fervor when I went up. The whole thing was, I now think, very unreal. Newman had gone, and taken with him

his mighty influence; there was no one left in his place. Pusey had great weight with those who sought his counsel; but they were then comparatively few, since he had not the attractive power which Newman had possessed. And while I by no means say that the young men under Tractarian teaching did not lead perfectly respectable lives, the attempt at self-denial was spasmodic. Fasting, when tried, was under no rule, and the effort chiefly showed itself in a dilettante love of architecture and music, as represented by the Oxford Madrigal Society. . . .

"One day I was engaged to lunch with Hopkins of Balliol, an old Eton acquaintance, whose rooms were decorated in the most ecclesiastical manner. I found him stripping texts from the walls in wild haste, and appealing to those of his friends who had arrived to help him shove under the bed a large crowned figure of the Blessed Virgin. It appeared that he had just heard that his father, a Berkshire squire, whose contempt for 'ecclesiastical millinery,' etc., was most pronounced, was in Oxford, and even then on his way to Balliol. The transformation was effected, and the meeting between father and son was unbroken by storms. I was spending a few days in Berkshire with Hopkins some years ago, and was amused to find this very figure of the Blessed Virgin presiding over a well in the grounds, set in a niche against a tree. But she is there purely for decorative, and in no degree for devotional, purposes. Of course there were many with whom the feeling was far deeper. Witness Frank Du Boulay, Alan Brodrick, and Sam Bowles, who carried out long afterward, in their country parishes, a noble self-devotion which they had learned at Oxford. But the high tide had carried many with it on to Rome; and, as it retreated, left short of that height a good deal of useless wreckage on the shore."

In the spring of 1849 he formed a friendship with Charles Kingsley, which colored many years of his after life; and made

the acquaintance of Anthony Froude, afterward Kingsley's brother-in-law. It was just after the publication of Kingsley's "Saint's Tragedy." "To young men still in course of formation," says Kegan Paul, "this coruscating person, ten years older than ourselves, but young in mind, and a born leader of men, came as a kind of revelation. We had never met any one like him, nor indeed have I ever since encountered any one so impressive to the young. What was most attractive to me—and of course not to me alone—was that this man, so varied in knowledge and so brilliant in talk, athletic in habits and frame, a first-rate horseman, a keen sportsman, good quoit player, was also a man of prayer and piety, filled with a personal, even passionate, love for Christ, whom he realized as his Friend and Brother in a fashion almost peculiar to the saints. I was at this time dissatisfied with the Tractarian theory, and such Biblical criticism as I had read was inclining me to those notions which were afterward called 'Broad,' and of these Kingsley was the incarnation." He was more: he was, notwithstanding his prayerful and pious bent, the incarnation of that Protestant revulsion from Rome which Joseph de Maistre crystallizes in one word—"Papaphobia." Still, it was the brilliant clerical *littérateur*, who poured out all the vials of his wrath against Rome and its priesthood in his first novel "Yeast," who determined Kegan Paul to become a clergyman, and remotely influenced his conversion.

"As I grew older," he says, "I disliked my father's humdrum life, and believed, as I still believe, that a country clergyman's life in the Anglican Church is either idle or fussy. He has nothing to do as *clergyman*, or he worries his people to death. Then for a time I was attracted by the High Church vision of constant services and sacraments, till I saw the thing did not work practically, except in large town parishes, and that the model priest and parish existed only on paper.

Kingsley showed me a different ideal: a man always at work, treating his literary gifts, his schemes for social, sanitary, and political reform as part of his priestly work. He took a large view of things, and gave me larger ones than I had ever had before. When I felt the narrowness of the church, the statements of dogma which fenced it from all the most attractive views of the Catholic Church on the one side, and those of the Protestant churches on the other, Kingsley had no doubt that the church could and would be widened from within, and become more and more the religious expression of the thought of the time. And it never occurred to him—or, then, to me—to doubt that the thought of the time, the *Zeitgeist*, must be right."

Inspired with Kingsley's superficial enthusiasm, and wishful of becoming a parson after his pattern, Kegan Paul accepted the curacy of Tew, in the diocese of Oxford, and was "ordained deacon" during the Lent of 1851. Besides Kingsley and Froude, then writing his "Nemesis of Faith," he mixed much at this time with Frederick Denison Maurice, Tom Hughes, J. M. Ludlow, and others who were engaged in the Co-operative and Christian Socialist movements of the day as set forth in Kingsley's novel, "Alton Locke." "On the whole," he observes, "my association with these men made me theologically a very broad High Churchman;—broad that is in doctrine; but with a strong feeling for pomp of ritual, for music in church, paintings, and symbolism of all kinds. . . . In politics, at least, my creed has never changed since I became able to formulate it; while it has, on the religious side, passed through Positivism and landed me in the one true home of Faith—the Roman Church."

Of his ordination by Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford—in whom he did not believe, having always disliked and distrusted him,—he says: "But I thoroughly believed in *it*, and may honestly say of myself that never a man took Orders with more sincere desire to do his duty in the Anglican

Church to the souls that should be given to his charge." After remaining more than a year at Tew, he took sole charge of Bloxham, a large village near Banbury. He left Bloxham after six months to become tutor to the two elder boys of a family going abroad. "In those two curacies," he observes, "I learned to know the English poor well, and to have a deep sympathy with them. They are not stolid and stupid, as is so often assumed. What they lack is book-learning; but, for one who can talk their language and understand their thoughts, there is much to repay the attempt to know them better. There is scarce any limit to the influence which an unmarried clergyman, living with and for his people, may not exercise over his young men. But, then, the English Church does not train her parsons for celibacy, and the Roman Church alone has the secret of such training."

When filling in his time as a travelling tutor, one of the places in which he sojourned was Carlsruhe, where he was much attracted by the music and services of the Catholic Church. Here he made the acquaintance of some priests, and was in a degree enabled to understand the rites he saw there. At Constance he met Fräulein Marie Ellenrieder, an old lady who was Hofmälerin to the Baden court, and a charming painter of religious subjects, who adorned many of the churches in Baden, and who always ended her conversations with the words, "Ah, Herr Paul, what a pity it is that you are not a Catholic!"

Kegan Paul returned to England in 1853 to accept a conductship, or chaplaincy, at Eton, with a curacy attached, spending his summer holidays in Wales. "My stay in Wales," he writes, "is ever memorable to me, for my having there read the book which did much to shake my faith in revealed religion. I do not remember what turned my attention to Positivism; it may have been my casual meeting with Dr. Congreve, with

whom, when he was tutor at Wadham, I had been intimate at Oxford; but I was induced to study the 'Philosophie Positive,' and took with me into Wales Miss Martineau's translation and abridgment of that work. It had on me a very great effect, but its leaven worked for some years without my knowing all that it had done. The study of the 'Philosophie Positive' was the beginning of the end of my connection with the Established Church, and, for the time, with theology. . . . It may seem strange, but, till I did so under Comte's direction, I had never read 'The Imitation of Christ.' Comte bids all his followers meditate on this holy book, telling them to substitute 'Humanity' for God. The daily study of 'The Imitation' for several years did more than aught else to bring me back to faith, and to bring faith back to me."

Meanwhile his views grew more "liberal" and less in accordance with any of the great parties in the Church, and for many years were essentially those of the Unitarians. In his opinion, the whole theology of the almost extinct Broad Church is simply Unitarian. When a distinction had to be made, it was possible to make it by quoting creeds and devotions which had been retained by the Church of England from the old Catholic worship; but the sermons in Broad Churches might have been delivered from any Unitarian pulpit,—Broad Churchmen ignoring as far as possible the Catholic side of the teaching of the Church of England. "Unitarianism," he comments, "is, however, inconsistent and illogical; the true contradictory of Catholicism is Positivism, though I did not then see it." His leaning to the Catholic side even then is evidenced by the fact that he became one of the Council of the House of Mercy at Clewer; though, from the first day he was associated with it, the conviction deepened that Rome alone, with its organized authority, can manage religious houses of the conventual sort.

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVI.

THE sound which Mr. Blaisdell uttered when he saw Judge Wargrave's will thrown into the fire was more like the roar of a wild beast than the cry of an amazed and angry man. He rushed forward, but Desmond's strong young arm held him back from snatching the document out of the blaze. Then he looked at Selwyn.

"Get it!" he cried. "Why the devil do you stand there doing nothing? Snatch it out! There may be enough left to probate."

"Don't touch it!" Desmond warned Bobby, who showed not the least intention of attempting anything of the kind. "The disposition which the Judge wanted made of that paper is going to be made, no matter what the law may call the act."

"The law calls it so grave a crime that you render yourself liable to penitentiary imprisonment by committing the act," the lawyer told him indignantly. "In the course of a long life I have never seen anything as outrageous so daringly done."

"Wouldn't you have done it yourself?" Desmond demanded, turning upon him. "Would you, would any one here" (his eager glance flashed over the assembled family), "have accepted what that will gave me, knowing not only that it wronged and injured the rightful heir of the man who made it, but that the last earnest wish of the testator was that it should be destroyed? Allow it to stand! Accept it!" The color flew to the ardent face. "There isn't law enough in all Christendom to make me do so."

Then Bobby Selwyn surprised every one by stepping forward and seizing the speaker's hand.

"You did exactly right!" he declared. "I'm most concerned after you—for I believe the Judge had put me in the entail,—but I'm glad you destroyed the

will, and I heartily endorse all you've said about it."

"Thank you, Bobby!" Desmond said. "It never would have occurred to me to imagine that you wouldn't endorse it. When it comes to a point of honor, men of honor always think alike."

Mr. Blaisdell regarded them both with a sardonic glance, under which, however, something like approval clearly lurked.

"Very fine sentiments!" he growled. "But I don't think they excuse law-breaking. I grant that it seems clearly proved, by the separate but corroborating testimony of the two young ladies whose stories we have heard, that Judge Wargrave very much desired the destruction of that will, and believed that it had been destroyed. But the fact remains that he merely intended its destruction to guard against what has—er—"

"Happened." Desmond's clear-cut tones supplied the word as he hesitated. "Judge Wargrave feared that he might die before he could execute another will which would provide for his granddaughter; and he also knew that, if he did not die, another stroke might again deprive him of his suddenly and strangely regained power of speech. But he was willing to take either risk rather than leave that" (the young man flung out his hand toward the black mass of burned paper which lay on the top of the fire) "to misrepresent him, and to work injustice when he would be powerless to prevent it. Even the preservation of the Wargrave Trust—so near his heart, as you have said—became of less importance than securing this. And I can't believe that there is any one here" (again the bright, challenging glance swept the circle) "who does not feel that I have rightly interpreted and executed his wishes in what I have done."

This time it was Mrs. Creighton who answered him, quickly, impulsively, as few people had ever heard her speak before:

"I am sure of it, Laurence; and, as the only one now living among those who were

nearest to him during his life, I thank you for having done it. I am sorry about the Wargrave Trust; but I recognize that it was better for it to be broken at last than for my brother to appear to disown the claim of the daughter of his son,—the son whom he had so deeply and sadly wronged."

Desmond walked across the floor and took her hand.

"I could not regret what I have done under any circumstances," he said; "but I can't tell you how grateful I am for your approval, Aunt Rachel."

"I couldn't fail to approve," she said, with moist eyes. "It not only seems to me what should have been done, but I like your manner of doing it; and I am glad that you have showed so unmistakably that you are—I mean that you *were*—worthy to be the heir of the men who have been here before you."

Then Edith, with something between a sob and a laugh, also held out her hand.

"Mamma is slightly incoherent," she said; "but I understand what she means, and I agree with her. We all approve of what you have done, Laurence; although I suppose Mr. Blaisdell disapproves of *us*."

Mr. Blaisdell was indeed shaking his head in grave reprobation of the whole business.

"You are approving a very serious offence," he told them. "To destroy a man's last will and testament is regarded by the law as so grave a matter that the penalty, as I have already said, is very severe. However, it is destroyed now, and we must therefore consider the result, which is to make this young lady" (he turned toward Hester) "the sole heir of Judge Wargrave's estate, including all that has heretofore constituted the Wargrave Trust. I mean, of course, that it will make her the heir when she has proved according to legal requirements that she is the only child of the Judge's son." He paused a moment, and then added: "I feel that I should express for myself, and I think for all present as well, admiration and appreciation of her

conduct in regard to this matter. There are few people who would have been capable of such disinterestedness as she has displayed."

Hester, who had not uttered a word or sound of any kind since she gave an audible gasp when Desmond flung the will into the fire, now turned toward the speaker a face pale with emotion, out of which the eyes were shining like stars.

"You are extremely kind," she told him in her low, clear voice; "but it seems to me that what I did was very simple, and the only right thing to do under the circumstances. I had not come here to claim anything, and my father would have desired as much as any one who went before him that the Wargrave Trust should be preserved. I was anxious, therefore, that it should not be endangered in any way through me, that my" (there was a slight perceptible hesitation here) "grandfather's wishes should be exactly carried out as he expressed them before he knew of my existence. I am sorry that the will has been destroyed. I understand the impulse under which it was destroyed, but it was a mistake. I have no intention of taking the Wargrave estate."

"As far as that is concerned, you will not be able to avoid taking it," the lawyer said, a little dryly. "When your claim is once established, the law will recognize no other heir. But I may remind you that it will be in your power to establish again the Wargrave Trust."

They all saw the light that flashed into her face.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "I can do that?"

"Certainly you can do that," he replied. "The estate will come to you free of any encumbrances or claims whatsoever."

She was silent for a moment, looking at him with bright, intent eyes, as if taking this in fully; then, with a sudden impulsive movement, she advanced toward Mrs. Creighton.

"You approved the destruction of the will a few minutes ago," she said to her, "because it ignored the claim of one who

had been greatly, although unconsciously, wronged; but I am sure that in your heart you must have regretted deeply the apparent end of the Trust for which so many sacrifices have been made. I am glad, therefore, that it is in my power to promise you that it shall be renewed as soon as I have legal power to do so."

"My dear girl" (again Mrs. Creighton took her in her arms), "I regret nothing now except that my brother should have died as soon as we found you! And I don't need any legal proof that you are Harry's daughter,—none!"

"Not when it might be cousin Maria herself talking to us!" Mrs. Selwyn chimed in.

Then, with a grace all her own, Edith moved forward and held out her hand.

"I hope you will pardon whatever I have said or done that was offensive to you under a misconception of the truth," she said; "but you must forgive me if I add that I think mysteries are always mistakes."

"Generally speaking, you are right," Hester acknowledged frankly; "and I should like for you and for all" (her glance swept over everyone present) "to believe that I had no intention of creating or maintaining any mystery when an accident, or what seemed to be an accident, brought me to this house. I was urged to come, and I yielded because there was a great temptation in the thought of seeing my father's home. And if I thought less of seeing those who were within it than of the home itself, that was because there was a great bitterness in my heart; and I recognize now that the bitterness was also a mistake. I resisted every appeal of one" (she looked at Desmond) "who desired earnestly that the truth should be told, because I intended to go away as I had come, unknown. It was only what I begin to think was the mercy of Heaven which prevented this; for I had not a thought of telling my grandfather who I was when I returned to this room yesterday evening. I had just refused, out yonder in

the garden, a last appeal for leave to tell the truth; and nothing could have astonished me more than to be assured that in a little time I should myself tell it. The matter seemed suddenly taken out of my hands; and although what then occurred has led to *that*" (she pointed to the burned will), "I can not regret it, since I am told that I shall have power to renew the Trust, and since no one can doubt that my father's vindication is complete when his daughter is acknowledged and received as—as—"

The soft, thrilling voice, with its pathetic note of deep feeling, broke down, and it was Bobby Selwyn who stepped forward and ended the sentence:

"As the owner of Hillcrest and undisputed heiress of the Wargrave Trust."

After this all sense of strain relaxed, and the occasion resolved itself into a family council, in which the details were settled of the manner in which Hester should take her rightful place before the world.

"All of our friends must be told at once," Mrs. Creighton said, "that my brother recognized her before he died, and that by his direction his will was destroyed; so that she not only succeeds to the estate by law, but by his desire."

Mr. Blaisdell put out his lip.

"The less said about the destruction of the will the better, in my opinion," he remarked. "As I have warned you all, you are condoning a very grave as well as an audacious offence against the law; and before this young lady can inherit the estate—at least before she can exercise any power connected with the inheritance—we must have all the legal proofs of her identity as Harry Wargrave's daughter. Have you," he asked Hester, "brought any of these proofs with you?"

"Yes," she answered. "While I had no intention of making myself known, and especially not to any member of the Wargrave family, I felt that an occasion might arise when it would be necessary, or at least well, to be able to prove who I was. Therefore I have with me my

father's personal papers and pictures, besides the certificate of his marriage, and a copy of his will."

"So far so good," the lawyer told her with a nod. "There is of course a little more necessary for legal identification, but that can easily be secured. Meanwhile" (a slight twinkle came into his eye here) "although I can not approve the lawbreaking spirit which the Wargrave family, in its various branches, has to-day displayed, I do from my heart congratulate the family on the spirit of another kind which it has exhibited — on the high-mindedness with which it has met and dealt with an unusual and difficult situation."

"Since I don't belong to the family except by courtesy and affection, I may be permitted to say that I heartily agree with you, Mr. Blaisdell," Edith's ringing voice announced. "When we consider how abominably many people behave when it is a question of wills and property, one appreciates the fine spirit of the heir who tosses into the fire the will which secures him a great inheritance, because he feels that he is forced to do so by the higher law of honor and justice; and the spirit also" (here her glance dwelt on Bobby with a very kindly light) "of those, whose interest was only second to his, who have applauded the act."

"I submit that Miss Creighton can not be permitted to put herself outside of the family in this manner," Desmond eagerly interposed. "She is not only one of us by the affection of which she speaks, but she must be aware that she was very closely concerned in the will, the destruction of which she is good enough to approve."

"I am glad if it were so," Edith returned promptly, "since in that case I can feel that I, too, have a share in what, despite Mr. Blaisdell's professional opinion, I regard as an act of which to be proud."

"Well, well," Mr. Blaisdell observed a little testily, "I repeat that the less said

about the will the better. The family have approved the manner in which the last wishes of the testator have been carried out, and that ends the matter. I will now ask the young lady whom we have known up to this time as Miss Landon—"

"Landon is my second baptismal name," Hester quietly told him.

"But whom we must now call Miss Wargrave," he went on, "to give me the address of her attorney in San Francisco, that I may write to him for certain necessary particulars and papers. Meanwhile" (he looked at Mrs. Creighton) "there are some connections, and many old friends of the family now in the house, to whom I would suggest that you present Miss Wargrave, with a slight explanation of her—er—appearance at this time. It is well to avoid gossip, which is otherwise quite certain to be spread rather wildly."

"Thank you for the suggestion!" Mrs. Creighton said gratefully. "You are right: gossip can not be forestalled too soon. Let us settle exactly what is to be told, and then Robert Selwyn and Laurence can bring to us here every one who has any claim to come."

"There is one important preparation for that," Edith said quickly. "The nurse's uniform must be laid aside; and if" (she spoke now directly to Hester) "you have not a black dress with you, I shall be happy to lend you one."

"You are very kind," Hester answered; "but I have a black gown, which I was about to put on when I was summoned here. I did not know then how I should be received, so I did not wish even to seem to join in the mourning of a family that might reject me. Therefore I came in my nurse's dress. For the manner in which you *have* received me" (she extended toward them hands which, as well as her tones, slightly trembled) "I have no words with which to thank you. I can only say that it has wiped away forever all memory of bitterness."

Till the Harvest Days.

BY S. M. R.

THOU hast plowed, dear God, the field of my heart,

The furrows are traced in pain

Thou hast sown the seed, and to make them start

Thou hast showered my tears for rain.

Thou hast stirred the deeps with love's fruitful rays,—

The rays of a love divine;

Do Thou guard the field till the harvest days,

For the field and the fruit are Thine!

An Old-World City.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

A PECULIAR charm is attached to places which, besides the natural beauties of mountain, sea and sky, possess memories, pathetic or heroic as the case may be, that invest old buildings and ancient battlements with a living interest. Nature is beautiful and soul-inspiring; but traditions that bring us in touch with generations past and gone not only appeal to our imagination; they move our hearts to pity or to love, and stir within us depths that mere natural beauty does not reach.

Such a place is Fréjus, the Old-World town on the shores of the Mediterranean. It stands within easy reach of many fashionable resorts,—Cannes, Nice, St. Raphael. But how superior to these in interest, if not in gayety, is the quiet, silent, forgotten city! The origin of Fréjus is lost in the far-away past; it was a flourishing Roman colony in the glorious days of the Roman Republicans, before the Christian era. Those mighty conquerors chose their stations with unerring judgment; "Fori Julii," as it was called, was unique as regards its situation. It stood at the extremity of a deep bay; the waters of the Mediterranean at that time

washed its walls; it was backed by the Alps, and protected on one side by the Montagnes des Maures, on the other by the chain of the Esterel.

The Romans, as was their wont, immediately grasped the natural advantages of the place and turned them to the best account. After nearly two thousand years, portions of the amphitheatre, the aqueduct, the theatre, the ramparts, erected by those wonderful builders, still exist,—enough to testify to the excellence of their methods and to the solidity of their work. A broad canal, of which only traces remain, led from the harbor to the beautiful, open sea; and the Roman galleys found a safe shelter in the now disused port of "Fori Julii." Both canal and harbor have long since disappeared.

Several notable Roman citizens were natives of Fréjus; among them, Cornelius Gallus, a poet who lived half a century before the Christian era; Agricola, the father-in-law of Tacitus, a man of letters and a warrior, the conqueror of Great Britain; and Valerius Paulinus, the friend of Pliny the Younger. Of this Valerius, it is recorded that his kindness to his slaves was such that he deserved to be called their "father" rather than their "master."

A new period of history began for Fréjus after the downfall of the Roman Empire. According to certain legends dear to the inhabitants of Provence, Martha, Mary Magdalen, and Lazarus, Our Lord's friends at Bethany, were the first to bring the good tidings of the Gospel to the cities of Southern France; but, however venerable these traditions appear, it would be difficult to vouch for their authenticity. After the fourth century, we find historical proofs of the existence of Christian bishops at Fréjus. These ecclesiastical rulers were, as the needs of the day required, promoters of civilization and social order as well as spiritual chiefs. Several among them appear to have been men of great ability and holiness; and one, St. Léonce, is

honored as the patron saint of Fréjus cathedral.

In the eighth century, the invasion of the Saracens spread terror along the southern coast. During many long years the inhabitants of Provence lived under a shadow of perpetual fear. The Montagnes des Maures—a line of hills that extends far out into the sea between St. Raphael and Toulon—became the stronghold of the infidels, whose name is still connected with the picturesque blue mountains, where tiny villages, strongly fortified, seem unchanged since the days when the Crescent ruled therein. The monks of the Abbey of Lerins, near Cannes, were cruelly murdered by the Saracens. "The infidels have turned Provence into a vast desert," say the Fathers of the Council of Valence in 890; and an old historian pathetically adds: "The country became a solitude; and spots hitherto so delightful, a hideous desert. Great cities were destroyed, castles were burned, whole villages disappeared, and a multitude of Christians were put to death."

Fréjus, then a rich and prosperous town, had the same fate. In 940, the infidels emerged from their mountain fastnesses, broke into the city, killed the inhabitants, destroyed the cathedral, carried off its treasures, and ended by setting fire to the four corners of the doomed town. "Before this disaster," remarks an old writer, "Fréjus was one of the noblest and most flourishing cities in Gaul. Our fathers were wealthy, and their trade was prosperous. Our church was rich in relics, in gold and silver plate. The number of God's ministers was great; and our town may be said to have enjoyed many blessings, both spiritual and temporal. . . . On that day our light was extinguished, and our crown, so to speak, fell from our brow."

Half a century later, William, Count of Provence, avenged the wrongs of the ill-used Christians. He attacked the Saracens, destroyed their mountain stronghold, and forever broke their power in Provence. Many of them remained in the country,

were baptized, and continued to live in the villages along the coast. Indeed, we know from the present Bishop of Fréjus that the Moorish cast of countenance is often to be found among the people, and that there are names of persons and places evidently of Moorish origin.

It was a bishop named Riculphe who assumed the stupendous task of raising the town of Fréjus from its ruins. In 974, he applied for assistance to the Count of Provence, to whom he described in pathetic terms the utter desolation of the city, now "a vast solitude." The Count generously came to his help, and "for the love of God and his own salvation" (so runs the old *charta*) "bestowed certain lands on the cathedral of Fréjus. But, in spite of his sovereign's magnificent donation, Riculphe was able to rebuild a town only one-twelfth as large as the city that the Saracens had destroyed. With a view to guarding his flock against future attacks, he built his cathedral like a fortress, an aspect that it still retains; and close to it he erected a house for the bishop and one for the Canons, who at that time lived in community.

Although medieval Fréjus was less extensive and important than the old Roman city, its history is lacking neither in poetry nor in interest. All along the fair southern coast, so fitly called *La Côte-d'Azur*, grew up a number of monasteries and abbeys. To their ancient ruins cling legends and traditions that bring us in touch with the medieval saints of Provence.

One of the sweetest of these legends is that of Ste. Roseline de Villeneuve, the daughter of a noble Provençal family, whose members still occupy a prominent position in their native country. Roseline was born in 1262, and almost from infancy was a child of grace. Her mother, Sibylle de Sabran, and her father, the Baron de Villeneuve, both marvelled at the precocious wisdom and charity of their little girl. At the age of fourteen, Roseline became a nun at Avignon; later she removed to a monastery near Fréjus,

where she died in 1329. It is said that marvellous sights and sounds were seen and heard in her cell when she lay dying; that St. Bruno, St. Hugh of Grenoble and St. Hugh of Lincoln, white-robed-Carthusians, walked in solemn procession round her bed, waving censers and singing hymns. The Blessed Virgin, with the Infant Jesus in her arms, joined the celestial company, and bade Roseline leave the earth to join her Divine Spouse. "*Deo gratias!*" said the dying religious, gently bowing her head; and when her spirit took flight, the singing ceased and the heavenly visitants disappeared.

Another legend tells us that Roseline's brother, "Helion de Villeneuve, having joined the Crusade, was taken prisoner by the Saracens. One night his sister entered the dungeon where he was confined, loosened the chains that bound him, led him forth to the seashore, and there, taking off her white veil, spread it on the waters and stepped on it, her brother by her side. The two were safely carried over the Mediterranean to the sunny coast of their native Provence; but, on landing, Helion found himself alone. He hurried along the familiar pathway to his ancestral home near Fréjus, and inquired anxiously for his sister Roseline. "She is dead," was the reply. The Crusader understood, and, kneeling down, gave thanks to God and to Roseline for his marvellous escape.

Three hundred years later, another saint, under different circumstances, passed through Fréjus, where an annual feast still celebrates his visit. St. Francis of Paul, the founder of the Order of the "Minims," a branch of the Franciscans, was famed throughout Italy for his gift of miracles. Louis XI., King of France, who died in 1483, was, toward the end of his life and reign, pursued by fears born of remorse. He begged the wonder-worker of Italy to visit him; but Francis paid no heed to his desire until Pope Sixtus IV. formally commanded him to comply with the French King's request.

The saint landed on the coast of Provence, near the little town of Bormes; thence he made his way to Fréjus, where the plague was raging. He walked straight to the cathedral through the silent and deserted streets; only one woman was to be seen, sitting on the threshold of her house. Francis stopped and asked why the town seemed empty. "Do you not know," she answered, "that the plague is raging here, and that nearly all the inhabitants are dead or dying?" The saint hastened on, entered the cathedral, and, kneeling down, became absorbed in earnest prayer. When he rose, his countenance beamed with an unearthly light. He went up to the great bell of the church and rang it three times. The unexpected sound echoed through the terror-stricken town like a message from Heaven. We are told that the sick rose from their beds completely cured; that the frightened people, who had fled into the country, hastened back. From that moment the plague utterly disappeared from Fréjus; and the holy stranger pursued his journey, followed by the blessings of the grateful townsfolk whom he had saved from a hideous form of death.

The passage of St. Francis of Paul through Fréjus is commemorated by a yearly festivity, that takes place on one of the first Sundays after Easter. The imaginative descendants of those whom the saint helped in their hour of need have invested this celebration with a charm and poetry that remind the spectator that he is in Provence, the land of the sun, the home of the medieval troubadour. A priest of the town personifies St. Francis. Wearing the religious habit of the Minims, he steps from a boat and is met by a woman clad in the Provençal costume of the fifteenth century. A dialogue begins between the two. The woman explains the tragic condition in which she and her fellow-citizens find themselves. The saint's representative exhorts her to hope and to have confidence in God. Then, repeat-

ing the act of St. Francis, he rings the church bell three times, while hymns of praise and rejoicing echo within the walls of the ancient building.

Out of gratitude toward their benefactor, the inhabitants of Fréjus built a Franciscan convent, which was inaugurated in 1522. About the same time was founded, at Cotignac, in the neighborhood of the city, a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Grace. Its origin was due to a simple peasant named Jean de la Baume; but its celebrity extended throughout France, and Anne of Austria attributed the birth of her son, Louis XIV., to a novena made in honor of Notre-Dame de Grâce, at Cotignac. Many years later, in 1660, the King and his mother visited the humble Provençal sanctuary, in thanksgiving for favors received.

Among the bishops of Fréjus, in the following century, was Cardinal Fleury, who was tutor to the boy-king, Louis XV. When promoted by his pupil to the rank of prime-minister, he did not forget his episcopal city, where his generosity is gratefully remembered.

The Revolution of 1789, which in so many parts of France was marked by hideous massacres, seems to have left few traces at Fréjus; although a native of the little city, the Abbé Sieyès, was a prominent member of the Revolutionary party. Later on he was one of the first to recognize the genius of Bonaparte, and to foresee the future importance of the obscure Corsican soldier. Bonaparte's name is somewhat closely connected with our Provençal city. He landed there in 1799, on his return from Egypt, when about to take possession of the government in Paris. He was then at the dawn of his stupendous career. Fifteen years later, in 1814, vanquished at last after having conquered almost the whole of Europe, he embarked at Fréjus for the island of Elba, whence he was to return the following year for a brief space of time, before entering on his exile at St. Helena.

About the same time there came to Fréjus another visitor, one whose passage was long remembered by the citizens. In August, 1809, Pius VII., a prisoner in the power of Napoleon, arrived at the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons (that still exists), and was warmly welcomed by the faithful Provençal Catholics. He returned again in 1814 — a free man this time, — on his way to Italy, and was lodged at the Hôtel Pascal. From the balcony he blessed the people who flocked to see him. They came from the mountains and from the villages along the coast; and their filial greeting must have brought joy to the tried and anxious Pontiff.

The peaceful aspect of twentieth-century Fréjus contrasts with its eventful history in the past. The city, which was so great and powerful under the Romans, where the din of battle echoed in medieval times, now quietly basks in the sunshine between the mountains and the sea. Its religious edifices, the cathedral, the Bishop's house (now taken possession of by the Government), and the houses of the Canons, stand close together, on a small *place*. They were originally surrounded by a fortified walk, flanked by towers. Bishop Riculphe, the restorer of Fréjus, lived, as we have seen, at a time when the invasions of the Saracens were a pressing and actual danger; hence his wish that God's house should become, if necessary, a refuge for His people. Even now the cathedral has the aspect of a fortress; it is said to be the most ancient cathedral in France. If it lacks the space and majesty of Amiens or Paris, its venerable aspect is unutterably impressive; and to archæologists it presents many features of interest.

Memories of the past rush upon us as we descend the steps that lead down into the dark church. Through the silence of the present, the stirring voices of bygone centuries break upon our ear. Scenes of terror and bloodshed rise before us. Then the figure of the brown-robed friar from Italy passes before our eyes. He knelt

where we now kneel, and on that spot breathed the prayer whose earnest faith compelled God to save the stricken city. How weak and doubting are our timid petitions compared to that "strong cry"!

Within the cathedral is the curious baptistery, a relic of mediæval times; also the remains of a venerable cloister, the delight of antiquarians. The edifice has a charm that carries us back to the far-off days of Bishop Riculphe. Nearly a thousand years have passed and gone since the tenth-century prelate repaired the destruction wrought by the infidels; and since then how many weary feet have crossed the sacred threshold, how many anxious hearts have laid down their burden in the shadow of the old cathedral! The strong link of a common Faith binds us to these mediæval Catholics. We feel in closer touch with them than with the Roman conquerors, whose reign at Fréjus was marked by the erection of numerous splendid buildings.

The Roman Amphitheatre is at some little distance from the city; it is of moderate size, oval shaped, and we seem to see its galleries filled with an eager, excited multitude. Portions still remain of the great aqueduct that brought water from the Esterel; the red stones have a warm tint, as though the setting sun had left its mark upon them. The picture, seen as we saw it in early spring, was one of rare beauty. Overhead was the deep blue Provençal sky, against which stood out the distant mountains crowned with snow, and the nearer hills clothed with dark foliage. All around Fréjus, the delicately-tinted almond trees, in full bloom, mingled their pink foliage with the golden mimosas and with the olive trees, silvery in the sunlight. Here and there fragments of Roman battlements—a dismantled tower or a broken wall—brought memories of a warlike past into the peaceful charm of the present.

Before taking leave of the old Mediterranean city, let us mention the artistic and finished beauty of some of the house

doors. The finest of all is the handsome entrance of the *Maison des Cariatides*, so called from the life-size figures on each side of the doorway. Here the Bishop of Fréjus has lived since the government robbed him of his palace. We had the honor of visiting the venerable prelate in his borrowed home, a typical Provençal dwelling-house, with fine proportions, and a broad stone staircase. From a terrace at the back, the view, extending over the bay that glitters in the sunshine, is framed on the one side by the *Montagnes des Maures*, blue and dim, reaching far out into the sea; on the other, by *St. Raphael*. The modern town is white and uninteresting enough; but the old quarter, nestling in the shade of the *Templar Tower*, brings back warlike reminiscences of days of strife, when, on the shores of the shining bay, the Cross and the Crescent fought for supremacy.

Mistaken Duty.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

WHEN Emily Graves, a girl of twenty, who had never had a care or a responsibility, married young Doctor Vreeman, the wisacres shook their heads and said:

"She will never make a good wife for a struggling young physician. Her father and mother have spoiled her; she does not know how to do a single thing but play the piano and trifle with a little embroidery."

"That is true," replied another; "but the Graves are quite wealthy. She is their only child; they will help the young people along."

And no doubt such would have been the case, if an unwise speculation had not almost beggared her father and mother in the first year of their daughter's marriage. It was then that the young wife rose superior to the circumstances in which she found herself placed, and began to manifest the immense fund of good-will

cheerfulness, and sense which soon rendered her the admiration of her neighbors.

Her parents did not long survive their misfortunes; and her husband's character soon showed her that their future prosperity largely depended upon herself. An excellent physician and conscientious man, he rapidly acquired a good practice; but by nature he was so retiring, so self-effacing, that, without his wife's help, he would never have attained the clientele which was largely the result of her unfailing brightness, cleverness, and tact. She did not reproach him, either in word or thought, for his deficiencies; she simply recognized and endeavored to supplement them. From the time when she could not distinguish between a leg of lamb and a shoulder of veal, having to teach to her one half-grown servant the household arts of which she herself was almost ignorant, she had improved every available moment. She knew not the meaning of the word "leisure." Four children came to add to her joys and responsibilities, but she possessed excellent health. Otherwise she would not have been able to support her many burdens, as her natural physique was not strong.

Her diligence and devotion bore good fruit. But, so accustomed had she become to the smaller economies, so habituated to sacrificing herself for the comfort of others, that when her husband's income permitted a cessation of such economies, allowing her ample time and opportunity to rest from her tireless labors, she could not reconcile herself to the fact that her self-immolation was no longer necessary.

No one is perfect. Mrs. Vreeman was not an exception to this universal rule. Through having done everything, she had become possessed of the idea that nothing could be done well without her. And this attitude of the mother of the family had so impressed itself upon the minds of the others that they could do nothing themselves. Her husband and children could not get a fresh pocket-handkerchief without her assistance. Mamma was

always requested to find and fold and mend handkerchiefs and stockings for her dependent brood. The Doctor never thought of such a thing as arranging or straightening his papers: his wife accepted the task as part of her regular duties.

Louis, the elder boy, under the pretext that his studies absorbed all his faculties, could not tie his own cravat. He was fifteen years old, yet he had never been permitted to take a railway journey alone. When he walked with his mother along the parapet that overlooked the lower town, it was the usual thing for her to say, "Louis, be careful! Do not go too near the edge or you will fall." Or, "Louis, take the inner side of the pavement; there is less danger from runaway horses." And Louis was in a fair way of becoming a milksop.

George, the second son, had just passed twelve. His complaint was that he had no memory, and could not learn his lessons without the assistance of his mother; though the ordinary observer, judging by his lounging attitudes during the hours of study, would be convinced that he was suffering from genuine laziness.

The youngest child, Esther, was seven years old, but she had never put on a single article of her own clothing, nor washed her own face and hands. Many times a day she would call out to her mother: "I can't do this, mamma!" "I can't understand this picture-book all alone." "I can't build my picture blocks." "I can't haul my little wagon around the garden by myself. Mamma, you must come with me." Because the child complained so strenuously, so persistently, her brothers and sisters had grown to call her "Mademoiselle I-can't"; never dreaming as they did so that in reality she was but a replica of themselves.

There was still another girl, the eldest child of the family, of an age which should have rendered her capable of being of great assistance to her mother, and of superintending the education of her little sister. But Isabel, past seventeen, was

so occupied with her own important affairs that she never thought of devoting herself in any way to others. She was by no means an idle person: she read, studied, embroidered, painted a little, and played the piano very well indeed. She was also fond of riding and boating; her father had often wished that she had been a boy.

Outside of her own chosen pursuits, however, Isabel was good for nothing. She could not make a dessert or arrange flowers for the drawing-room or the table. It was comical to see her trying to sew a button on a glove, if her mother happened to be absent. She had never been allowed to make a single purchase for herself, or to put away her own clothes. When, in the hurry of starting for a walk or a visit, she left her bureau drawers disarranged or open, her clothing scattered about the chairs, it was her mother who put everything in order. This, which could have been done by the capable and willing chambermaid whom Mrs. Vreeman employed, was assumed by herself, with the excuse that she knew exactly where Miss Isabel's things belonged.

Once when a neighbor asked Isabel if she had planted the flowers that adorned the mantelpiece, she replied: "O dear, no! I wouldn't touch the dirty black earth with the tips of my fingers. Mamma does it all. She loves gardening; it is her favorite pastime." Yes, it was true; the mother cared for the roses as she did for her sons and daughters; and they—flowers and children—lived but to bloom.

But this wonderful activity came to an end on a day in September. One morning the whole family started out on a picnic. They spent a very pleasant day; but in the evening, as they were driving home, a storm came up, and a sudden clap of thunder frightened the horses. They ran away, and the carriage was overturned. All escaped safely but the mother; the weight of the carriage had fallen on one side. Her left leg was broken in two places, her left arm very much bruised, and her hand crushed.

When she had been taken home and everything possible done to alleviate her sufferings, the tears began to roll down her cheeks, and she became almost hysterical.

"O my dear, do not cry so!" begged her husband. "You have been so very brave through it all! You have been quite a heroine. Do not give way now, when the worst is over. All you have to do is to try to get well."

"That is why I am crying,—that is what unnerves me," rejoined the poor woman. "I can not endure the thought of the time that must elapse before I can go about as I used to."

"You have spent all your life in doing for others; now let us learn to do for ourselves a while. You will rest, and it will be very good for you."

"Do for yourselves!" she cried,—"*you*, who are the most helpless people in the world! Already I see the papers on your library table mountain high,—bills, letters, and memoranda piled together in confusion. Who will rearrange them? No one in the house knows how to do it but me. And Louis,—he is so absent-minded that he will go to school in his slippers if I am not there to tell him to put on his shoes. And George,—the poor little fellow will never be able to study alone."

"It will make both the boys more self-reliant," said the Doctor. "You have indulged them too much."

"And Esther will do nothing but cry all day long, when I am not there to amuse her."

"I will see that she does not do it," answered the Doctor, whose eyes were beginning to be opened. "Isabel can take charge of the house."

"Isabel!" exclaimed his wife. "She is the most helpless of all! She has not a single idea of housekeeping, Edward."

"Well, Emily, never mind," said the Doctor. "We shall get on somehow. The less you fret, the sooner you will be well. Your recovery is the first thing to be thought of,—the *only* thing."

"Oh, you men! You can not understand!" groaned the sick woman. "I am afraid, my dear Edward, you have a disagreeable time in prospect."

Mrs. Vreeman was not mistaken. A reign of disorder began in the household, the existence and consequences of which could not be entirely concealed from the mother. Lying alone for hours at a time, she had ample leisure for reflection, and she began to wonder whether her scheme of government had not been wrong from beginning to end. "Should I have been more severe with them?" she questioned. "Ought I have left them more to their own resources? In relieving them from all responsibilities have I not made them selfish? Until now my conscience has never reproached me. But at last I am forced to believe that I have made a great mistake. I should have remembered that there would come a day when I should no longer be with them; and I have not fitted them, in any particular, to cope with the difficulties of the world, nor the indifference of strangers, when that day shall have arrived."

These sombre reflections did much to retard the recovery of the self-sacrificing but mistaken wife and mother. Yet they were instrumental in bringing about good results.

A low fever attacked the invalid; she seemed to be failing without any ostensible cause, as the fracture and contusions were healing rapidly and satisfactorily. After some days, the Doctor, confined to the house for a short time with a cold, began to understand that there was a real and deep-seated reason for this state. His wife was appealed to and consulted in the most trifling matters by servants and children; everybody brought grievances to her as of old, when she was able to shoulder and to cope with them. Her husband asked one evening, impatiently:

"Can they not purchase a loaf of bread in this house, Emily, without asking you about it?"

"It would seem not," she answered. "Poor things!"

That evening, after she had said "Good-night," the Doctor followed his daughter to her room.

"Isabel," he began, "I am sure you do not realize the seriousness of your mother's condition. She seems to be in danger of a complete collapse, to be losing her hold on life. This in a woman of her temperament is no light matter. In my opinion it all comes from the thoughtlessness and selfishness of the family, myself included, whose burdens she has carried too long. Now, there must be a complete change, and you and I will begin it. You are nearly eighteen, Isabel. Can you not make an effort to take your mother's place in the household, at least while she is lying helpless in her bed? Can you not try to keep from her all those petty but grinding cares and annoyances which she is now powerless to assume or remedy? Can you not instruct the other children and the servants to do the same? Otherwise we shall not have her long."

"O papa! can it be true that mamma is so ill?" cried Isabel, for the first time brought to a sense of her own incapacity and self-absorption. "Yes, I will try."

When her father had gone, Isabel gave herself up to serious reflection. Yes, it was true: during her seventeen years of life she had taken no more responsibility than a baby. And now her dear, unselfish mother was in danger. Yes, she would do her best, and would endeavor to have the others do the same. But how to begin? The prospect almost overpowered her. Finally she decided to assume, in the first place, the entire care of her father's study. She would permit Martha to sweep it, that was all. The girl could not read; in her well-meant endeavor to evolve order from confusion, she only made bad worse. After this Isabel resolved to get up an hour earlier, dust and arrange the library and papers, and be ready to preside at breakfast.

Corpus Christi in Paraguay.

THE Christian converts of the "Reductions" of Paraguay, so flourishing in the eighteenth century, animated by the spirit of fervor which distinguished the early Christians, solemnized the Feast of Corpus Christi with all the pomp which their piety, aided by their resources, could suggest. They adorned the church and all the roads which the procession was to pass. Being only reclaimed savages, their decorations were entirely rustic; but they were in such variety and profusion as to vie with our most expensive ornaments. Waving palms, scented laurels and myrtles, blooming orange trees, intermingled with wreaths and festoons of beautiful flowers and fruits, lined the streets, while triumphal arches spanned the larger spaces. The caciques furnished peacocks, parrots, and other birds of gorgeous plumage, which, tied by a string, flitted gayly over the heads of the processionists. Here and there various wild beasts were tied to stakes or caged. All kinds of creatures were brought to render homage to their Creator. The air was laden with perfumes from odoriferous herbs strewn on the way.

After Mass, at which nearly every one received Holy Communion, the procession was formed in European fashion. A few companies of soldiers led the way, to the sound of many musical instruments unknown to Europeans, and occasional discharges of musketry. Next came the men, then the women. The viceregent chiefs, captains, judges, and other officials, preceded or accompanied the Blessed Sacrament. Different choirs and bands alternated in sacred melodies, and pious enthusiasm pervaded the whole.

When the ceremony was over, the fowl, fruits, and vegetables were given to the strangers or set aside for invalids. Those who came from a distance were hospitably entertained. Conversions generally and naturally followed so edifying a spectacle.

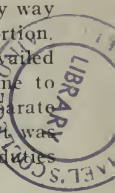
An Explanation that Explains.

THE fact, lately admitted by the gentleman himself, that Mr. Lloyd George has never read the Act of Union between England and Ireland, and the additional statement, made on credible authority, that "probably not more than ten English members of the present Parliament have ever read two lines of the solemn treaty under which Mr. Pitt pledged them to govern Ireland," lend an element of exceptional interest to "Ireland and the Budget," an article contributed to the current *Nineteenth Century* by T. M. Kettle, M. P. Apropos of Irish finance, the writer says:

Nationalist Ireland in this matter takes its stand, as has been said, on the Act of Union; it is necessary, therefore, to recall the principles and practical effect of that measure. The Act of 1800 effected only a partial and gradual Union of Great Britain and Ireland. It was partial; for while there was a Union of legislatures in 1800, there has never been a Union of laws, of administration, of judiciaries, or of military establishments. It was gradual; for Union of Treasuries did not come till 1817, Union of Customs till 1823, and Union of Taxes until 1853. As for any deeper and more grounded union of hearts or of interests, that has never come. . . .

The essential element of the whole contract was that Ireland was to retain a corporate and separate existence for purposes of taxation. She was to continue to be, in the phrase of the Financial Relations Commission, "a separate fiscal entity." There was to be an Irish Budget year by year, with special Irish clauses in the Finance Bill. In token of this arrangement, the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Great Britain is still raised to that position in Ireland by special and separate appointment. But he does not introduce an Irish Budget framed under the Act of Union; he does not even read the Act of Union. A solemn treaty, to which Lord Castlereagh pledged the honor and generosity of England, is treated as if it did not exist.

Now, it is not alleged that this is done by way of deliberate malice and considered extortion. The real truth is that convenience has prevailed over conscience. It was found troublesome to retain a separate Irish Exchequer and separate Irish Customs, and so both disappeared. It was found serviceable to assimilate the excise duties



and income tax in Ireland to the same duties in England, and so Mr. Gladstone effected the assimilation with a rather foolish epigram in 1853. Since then we have been merely the victims of the blind automatism of a uniform fiscal system. One hears of legislation by reference, and the like. The Finance Bill, so far as it touches us, is an admirable example of legislation by accident. The Chancellor budgets for Great Britain, calculates his expenditure and arranges his taxes, and automatically extends the scheme to Ireland without any consideration of what the circumstances of that country demand. . . .

The Union, to use an old image, was like an invitation extended by a rich man, partly for security, partly for friendship, to a poor man to come and live in his house. We were to borrow his motor-car, and to get his name on the back of bills, paying to the expenses in proportion to our income. The arrangement worked in the fashion in which such arrangements always work. Our frugality of life has been destroyed, and we have been forced up to the champagne standard. Neither party has got much out of the bargain: the host complains that we do not even pay for the petrol, and we on our side live under the growing menace of the Bankruptcy Court. The standing paradox of fiscal, as indeed of political, Union is precisely this: it hurts Ireland without helping Great Britain. Nobody gains by it except a horde of harmful, unnecessary officials and policemen.

This avowed ignorance of the basic principles governing the relations of the two countries will perhaps serve as an explanation of some of the astounding theories regarding Irish affairs that are entertained by occasional English politicians, and the no less astounding practices into which such theories are at times translated.

In the meantime, Mr. Kettle's forecast as to an attempt to lay a fresh burden of taxation on Ireland, and the resistance to the utmost by the Irish Party to any such attempt, has been verified. Mr. Redmond bluntly informed the House of Commons that the Budget did an injustice to Ireland; and the votes of his party subjected the government to a notable defeat. These matters will be simplified when, on the attainment of Home Rule, Ireland regulates her own finances.

Notes and Remarks.

OF all the sciences, medicine, as everyone knows, is the most iconoclastic. Champions of a great many of the practices and remedies in vogue sixty or seventy years ago would now be classed as "old fogies." And yet, in the multiplication of new theories, it is quite possible that many important old facts have been lost sight of. The practice of blood-letting, so common with oldtime practitioners, and now generally discredited by the medical profession, is defended by so eminent a scientist as Prof. Ernest H. Starling, who, in a recent lecture at University College, London, referring to the rejuvenating effects of a holiday spent in the mountains, made this surprising declaration:

Before the application of steam and other agencies to the facilitation of methods of transit which has occurred during the last century, this rejuvenating effect was obtained by the practice of bleeding, the beneficial results of which had been discovered empirically. The blood-letting in the spring and at the fall called into play those recuperative processes of the organism which we now seek to stimulate by a trip to Switzerland or to the Rockies. It is probable that, with the recognition of the physiological effects of loss of blood, the practice of occasional blood-letting may be restored to the position of honor which it held in medical practice, before it had been discredited by its employment as a panacea for all forms of disorder.

We were not aware that phlebotomy was ever regarded "as a panacea for all forms of disorder"; however, the truth underlying most popular beliefs and practices is curiously revealed in regard to this oldtime practice.

When will the public learn to distrust the scavengers of the secular press? The sacredness of death is as little to these human buzzards as the sanctities of life. Their one aim is to produce sensations, regardless both of decency and veracity. When the world was mourning the death

of Mr. Marion Crawford—one of the most refined of gentlemen, one of the most sincere of Christians,—ridiculous words and actions were attributed to him by many of the newspapers: that he asked to have Plato read to him, and expressed the great consolation afforded him in his last hours by the works of the pagan philosopher, etc.; no mention being made of the performance of any religious duty, or of any remote or immediate preparation to meet his Maker. These reports are all absolutely false. Although an invalid, Mr. Crawford's sudden death was wholly unexpected by himself, his physician, or the members of his household. He had fully expected to recover his health, and had arranged to receive Holy Communion with all his family on the following Sunday. As he had lived so he died, a stanch Catholic,—religiously, faithfully, edifyingly. He bore his great sufferings with admirable fortitude, and was at all times gentle, patient, and unselfish. The memory of his exemplary Christian life and endless good works will be cherished by all who knew him, as his death is mourned by a host of friends, admirers, and beneficiaries in many parts of the world. His last words were a gracious "Thank you!" to his devoted wife for moving him into the sunshine which he loved. Now, it is fondly hoped, his soul is forever at rest in the light that is everlasting.

St. Joseph Oriol, canonized on May 20, with St. Clement-Mary Hofbauer, was a simple Spanish priest, incumbent of the church of St. Mary of the Kings, in Barcelona. His life—1650 to 1702—recalls, in the matter of austerities and miracles, that of the Blessed Curé d'Ars. He was known throughout Spain as the Wonder-Worker of Barcelona. In the year 1677 he attempted, one day at table, to help himself to a delicate dish, but was twice prevented from doing so by some unseen but resistless power. Recognizing this as

an order from God to lead a more mortified life, he thereafter confined his eating and drinking to bread and water. He fulfilled his various priestly duties with absolute perfection, distributing all his revenues among the poor, passing from the confessional to the bedsides of the sick and dying, evangelizing soldiers, prisoners, children, and spending the greater part of the night in prayer and the exercise of the discipline. He slept only two or three hours a night, and most frequently in a chair, though occasionally he lay on the bare floor. On one occasion, on a voyage from Marseilles to Barcelona, he was rapt in an ecstasy, and, to the stupefaction of the beholders, was carried for some time in the air above the vessel's deck. The sick in body and soul thronged to his church, and he healed them all; though he himself received many wounds and bruises from demons, with whom he had frequent encounters. St. Joseph Oriol was beatified by Pius VII. in 1806.

We are in receipt of an interesting pamphlet that discusses a colonization plan proposed to be established as a branch of the Catholic Church Extension Society. While some features of the plan are more or less identical with those to be found in all colonization projects, the following extract will show certain particulars which differentiate the present plan from most others:

To do away with any misunderstanding or misapprehension, let us declare the aim of the colonization committee. It is intended to be a bureau of protection for all industrious people in search of a home. The object would be to find out the facts, *pro* and *con*, and to state them as they are. An examination of all land offered to colonists would be made, and all defects would be looked into. The bureau would then select the localities that are the freest of defects, and refer prospective emigrants to such localities. No land would be owned by the committee: simply an examination would be made of all land offered, whether by railroads or land companies. The railroads or land companies are willing to pay for the maintenance of the bureau. The result would be that, instead

of colonizing a particular place, as all other colonization schemes contemplate, the bureau would simply find the best place for any particular persons who desired to make a change. The object would be to safeguard them against the dangers that are lurking in some parts of the country, and group them in places that are safe for body and soul.

It would not be an emigration bureau with a view to moving the greatest number possible. It is not intended to unsettle people that are doing well and have church and school accommodations. Far from endeavoring to move families from the church, the aim would be to bring the moving masses around the church. It would not be intended to draw away any family that is contented and doing well, but to assist young couples who can find but rented places, while there are hundreds of localities where they could purchase and own a farm for less money than the rental otherwise would come to, and establish a new branch of the sturdy farming class.

That there is a very large field of endeavor before this committee is obvious, that their undertaking is laudable is hardly open to question, and that they may attain a large measure of success is most desirable.

An exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle which should have special interest for Catholic visitors has been prepared by Mr. George W. James, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution and the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. It includes memorials and relics of the old Franciscan missions of California: bells, books, paintings, statues, vestments, candlesticks, manuscripts,—in a word, everything portable and procurable from all parts of the State; also models of the missions in their original state, and photographs of present ruins and restorations. No better choice could have been made for manager of this interesting exhibit than Dr. James, who, besides being an eminent ethnologist and trustworthy historian, is an enthusiastic student of the old missions, every one of which he has visited and described. He shares with Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the late Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, and a

few others, the honor of having roused general interest in the old missions of California, which it is now proposed to restore as far as possible, and to safeguard for the benefit of posterity.

On the occasion of a reception recently tendered to Katherine E. Conway by the Columbian Assembly of New York, composed entirely of fourth-degree Knights of Columbus, Dr. Henry G. Coyle emphasized an oldtime lesson reiterated in oratory and song. "Don't wait," he said, "till those who have stepped out of the ranks to work for the raising of the general average of the community and the honor of their Faith are dead before you say a good word to them. Do it now, while they are still in the thick of the battle, and while it is of some advantage and encouragement to them to know that their own care for them, and want to hearten them for the work still awaiting them."

It is old advice,—and good as old. As Senator Depew once told some Buffalo admirers who had made him the subject of their eulogy, "A little taffy while living is preferable to a whole lot of epi-taphy when dead."

Every well-informed writer on the French anti-religious warfare of the past half decade has taken account of the large number, the genuine army, of governmental employees whose votes are a permanent asset of the administration. And the army is increasing. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, quoted in the *Catholic Standard and Times*, gives a statistical statement of the composition of this large mechanical instrument of oppression. Noting the singular fact that whereas, in 1870, under the Empire, office-holders numbered only 250,000, now, under the Republic, they reckon 870,000, the writer proceeds to classify them as follows: "The greater number belong to the Ministry of the Interior—viz., 236,000; War, Marine and Colonies dispose of

210,000; Public Works, Postal and Telegraph Services, 136,00; Public Instruction, 145,000; Treasury (Finances), 118,000; Agriculture, Labor and Commerce, 10,000; Foreign Affairs and Justice, 14,000. The postal and telegraph services number among their employees as many as 37,460 postmen, of whom 5616 belong to Paris. Wireless telegraphy has at the present moment 36 clerks. In all, that department boasts of 114,296 employees. Space does not permit of going into the same details with regard to each Ministry. The postal service has been selected by way of illustration, as it is the one now most prominent in the public eye. As to the money cost, the writer estimates that France's functionaries cost her annually 919,297,540 francs; or, in round figures, 920,000,000 francs—equal to £36,800,000."

When it is taken into consideration that not only these office-holders themselves, but their immediate relatives, are sworn supporters of the government, it is not so astounding that elections in France go the way they do.

Writing in the *Home Herald*, of Chicago, Mr. Bruce Barton discusses the inadequate supply of chaplains in our navy. "There are," he says, "24 chaplains still, just as there were 65 years ago; though we now have 56 ships which could and ought to carry chaplains, and a total enlistment of 44,000 men." Mr. Barton rather reasonably supposed that the religious life of our sailors is insufficiently attended to, and inquired of higher authorities whether they did not agree with him. He writes:

I addressed the question to the officials at Washington, and received the assurance that "the Department does not consider the number of chaplains insufficient to meet all requirements." This is comforting perhaps, but not conclusive. One has to put over against it this quotation from an annual report of ex-Secretary Bonaparte: "I do not think it right that several hundred of our citizens on the largest vessels should live for months isolated from all religious observances." And this statement also from a

boy who circled the globe with the fleet, and reports that "during all that time—more than a year—no single religious service was held upon our ship." This may suggest no insufficiency to the official mind, but it indicates to the layman a very decided lack somewhere—either in the number of chaplains or their quality, or both. So far as the religious life of that boy is concerned, he might better have been in a poor-house or in jail. There he would have had the advantage of frequent visits from the local pastors, and the opportunity to attend service at least once a month.

The point is apparently well taken, and an improvement in present conditions may reasonably be looked for in the early future. So far as Catholic chaplains are concerned, the recent action of our archbishops in leaving the matter of their appointment (when asked for by the government) in the hands of the eminent Paulist, Father Doyle, may be counted on to produce excellent results.

St. Mary's College, Belmont, N. C., was the scene of exquisitely appropriate exercises on the occasion of the presentation of the Lætare Medal to Christian Reid (Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan), of Salisbury, in that State. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Haid, O. S. B., presided, and nothing was left undone to render the function memorable and picturesque. It must have been a special gratification to the recipient of the honor to witness the enthusiastic appreciation which its bestowal evoked among her own people. Only at the South can such fine enthusiasm be produced, and it is good to witness. Concluding her eloquent reply to the Bishop's beautiful address of presentation, Mrs. Tiernan paid the following eminently fitting tribute to the great Order of St. Benedict, so many of whose members from far and near were present to honor an occasion the grace and dignity of which it would be hard to excel:

I can not close without saying that there seems to me a very exquisite appropriateness in the fact that the presentation of this Medal has taken place within a Benedictine abbey, for if there is one spot above another on earth where letters and art and all the fair company

of the humanities should find themselves at home, it is in a Benedictine abbey. Who is so ignorant, Reverend Fathers, as not to know what a vast debt civilization owes to your great Order? Within the walls of your monasteries classic learning was preserved when the flood of barbarism arose which overwhelmed the ancient world; and out of those walls came forth letters together with art—handmaids of religion then, now divorced, but bearing still the traces of their high origin. If, as Cardinal Newman said, "there is not a man who talks against the Church in Europe to-day who does not owe it to the Church that he is able to talk at all," we may add that there is not a writer or an artist of the modern world whose culture has not come down to him from that which you preserved and taught. And now, with your fourteen hundred years of glorious history, you have come to bring your great traditions to a new land, to take up your ancient tasks, and to fulfil again the beautiful meaning of your name. It is, then, I repeat, eminently appropriate that in this lovely Octave of Pentecost, when the Church celebrates the coming of the Spirit of Wisdom upon the earth, the University of Notre Dame, in her vigorous youth, should present her Lætare Medal to its latest recipient in this new yet old home of Benedictine learning and Benedictine hospitality.

Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, the oldest European settlement in British America, is to witness two notable religious celebrations in the year 1910. The Church of England is to commemorate the bicentenary of its first service in Canada, and Catholics are to celebrate the tercentenary of the first Micmac baptism in America. The first regular priest at Port Royal was the Rev. Josse Flesche, who accompanied Poutrincourt from France in 1610. It was through his labors that the old Micmac chief, M nbertou, became a sincere convert to the Christian Faith. Menbertou, whom Lescarbot calls "this *chef-d'œuvre* of Christian piety," then over one hundred years old, was the first of the Souriquois (now the Micmac) Indians to be baptized on St. John's Day, June 24, 1610. While the numbers of the Micmacs have considerably decreased in the course of three centuries, groups of them are still to be

found in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and no doubt a goodly number will take part next year in the ceremonies at Annapolis Royal.

There is an interesting footnote to the readable article on "Intolerance, Persecution, and Proselytism," which the Rev. Joseph Keating contributes to the current *Month*. Apropos of his declaration, "And as for proselytism, he [the Catholic] hates and condemns it as generally understood, holding that no end justifies the use of iniquitous means, and that to trade upon the helplessness or indigence of others in order to induce them to change their creed is a diabolical perversion of a good instinct," Father Keating subjoins this statement:

Proselytism is still at work amongst the poor in Italy and Ireland, engineered by certain Protestant societies, with the support, or at least without the condemnation, of the Protestant hierarchy. It was seen, perhaps, in its most revolting form in the latter country during the great famine, when depots filled with food were opened in the most destitute districts, and the hapless people were offered the alternative of perversion or starvation.

Indications that scientific materialism, with this life as the be-all and end-all of existence, is falling into disfavor even among the non-religious, are not wanting in the magazines and reviews. A writer in the *New Quarterly*, discussing the desirability of immortality, reaches on purely philosophic grounds this conclusion:

The immortality which I hold to be desirable, and which I suggest to you as desirable, is one in which a continuity of experience analagous to that which we are aware of here is carried on into a life after death, the essence of that life being a continuous unfolding, no doubt through stress and conflict, of those potentialities of good of which we are aware here as the most significant part of ourselves. I hold that the desirability of this is a matter of plain fact; and that in putting it forward I am giving no evidence of superstition, weakness, or egotism; but, on the contrary, am recognizing the deepest element in human nature.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Uncle Martin.



UNCLE MARTIN and I were very fond of each other. He had lived with us since I was a little fellow, and I could never understand why my father and mother, in speaking of him, would often say "Poor Martin!" To me he seemed the incarnation of all that was perfect. Never had I seen an angry look upon his pleasant countenance. True, I often heard him sigh; but that to me did not augur sorrow, for there was always a smile on his lips and in his kindly eyes.

One day as we were taking a walk together—a walk the destination of which had been changed by me three or four times,—my Uncle Martin looked me attentively in the face as he remarked:

"Berthold, I have lately seen indications in your character that make me fear you inherit some of my own traits. The thought gives me a little uneasiness."

"Why should it, Uncle Martin?" I inquired. "Nothing would please me better than to be as like you in character, as they tell me I am in person."

"God forbid," replied my Uncle Martin, "that you should ever be a rolling stone!"

"A rolling stone? What is that?" said I.

"I am one," he rejoined.

"You, Uncle Martin? I don't understand you at all."

He did not answer, but continued to walk on meditating, his eyes on the ground. I knew his moods so well that I made no further remark, waiting till he was ready to resume the conversation.

After a time we came to a wood, not large, but densely planted. It was one of our favorite resting-places when we had gone abroad in the heat of the day. My

uncle still kept his eyes on the ground. At last, placing his hand on my shoulder, he said:

"Let us sit here, child, and I will explain to you what I mean by a 'rolling stone.'"

We sat down under an immense oak, and Uncle Martin, taking off his hat, leaned his head against the trunk of the sheltering tree. Although I was a small boy, I have never forgotten anything Uncle Martin said that day as we rested on the road. Presently he began to dig with the end of his stick around a stone, nearly hidden in the ground. It was not large—perhaps ten inches in diameter,—but it was embedded in the midst of a clump of fragrant wild violets, and colored at the sides and on top with bright green and variegated moss, like satin to the eye, and like velvet to the touch as I laid upon it the tips of my fingers.

"Why are you digging around the stone, Uncle?" I asked. "You will uproot the violets, and they're so pretty!"

"No, I shall not uproot them," he replied. "I merely wish to show you how deeply the stone is imbedded in the ground. Look, Berthold!"

My Uncle measured the end of his stick between his fingers.

"You see," he continued, "my cane went in to the depth of nearly a quarter of a yard, and did not then reach the bottom; which goes to show that this stone must have been here quite a long time in order to accumulate at least nine inches of soil around its base."

"Yes, Uncle," said I.

My Uncle turned to the pathway, where lay another stone about the size of the first. But the second was gray, naked, jagged, lying on the roadside as though waiting for the next foot that passed to send it a few steps farther down the gentle incline of the forest path.

"I will make a little allegory for you, Berthold," resumed Uncle Martin. "Our pretty little stone, when it was young, elected to remain here in the spot where it found itself planted, under this protecting oak. Balmy winds caressed it, for here the storm fiends do not reach; gentle waves of filtering sunshine warmed it; in this sheltered spot no devastating rains nor heaped-up snows could harm it. In the springtime the tender mosses and lichens grew on it; and all around it the violets bloomed, fragrant, dewy and beautiful. Ah, what a sensible and happy little stone it has always been and must always be! And when, as year succeeds year, and the rich earth and falling leaves, little by little conceal it from sight, how pleasant and peaceful will be its grave!"

"Yes, Uncle," said I.

"Now observe the other stone. In the first place, instead of being contented to dwell on the mountain-top among the furze and grasses, which, though homely, were its native shelter, it began to roll down the declivities, eager for new scenes and new faces. Not satisfied to remain in some flowery valley, where the sheep wandered and fed; or beside some clear, smiling lake, where the rushes would have murmured to it a pleasant, never-ceasing song; or under the shadow of a protecting forest-tree, where lichens would have crowned it, and wild flowers enshrined it,—the poor little stone kept on and on, ever craving variety, ever complaining, till at last it became as you see it—naked, broken and gray, a *rolling stone that has gathered no moss!* Do you understand the allegory?"

"Yes, Uncle; I think I do."

"Now I will tell you another story, which is not an allegory, but true, and from which I am quite sure you can draw the moral. One day, some ten years ago," began Uncle Martin, "a man returned to his native village, — a man who had deserted it when scarcely more than a child. He had left it a gay and hopeful

youth; he came back to it old, gray-haired and feeble. He looked for the house where his uncle, the mayor of the village, was born; but it was no longer there. Even the street seemed to have been changed. Trim white houses built of wood had succeeded those of graystone his childhood had known. In order to make way for modern sidewalks, old trees had been cut down; everything was new, precise and shining. After walking about for some time he met another old man, of whom he inquired:

"My friend, what has become of the old tower that stood opposite the church?"

"You mean the bell-tower?" replied the graybeard. 'How long since you were here? That tower was thrown down in a storm more than twenty-five years ago. It was cracked from top to bottom.'

"And the long elm avenue?"

"The elms all died. The sidewalk killed them. But, as you see, by permission of the Council, we have lately planted another row, two feet in the roadway. They will soon grow up and be an improvement to the town.'

"And the people who lived in yonder gray house that used to stand in the midst of a lovely garden,—where are they?"

"Well, the old folks died more than thirty years ago, — the old folks and the two daughters. The sons married and built themselves modern houses, after selling the homestead and grounds to a manufacturing firm. They made money by the operation. We have several large factories here now.'

"And the family that lived in the farm-house, just beyond the hill? What has become of them?"

"Oh, the younger son is still there! He has enlarged his acreage, and is very prosperous.'

"Was there not another?"

"Yes: the elder boy,—a foolish fellow, who did nothing but play the flute and would not be a farmer.'

"What has become of him?"

"No one knows. From time to time

people have met him, now here, now there, but he never amounted to anything. Probably he is dead. You know the old proverb: "a rolling stone gathers no moss"?"

"The traveller turned away, and walked slowly in the direction of the farm, which, he thanked God, was less changed than any place round about. And again he thanked God for the welcome he received when his brother, the companion of his childhood, still hale and hearty, recognized him, through the disguise of poverty, whitened hair, sunken eyes, and bowed shoulders. It is not necessary to tell you that wanderer's name, my little Berthold. But for a tendency to fickleness in your own nature, I should not have told this story. Take warning by it, profit by it. Always remember, my boy, that 'a rolling stone gathers no moss.'"

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.

Dickie had gone only a few steps when he stopped suddenly. Where was Tim? He could not remember when he had last seen him,—not since he had begun to go down the lane, where the dog had chased a rabbit that had come scurrying across the road. How could he have forgotten him? It was because of the excitement the thieves had caused in his mind. And now the dog was gone—lost! It would be useless to try to recover him. Probably he had continued the rabbit chase, and returned too late to find his master. For a moment Dickie thought of going back the way he had come. But fear of the thieves deterred him. Whether at the cave or the deserted house, he might be in equal danger.

Tired, hungry, and footsore, the temptation to rejoin the gypsies came strongly upon him. He hesitated, but again went on. It was quite dark now, with no house

in sight. But all at once there was a glimmer not far away. Dickie began to walk faster. An abrupt turn of the road brought him to what he took at first sight to be a blacksmith's shop. A man was heating something in a fire in a small pot or crucible. He had gray hair that hung over his shoulders, a long, gray beard, and piercing black eyes.

"How do you do!" he said to Dickie, as the boy halted beside him.

"How do you do, sir!" answered the boy.

"You are just the person I have been waiting for," remarked the old man. "Persepolis whispered me this afternoon that you would come. But as it began to grow dark, I feared you would not. I should not have doubted her, however, as she never disappoints me or tells me an untruth."

"Who is she?" asked Dickie, stretching himself on the ground beside the crucible. "I don't know any one in this neighborhood."

"She does not live in this neighborhood," said the man, who now took a long, slender piece of iron with a rough wooden handle, and thrust it into the coals. "She lives thousands and thousands of miles from here; she is my familiar."

Dickie shook his head.

"I don't understand," he said.

The man stopped and regarded him attentively.

"That is right," he replied. "How should you know? The instrument was to be an innocent child. Are you innocent?"

"I don't know," responded Dickie. "I can't say I'm very innocent; but I don't believe I'm very bad, either."

"Do you curse, blaspheme, slander, lie or steal?" asked the old man.

"No," answered Dickie. "I don't do any of those things."

"Then you are the one. You have been sent. Persepolis has told you to come. By midnight I shall be ready."

"No one has said a word to me about

coming," said Dickie. "I've been walking since early morning, and I'm looking for a place to stay to-night. Do you live anywhere about here?"

"I live where Persepotolis tells me to stop. You see that my dwelling can be taken apart in five minutes."

Dickie looked about him and observed that the "dwelling" to which the old man referred consisted of several thin board planks, resting on four posts inserted in the ground.

"Yonder is my chariot," continued the graybeard.

Dickie followed his glance, and in the dim light cast by the flames of the crucible saw a light, low cart with shafts in one corner.

"When Persepotolis whispers that I must move on," resumed the old man, "no matter what time of the day or night it may be, I place my dwelling across the chariot, and with feet to which anticipation gives wings I speed on my way."

"Hauling the boards,—dragging the cart after you?" inquired the boy.

"Just so," said the old man.

"Don't you find it heavy? And isn't it rather hard walking?"

"I find it awkward work, and the walking is very often tiring," was the reply. "But Persepotolis must be obeyed. She is my familiar spirit. She rides on the waves, she floats through the trees; her voice is in the storm and in the zephyrs of spring. I hear her in the early dawn and in the sublime hour of midnight. She has sent me by thorny paths and unfrequented ways. She bids me go and I go. She says 'Halt!' and I halt. But in the end I shall be rewarded."

Dickie felt a thrill of fear dart through his veins. He began to realize that the old man was mad; and, hungry and tired though he was, he did not relish the prospect of passing a night in his company. He seemed harmless enough, but no one could tell when he might become violent. The boy rose to his feet,

picked up his little bundle, and glanced at the pot, into which the eccentric old man was now inserting another long, slender iron like the first.

"I think I'll move on," he said. "Do you know of any farm-house where I might get something to eat and spend the night?"

But the old man seized him by the arm and gently forced him to the ground.

"Sit there," he said, "while I tell you into what danger you will come if you should ask for shelter in that pleasant-looking farm-house not far away. I was weary and wanted to rest; hungry, and craved food. Persepotolis whispered in my ear, 'Keep on,—keep on! Do not stop!' but I mistook her voice for the moaning of the wind. When I came to the door, I asked meekly for food and shelter. Suddenly strong men fell upon me, tied me with ropes, and flung me into a building, the doors of which they locked and barred. But when all was still and dark I burst my bonds and carried them with me, that they might never again confine others as necessary to the world as myself. They still hung to my wrists when I came here, but I gnawed them away. Then I climbed to the roof of the old building, which was rotten and full of great holes. I let myself down at the side and found my cart, to which the boards of my dwelling were still fastened, and I ran all the night till I came to a spot near the running water. And then I stripped and went in, for I was tired and covered with perspiration. There were fish in the water. I seized two or three and ate them."

"All raw?" gasped Dickie, deeply interested in spite of his alarm.

"Yes; why not? They tasted good."

"But wasn't the water very cold?"

"Very cold, but it refreshed me. And soon I heard Persepotolis whispering: 'Yonder is a sheltered spot. Go there; light your fire, and all will be well.'"

"What is the fire for?" asked Dickie. "Why does she want you to light it?"

"I must light it wherever I stop, so as to be ready when the moment comes."

"What moment?"

"When everything shall be turned into gold."

"If I were you, I shouldn't listen to Persepotolis," said Dickie, again rising from the ground. "It's only imagination. Better go back to your folks, if you have any, or into some Home for old people. You'll starve to death here in the woods."

Once more the old man laid his hand upon the boy's arm, this time with an iron grasp.

"You shall not go!" he cried. "There are still five irons to be heated. When the seventh is ready, I shall begin with the first."

"Begin what?" asked Dickie.

"To burn out your eyes. Persepotolis has whispered to me that, in order to work the final spell, I must put out the eyes of an innocent child. Because I told them that, the people shut me up in the great gray house, and kept me there until I ran away. But to-night, when I saw you coming, I knew that you were the one."

Dickie was trembling with fear. Helpless, powerless, in the grasp of a madman, far from human aid, he believed his last hour had come. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to realize that resistance might hasten the dreadful fate in store for him.

"I am not an innocent child," Dickie murmured at length, while the maniac regarded him fixedly.

"Not an innocent child!" exclaimed the old man. "But a few short moments ago you said that you were."

"I am running away from my home," faltered the boy. "Good boys don't do that."

"If you neither lie nor swear nor slander nor blaspheme nor steal, you have left your home because of injustice," said the old man. "You are innocent: you are the one I need."

Still holding the boy firmly, he reached forward, and picking up two ropes which

lay on the ground, he proceeded to bind him hand and foot. When he had finished he said:

"Lie there and sleep. When the irons are ready I will do the work that must be done."

Dickie did not utter a word. Cold and trembling from fear, he lay watching the old man as he manipulated the irons, which now numbered five. He saw him go to the cart, take some charcoal out of a sack and put it into the crucible; whereupon, after a few moments, the fire burned more brightly than before. He would first take out one iron, look at it, then another, and so on, till he had examined all of them. He had apparently lost all concern about his prisoner, securely tied, seldom vouchsafing him a glance. Dickie began to pray; never in all his life had he prayed so fervently. And as "Hail Mary" after "Hail Mary" passed his lips, and the sound, scarcely audible though it was, fell on his own ears, he felt comforted and hopeful.

Once his captor turned to him, and, seeing him lying with wide-open eyes, said sternly:

"Sleep, I tell you,—sleep!"

Afraid to seem rebellious, the boy closed his eyes, opening them from time to time to find the madman still bending over the crucible.

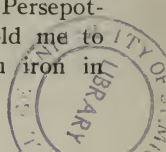
"I wonder he is not tired," thought the boy.

Then, as he lay furtively watching him, Dickie saw the gray head nod two or three times, and once the old man almost stumbled. A sudden inspiration came to the boy.

"Why don't you sleep a while yourself?" he ventured. "I saw you nodding just now. I'm sure that if you should fall over the pot and put out the fire, you'd have to begin your work all over again; wouldn't you?"

The old man sank weakly to the ground.

"Just as you spoke I heard Persepotolis whisper," he said. "She told me to sleep. I will place the seventh iron in



the fire and rest a while. When I wake it will be midnight; the irons will be heated, and I shall put out your eyes."

"All right," replied Dicke, in whom hope now began to revive. "How long since you've slept?" he asked the old man.

"Not since the night before the last one," he answered.

"Take a good sleep now, then," said the boy.

But the man had already stretched his weary limbs between the crucible and the cart, turning his face away from the fire, which, not having been replenished for some time, was burning low. In a few moments Dickie knew by his regular breathing that he was asleep. Then he dragged himself forward to the pot, took out one of the irons, his arms not being very tightly bound; and, applying the heated ends to different portions of the ropes that confined his limbs, soon found himself free.

Once on his feet again, he hastened to leave the dreadful place where he had been so near blindness, if not death. The stars were shining brightly in a frosty sky. He did not know what to do. It seemed to be his duty to inform some one of the whereabouts of the dangerous lunatic, but he had no idea how near he was to any house. Should he go straight on, trusting to chance to find a farm-house or a village? Or should he return to his friends, the gypsies, whom he now felt were indeed his only friends on earth? He could not decide. Gratitude for his preservation, and the duty of warning others, seemed to indicate that he ought to give the alarm.

In the meantime the old man might wake and capture him anew. Whatever his decision, he felt that he should be moving. And fear came upon him again as a slight noise behind him gave warning that the lunatic was stirring in his sleep. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Dickie turned toward the gypsy camp, walking as rapidly as he was able for cold, hunger, and fatigue. After some time

he heard the sound of horses approaching; and, quickly hiding behind a tree, he waited. First came two men on horseback, followed by a light wagon containing two other men.

"Well, fellows," said one of the men, "we've made the circuit. If we don't find old Rip Van Winkle before morning, we may be sure he's got free."

Dickie had no doubt they were talking of the crazy man, and felt that his responsibility concerning him was over. The party could not miss him, as they would see the light from the fire, and probably find him still asleep. He resolved to remain quiet, fearing they might suspect him of some misdemeanor. When they had passed, he knelt down and thanked God for his preservation.

Alone, in the chilly silence of the night, he was not afraid. He forgot all the hardships as well as the injustice he had already suffered. He no longer felt desolate; for God had protected him, and there were friendly souls not far away who would welcome and shelter him. He was tired, but to-morrow he could rest; hungry, but in a short time he would be given food; he would be homeless no longer, should he decide to cast his lot with Michael and his family. God had saved his life from the hands of a madman.

(To be continued.)

The First Lifeboat.

The first lifeboat ever made is still in existence in Yorkshire, England. It was constructed in the year 1802, to be used "for saving life in storms or other dangers to ships." A poor shipwright invented and made it, and Parliament considered his labor and skill so meritorious that it voted him the sum of £1200 as a reward. For over seventy years the boat did good service; and then, being replaced by more modern craft, was transferred to the shed where it now is simply a curiosity.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Readers of that fascinating human document, "Father Jim," by J. G. R., which appeared in our last volume, will be pleased to learn that it is now procurable in the form of a booklet of twenty-nine pages. It is similar in size and make-up to "The Coin of Sacrifice" and other numbers of our Maroomma Library of reprints. *Maroomma*, by the way, is Mary in the language which our Blessed Lord is believed to have spoken.

—An edition of the "Graduale Romanum" in modern notation has been looked for ever since the "Editio Typica Vaticana" of the Solesmes Chant appeared. The need has now been supplied by Dr. F. X. Mathias, well known for his valued organ score of the Kyriale, and other Gregorian Chant books. The epitomizing process consists in the omission of Masses that are sung only in caputular or conventual churches. The idea was to avoid overburdening the book with chants that are never used in parish churches. The one serious objection to the Gregorian Chant—viz., the traditional Gregorian notation—is happily removed by Dr. Mathias' excellent work, which enables singers acquainted with modern music to render the liturgical chant according to the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X. Fr. Pustet & Co., publishers.

—It is always gratifying to learn of the success of good books, especially such as appeal to the young. We are particularly gratified to hear that "A Missionary's Notebook," by the Rev. Richard W. Alexander, is now in the third edition; for it is a work calculated to interest and benefit a host of readers. It deserves a place in all parish libraries, and should be included in every collection of books intended for distribution in districts—there are many such—where Catholic families are scattered and to a great extent deprived of spiritual aid. "A Missionary's Notebook" is emphatically a book with a mission. The new edition contains two hundred pages and six attractive illustrations. It would be hard to say which is the best of the twenty-eight narratives now included; all are interesting, and each one has a special message or appeal to the reader. Published by the Catholic Standard and Times Co.

—"Some Incentives to Right Living," by the Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D. D. (M. H. Wertzius Co.), is a collection of addresses and sermons, all of which are thoughtful, lucid, and inspiring. The practical viewpoint from which the Bishop looks upon and handles the sixteen topics

discussed in the various chapters tends to make the book really helpful to the average man or woman who reads it. Another new "sermon book" is "The Great Problem," by the Rev. J. J. Burke (B. Herder). The title of the first sermon is that of the book. The majority of the fifty-eight discourses are "Five-Minute Sermons"; and while some of the others are less brief, none of them are *long* sermons. The reverend author has aimed at, and attained, too, not only brevity but clearness. Both of these volumes are likely to receive a welcome from that great army of priests who are always on the lookout for something new and good in the matter of sermon-books.

—The notion that all, or nearly all, the great scientists to whom modern medicine is so much indebted for its progress were unbelievers, is conclusively refuted by Dr. James Walsh in his interesting work entitled "Makers of Modern Medicine." That the great electricians also were devoutly religious men is shown in "Makers of Electricity, a Series of Biographies of the Men to whom We Owe Important Advances in the Development of Electricity," just issued by the Fordham University Press. Galvani, Volta, Ampère, Coulomb, and Ohm, whose names are forever identified with electrical science, were all Catholics. Franklin and Faraday were reverential believers; while, in very recent times, Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin were not only faithful believers in religious principles, but strong opponents of the idea that science fosters materialism. Both of these great men proclaimed, on the contrary, that science *teaches* the existence of a Creator and of a Providential order in creation. "Makers of Electricity," is by Brother Potamian, F. C. S., Sc. D., and James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.

—Nearly all of the 842 airs in Dr. Joyce's collection of "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs," hitherto unpublished, were taken down in the period from about 1840 to 1860, when the people retained much more of their musical lore, and in purer form, than they do now; and the airs and songs come from every part of the country. Dr. Joyce, it will be remembered, is president of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, Ireland, under whose auspices the book is published. It consists of four parts. The first, from Dr. Joyce's collection, contains 371 airs, with numerous fragments of peasant songs, mostly in the English language, but some in Irish, always with translation. The second part,

from the same collection, consists of fifty-eight complete Irish folk songs in the English language—the best that could be selected—with the words set to the proper old Irish airs—the first collection of the kind ever published. These two parts are the collection of a long lifetime. Part III. is from a very large collection made by William Forde, a well-known musician of Cork (died 1850), who had a profound and extensive knowledge of Irish music. The airs given here were collected by Forde chiefly from Munster, and from a large district in and around the County Leitrim—a district never before thoroughly examined for the purpose. Part IV. has been taken from a great collection made by John Edward Pigot, a well-known Dublin citizen of the last century, who was a most enthusiastic student of the music of Ireland. He took down and obtained airs from the peasantry as well as from personal friends, many of whom have graven their names on the modern history of Ireland.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
 "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
 "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
 "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
 "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
 "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.
 "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
 "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
 "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.

- "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
 "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
 "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
 "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50.
 "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
 "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
 "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
 "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
 "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.
 "Principles of Logic." George Hayward Joyce. S. J., M. A. \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis X. Schlee, of the archdiocese of New York; Rev. J. M. Kissane, archdiocese of Dubuque; and Rev. Thomas Miles, S. J.

Brother Julius Cormac, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Sister Mary Peter, of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. Charles F. Bolland, Mrs. Margaret Groves, Mr. Louis Mueller, Mr. Daniel Cameron Crowley, Miss Albertina Rowland, Mrs. J. D. Campbell, Mr. John J. Farrell, Miss Rose Moran, Mr. William Vodde, Mrs. Margaret Knobel, Mr. Matthew Murphy, Miss Mary Lilly, Mr. James Finnegan, Mrs. Margaret Whitman, Mrs. William Lally, Mr. L. G. Hoffman, Mr. George Conley, Mrs. Mary De La Haye, Mr. Maurice Ryan, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. E. O'Kennedy, Mrs. Jane Thornton, Mr. Michael McDonough, Mrs. Clara Abel, Mr. Patrick Lafferty, Mr. Alfred Seidel, Katherine Collins, and Mr. Francis Miltenberger.

Requiescant in pace!

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For St. Antonius Church, Kaiserwalde:

Clients of St. Anthony, \$3; M. A. S., \$2; A. G. S., \$10.

The nuns of Our Lady of the Mission, Buti-daung, (Arakan), East India:

W. J. Burns, \$5; A. G. S., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Mater Amabilis.

A Friendly Dialogue about a Chair.

BY EMILY HICKEY.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

*Mater Amabilis,
Ora pro nobis!
Love-worthy Mother,
Pray for your children.*

AMONG the host of lovely names you bear,
O Mary, there is none more perfect-sweet
Than that whereby your children ever greet
Their Mother in the dear Loretan prayer,
Wherein, O God's beloved, they call you this—
Mater Amabilis!

Love-worthy Mother you, love-worthy Maid,
Whom all the generations rise to bless,
Drew God to you in your love-worthiness,
Which could accept Himself, nor be afraid,
Nor aught of grace magnificent could miss,—
Mater Amabilis!

Love-worthy Mother, far and far doth reach
Beyond the deepest depth, the highest height,
Into the one illimitable light,
What we essay to body forth in speech,
Feeble, yet stronger for love's emphasis,—
Mater Amabilis!

Our earth in perfect fealty you trod,
You only found all-fair, all-pure, all-true;
Thrice worthy of the love we bring to you,
The one found worthy of the love of God;
Bear us on that dear Heart of yours to bliss,—
Mater Amabilis!

Sweet Mother, worthy of the Worthiest,
Stoop down to us and take the love that we,
Unworthy children, offer willingly,
O Mother, who have borne Him on your breast!
Those lovely feet of yours we bend to kiss,—
Mater Amabilis!

"I SEE you have a feast of 'St. Peter's Chair,'" said a recent friend—an American lady who had lived a couple of years in England.

"Yes," I answered, "we have two: one commemorating his Chair at Rome—January 18; the other, his Chair at Antioch—February 22."

"But, surely, it is not the material chair you honor in either case? How can you believe that it exists? And, supposing it does still exist, why celebrate Mass and recite an Office in its honor? We Americans justly venerate a chair in which Washington sat, but we don't hold a religious service over it."

"No," said I, "because it is not a proper object for religious honor, but only for civic. You are right, though, in supposing it is not the material Chair of St. Peter which we commemorate. Let me remind you (for I presume you know) why a bishop's church is called a cathedral."

"To be sure! Because the bishop has his *chair* there, or what you Romans call his throne; 'cathedral' being derived from a Greek word meaning 'chair'."

"Yes," I replied, with a smile. "We 'Romans' call it both a chair and a throne. But why is it there? Is it only for the bishop to sit on when present at the divine service? Or has it a symbolic meaning?"

"I have never heard," was the rejoinder,

"that it has any such meaning—at least, with *us*. With *you*, no doubt, it has—as a throne."

"And as a chair, too. As a throne, it signifies the prelate's *ruling* authority; as a chair, his episcopal *teaching* authority."

"Isn't the second meaning a little farfetched?" she asked.

"Not at all, my good friend. Doesn't our Divine Lord speak of the chair of Moses? 'The Scribes and Pharisees,' He says, 'sit on the chair of Moses,'—or 'on Moses' seat,' as your version has it. And that this means the teaching authority of Moses is plain from what immediately follows: 'All, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.' And let me ask if you know the origin of *See*—a bishop's *See*?"

"I suppose it is the district he has to *see* to, or to over-see. The Greek original of bishop means 'overseer,' I believe."

"Yes, but the word 'See' is derived from the Latin *sedes*, a seat. It is often used for diocese, as when we say that such a place is within the See of Oxford. But when we speak of a bishop having his *See* in such a city, we mean his *chair*. Hence it is that we Catholics call Rome 'the Holy See' because the Chair of Peter is there."

The Lady seemed puzzled what to say next, but a bright thought came to her after a brief pause.

"Why, then," she asked, "do you not commemorate the 'chair' of the other Apostles?"

"Ah! that is a very pertinent question," said I. "The other Apostles all taught from the Chair of Apostolic authority; but none of them, except St. James the Less, became bishop of a particular See; whereas St. Peter *did* become, first, bishop of Antioch, and finally bishop of Rome."

"But didn't the other Apostles found churches?"

"Yes, and set bishops over them. But they did not become bishops themselves, with the exception of St. James, who was placed at Jerusalem by his fellow-Apostles

because he was 'the Lord's brother.'"

"Then, why not commemorate *his* chair?"

"Because he was not St. Peter."

"One would think," said the lady, laughing, "that St. Peter had been the only Apostle. Now, you must admit that all the Apostles were equally such with him?"

"Equally Apostles, yes. But St. Peter had a primacy, or headship, conferred on him by our Divine Lord. And his successor in the See of Rome succeeded to that headship over all other bishops and Sees."

"Then, what about his successor in the See of Antioch?"

"St. Peter placed his Chair finally at Rome; and there could not be two supreme Sees. But that of Antioch shared with Rome the honor of being a Patriarchate, because *a* See of Peter; while, again, the See of Alexandria was also accounted a See of Peter because founded by St. Mark, who was Peter's disciple and had been sent thither by his master."

"Did Alexandria, then, become a Patriarchate?"

"Yes. The three original Patriarchates were Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch—the three 'Sees of Peter.'"

"This is very interesting," remarked my friend, after another pause. "Now, I know, of course, the great text in St. Matthew's Gospel—'Thou art Peter,' etc.,—upon which you lay so much stress. But I have been told that the name Peter is different from the word for 'rock.' What have you to say to that?"

"Certainly," said I, "there is a difference in so far as 'Petros' is masculine, and 'Petra' feminine: the name of a man being made to take an appropriate form in the Greek text. But Our Lord didn't speak in Greek, you know. He spoke in Syriac, and said, 'Thou art Kephass, and upon this Kephass.'"

"Well, to be sure! And why was I never told *that* before? I have always understood, again, that Peter's confession

of faith was the 'rock,' and not the man Peter."

"Wasn't Peter so named because of his faith, which Our Lord declared to be a special gift to him alone? Say, then, that the 'rock' is Peter's faith *concrete in Peter*, and you'll be right. It was *not* the abstract confession of faith in Christ's divinity—a confession to be made by all believers of all time,—but it *was* the faith of Peter as held and confessed by *him*; or, in other words, it was Peter holding, Peter confessing, Peter proclaiming, his divinely given faith. So that we have here our Divine Redeemer promising to create the *Chair of Peter*—that is, to make *Peter's teaching authority* the rock of the Church's stability for all time."

"That is excellently put," replied my friend. "But I hope you won't think me flippant if I venture to ask why this was necessary—this choice of Peter for such a gift of faith—when the Church was to be built upon *all* the Apostles?"

"Another very timely question," said I. "Let me answer in the words of St. Jerome, a great Father of the fourth century. Writing against a certain heretic, he says: 'You say the Church was built upon Peter, though elsewhere the same thing is done upon all the Apostles, and all receive the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; nevertheless, out of the twelve *one* is chosen, in order that, by the appointment of a *Head*, the occasion of schism may be taken away.' And here," I continued, "you may reasonably wonder what danger of schism there could be among the Apostles. Assuredly, none whatever after the Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost. So, then, it was for *their successors*, and for Christians in general till the end of the world, that the appointment of a head was necessary as a safeguard of unity."

"Well, well!" said the lady, deeply impressed. "How admirably your theory holds together! But, to return to our original subject, the Chair of Peter. I have two important questions to ask. Is

the phrase 'Chair of Peter' used by any of the Fathers to designate the See of Rome? And do they speak of it as the centre of Catholic communion—that is, of the Church?"

"In reply," said I, "I might content myself with referring you to Alnatt's '*Cathedra Petri*' ('Chair of Peter'), a book published in London, and which will simply amaze you. (Not having a copy at hand, I can not offer to lend it to you.) But allow me to quote from memory what ought to suffice as an answer to both your questions.

"St. Cyprian, in the third century,—the great Bishop of Carthage,—in his work on the 'Unity of the Church,' says: 'God is one, Christ is one, and the Church one; and *one the Chair founded upon the rock by the Lord's voice.*' And, again, he speaks of having exhorted some persons he had sent to Rome 'to hold fast by the *Chair of Peter*, the *root and womb* of the Catholic Church.' You could not have a stronger expression than that.

"St. Jerome, again, while living in Syria and under the Patriarchate of Antioch, appeals to Pope St. Damasus as to which of three rival claimants (for the Patriarchate) he is to hold communion with. 'Following none as my chief but Christ,' he says, 'I am joined in communion with your Holiness,—*that is, with the Chair of Peter.*' And again: 'Meantime I cry out: If any is joined to the *Chair of Peter*, he is mine!'

"St. Ambrose, the famous Archbishop of Milan, says: 'They have not Peter's inheritance who have not *Peter's Chair.*' Another way of putting his celebrated dictum, 'Where Peter is, there is the Church.'

"St. Optatus, too, Bishop of Milevis in Africa, calls the Chair of Peter 'the first of the Church's marks,' or notes. Writing against a Donatist, he says: 'You can not deny that you know that, in the city of Rome, the episcopal *Chair* was first conferred on Peter, . . . *that in that one Chair unity might be preserved by all.*'

"Lastly, St. Augustine declares that he is held in the Catholic Church by the '*Chair of Peter the Apostle.*'"

The lady had listened intently, and turned a little pale as she replied:

"You told me I should be amazed by the book '*Cathedra Petri*'—a work which I shall send for at once,—but I don't believe it will astonish me more than your quotations have done. You know I belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, so that here in England I call myself an Anglican. I was brought up in moderately High Church circles, but was never at all attracted to Roman Catholicism until a dear cousin of mine joined your Church—a very bright, intellectual girl,—and that set me peeping furtively into Roman believings and doings."

"Am I the first '*Roman*' priest you have spoken to?"

"The first I have talked with on religious matters, yes. I have sought information from two or three High Church clergymen; but they left me quite dissatisfied, particularly concerning the Pope."

"What did they say about him, may I ask?"

"Oh, they all agreed in rejecting his claim to anything more than a '*primacy of honor, or of order,*' as they phrased it."

"Yes," said I, "they'll allow him to be the '*Primate of Christendom,*' because as such they don't have to *obey* him. Well, my friend, read Alnatt's '*Cathedra Petri,*' and Allies' '*See of Peter*' along with it, and I feel sure you will do what I did forty-three years ago."

"And you can assure me you have never regretted the momentous step you then took?"

"Not a day has since passed, believe me, on which I have not thanked God for the grace of my conversion as the greatest of His mercies."

THE deepest rooted of all human edifices is an altar.—*Lamartine.*

The Wargrave Trust.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

XXVII.

IN SPITE every effort which the family could make, there was more than a nine days' wonder over the sudden appearance of Judge Wargrave's granddaughter, the news (which could not be suppressed) that the Wargrave Trust had lapsed, that this unknown girl was sole heiress of the estate, and that the young man who had been brought from afar to fill the position of heir, was left with no interest at all in the great inheritance. His attractive personality and debonair ways had made him very popular with all who met him during his stay at Hillcrest as the Judge's recognized successor; and sympathy was freely expressed for his disappointment.

"You are wasting your pity!" Bobby Selwyn told all who uttered this sympathy to him. "Desmond doesn't care a rap for the loss of the estate. On the contrary, he is delighted that the Judge's granddaughter has inherited it; and indeed he had more than any one else to do with the fact that she has come into her rights."

"Is it true that he destroyed the will that gave everything to him?" more than one person curiously inquired.

"Well" (Bobby was mindful of Mr. Blaisdell's stern admonition), "I can only tell you that the will was destroyed in accordance with the Judge's positively expressed wish, and with the approval of everyone concerned. Desmond acted extremely well, and we all endorsed his—er—action."

"Pity that such a fine fellow couldn't have inherited the estate!" was the consensus of public opinion; and Bobby permitted himself to say significantly,

"Perhaps it may come into his hands, after all."

This suggestion he owed to Edith

Creighton, who, when twitted with the mistake she had made in her judgment of the relations existing between Desmond and the young nurse, had replied with a touch of asperity,

"You are not half as clever as you think yourself, Bobby. It is true that I was mistaken about the mere facts, but I wasn't mistaken in the perception of something which made, or seemed to make, those facts possible. I don't know whether or not it has had any effect on Laurence Desmond's conduct, but it is very clear to me that he is in love with the girl whom we now know as Hester Wargrave."

"Do you really think so?" Bobby asked anxiously. "In spite of all you said that day when you were—er—so angry, I've always believed that he was in love with *you*."

"You seem to labor under the impression that everybody must be in love with me," Edith informed him, with slightly increased asperity; "and of course it might have appeared the obvious thing in Laurence's case. But, in reality, he has never been in love with me for an hour. His mind was filled with thoughts of that girl when I first met him—he talked of her as we drove from Kingsford the evening he arrived,—and therefore my charms, great as you imagine them to be, never had a chance to impress him."

"Well, of course that explains it," Bobby conceded; "for I don't imagine your charms to be any greater than they really are. And if his mind hadn't been already filled with her, he couldn't have helped falling in love with you. I don't honestly see how he avoided it, anyway; but if he did, it's clearly providential. For if she reciprocates his feeling, as I suppose she does—?"

"I haven't the faintest idea whether she does or does not," Edith answered his interrogative pause. "She is an extremely reserved person—at least to me,—and has not betrayed in any way how she feels toward Laurence."

"She must have been impressed by the magnificent way in which he flung that will into the fire in order to give her a 'great inheritance,'" Bobby hazarded.

"Naturally she must have admired that," Edith agreed. "But I think she recognizes that he did it for a higher reason than merely to give her a great inheritance."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that whatever she had been—if he had disliked instead of being, as I fancy, in love with her—he would have acted in the same manner. I don't believe that he was thinking of her at all when he put that will in the fire; I think it was done in obedience to a standard of action which would not have been changed by any personal consideration whatever."

Bobby stared for a moment.

"You certainly think very highly of him," he said then.

"Yes, I think highly of him," she answered,—“perhaps more highly because it has not been long since I did him injustice, as you know. But he is not the only person of whom I think highly,” she added quickly. “I was proud of you that day, Bobby. You were as deeply concerned in that will as Laurence Desmond—you knew that it named you as the heir of the Wargrave Trust after him,—but you saw it burned without an effort to save it; although you could easily have snatched it from the fire, as Mr. Blaisdell roared to you to do.”

Bobby laughed.

"I should have had to fight Desmond."

"Oh, no! Mr. Blaisdell could have taken care of him. But you never thought of it; you were perfectly willing for it to be burned."

"Of course I was willing, since the Judge had desired it; and, besides, it was, under the circumstances, the only right thing to do."

"That is it!" Edith exclaimed. "You felt that it was 'the only right thing to do,' and so you did it, with less outward

display than Laurence Desmond, but just as really. And do you know what this proves, Bobby?"

"Well — er — that I haven't forgotten everything that you've sometimes charged me with forgetting," Bobby suggested, not very luminously.

"Yes: that you haven't forgotten anything that is vital in those standards and traditions that dear Uncle George held so high. Oh, he knew what he was doing when he put you in the line of succession to the Wargrave Trust! I thought it very fine of him when I heard of it, because I knew that he disapproved of so many of your modern ideas and methods. But I know now that he understood you all the time,—understood better than I did that, whenever you were put to the test, you would show that sense of the fine spirit of honor which he worshipped above all things. You showed it, Bobby, when you stood by and let Laurence Desmond destroy your prospect of inheritance as well as his own, because you both felt that it was 'the only right thing to do.'"

As Bobby looked at the eager speaker, the moisture which is the mark of deep feeling sprang to his honest eyes.

"You are awfully good to say these things to me, Edith!" he told her. "It didn't occur to me that there was anything at all remarkable in what I did; but I'd burn a dozen wills to have you think so well of me. While we are talking of the destroying of the will, however, let me tell you that you said something on the occasion which I didn't like at all."

"Indeed!" Edith's eager expansiveness suffered a slight frost. "What, pray?"

"You said that you did not belong to the family. Now, in a strict sense that may be true—"

"It is true in every sense."

"No, it isn't! You admitted the ties of connection and affection which make you one of us; but there ought to be more, Edith. You ought to enter the family. I've thought of late that you would enter it by marrying Desmond; and, after a

fashion, I had resigned myself to your doing so. But since you tell me there is no prospect of that, if I could only induce you to consider marrying *me*—"

"Bobby," Edith declared, with something between a laugh and a sob, "you are the most absurd human being on the face of the earth! I have never known you to fail to take advantage of any occasion, however inappropriate, to make that suggestion."

"There is nothing inappropriate about the present occasion," Bobby affirmed; "and I promise you that I shall continue to make the suggestion as long as there is the faintest hope that you may some day take it seriously into consideration."

She regarded him steadily for a moment, and then held out her hand.

"I think that day has come," she said. "I think I must take it into consideration quite seriously."

It was several days after Judge Wargrave's funeral, when the household of Hillcrest had returned to those normal conditions of life which must go on, like the rising and setting of the sun, whatever presence is withdrawn from the world, that the girl who was now recognized as the owner of the fine old home sat in the library talking to Mr. Blaisdell. He had just informed her that all the legal steps were taken to put her in possession of the estate; and he had listened with many demurring interruptions to certain instructions which she at once attempted to give him.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you must wait a little for all of this. I am aware that you pledged yourself to renew the Wargrave Trust as soon as possible, but no one would or could expect you to do anything of the kind until your life is—er—somewhat settled."

"My life is as much settled now as it is ever likely to be," Hester told him quietly. "At least my intention is clearly settled to replace my grandfather's will as far as possible. Nothing could induce me to

profit by the accident of its destruction."

Mr. Blaisdell put out his long lip.

"I should hardly call the destruction an accident," he said. "It was a very deliberate action, and I don't think you will succeed in conferring the estate upon the legatee who in such a decisive manner rejected it."

Hester looked distressed.

"Can he not be forced to take it?" she asked.

The lawyer shook his head.

"I know of no means by which that could be accomplished," he said,—*"especially in the case of a person so self-willed as this young man has proved himself."*

"But you have forced it upon me!" the girl remonstrated.

"Not at all," he corrected her. "The law forces it upon you,—which is a very different matter. You are the only heir of Judge Wargrave whom the law recognizes, and you must accept the estate in order to be able to dispose of it as you desire."

"I am afraid you think me very self-willed also," she said. "But you don't know how anxious I am that my coming shall make no change in what had been arranged before I came. My grandfather had selected his heir, he had brought him here from the other side of the world, he had settled everything; and it is intolerable to me that my mere existence should upset what was even to the end so near his heart."

"He proved that there was something even nearer to his heart, which was to do tardy justice to the son who had been so deeply wronged," Mr. Blaisdell answered. "As for your existence, you can't help that, you know; and I don't really think that there is any reason why you should desire to help it. I knew my old friend very well, and I am sure that he would be satisfied that the daughter of his son reigns as mistress in his home."

"But the Wargrave Trust!"

"Ah, we must let the Wargrave Trust

take its chances! Some day when you are—er—married perhaps—"

Hester rose abruptly from her seat.

"You don't understand!" she cried.

"I want this matter settled, so as to be independent of anything I may or may not do in the future. I want to put the heir my grandfather selected in his place, and then go away to live my own life as I like, without any responsibility here."

The lawyer, who had also risen, shook his head at her.

"You won't be able to manage that," he told her. "Life is so ordered for all of us that we can't throw off our responsibilities, however much we might like to do so. You would like just now to turn the Wargrave Trust, and all that it implies, over to Laurence Desmond; but I don't think he will oblige you so far as to take it. However, yonder he is! You can ask him."

He had glanced through one of the windows as he spoke, and he now walked across the floor and threw it up.

"Halloo!" he shouted to the young man, whose figure, attended by two leaping dogs, he had seen on the terrace. Then, as a surprised face turned toward him, he beckoned imperatively. "Come here!" he cried. "We want you."

"Oh, I don't think we do!" Hester hurriedly remonstrated behind him.

"I'm sure that we do," he replied, turning back to her. "As far as I am concerned, I must insist upon a clear understanding between you two before I take instructions for legal instruments of any kind. Come in, Mr. Desmond," he continued, addressing the young man, who now appeared at the window. "Miss Wargrave and myself wish to talk to you a little."

"Mr. Blaisdell may wish to talk to you," Hester interposed with some spirit, "but I have not expressed any desire of the kind."

"Then" (Desmond abruptly withdrew a leg which he had advanced over the window-sill) "I will have the pleasure

of seeing Mr. Blaisdell later at his office in Kingsford."

"No, you won't!" Mr. Blaisdell shot out one long arm and drew him into the room. "You will be good enough to see me here and now; and I must beg Miss Wargrave to remain with us" (for he detected a slight tentative movement of Hester toward the door) "until certain matters can be discussed, and a conclusion distinctly agreed upon by all concerned."

"Really, Mr. Blaisdell," Desmond objected, "this seems rather an arbitrary proceeding, in view of Miss Wargrave's assurance that she has nothing to discuss, and my strong conviction that I am not in the least concerned in any matter which you may have under consideration with her."

Mr. Blaisdell regarded him with a sarcastic, though friendly, glance.

"My dear Mr. Desmond," he said, "you must kindly allow me to be the best judge of my own business. We are not disposing of wills, by fire or otherwise, at present; but are rather intent upon a question of making them—"

"No, no!" Hester here interposed quickly. "You are quite mistaken. I do not want to make a will—that is something which will operate only after I am dead—I want to arrange the matter of which I spoke to you, so that it will be immediately operative now."

"I quite understand," Mr. Blaisdell assented with a nod, "and I used the word 'will' in a comprehensive sense. But this being so, there is all the more reason that the person in whose favor you propose to resign your inheritance shall have a word to say in the matter."

"What!" Desmond strode forward and stood in front of her. "Is it possible that you have for an instant entertained the idea of resigning your inheritance in my favor?"

She looked up at him with something like defiance in her eyes.

"It is not my inheritance," she told him. "It is yours. My grandfather chose

you as his heir; he gave his estate to you in the will which you destroyed; and I positively decline to profit by the destruction of that will."

"You forget that it was his desire that it should be destroyed."

"I do not forget that. But he was not only in an irresponsible condition of mental excitement when he desired it: he had even then no intention of ignoring the Wargrave Trust, or of changing your place in it. I am sure of this, and therefore I have told Mr. Blaisdell that I wish him to prepare whatever papers are necessary to put the entailed estate into your hands in exact accordance with my grandfather's wishes and directions."

"And you think—you really think—that I would accept it?"

"You would have no alternative, since I refuse to keep it."

"No alternative!" He threw back his head with a laugh of angry scorn. "I would soon show you whether or not I had an alternative. I am very much obliged to Mr. Blaisdell" (he swung round toward that gentleman) "for letting me know what was being considered. I think I need hardly tell him that I would not tolerate such an arrangement for a moment."

"I warned Miss Wargrave that it might be—er—well to consult you before she took any decisive step," Mr. Blaisdell remarked. "That is why I called you in. It seemed," he added dryly, "a trifle unnecessary to prepare any more papers to be burned."

"Quite unnecessary," Desmond assented, with a laugh out of which the flash of anger had gone, "since burned any such paper surely would have been. Perhaps" (he turned back to Hester) "you think me ungrateful—"

"No," she interrupted in a low tone, "I only think you very unkind."

"Unkind!" He put out his hand impulsively and caught hers, as he had caught it more than once before. "Now, why, in Heaven's name, should you think *that*?"

"Because," she told him, with something like a suggestion of tears in her voice, "you brought me here — for it was all your doing, — you have placed me in a false position by destroying the will which secured the Wargrave Trust, and you now refuse to let me do the only thing possible to repair — atone for the trouble I have caused."

"You have caused no trouble," Desmond assured her; while Mr. Blaisdell, after clearing his throat in a significant manner, stepped through the still open window, and walked away unheeded. "Don't you know that, so far from that, you have ended trouble by your coming; you brought peace and comfort to a dying man; and there is no member of the family, either near or remote, who is not glad that Harry Wargrave has come into his inheritance in the person of his daughter, and who is not willing that the final disposition of that inheritance should be left in your hands?"

"But *you* are not willing!" she urged reproachfully. "You refuse to accept the disposition I wish to make of it."

"I said the *final* disposition," Desmond reminded her. "For the present, you must accept the burden that has come upon you. There is no help for that. You can not tell yet how life will deal with it or with you, or what will be finally the best disposition to make of it. I am only sure that with the Wargrave Trust, as with all else, you will act in a fine, high spirit of conscientious endeavor to do your duty toward God and man."

She looked up at him like a child, and the tears suddenly overflowed from the clear fountains of her eyes, as she sank into a chair.

"How shall I know the way to do all this—after you are gone?" she asked.

Infinitely touched, he knelt down beside her, and gathered her hands again into the clasp of his.

"Hester," he said softly, "if you wish me to stay, I will never go."

(The End.)

The Baptist.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

LEAPING for joy ere birth,
Shalt have scant joy of earth;
A dying life soon dies,
Thy head a strumpet's prize
And yet above thy bier
An epitaph dost hear
That makes thy dead heart leap
With joy, all its long sleep.
What was the Poet's word
Thy lonely spirit stirred?—
Hush, hymns of night and morn:—
"Holiest of women born."

One of "Rome's Recruits."

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

(CONCLUSION.)

MANY will remember the religious commotion aroused in England in 1860 by the publication of "Essays and Reviews," which, following closely in the wake of Bishop Colenso's speculations on the authenticity of the Pentateuch, marked the introduction into that country of what is called the Higher Criticism; for German Biblical Criticism was until then scarcely known there. At that juncture Mr. Maurice, Tom Hughes, and others, conceived the notion of starting a series of "Tracts for Priests and People," which, while putting forth liberal opinions, should yet tend to calm men's minds, and show that it was possible within the Church to hold comprehensive views. Kegan Paul wrote one on "The Boundaries of the Church of England," signed "C. K. P."; it being thought by his friends that, having an official position at Eton, it would be better not to sign his full name. The printer, however, prefixed the words "The Rev." before the initials, which disclosed the authorship, alarmed Provost Hawtrey and Bishop Wilberforce,

and nearly led to Kegan Paul's sharing the fate of the two essayists, H. B. Wilson and Dr. Rowland Williams, and being tried for "heresy." He was still considered orthodox enough to be presented by the college to the vicarage of Sturminster, in the diocese of Salisbury, and regretfully severed his connection with Eton.

While he was vicar of Sturminster Marshall, where the villagers, farmers, and gentry were dosed with Low, High and Broad Church views, and where the parson, provided he acted on the principle of *quieta non movere*, might preach what he pleased, orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the doctrines of Rome, Wittenberg, or Geneva, Kegan Paul's opinions became more Unitarian. He had for some time been a constant contributor to the *Theological Review*—a now extinct quarterly, then edited by the Rev. Charles Beard,—and after a futile attempt along with others to establish a Free Christian Union, to promote, if possible, a general union of all persons holding Unitarian theology within the various orthodox churches and sects—which began and ended its operations by a service in London, at which two sermons were preached, one by himself,—he had at last to face the fact that he could no longer use in any honest sense the Prayer-Book of the Church of England, nor minister at her altars, nor preach a definite message, when all his mind was "clouded with doubt."

He accordingly resigned his living, went to London, became literary adviser to Mr. Henry S. King, publisher in Cornhill, for whom for some time he had been "reading"; and a few years afterward purchased his business and founded the well-known firm of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., of which he was managing director, being for twenty-five years in various ways connected with London publishing. He notes with great satisfaction that, without exception, the Catholic works published by his firm, though few in number, have been successful. Among the poets with whom they were asso-

ciated was another distinguished convert, Aubrey de Vere.*

Kegan Paul's holidays abroad during this epoch of his life shed some illuminative side-lights on the Church which was destined to enroll him in the ranks of her recruits. He met Montalembert at Mme. Mohl's salon in the Rue du Bac, Paris; and in 1865 was present at the Emperor's Mass at the Tuileries, where he was much impressed by the evidently sincere devotion of the Empress. "In my tours in France," he writes, "I came to the conclusion that all the turmoil and fret of modern France is confined to the large towns; provincial France is quiet, orderly, conservative, and Catholic. When I say 'Catholic,' I remember that the Abbé Martin, in a walk I took with him through Paris, asserted that the working-men even there were at heart Catholic; and he said, 'They all come to us at the hour of their death.' . . . Few congregations show such rapt devotion as those in French churches. Mr. Browning, whose sturdy Protestantism is evident throughout his books, as well as his sympathy with forms of faith not his own, once clutched the arm of a friend of his and mine at the moment of the Elevation, and said: 'O Arthur, this is too good not to be true!'"

Kegan Paul was much struck by the picture of the "Adoration of the Lamb" in Ghent, "set in a disused chapel, where now no tapers flare, no Mass is said, no relics are enshrined, no censer sends up its smoke." While touring Holland in 1876, he had several conversations with interesting men on religion and politics, from which it seemed to him that the same sort of action and reaction is going on in the religious world there as in England; the same conflict between a renascent Catholicism and extreme free-thought; the same revival of Catholic architecture.

* He brackets three Catholics—Coventry Patmore, Wilfrid Blunt, and Mrs. Hamilton King—as among the few moderns whom his old age counted as true poets; a very narrow and erroneous estimate.

The Romeward movement manifested itself in the circle of his London friends, which included Mrs. Procter, wife of the poet, Bryan Waller Procter—the "Barry Cornwall" of old *Blackwood* days,—and mother of the Catholic poetess, Adelaide Procter. Her daughters, and other members of her family who followed in their steps, became, one after another, Catholics, one a nun. It is interesting and apposite to note here that Mrs. Procter, who was born in 1799 and lived to a great age, was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, Mr. Skepper, who had married a Miss Benson, of the same county, an aunt of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, whose son is the well-known priest convert and author. She was the centre of a London circle, mostly literary; a link between the Past and the Present, as one who had sat at the feet of those who talked with Johnson and Boswell.

"Though I was not in those days a Catholic," Kegan Paul relates, "I had the honor of knowing the two great Cardinals, then living, Newman and Manning; and also the man who so constantly crossed the path of both of them, Dr. Ward, the author of an 'Ideal Christian Church.' I frequently met the last of these three at Mr. Tennyson's, in the Isle of Wight. They were near neighbors and cordial friends. Of Manning I will only say that he struck me still more as a statesman than as a theologian. He once said to me: 'Were I not Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, I would wish to be a great demagogue.' And he was then gaining the hearts of the working-men of England as very few of our generation have gained them. To Newman I can only express my daily and hourly gratitude. His writings and character have been my study and my model since my earliest Oxford days; and when I came to know him, it was only to regard him with increased admiration."

It was through Positivism Kegan Paul reached Catholicism, so true is the saying that "all roads lead to Rome." "It is

not a paradox," he avers, "but sober truth to say that Positivism is Catholicism without God. . . . I doubt if I should have known the Faith but for Positivism, which gave me a rule and discipline of which I had been unaware." It was long, however, before he discovered the unreality of the Positivist creed, the symbol of a Church which exists only on paper; a flimsy figment of the imagination, like all man-made churches. At length he found (like an agnostic friend who, feeling the need of an external rule against the temptations of life, thought to find it in the Religion of Humanity) that the fleeting fervor of the services evaporated and left nothing behind it. "There was none," he says, "of that sense of a power abiding within us which the Catholic worshipper brings away from before the Tabernacle, even if he can not always maintain the intensity of devotion which has been granted him during the action of Holy Mass or in the Benediction service. Once more I saw that my soul was stripped and bare, when it had seemed fully clothed. Such also was my friend's experience; and God has given him grace to find, as I have found, the truth after which we both were seeking. . . .

It was the intellectual influence of Newman, developing into one that was moral and spiritual, that prepared his soul for the great grace and revelation which God had yet in store for him. Like Thomas à Kempis, so Newman, studied day by day, sank into his soul and changed it. "Since Pascal," he says, "none has put so plainly as he the dread alternative: all or nothing, faith or unfaith, God or the denial of God." Apart from the direct drawings of God's grace—to him, as to the great Oratorian, "light amid the encircling gloom,"—and the general effect of "The Imitation" and Newman's writings, he thus specifies some of the arguments which weighed with him to accept the Faith he had so long set at naught: "First, and above all, was the overwhelming evidence of modern miracles,

and the conclusions from their occurrence. A study of Pascal's life, when I was engaged in translating the '*Pensées*,' directed my attention to the cure of Pascal's niece, of a lachrymal fistula, by the touch of the Holy Thorn preserved at Port Royal. It is impossible to find anything of the kind better attested; and readers may judge for themselves in the narrative written of the facts by Racine, and the searching investigations by unprejudiced and certainly not too credulous critics—Sainte Beuve and the late Charles Beard.

"Next in importance were the miracles of Lourdes, one of which, as wrought on a friend of my own, came under my notice. I do not mean, especially in the former case, that these facts proved any doctrines; that the miracle of the Thorn made for Jansenist teaching, or those at Lourdes for the Immaculate Conception; but, rather, that the Thorn must, from its effects, have been one that had touched the Sacred Head; that the spring at Lourdes could have had its healing power only by the gift of God, through Our Lady. It was not that miracles having been declared in the Bible made these later occurrences possible, but that these, properly attested in our own days, and in times so near our own, made the Bible miracles more credible than they were before, adding their testimony to that which the Church bears to Holy Scripture. And it was on the testimony of a living Church that I would accept the Scripture, if I accepted it at all; for surely, of all absurd figments, that of a closed revelation to be its own interpreter is the most absurd.

"The books which mainly aided me at this period, when I had accepted in a more definite way than ever before the being of a God who actively, daily, and visibly interposes in His creation, were the '*Grammar of Assent*,' by Cardinal Newman, and '*Religio Viatoris*,' by Cardinal Manning. Both works postulate God and the human soul, and on that foundation build up the Catholic Faith. They

are very different in their method, and perhaps, as a rule, helpful to different classes of mind; but both aided me. The rereading of the '*Grammar of Assent*,' as a theological treatise and with the wish to believe, was quite a different matter from my earlier study of it on its publication, when I regarded it only as an intellectual effort, interesting as the revelation of a great mind, but not as yet realizing that it had any special message for me. But in these later days it proved to be the crowning gift of the many.⁷ I received from that great teacher who had been my guide through the years of my pilgrimage, little though I knew it.

"It is not possible to state precisely the moment at which definite light came upon my soul, in preparation for the fuller day. As Clough says truly of earthly dawn:

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward look, the land is bright!

About 1888 I had light enough to attend Mass pretty frequently, but even then was not definitely Catholic in my belief and sympathies. . . . I said to myself, whether rightly or wrongly I can not judge, that a year should elapse before I made up my mind on the question; though I began to see which way it must be answered. This was in the spring of 1889; but so weak is memory that toward the end of the year I was misled by a date, and supposed it had been in the late summer.

"In May, 1890, I went for a short tour in France, as I had done for some years past, and a profound sense of dissatisfaction with myself filled my soul. In other days, the cathedrals and their services, the shrines and their relics, places of pilgrimage, venerated images, had all been connected with a faith in which no one who studied the workings of the human mind could fail to take an interest, but they had no relation to my own soul. Now it seemed to me that I was an alien from the family of God, unable to take a part in that which was my heritage, shut

out by my own coldness of heart, my own want of will. And, as had long been the case, what attracted me most were just those things in the cult of Rome which most offended my companions. . . . At Tours, the heap of crutches in the house devoted to the *cultus* of the Holy Face, the pathetic agony of the engraving of the same seen in so many churches of that diocese, appealed more to me than the celebration of High Mass in the cathedral; the rude image of Our Lady at Chartres, more than many a fairer statue.

"At Beaulieu, near Loches, the end came. We had walked there from Loches; and while my companions were resting under the trees in the little *place*, and taking a photograph of a neighboring mill, I remained in the church in conversation with the *curé*, who was superintending some change in the arrangements of the altar. We spoke of Tours and St. Martin, of the revived cult of the Holy Face, and of M. Dupont, 'the Holy Man of Tours,' whom the *curé* had known. At last he said, after a word about English Protestantism: '*Mais Monsieur est sans doute Catholique?*' I was tempted to answer, '*A peu près,*' but the thought came with overwhelming force that this was a matter in which there was 'no lore of nicely-calculated less or more.' We were Catholics or not; my interlocutor was within the Fold, and I without; and if without, then against knowledge, against warning (for I recognized that my full conviction had at last gone where my heart had gone before); the call of God had sounded in my ears, and I must perforce obey. . . .

"On the 12th of August, at Fulham, in the church of the Servites, an Order to which I had long felt an attraction, I made my submission to the Church, with deep thankfulness to God. It was the day after Cardinal Newman's death, and the one bitter drop in a brimming cup of joy was that he could not know all that he had done for me; that his was the hand which had drawn me in when I sought the ark floating on the stormy

seas of the world. But a few days afterward, as I knelt by his coffin at Edgbaston and heard the Requiem Mass said for him, I felt that indeed he knew; that he was in a land where there was no need to tell him anything, for he sees all things in the heart of God.

"Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret what has been done, and would return but for very shame. . . . I may say for myself that the happy tears shed at the Tribunal of Penance on that 12th of August, the fervor of my First Communion, were as nothing to what I feel now. Day by day the Mystery of the Altar seems greater, the unseen world nearer; God more a father, Our Lady more tender; the great company of saints more friendly (if I dare use the word), my Guardian Angel closer to my side. All human relationships become holier, all human friends dearer, because they are explained and sanctified by the relationships and the friendships of another life. Sorrows have come to me in abundance since God gave me grace to enter His Church; but I can bear them better than of old, and the blessing He has given me outweighs them all. May He forgive me that I so long resisted Him, and lead those I love unto the fair land wherein He has brought me to dwell! It will be said, and said with truth, that I am very confident. My experience is like that of the blind man in the Gospel, who also was sure. He was still ignorant of much, nor could he fully explain how Jesus opened his eyes; but this he could say with unfaltering certainty: 'One thing I know: that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'"

Since he penned these lines, Kegan Paul has joined the ranks of Rome's recruits who have answered the roll-call of Death—"the one clear call,"—and now sees face to face the Truth he so long sought, possessed at last in its plenitude.

Mistaken Duty.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON

II.

THE following morning, about seven o'clock, as Martha had finished sweeping the study and was preparing to dust, she was astonished to see Isabel enter the room, attired in a neat blue and white gingham dress, and wearing a pretty white apron.

"After this, Martha," she said, "I will dust the library and arrange papa's papers."

Very well pleased, Martha went about her other duties, and Isabel set herself to her task. To her surprise, she enjoyed making order out of chaos; she had not known that she could perform the labor so quickly and satisfactorily. Already she began to see for herself that there were in her possibilities of order and system of which she had not been aware, because she had never been called upon to manifest them. After she had finished her work, there remained half an hour before breakfast time. She bethought herself of Louis and George struggling with their toilets. She found Louis with a wry face turning over the neckties in his drawer.

"Halloo, Isabel! You up already?" he exclaimed. "Come fix this tie—if you can. I peeped in just now at mamma's door, but she was asleep. And she couldn't tie it very well with one hand."

"You don't mean to say that mamma has been tying your cravat every day?"

"Well, what can a fellow do?" rejoined Louis, somewhat shamefacedly it must be admitted, as he had not a bad heart. "I've been used to it; and even if she couldn't tie it herself always, she could tell me whether it was straight. You're never down, you know; and mamma likes us to go and say 'Good-morning!'"

"I wonder how often you've waked her from a sound sleep after a night of

pain?" said Isabel. "O Louis, we've all been very selfish! Papa says mamma's in a dangerous condition. We must not bother her at all; we shall try to help ourselves; we must not go to her with our complaints either. Let us try to help her get well."

The boy was greatly impressed. After a few moments' serious conversation with his sister, he, too, realized how wrong they had been; and he promised to do all in his power to avoid annoying the mother.

From Louis Isabel went to George, who was sitting by the window, looking out aimlessly, an open geography in his lap.

"What's the matter, George dear?" inquired Isabel.

"I *can't* get this lesson alone!" he answered. "Other mornings I've gone in to mamma and she's helped me,—repeating the names of the rivers and straits and all that, out loud, for me to say them. But this morning papa met me at the door of his room and said I shouldn't do it again, that I was selfish, and that I just *had* to learn by myself."

"And no wonder!" replied his sister. "Just fancy everybody running in to mamma so early in the morning! She can never get well that way."

"You oughtn't to say a word, Isabel," said George. "If you weren't so lazy, you could help me a little every morning."

"I'm not going to be lazy any more, I hope," Isabel replied, amiably. "But you must learn to help yourself after this, George. You can not learn anything, really, when you throw the burden of it on another."

"Well, I might learn my geography alone, but I don't know French. And mamma teaches me the right pronunciation in my reading lesson."

"I can do that for you, and I will, George," said Isabel.

Then she told him, as she had told Louis, that their mother's life depended upon the course pursued by those around her; that they must no longer show their

affection by throwing their responsibilities upon her, but should make it their object to spare her every unnecessary care. George, on his side, took the matter very seriously, and promised to do all that was required of him.

With Esther she had more trouble. The child had just awakened, and was already standing, her clothes in her hands, by the door of her mother's room, where she was accustomed to dress herself by slow stages, sitting on the side of the bed, where, finally, she always insisted on taking her breakfast.

When Isabel began to remonstrate with her, Esther burst into tears.

"I *will* go to mamma!" she said. "No one else has ever fastened my clothes, except those first days after she got hurt; and I'm going to her. And I want to take my breakfast on her bed."

"Esther," said Isabel, "you believe papa is a good doctor, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the child.

"And that he loves mamma?"

"Yes."

"And that we all love her?"

"Why, yes!"

"Well, then, darling, papa says that if we don't let her rest, and avoid annoying her with all our affairs, she will *never* get well. Do you understand?"

Esther now set up a wail, which Isabel silenced by pointing a finger to her lips.

"If we are good and do right, she will *surely* get well," resumed the elder sister. "But it all depends on us. We must not forget that. Now let me dress you quickly; for breakfast will soon be ready. Afterward you can see mamma."

When the sisters entered the dining-room hand in hand, the Doctor and the boys were already there.

"This is a welcome sight!" said their father, kissing them both, and casting a grateful glance on his elder daughter. "It is the first time that we have all breakfasted together since mamma's illness. You have made an excellent beginning, Isabel. Continue as you have begun,

and you will soon have your mother restored to health. And I am confident that the others will follow your example."

After breakfast, Isabel went to her mother's room and softly opened the door. She was awake and smiling.

"Mamma," said the young girl, kissing her, "have you slept well?"

"Very well," was the reply. "I was awake—as I often am—for some time during the night; but I fell asleep toward morning, and now feel unusually refreshed. Is it late or early, Isabel? And where are the children?"

"The boys have gone to school."

"Without coming in?"

"Yes: papa thought it was better to let you sleep. That's why you feel so refreshed, mamma."

"And Esther? Is she not up yet?"

"She's in the garden, mamma. She has had her breakfast. She let me dress her, and has been very good. I'll send her in when your breakfast is ready. I promised her she could have a taste of your toast."

"The dear little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Vreeman. "Will you call Martha now, Isabel?"

"No, mamma," said Isabel. "I'll get everything ready for you myself. I'm going to do it every morning after this."

Mrs. Vreeman, in her joy and surprise, did not know how to respond.

"We have been shamefully selfish, dear mamma,—every one of us, from papa down," continued Isabel. "But hereafter everything will be different. You're not going to have a single thing to worry you; nothing to do but get well. We've talked it all over; we're going to be very good. I will take entire charge of the house; and you'll see, mamma, how smoothly everything will work. You have spoiled us; it's our turn to spoil you, mamma. And I feel already that I shall make a success as a housekeeper."

After her mother had had her breakfast, Isabel sought Martha, an excellent servant, who at once fell in with the plan. Very

humbly, the young girl asked for help and guidance if she should make mistakes, as was inevitable. Martha promised to be her right hand.

Catherine the cook was not so amiable, at first.

"Hem!" she said. "I'm afraid it will be worse than ever now, Miss. You, who don't know a single thing about house-keeping, can't give orders to them that have been cooking all their lives."

"Yes, I can," replied Isabel, kindly but firmly. "I can at least try, and you can help me. All I want to do is to relieve mamma; and you will wish to do that, won't you, Catherine?"

The cook had a kindly heart. She succumbed without further objection.

It was astonishing how naturally and smoothly the new household machinery began to move. Isabel was so enamored of her new duties that she soon began to learn to do the work she was expected only to supervise. Catherine taught her to cook; the laundress gave her instructions in ironing; Martha showed her how to mend stockings. Louis, dependent upon himself, daily grew more manly; George, left in a measure to his own resources, found he had a memory which he could himself utilize; while little Esther, imitating the industry of her sister, began to wait upon her mother, instead of demanding her constant attention.

Although within the sick-room there was never the slightest complaint, Mrs. Vreeman, when alone, often thought that the house must be in frightful disorder without the guiding hand of the mistress. But she said not a word of these fears to her husband or children, who were devoting themselves to her service and recovery.

Six months passed thus. Her birthday had been assigned as the day of her release from the confinement of the sick-room. At last it had come. For some time she had been allowed to walk around the corridor and upper piazza. Giving her his arm, her husband said:

"Come, Emily, let us make the tour of this story before we go downstairs. I want you to see how neat and orderly the bedrooms are."

Everything was as he had predicted. There were clean white curtains on every window.

"How beautifully those curtains are laundered!" said Mrs. Vreeman. "Seraphine is improving."

"I ironed them, mamma," said Isabel.

"You, Isabel!" exclaimed her mother. "I can hardly believe it."

"It's true, mamma," said Louis. "And George and I are attending to the garden now. It's beginning to look beautiful. You'll see what lovely violets are waiting for you downstairs."

They next went to the dining-room, where an excellent dinner was served.

"The salad was made by Miss Isabel, ma'am," observed Martha, who was waiting at table. "She is an expert in salads. Catherine says she could make her fortune as a cook."

"From surprise to surprise!" said Mrs. Vreeman, when the dessert came on, and another triumph of Isabel's was produced in the shape of delicate tarts.

"I have never been so happy in my life!" she exclaimed, when the family reassembled in the evening. "To think that in so short a time my children have become so helpful and self-sustaining, while I was lying useless upstairs! I may well call my accident a fortunate one. If it had not occurred, all those latent capabilities might never have been developed."

"As they have begun, so let them continue," said the Doctor. "Instead of counting on you, they will be able to act for themselves. But you must leave me out of that calculation; for Isabel will not permit me to touch my own papers."

"I am so pleased,—I am so happy!" answered his wife. "But I'm afraid that, with my poor hand, I shall always be good for nothing."

"Good for nothing, mamma!" cried

Isabel. "Who has set us the good example, if not you?"

The Doctor's wife wiped the tears from her eyes. After a slight pause, she said:

"It is only too true that mothers often make the mistake of not realizing that their children are growing day by day,—that they will not always be children. I should have taught you useful habits instead of allowing you to be the helpless creatures you were, and would continue to be if Providence, in the shape of an accident, had not intervened."

"Do not accuse yourself too much," said her husband. "You've taught them by good example; they are indeed your children, and they have profited by it. You are fully entitled to the rest you will have to take in the future. And from now on you can find time to make an occasional trip with me, no longer leaving the excuse of not being able to leave the household in efficient care. Isabel and her staff are quite competent to take charge of a much larger and more complicated *ménage* than ours. Enjoy the leisure you have earned so well. Henceforth you may be Queen Dowager."

(The End.)

In Memory of Charles Warren Stoddard.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

REST to thy valiant soul, oft tempest-tossed,
That never for an hour its anchor lost,
But clasped Faith's standard closer day by day,
Through every turning of thy checkered way.

Thou who didst joy in every beauteous thing,
Thy pulses tuned to every throb of Spring;
Thou who didst suffer as that mortal must
Whose winged footsteps soar above the dust!
Supreme word-artist, whose bright pen could
paint

All Nature's moods—a savage or a saint,—
Leading us spellbound with thy harmonies,
Through Northern glades, o'er languorous South-
ern seas:

Welcome and sheltered safe at last thou art
In God's deep harbor. Rest thee, troubled heart!

Flying Impressions of Australia and the Pacific.

BY PAULINE WILLIS.

THREE weeks on land and three at sea. We really were on a journey round the world. From London we started out, and to London we returned again. Let us pass over with brief mention, however, the first part of that voyage. It lay over the well-known, oft-traversed track of thousands who year after year cross the Mediterranean and wend their way through the Suez Canal, down the Red Sea, and across the Indian Ocean, either to India or the farther East—China and Japan.

At Ceylon, that exquisite gem of the East Indies, we paused awhile. But our destination lay beyond, in that great island continent in the Southern Seas. For days we steamed calmly on. Our passengers numbered those of several nations, among them the Duke of B. and his young son, who sat at our table. They were travelling incognito, and under the titles of Counts X. Most companionable and interesting they were. The father, who was in the prime of life, joined in various excursions that were made, later, on shore; and his son, bright, active, and full of spirits, did much to carry successfully through the gay little dances which took place, in the evenings, on deck.

We were on a German steamer, and had on board with us fifty or more marines of the navy of that country, with their officers, who were on their way to relieve others of the same service on the New Guinea station. The drill of their men, which was held daily on a lower deck, was good to watch; for every little diversion is welcomed on a long voyage. We were like one great family for the time being. Officers, passengers and crew, our fortunes were intimately linked together for that period of weeks.

Our mutual safety depended upon the seaworthiness of the craft which carried us, and the skill of those who directed it; our enjoyment, on impartial minds and kind hearts. How strange it seems, when we have experienced such necessary intimacies, that barely one hour after reaching port, those who have lived together thus are scattered far and wide, never perhaps to meet again!

It is difficult to describe the extraordinary beauty of the ocean near the Equator. One seems to look on a surface that covers unfathomed depths. The sea appears more like oil than water; the undulations move heavily and thickly. A most wonderful deep blue is the color, as exquisite as velvet; and over it, a delicate tracery like the finest lace. The ship, cutting through the waters, scatters this beautiful white foam.

As we neared the coast of Australia, we saw an albatross. Majestically, and with a marvellous grandeur of swaying, hovering motion, the enormous bird swept over our boat. Twelve feet it measured from tip to tip of extended wings; all white above, and of a deeper soft gray color underneath. It was like a beautiful angel overshadowing us. The albatross, we are told, can not live to cross the Equator; inhabiting cooler regions on the other side, it is unable to bear the intense heat of the tropics.

Then once more, ten days after leaving Ceylon, land came in sight; but such a waste of sand and desert it looked, reminding us of the forlorn dreariness of the coast along the Red Sea! The soil of Australia is quite remarkable. Parched and scorched and utterly dead it may appear when there has been little rain; but after the rains come, it springs forth and recovers itself almost like magic. The same characteristic runs through Australian life in other phases. Fortunes may be quickly made and as suddenly lost. Sheep and cattle die in hundreds when a drought occurs; and once it has broken, the live stock that is left increases

after a manner quite unknown elsewhere. All nature seems prolific there, in a spasmodic sort of way. The country has one great and terrible need, however: large rivers are very scarce.

Late in the afternoon of January 28 we approached Freemantle Harbor, in Western Australia. A report came to us that there was bubonic plague on shore. Disappointment was rife that, in consequence, we could not land. We were to take on passengers, however, which seemed somewhat imprudent. The scare may have been found to be a false one, as eventually we were allowed to land for several hours—until about midnight.

A party of us decided to go together, and take the train to Perth, the capital of the great mining district. It was a short journey, and we telegraphed beforehand to have dinner waiting for us at one of the chief hotels there. On reaching the town, we took all sorts of vehicles, and saw that Perth was brightly lighted up; the streets were filled with people; the houses are of wood and of a simple style. Hot, glaring, and dusty it was, and reminded one somewhat of a small New England manufacturing town.

At almost eleven o'clock, the scattered members of our party met to take the last train back to Freemantle. Seeing the lights of our ship in the harbor, we mistook our station and got out at one before the last; then found we had fully a mile to walk to the shore, and across a sandy plain. We scrambled and we hurried, and we picked our way by the uncertain light of the stars. My travelling companion, who was decidedly elderly, had a pluck equal to the rest of us, and was helped along by two gentlemen. Young Count X went on ahead, and, by way of comfort and cheer, called out divers warnings of pitfalls and barbed wire. The elder Count, laden down with great bundles of fruit, trudged along, while we looked at him amused. His father had been a reigning king. At length we reached the shore, and found a small boat to take us to our

steamer just in time to start; so our first expedition was safely ended.

The next was worse in some respects. It was at Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, where we arrived on the morning of the 2d of February. The sea was very rough, and there was no landing stage for us to draw up to, so a tender took us ashore. It was some distance; and, oh, how we tossed and bobbed about, like a cork on the waves! Count X père sat beside me; and, fortunately, we could keep our seats by laying hold of a strong cable of twisted wire just in front of us. With that unpleasant trip over, we had quite a little train journey up to Adelaide itself. Our track was bordered on either side by the green Australian scrub, a coarse sort of grass growing from the sandy soil, which now dies down, and now springs up quickly.

We had tea at the York Hotel, and dined later at the South Australian. A larger and more important town in every respect than Perth, with broad streets, and fine government buildings. A great sheep-raising province this. It seemed a sleepy place on that hot afternoon, when we took a long drive, visiting the Catholic cathedral and the park, and passing the botanical gardens and the Zoö. The air was full of sweet aromatic scents, which had been extracted, by the heat, from the earth and trees and shrubs. When going through the woods, the smell of the wild grape was so delicious it recalled to my mind a summer drive, in my girlhood, from Andover to Salem, in dear old New England.

One day more along the coast, and then we came to the narrow entrance of Port Philip, and anchored there for two days. Trams took us up in half an hour to Melbourne, one of the principal cities in Australia, and capital of its smallest State, Victoria. The streets are wide and fine, with excellent shops and handsome public buildings; tramways run in various directions. The Catholic cathedral of St. Patrick stands on a high and prominent

part of the town,—altogether a beautiful church. To the right of the entrance is erected a large statue of Daniel O'Connell, Ireland's great patriot. It is well that he should be there; for to the Irish race is due the noble credit of building up the Church in that distant land. Churches, schools, and charitable institutions have been multiplied and grown steadily. There are no missionaries equal to the sons of St. Patrick. They carry, plant, and uphold the Faith wherever they go. In Australia, Catholics are said to have all the best sites for their buildings.

We took meals at the Grand Hotel and at Menzies', visited the pretty suburb of Toorak and St. Kilda's, and wandered in the botanical gardens along the Yarra Yarra River. The Zoö at Melbourne is well worth seeing. Among the interesting animals (some being native to the country), there is an excellent arrangement by which one finds huge representations, made of colored wood, showing the original size of various types, and then, in the same enclosure, a living specimen of the race as it now exists. It proves the sad deterioration of some animals. The present kangaroo, for instance, is a dwarf compared to his ancestors.

The end of our voyage drew near. On the last day, February 8, we entered one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. Naples, Rio Janeiro, and Jackson Bay (Sydney) are said to hold first rank. The last it would be hard to surpass. One of my own family, who had been there before, wrote of it: "If you want to see the most lovely sight in this world, sail up Sydney harbor in the early morning, as we did." It was our good fortune also to come by the "Heads," as they are called, at about half-past seven in the morning, and to reach our dock at ten. A bright, clear Sunday it was; and on landing we went to the large Australia Hotel, where we stayed for three weeks. The beauty of Jackson harbor consists in its extension for several miles; while on either side are little coves,

or tiny bays, with charming hamlets and bathing resorts.

Sydney is an important city, the largest in the country; standing high, its streets and rich green slopes stretch down to the water's edge. The Catholic cathedral of St. Mary—a beautiful Gothic building, not quite so fine interiorly, perhaps, as that of Melbourne—is near Victoria Park, and is the seat of the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran, a sterling man, of splendid capabilities.

Australia at that season was having its summer weather. Some days were fearfully hot—94 degrees not unusual,—with a warm wind blowing, and a dreadful dust, making a regular dust-storm at times. It was often disagreeable enough. The Catholic institutions seem to be in a flourishing condition. We visited one particularly attractive convent—the Sacred Heart at Rose Bay. It has been established over twenty years. At North Sydney, the Jesuits have a finely-situated school—St. Ignatius' College.

There were many pleasant little excursions to be made. Botany Bay, a flat, sandy expanse, is somewhat dreary; while its associations with other days, when it was a convict settlement, make it a cheerless spot to visit. La Perouse, which lies beyond, has a small but interesting settlement of aborigines, where one can see their marvellous skill in throwing the native weapon, called the boomerang. Coogie Bay and Lane Cove are charming places; at the latter is St. Joseph's College.

From the window of my room at the Australia Hotel there was, at night, a glorious view of the beautiful Southern Cross. The five brilliant stars that form it, and the two pointers that direct to it, are like a clear shining beacon in the heavens, and a benediction to us dwellers here below.

On March 2 we regretfully bade good-bye to Australia. Our visit there had been a pleasant one; both the country and the people reminded us of America, and a kindly hospitality was very general.

Queensland, the northern and most tropical part of the country, we had not seen. It is curious how turned about one seems in the antipodes, with southern rooms that not a ray of sun reaches, and northern ones bathed in it. On the 5th we passed the bleak, brown, barren, uninhabited islands of "The Three Kings," where an Australian steamer *Elingamile*, had been lately wrecked; then the coast of New Zealand came in sight. It was so different from the country we had left,—it was more beautiful by far. All around were green hills that looked like those of Ireland.

Our ship stopped only long enough to give us a few hours on shore at Auckland; but we saw St. Patrick's Cathedral and some specimens of the wonderful Maori carving at the museum. We also went up to Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, from which there was a fine view of the harbor. As we steamed along that afternoon, the coast, with its wooded hills, was truly lovely. The day after leaving Auckland was Saturday. At noon we were 178 degrees east of Greenwich; at night we were west of England at last. Having gained twelve hours on Greenwich at the 180th degree, and consequently won another day, the following one was then kept as Nautical Saturday.

On the 10th we entered Pango Pango Bay, in the island of Tutuila, one of the Samoan group. There are two larger islands, Savaii and Upolu, where is Apia, so connected with Robert Louis Stevenson; but these last now belong to Germany, and we landed at the island that is owned by the United States. Having only a very short time to linger there, we took a small boat and directed our two men to row us to a tiny church which we saw in among the palm trees; it is known as Notre-Dame du Port. The lowness of the tide prevented us from getting to the land, and the shingle was rough and stony; so, not wishing to be daunted in my efforts to visit the mission, though my companion would not attempt

it, I permitted myself to be carried on shore by the rowers. Walking through quite a small native village, I saw huts of bamboo rods with palm leaves over them. The people gave a kindly welcome, and kept repeating their Samoan greeting, "Kalofa," which I called back to them in passing along. At length the presbytery was reached, and there a good French Marist Father was pleased to meet his self-invited pilgrim.

Considering the lonely lives of these noble and self-sacrificing missionaries, it would be a great act of charity if Catholics would write to them, ask them about their people and their work, and in what way they most need help. There are a thousand little things—such as books or articles of piety and devotion—that are often sadly needed in these far-away places; and many of them could, with little trouble, be sent out. No introduction is required for opening a correspondence of this kind; and it may afford untold opportunities for helping the truly apostolic work of Foreign Missions, and be also a source of supreme pleasure and satisfaction to any one who undertakes it.

A short distance from the priest's house was the little church. There before the Tabernacle one felt the calm and blissful joy that a Catholic so fully realizes, and with infinitely greater intensity after being deprived of the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament for a long time. The sanctuary lamp was burning, and it told all that one wanted to know. Everything about was simple and primitive; there was no floor but the bare earth. It mattered little, so long as all was neat and clean, and the best that could be offered. The spot had been sought but for one purpose, and all that one longed to find was there.

The day after leaving Tutuila, the Equator was again crossed; and the next day brought us to the tiniest of inhabited places, Fanning Island. It is nine miles long and five wide, all quite flat; a lagoon in the centre, and palm trees dotted about. Besides native huts, and three buildings

for a British cable station which is established there, nothing more meets the eye. Fifty years ago a Scotchman, Mr. G., settled there. He brought natives from the Gilbert Islands to work in the preparation of copra, which is the inside of the cocoanut dried. Then he married a Samoan; she came out to our ship with her son, who has succeeded his father, and is locally called "King G." We stayed only about two hours. The stop was for the accommodation of the wife of the chief of the cable station, Mrs. C., and her son and daughter, who were among our passengers. A lonely and monotonous existence they lead on this small plot of earth, in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, knowing nothing of the outside world except what reaches them along the cable and when ships pass that way.

Three days later brought us to lovely Honolulu, where a day was spent on shore, driving about and seeing that most fascinating place. We went up to the Pali, a mountain with a mighty precipice on one side, frowning down great depths to the plain below. Over this fearful height, a king of the island once drove his enemies. We saw the Catholic cathedral, the former palace of the Queen, and the large statue of King Kamahama. The brilliantly colored shrubs and flowers made the roads an ever-changing and beautiful picture. The natives make garlands of flowers strung together, and pass them round their neck as decorations. We went by rice fields—or, more correctly, swamps; for the plant grows out of the water like pond-lilies or rushes.

Then once again we set sail, this time for the coast of California and our final port. Steadily our good ship ploughed her way over those tropical seas to cooler latitudes, and on the 24th of March we came through the Golden Gate of the harbor of San Francisco. One day had followed another, lazily and monotonously. It had been very hot at times; the thermometer rose to 86 degrees even in the early morning, and a heavy,

sticky atmosphere would envelop us. One had little inclination for any exertion; everything was an effort.

And yet those days and hours were not lost time, nor as idle as they seemed. Of all places in this world, when far from a church, none strikes me as more helpful for meditation, more uplifting and inspiring, than to be on the great ocean. As one sits and gazes out on that immensity of space—or, better still, as one paces back and forth upon the deck at night,—one is overwhelmed by a deep and solemn appreciation of the true value of life and of all things. In the still darkness, with the throbbing waters all about, we realize our littleness, and see ourselves as tiny atoms in this vast universe, absolutely and most completely dependent upon the sustaining power and guidance of an all-merciful and omnipotent Creator. How helpless and how small are we, and how frail our ship, compared to the mighty strength of those waves and the destruction they are capable of working! Yet we know that we are safe, if it is His will to keep us so.

At times the nights are of an inky blackness; not a star shines out. We almost tremble at the stillness, and the darkness strikes a feeling of great awe to the very depths of human nature, utterly alone. Then again there are nights of incomparable beauty; the heavens blaze with myriads of shining stars, and the glorious moon sends forth a path of radiant light, down to the waters that surround us, and across them to our feet. All seems to draw our souls, our hearts, our very being, up to God and higher things. The dreams that we dream at sea, and the thoughts that we ponder over at these times, are of untold value to us, if only they be not forgotten. Holidays should be like a guide and inspiration, an undercurrent of strength, for our later life-work; else what do they profit us in the end?

And may we shape our lives so here below,
That we may meet our end in fearless Peace.

How Socialism Used to be Represented.

THE editor of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the Rev. Dr. Hogan, contributes to the June issue of his magazine a particularly interesting study of "Early Modern Socialists." Among those discussed are Babœuf, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Leroux, Cabet, and Proudhon. Toward the conclusion of the paper Dr. Hogan writes:

M. Emile Vandervelde, the well-known Belgian Socialist, reminds us that, on the whole, the reformers I have dealt with in this paper did not wish altogether and all at once to abolish Christianity. Some of them even wished to represent Socialism as the fulfilment of the Gospel. In most of the halls of the labor-socialists of the middle of the last century, a figure of Christ, working as a carpenter, was to be seen, with the inscription: "*Jesus Christ, premier représentant du peuple.*" Instead of a gross banquet on Good Friday, by which the modern Socialists of France celebrate the death of Christ, democratic feasts took place on Christmas Day to celebrate His birth. Even Proudhon was compelled to fall in with the custom. In his newspaper, *Le Peuple*, of April 25, 1848, he gives an account of a banquet held in the Salle Valentino in honor of Christ, "the Father of Socialism," where the Sermon on the Mountain was read and explained:

Our friend, Pierre Leroux [writes Proudhon], who is always ready to answer the call of his friends and brothers, took up and explained the Sermon on the Mountain, and hailed the advent of a new religion, based on the solidarity of the human race, winning at once the devotion of the heart and the sanction of science. This improvisation, delivered with warmth and enthusiasm, was received with deafening applause.

We ask ourselves, continues M. Vandervelde, what the radical and Socialist papers would say if the Socialists of to-day were to meet on Christmas Day and read the "Sermon on the Mountain" and drink a toast to "Christ the Father of Socialism." French Socialists have travelled a long way since then. It seems to me that many Socialists of these islands are still at the stage of development which the Frenchmen had reached in 1848. But they are advancing, and in due time will reach their natural development.

Dr. Hogan promises to deal in his next paper with Robert Owen and some other early Socialists; and, after the holidays, with Socialism as it really is.

Notes and Remarks.

The action of the Duke of Norfolk in selling his precious Holbein picture for £60,000 was referred to with bitter comments by the *Star* and other radical papers in England. Such abuse would go unrebuked by the better class of newspapers in this country, but the *Academy* is moved to remark: "We do not notice that these amiable organs of opinion have given anything like the same prominence to the fact that the Duke has just made a free gift to the town of Sheffield of a park of the same value as the picture he has just sold. . . . The Duke of Norfolk has quite as much right to sell his picture as the editor of the *Star* has to sell a book out of his library. The difference between the two cases is merely this: that whereas, if Mr. Parkes, of the *Star*, were reduced to the pass of selling his library, it is safe to assume that the proceeds of the sale would pass into Mr. Parkes' own pockets; in the case of the Duke of Norfolk, the £60,000 produced by the sale of his picture has gone to the Catholic Church schools. The Duke of Norfolk has probably no use whatever for the gratitude or respect of the class of people who read the *Star* and similar newspapers; but when a gentleman of his position and character sacrifices one of his most cherished possessions for the purpose of raising money to endow the schools of his own Church, is it too much to expect that he should be protected from rancorous abuse and spiteful innuendo? Apparently it is. . . ."

A very severe rebuke, but a very well-merited one. The editor of the *Academy* is feared by all sorts of wrongdoers in England, offending poets and playwrights in particular.

At Detroit the other day there was celebrated the centenary of the setting up of the first printing press in the Middle West, or, as it was called a hundred years ago, "the Northwestern part of the United

States." The heroic memory of the occasion was that of Father Gabriel Richard, who established the first press at Detroit in 1809, and issued therefrom a French publication—the *Essai du Michigan*. Father Richard was a noted missionary, and, moreover, the first and only priest in our history to be elected a member of the National Congress. As Congressman from Michigan, according to the *Metro-politan Catholic Almanac* for 1855, "his demeanor in the House commanded much respect. He spoke little, but that little wisely; and did much for his constituents and for the Union."

New Zealand, being the earthly paradise of Female Suffragists, the one place where women can vote in peace with little fear of disfranchisement, is frequently referred to as a country where Woman Suffrage has been tried and not found wanting. Beneficent legislation and purification of political life have resulted from it, and its success is assured, declare the Suffragists. But has the social status of women in New Zealand been improved? Is it not a fact that Female Suffrage has synchronized with a decline in the birth rate?

The answers sometimes given to these questions lead one to doubt whether Woman Suffrage is the unqualified blessing to New Zealand that it is represented as being. One of its ablest and most enthusiastic advocates for some years was Mrs. Emily Nicol, of Auckland; but of late her views have undergone a complete change. In a letter to the London *Times* she says: "For all the good Female Franchise has done New Zealand, the Motherland could very wisely let it alone. While it has certainly not improved politics, it has by no means improved the social status of women. Very much the contrary. The gallant chivalry of old has departed, to give room to the numerous social disabilities we are enduring through the incoming of the vote. Whatever gain we may have had through legislation—

and there is every reason to believe that that same gain would have been ours irrespective of the vote — has been more than counterbalanced by our loss socially, which has really made us largely the losers by the franchise, — a loss many women in New Zealand are bitterly regretting to-day." Mrs. Nicol goes on to state that the women's vote fluctuates: that they mainly vote in large numbers only on some particular issue, such as Local Option; and that therefore the figures often given are fallacious. In conclusion, she says: "I would vote to-morrow for Female Franchise to be erased from our Statute Book."

The only American newspaper that we know of to make more than passing reference to an incident that occurred at Marseilles during the recent visit of a United States squadron to that port is the *New York Daily Tribune*, which takes occasion of the episode to enlighten people in this country who have not lived abroad as to the intolerance in religious matters to which the people of France and Italy are subjected by their respective governments, and the evils resulting therefrom. "In no other country," says the *Tribune*, "has any such attempt been made by the State to dechristianize the people and to rob them of every vestige of religious belief as in France and in Italy."

How successful these efforts have proved in some cases is shown by the treatment of the American Catholic sailors at Marseilles. About one hundred and fifty of them took occasion of their stay in port to attend Mass at the famous church of Notre Dame de la Garde. As they left the sacred edifice in a body, they were jeered at and insulted by the riffraff in the street, crowds of whom had assembled; no attempt to protect them being made by the police or by the representatives of the municipality, which is wholly Socialistic. The sailors told what had happened to them to their comrades, who were much wrought up by the affront,

and on the following morning all the men who could obtain shore leave marched to the church in a body,—some twelve hundred of them. The *Tribune* states that the great majority were Protestants, but they were determined to resent the insults to which their Catholic messmates had been subjected the day before. "So determined and even truculent was their attitude, so plain to the naked eye was the chip on each sailor's shoulder, that the mob were filled with a wholesome respect, and not the slightest manifestation of any ill-will or of ridicule was to be seen."

Looking at the matter from a purely political point of view, the *Tribune* observes that no civilized government could make a greater mistake than to oppose Christianity. The State depends upon religion for the preservation of law and order,—even for its own existence. The dechristianization of a nation can not result otherwise than in its ultimate extinction. "Our whole system of law and order is primarily based on religion. The destruction of the latter means the annihilation of the very foundation of the authority of the State."

The London *Catholic Times* extracts considerable comfort from the recent debate in the House of Commons anent the Royal—and furiously anti-Catholic—Declaration: in other words, the statement made by England's King on assuming the sovereignty of the land. Says our contemporary:

The spirit of the sixteenth and subsequent centuries has left its mark on the minds of some members of the British Parliament, whose views are not large enough, whose philosophy is not broad enough to free them from the trammels of custom, to enable them to look without passion and prejudice on the conflicts of bygone times, and to see that the remedy for the bitterness which filled the souls of the actors in those unhappy dramas is the establishment of complete liberty. But that there is progress is unmistakable. Even the inheritors of the violent doctrines of former ages, the gentlemen who have grown up within the narrow compass of the principles of ill-informed teachers, who still

proceed along ancient grooves, could find no justification for the offensiveness of the Royal Declaration. Mr. McArthur, who sees Jesuits wherever he turns his eyes during his waking hours, acknowledged in moving his amendment that he has no love for the form of words used by the King, and that he would not be sorry if it were possible to find words less irritating to Catholics without weakening the guarantee of the Protestant succession. Mr. Boulton, who seconded the motion for the rejection of the Bill, avowed that he does not admire the terms of the Declaration, and that he would welcome a formula which, whilst effective for the purpose of safeguarding the Protestant succession, would be free from offensiveness to Catholics.

Could there be a stronger argument in favor of the measure than these admissions? Here are two representatives of extreme Protestantism, whose feelings are intensely hostile to the Church, who, owing to their one-sided training and their superficial studies of ecclesiastical history, are obsessed by futile fears of Catholic aggression, declaring that Catholics have a grievance which demands redress. When Parliamentarians of this type find themselves compelled to grant so much, the case for the Bill must be regarded as irresistible by every lover of fair play.

The simple truth of the matter is, of course, that the Royal Declaration, as made by Edward VII., is in our day a fantastic anachronism, of which every British subject, irrespective of creed, should be thoroughly ashamed.

Not merely the archdiocese of Ottawa, but the whole Canadian Church, is mourning the recent death of the senior member of Canada's hierarchy, Archbishop Duhamel. While his death was in one sense a sudden one, it was neither unprovided nor indeed unexpected by the deceased prelate himself. It had been his wish to "die in harness," and he had felt that it would be granted. Hopes, however, had been entertained that he would live for the First Plenary Council of Canada, which takes place in Quebec in September; but the Archbishop himself had, on several occasions, expressed his belief that he would never see the passing of this great milestone in the progress of the Catholic Faith in Canada. An

exceptionally able administrator, and an energetic builder of parishes, Mgr. Duhamel was particularly distinguished for his Christian simplicity and piety; and the eloquent tributes paid to his memory by the non-Catholic Canadian press emphasize these virtues. R. I. P.

From the *Mexican Herald*, edited by a New-England Protestant gentleman who has written much in defence of the people and clergy of Mexico, the *Sacred Heart Review* quotes the following extracts. The first is from a series of ironical instructions for the hordes of sight-seeing visitors from the United States, so many of whom cause American residents in Mexico to blush for our civilization. The second extract, in the same vein, refers to Protestant missionary societies in this country the emissaries of which continue to spread calumnies against Mexican Catholics, representing them as superstitious, ignorant, etc.,—sorely in need of tracts, and otherwise spiritually destitute:

Also when you go into a church act as though you were under no restraint whatever. Don't let the sanctity of the place hinder you from making any remarks that suggest themselves. Especially when in the cathedral be careful of your conduct. *Turistas* generally seem to be stricken with a kind of awe when they look down its beautiful corridors or gaze up into its magnificent domes; but you are to be different, if you can. Remember that you are away from home, that you are more to be seen than you are to see, and that one of the principal delights of your trip will be how you will tell the people at home how you "made 'em stare." If you happen to think of it, while in the cathedral stroll around with your hands in your pockets, and whistle. . .

* * *

Sad, sighing winds from the far North bring tales of social and religious conditions which should move to greater generosity the supporters of that worthy institution, the Mexican Foreign Missionary Society, which lacks sufficient funds to keep the proper number of earnest workers in fields already white for the harvest. Much remains to be done among the Maryland convict laborers; and the practical infidelity of Darkest New Hampshire, natal State of that prayerful man and patriot, Daniel Webster, is enough to

make thoughtful angels weep. Sunday cock-fights behind closed barn doors in Massachusetts cause Editor Watterson, of giddy old Kentucky, to gasp in wonderment, and make the unregenerate Cubans put their tongues in their cheeks. Empty churches, once filled to the doors, testify to the absorption of the people in Sabbath supplements, auto excursions, fishing and golf. In some villages, the churches can not get a crowd together unless they advertise ice-cream suppers and grab-bags. A score or more of pseudo-philosophers, publishing magazinelets, advocate social anarchy, free-love, and escape from all traditions; and the big-brained thinkers are as assiduous in taking up collections, in one form or another, as ever were church deacons. It is a parlous state of affairs; and the demand on Mexico to pour forth her money and her young men to stay the tide of demoralization and heresy in the northern Republic is one that must be met, no matter what it costs. Let us shut our eyes to our own shortcomings and manfully pluck out the mote from our neighbor's eye. Send in the *pesos*, and even the *centavitos*; for it is a sister nation that is perishing before our gaze.

Our attention has been called to the following item appearing in the editorial of the *Independent* for June 10:

The legal condition of an Established Church is set forth with great clearness in the decision of the King's Bench, in a case where holy communion had been refused a man because he had married his deceased wife's sister in Canada, where it was lawful before it had become lawful in 1907 in Great Britain. The court supported the man's right to communion, beginning with this declaration:

I start with the fact that Canon Thompson is a parish priest of the Church of England, a reformed Church acknowledging the King as being in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, within his dominions, supreme, and the King rules by and in accordance with statutes of the realm.

To make the lineal King supreme over the Church is worse than making the elected Pope supreme; and either is intolerable.

We judge that the editors of the *Independent* are away on their vacation,—the one dreaming sweet dreams of universal peace in some favorite haunt by the seaside, "where waves of boundless yearning break"; the other enjoying the Greek classics in a restful solitude, where the carols of birds and the murmur of brooks cause him to forget that he ever heard the cry for more copy, or wrestled with

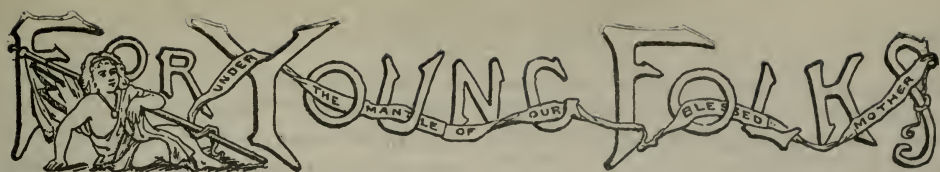
a rolled manuscript. Neither of these amiable and excellent gentlemen would thus refer to the Supremacy of the Pope; for well they know that every government must have a ruler, every society a head, every army (the army of the Lord not excluded) a commander-in-chief. Could Tammany ever hold sway in Gotham without a leader? Is there not a chief in the sanctum of the *Independent*? And would not the peace and harmony that reign there be threatened if his sojourn at the slumberous seaside were prolonged? The young man thinly dressed in a little brief editorial authority might learn why Catholic Christians yield allegiance to the Pope—why all Christians should do so—by reading our leading article this week, "A Friendly Dialogue about a Chair."

In reference to the abuse of authorized devotions and pious practices, we lately quoted at some length from a writer in the *London Month*. He says further: "A good practical test by which we can assure ourselves of the correctness of a doctrinal view or of the soundness of a pious practice is to inquire into its fruits. Does it further true spirituality, making those that hold or perform it more humble, charitable, and obedient; more fearful of sin, and observant of God's Commandments? If it does not, there is something wrong in their conception of it or their manner of applying it."

Accompanying a picture, in *The Good Work*, of a dozen missionary priests present at a jubilee celebration in Guntur, British East India, is this interesting item of information:

The native priest, who may easily be distinguished in the photograph, is a member of a family which dates its Catholicity from the days of St. Francis Xavier.

Catholic from an epoch half a century prior to the discovery of America, that is assuredly one of the "old families" of Indian Christianity.



A Prayer to Our Blessed Mother.

BY B. V. KELLY.

MAIL, sweet Mother, Virgin Mary,
Keep us by thy tender care
Close to Jesus, our dear Saviour;
He will not despise thy prayer.
Thou wert ever near to Jesus,
He was ever near to thee,—
In the little home with Joseph,
And upon sad Calvary.
Now from earth so long departed,
Thou art near to Jesus still;
Pray to Him for us, thy children,
That we, too, may do His will.
Mary, may we ever love thee,
And thy name be as the Star
That to Beth'lem led the strangers,
To the Saviour from afar!
Queen of Angels, guide our footsteps
To our home beyond the skies,
Be our refuge and our safeguard;
Till we meet in Paradise.
Mary, Mother, Queen of Angels,
From thy throne in heaven above
Send us blessings from our Saviour,—
His sweet grace and thy fair love.

The Story of Dickie.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IX.

LONG after midnight Dickie reached the gypsy encampment. All was silent until he approached the tents, when the dogs, lying outside, began to bark furiously. Before he could quiet them, the flap of one of the tents was lifted and a man stepped out.

"It's I, Michael," said the boy in a low voice. "Don't wake the others, please.

I'll tell you something in the morning."

"You are welcome, Dickie," replied Michael. Peering into a small tent close by, he called: "Ellet! Ellet! Dickie is here. Give him part of your blanket."

The boy sprang up, drew Dickie inside, and in a few minutes the tired traveller was sound asleep.

In the morning, seated around the impromptu breakfast table of the gypsies, enjoying "flapjacks" and molasses, he related his adventures of the previous night.

"That was a great escape you had, Dickie," said Michael. "You were born for good luck."

"It seems far enough away just now," answered the boy, — "though it *is* lucky to be here with you," he continued. "If you'll have me, I'm going to stay."

"As long as you like," said Michael, — "though I'll never coax you. Something better will turn up after a while, Dickie."

"What time are you going to start?" asked the boy.

"Not until a little later," answered Michael. "One of our horses has strayed and we've got to find him."

"Let me go along," said Dickie.

The three—Michael, Ellet, and Dickie—started off together. After an hour's tramp, they located the horse, a frisky young colt, and had some trouble in capturing him. As they were returning they met two men in a wagon. Coming nearer, they saw an old man lying on a bed in the vehicle, bound hand and foot. His face was very pale; he seemed to be half asleep.

"That is the old man I told you about," said Dickie. "Let us see what's up."

Michael stepped forward.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"A crazy man," was the reply. "Me and the sheriff is taking him back to town

to be committed to the 'sylum. Sad case, Poor fellow!"

"Has he done any damage?" asked Michael.

"No, but he might have. He used to be professor of chemistry in some college, and he got the idea into his head he could turn things into gold. It drove him crazy. Every once in a while he'd get a spell, and call on them to fetch him an innocent child, to put out its eyes. When he didn't have the spells, he was all right."

Then Dickie told of his experience with the poor lunatic.

"Lucky you got away. He's all right now. Would you like to talk to him?"

Dickie mounted the wheel. The old man looked comfortable; he was lying on a mattress, with a pillow under his head, and a quilt thrown over him.

"Halloo!" said Dickie, softly.

The lunatic opened his eyes.

"How do you do?" he said, with a kindly smile. "Do I know you? Ought I to know you?"

"Don't you remember me?" asked the boy. "I was with you last night in the shed."

"In the shed? What shed? I can't remember. I only know that I seem to have been wandering about for a very long time. But they are taking me back home, to the big grey house, where I shall have rest and food, a pleasant little room, and where I can walk in the garden. Are you going to live there?"

"No," replied the boy. "That's not my home. I hope you will be very well there, and contented."

"Oh, yes, I shall be!" murmured the old man, closing his eyes.

"Poor man!" said Dickie as they drove away. "He looks so peaceful now, and last night he was so terrible! His eyes were like two shining black coals with a spark of light in the middle. And he was so strong!"

When the three friends returned to the camp, they saw two men talking to the women.

"Williams and Coyne," said Michael. "What do they want?"

"Halloo, Dickie! Just heard *you* had turned up, too. Nice to meet old friends."

The two men were well known to the boy; they were advance agents of the travelling circus to which he had formerly belonged. It seemed natural to be with them again; they had always been kind to him and his people. They were really good fellows, of their kind; and were just now in treaty with all the gypsies they could gather together, for the purpose of incorporating them into what they called "The Grandest Oriental Show of the Century." They proposed representing different nations (as they imagined them). The gypsies were to personate Arabians.

As soon as Michael and Ellet arrived, the women began to plead with them to accept Williams' terms, and join their fortunes with the circus for one more season. When the arrangement was completed, Williams turned to Dickie.

"And you'll come along with us too, my boy, as a matter of course. Coyne and myself were talking of you only last week, and saying what a fine captain you'd make for the 'Bedouin Boy Chiefs,'—a stunt we're putting into the Oriental. You see, we can get a lot of green kids wherever we go, for the procession; but for leader they want some one that knows, and isn't afraid, and can ride a good horse. Ten a week, Dickie, and for the season."

Dickie did not know what to answer; he thought he had foresworn the sawdust forever. Though born and bred to it, it had never appealed to him. But now it seemed to be thrust upon him. Friendless, homeless, without employment, the opportunity was given him to return to the only occupation in which he was most proficient.

He did not hesitate long.

"Well," he said after a moment, "I wasn't counting on ever going back to the circus again; but I suppose I'll have

to,—it's a necessity. Yes, I'll go along, Mr. Williams."

Six weeks later the great Oriental show opened in the city of Williamstown. In spite of the gorgeous new costumes (a queer mixture of Arabian and Indian attire), of the spirited little horse on which he led the young Bedouins through the principal streets, and seven times around the ring in the big tent; in spite of the comradeship and genuine kindness of the company, who looked on him as a Mascot, Dickie disliked his occupation. It seemed to him that he could never get through the months that stretched before him until the close of the season. He fully realized that he was never meant for a showman.

Outwardly, however, he was cheerful enough; and consoled himself with the reflection that at the end of the six months he would have in his possession about two hundred dollars, with which he had a vague idea he might be able to go to school for a year. He never saw a little fox terrier that he did not regret Tim, and the memory of the dog would cause him to dwell on other things that were very unpleasant, and made his heart more and more sore.

He wondered why it had all happened: the kindness of Olivia to his grandmother and himself, the interest all the family had shown in him, and then suddenly the misfortune.

The third and last day of their sojourn in Williamstown, as the procession was passing along the principal streets, Dickie, at the head of his boy-chiefs, with his skin and eyebrows darkened and a white cotton turban wound about his head, suddenly perceived President Middleford and Olivia standing on the curbstone. At first he did not realize that they could not possibly recognize him under his disguise; but, as they both remained perfectly indifferent as he passed, he saw that they had not suspected his identity.

Again in the afternoon they were at the circus, in the front row, where the

captain of the young Bedouins was obliged to pass and repass them several times. And once he heard Olivia say: "Papa, he reminds me of Dickie. Poor Dickie!" He left the ring, feeling greatly perturbed. He could not decide what he ought to do. If they still believed him guilty, what would be the use of thrusting himself upon them? And it was probable they so considered him. Oh, no, he would not seek them! They had wronged him, and perhaps Mr. Middleford might even have him arrested if he should reveal himself.

Having taken off his costume, Dickie bought himself a bag of peanuts, and went for a walk through the brilliantly lighted streets. It was Saturday night. He passed a Catholic church, and after a moment's hesitation he ascended the steps and entered. He seldom or never went to Mass on Sundays now; the circus was generally on the road that day. Sometimes he would drop into a church for a short prayer; but he had not been to confession since he left Old Preston, and had not thought any more of his delayed First Communion, regarding which he had been so fervent. To-night he knelt in one of the back pews, feeling very lonely and discouraged.

There were not many people in the church. After a few moments he saw that he was alone. He got up from his knees and hurried out. A priest was standing in the vestibule.

"Did you want to go to confession, my child?" he inquired very kindly.

"No, Father" answered the boy. "I was only saying a little prayer."

"I don't seem to recognize you," said the priest. "Are you a stranger? I know all the boys, especially those who come occasionally to say 'a little prayer.'"

"Yes, Father," answered Dickie. "I belong to the circus. We're going away to-night."

"To the circus! Is it possible? And are you a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father."

"And your people,—are they with the circus also?"

"Yes, Father,—they were, but they are all dead."

"It is a pity you can not find some other employment. But I have heard that the circus has a great fascination for those who follow the life."

"It hasn't for me, Father," rejoined Dickie. "I don't like it at all, but it is impossible to find anything else to do."

The priest laid his hand on Dickie's head.

"God bless you, my child!" he said. "I wish it were in my power to help you; but I know of nothing I could get you to do."

"Thank you, Father!" said Dickie. "It has done me good to see you. I hope I may see you again."

The boy walked quickly away; the priest looked after him, very sorry to see him go, although there seemed to be no alternative.

"Another of the embarrassing problems!" he said, preparing to close the church. "I wish I had asked his name at least, though it is likely I shall never lay eyes on him again."

But the good priest was to see Dickie again, and that very soon.

When the boy returned to the circus grounds, they were already beginning to take down the tents in which the animals were exhibited. In two hours the immense lot, now covered with all the circus implements, would be clean and bare as a floor; for not only do those travelling actors take everything they have used away with them, neatly and compactly arranged for transportation, but they burn and destroy all the *débris* they have made.

Dickie went to the small tent he shared with two or three others, to get his valise which was already packed. He found one of the clowns there, smoking.

"Dickie," he said, "there was a young lady here asking about you."

"About me?" answered the boy, knowing well who it must have been.

"Yes. She fell in love with you, I guess. I went out to pick up my whip after the stunt with Black Bess, and she said to me: 'What's the young Bedouin chief's name?'—'It is Almoun Alzar Akabar,' I answered.—'His real name?' she said.—'Can't say it any better,' I replied; 'that's how they pronounce it on his Arabian Desert.' And I let out such a rollicking laugh that she got kind of mad, and edged up to her father, a nice-looking, middle-aged gentleman, sitting next to her. I wasn't going to give away no secrets, Dickie. Wasn't I right?"

"Perfectly right, Bill," said Dickie. "People oughtn't to ask questions, and they won't be told lies. Some persons are so curious!"

The boy stooped to pick up his valise, when suddenly a terrible noise close by, a tramping and roaring, the shouts of men and women, caused them to gaze at each other in terror; and the next moment the feet of an enraged elephant were entangled in the tent it had thrown down, with Dickie and the clown lying under it at the mercy of the infuriated beast.

(To be continued.)

A Royal Lesson.

The famous Prince of Condé had strange ideas concerning the rearing of children. To him parsimony was a crime. On one occasion, being obliged to be absent in Paris, he gave to his nine-year-old son fifty louis d'or, telling him to spend the money as he liked. When the Prince returned, the boy came to him in triumph, saying: "Here, papa, is the money all safe. I have not spent one bit of it." Thereupon the Prince, going to the window, quietly emptied the gold into the street, remarking: "As long as you are not generous enough to give away your money, and have not spirit enough to spend it, I will dispose of it for you, hoping that some poor people may be fortunate enough to pick it up."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Recent interesting issues of penny pamphlets by the Australian Catholic Truth Society include "Christopher Columbus and the Discovery of America," by Cardinal Moran; "Blessed Gabriel, Passionist," by Father Reginald Lummer, C. P.; and "The Young Missionary's First Work," by M. C. B.

—"Frequent and Daily Communion Even for Men" (Sands & Co.) is another contribution to Eucharistic literature, from the facile pen of Father F. M. de Zulueta, S. J. A neat little pamphlet of twenty-four pages, it is especially suitable for distribution at men's retreats, missions, or Eucharistic tridiums.

—In "Some Great Catholics of Church and State," by Bernard W. Kelly (Benziger Brothers), we have brief biographical sketches of a score of Catholic notables, from Luiz Camoëns to Lord Russell of Killowen. The Western Hemisphere is represented by Orestes A. Brownson and Garcia Moreno. A slender though interesting volume of ninety-six pages.

—The author of "Observing and Forecasting the Weather" quotes a number of old sayings from a book entitled "Weather Lore," which appeared in 1893. A writer in the *Athenæum* points out that many of those again owe their origin to, or at least are first to be found in, Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," published in 1573.

—"The Holy Eucharist and Frequent and Daily Communion," by the Rev. C. J. O'Connell (Benziger Brothers), is an attractively bound volume of one hundred and fifty pages, printed in type sufficiently large to satisfy even readers whose sight is growing dim. The contents are made up of three studies of about equal length: The Holy Eucharist, The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and Frequent and Daily Communion. A few pages at the close deal with the Ordinary of the Mass and sacerdotal vestments. A welcome addition to the rapidly growing literature of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Mrs. Francis Alexander, the friend of Ruskin and the author of that delightful volume, "Il Libro d'Oro," a collection of legends of the saints published in 1905, is now probably the oldest of American authors. She is a native of Boston, but has lived in Florence for nearly sixty years. Her daughter, Miss Francesca Alexander, will be remembered as the author of "The Story of Ida," "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," and other charming books. Mrs.

Alexander was ninety years old when she sent the manuscript of "Il Libro d'Oro" to her publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.; yet her writing was as legible as print, and neither manuscript nor the accompanying letter betrayed the slightest sign of advanced age.

—The *Midland Naturalist*, published bi-monthly from the biological laboratories of the University of Notre Dame, and edited by the Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., begins as a periodical of thirty pages. Articles on general morphology, ecology, histology, physiology, taxonomy, and the history of botany and zoölogy, etc., will form its attraction for nature students. The April (initial) and June numbers contain several notable contributions, some of which are illustrated. The book reviews promise to be an important feature of this periodical. We hope it will find many readers.

—An octogenarian who long occupied a notably prominent eminence in the literary and public life of America recently passed away in the person of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, chaplain of the United States Senate. Forty-six years ago the deceased writer achieved enduring literary fame by contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly* that American classic, "The Man without a Country." As a Congregational, and later a Unitarian minister, Dr. Hale did not always understand or do full justice to his Catholic fellow-citizens; but the *Republic* of Boston gladly recalls the fact that "he was with us in his protest against the Legislation of 1888 and 1889, aimed at the destruction of our schools in Massachusetts."

—Two pamphlets which we should like to see widely circulated among Catholics and non-Catholics are "Lourdes," by Maria Longworth Storer, and "The Peril of the Twentieth Century." The former, issued from the Paulist Press, treats briefly but very satisfactorily of miracles, and describes the National Pilgrimage and the Bureau of Verifications at Lourdes. Several striking cures wrought there in recent years are recounted, after which the author gives her personal impressions of the far-famed sanctuary. The second pamphlet, published anonymously, deals with Materialism, The Army of Antichrist, and The Army of Christendom. It may be described as a series of timely truths forcibly expressed. We quote one especially good paragraph:

Many persons who, to-day, still call themselves "Christians" deny that Christ was the Divine Son of God. To-morrow they will cast off the distinctive name of

Christian; because their Master is no more to them than Confucius, or Mahomet, or Buddha. No man can be a follower of Christ unless he worship Him. No sect which has one tainted wether within its fold can keep the murrain from spreading to the whole flock. The entire Protestant world is threatened. The sons scoff where the fathers worshipped. We have only to look about us in any social community in the United States and count by hundreds the children who do not attend the Protestant church, where their parents never missed a service on Sunday.

—It is not often that one meets with so appreciative a book review as the following notice of the new edition of "The Lepers of Molokai," by the late Charles Warren Stoddard, appearing in the *Church Progress*:

If there be a name which will live among men while men live among each other after the ways of civilization, that name is Father Damien, the pious, humble Belgian priest who dispelled despair and made the sun shine in Molokai. No shield in the hands of the Church has turned more shafts of calumny, no weapon of defence has silenced more slanderers, no influence has been more destructive of prejudice against the Faith than the sacrifices of this saintly man for the cause of humanity.

How the world reveres his memory was beautifully and characteristically illustrated in the withering invective which Robert Louis Stevenson hurled at the Rev. Mr. Hyde. It is further demonstrated in this new edition of "The Lepers of Molokai," by Charles Warren Stoddard, whose picture of sweet and tender pathos has seldom been surpassed in the English language. May it live as long as a single leper remains, as long as there is need to excite sympathy for human suffering, as long as there is occasion for Christian emulation!

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' price generally includes postage.

- "Father Jim." J. G. R. 10 cts.
 "Graduale Romanum." Dr. F. X. Mathias. \$1.50.
 "The Great Problem." Rev. J. J. Burke. \$1.
 "The Decree on Daily Communion." Father Juan Ferreres, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Rules of Life for the Pastor of Souls." Rev. T. Slater, S. J. \$1.25.
 "The Preachers' Protests." Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. 25 cts.
 "Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings." Mgr. Baumgarten. 90 cts.
 "The Divine Story." Rev. C. J. Holland, S. T. L.
 "The Catechism in Examples." Vols. IV., V. \$3.

- "The Lady of the Tower, and Other Stories." \$1.25.
 "The Art of Melodeon or Harmonium Playing." J. Singenberger. \$1.50.
 "The Cardinal Democrat. (Henry Edward Manning.)" I. A. Taylor. \$1.25.
 "A Friar Observant." Frances M. Brookfield. \$1.50.
 "The Little Book of Humility and Patience." Archbishop Ullathorne. 60 cts.
 "The Life of St. Melania." Cardinal Rampolla. \$1.50.
 "The Path which Led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church." Peter H. Burnett. \$1.50.
 "History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day." Rev. E. A. d'Alton, M. R. I. A. \$3.60 per Vol.
 "The Sunday-School Director's Guide to Success." Rev. Patrick Sloan. \$1, net.
 "Handbook of Canon Law." D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B. \$1.25, net.
 "Round the World." Vol. VI. \$1.
 "True Manhood." Cardinal Gibbons. 50 cts., net.
 "Heortology: A History of the Christian Festivals from their Origin to the Present Day." Dr. K. A. Heinrich Kellner. \$3, net.
 "Carmina." T. A. Daly. \$1, net.
 "Sodality of Our Lady." Rev. H. Opitz, S. J. 50 cts.
 "Contemplative Prayer: Ven. Father Augustine Baker's Teaching Thereon." Dom B. Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. \$1.50, net.
 "Catholic Footsteps in Old New York." William Harper Bennett. \$2.50, net.
 "The Churches Separated from Rome." Mgr. L. Duchesne. \$2, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John J. Chisholm, of the diocese of Antigonish; and Rev. Albert Barry, C. SS. R.

Mother Mary Joseph and Sister Maria, of the Order of St. Ursula; Mother Mary Genevieve, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Lester Hutson, Dr. John E. Snyder, Mrs. Margaret Campbell O'Donnell, Mr. John Diemer, Margaret Coffey, Mr. Thomas Sterling, Master John J. Sullivan, Mrs. J. F. Croston, Mr. M. C. Mack, Mrs. Margaret Ford, Mr. Andrew Loschert, Miss Josephine Prendergast, Mr. S. J. Isaacs, Charlotte Grace O'Brien, Mr. Thomas Harris, Mr. Denis Duvalley, and Miss Eleanor Best.

Requiescant in pace!



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Ave Maria.

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